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BEST PRIMARY PLAYS

THIRTY DRAMATIZATIONS
FOR LITTLE FOLKS

By

REBECCA STRUTTON, NOEL FLAURIER
MILDRED CORELL, IRMA LICCIONE
AND MARION C. JOHNSON



BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY

CHICAGO

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Best Primary Plays

THE S'PRISE PARTY

A Play for "Mother" and the Children

CHARACTERS

MAY }
DOTTY } *two very little girls*
MOTHER, *an older girl*

TIME: *The present.*

PLACE: *The nursery.*

In the nursery are two tables, three chairs and a couch. As the curtain rises, MAY is sitting on the floor playing with her doll. DOTTY is sitting in the arm chair, pretending to drive a second chair. The nursery is in great disorder.

DOTTY. Whoa! My pony's running away!

MAY. Sh, my baby's going to sleep!

DOTTY. I'm tired playing horse. Why don't you play with me?

MAY. I tell you what we'll do. Let's make a "s'prise party" for mamma.

DOTTY. What's a "s'prise party?"

MAY. Why, it's presents, and candy and fun, and you don't let them know anything about it, till you give it to them; that's what makes the s'prise. We gave our teacher a s'prise, 'cause we love her.

DOTTY. I love mamma the most.

MAY. She's the bestest mamma. Now, let's have a "s'prise party" all ready for her when she comes home.

DOTTY. How'll we do it?

MAY. Mamma likes things neat, so we must pick up.

[Children put room in order, still talking.]

MAY. And we must give her presents, I'll give her my rag doll; no, I'll give her my best dolly.

DOTTY. I'll give her my little wagon.

MAY. And we must give her some candy.

[*Children pile things on table at left.*]

MAY. I'll print a letter saying it's from us. [*She gets paper and sits at table writing while DOTTY sits in arm-chair watching.*]

MAY. And then let's promise her to be good for a week.

DOTTY. I'm going to be good always.

MAY. So am I. Mamma will like that best of all. There, I've got the letter ready. Oh, I hear her now. Let's hide and watch her when she finds the "s'prise." She'll think we're gone and when she finds us we'll put our skirts over our heads and she won't know who we are.

DOTTY [*giggling*]. Oh, what fun!

MAY [*as MOTHER enters*]. Here she is, hide! [*DOTTY runs under table at right, and MAY gets behind the big chair. Their MOTHER pretends not to see them.*]

MOTHER. I thought I heard voices. Is no one here?

[*DOTTY giggles, then puts hand over mouth.*]

MAY [*in queer voice*]. No, Mamma, Dotty and May are away.

MOTHER. I must have been mistaken. Why, what is this on the table?

MAY. It's a "s'prise party" for you. [*DOTTY runs behind chair with MAY.*]

MOTHER. For me, Oh how lovely! [*Reads.*] "A s'prise for Mamma from May and Dotty." Why, what dear, generous little girls I have! A doll, and a wagon and candy. I wonder where they are. I want to thank them and ask them to take care of these things for me, for I never can eat all this candy alone.

MAY. Better hunt for them.

MOTHER [*hunting*]. They're not in the corner, nor behind the door, nor under the sofa; they must be behind the big chair. Why, here are some strange children with their skirts over their heads. Who—who are you?

CHILDREN [*giggling*]. We can't tell you who we are, Mamma.

MOTHER. How queer! Well, perhaps you can tell me where my little girls are?

CHILDREN. We're not allowed to talk any more.

MOTHER. Oh, dear, I hope I haven't lost them!

CHILDREN [*uncovering their heads*]. Don't you know us, Mamma? We're not lost, here we are! We were just fooling you. Do you like your "s'prise party," Mamma?

MOTHER [*kissing them*]. Indeed I do, it's a lovely one.

MAY. I swept the floor.

DOTTY. I put away the things.

MOTHER. That's why it looks so nice and clean.

CHILDREN. And we've got another present for you, Mamma; we're never going to quarrel, nor slam doors, nor tear our clothes again; we're going to be good little girls for ever and ever and ever!

MOTHER. That's the best present of all.

CHILDREN. We've got one more present for you, Mamma.

MOTHER. Why, how rich I am; what is it?

CHILDREN [*hugging her*]. Forty thousand kisses!

CURTAIN

A DOUBLE SURPRISE

CHARACTERS

SIX BOYS *and* SIX GIRLS

TIME: *The present.*

PLACE: *In front of the schoolhouse.*

As the curtain rises, SIX LITTLE BOYS are discovered on a bench at upper right of stage playing with cocked hats and swords. One of them has a drum. From the other side of stage SIX LITTLE GIRLS come running in with their books.

FIRST BOY. Hullo, here come the girls.

[GIRLS form circle and begin to dance and sing, "Here we go round the mulberry bush." BOYS watch a moment, then whisper, rise, put on hats, take up swords.]

FIRST BOY. Shoulder arms, forward, march!

[Singing the chorus of "Marching Through Georgia" very loudly, the BOYS march in among the GIRLS and break up the circle.]

GIRLS. Go 'way, you horrid boys!

FIRST GIRL. You make such a dreadful noise.

SECOND GIRL. You break all our pretty toys.

THIRD GIRL. You tease the cat.

FOURTH GIRL [*as BOY jerks her hat*]. Let go my hat!

FIFTH GIRL. You spoil our play.

SIXTH GIRL [*as BOY tweaks a curl*]. Go 'way, go 'way!

ALL THE GIRLS. You boys are just the meanest things!

FIRST BOY. Boys are just as good as girls. Come on and play and we won't tease you.

FIRST GIRL. We don't want to play with boys. You're no use, anyway.

SECOND BOY [*indignantly*]. You couldn't get along without us. Why, we protect you!

GIRLS [*laughing*]. Protect us! The idea!

[BOYS *return to bench and whisper.*]

FIRST GIRL. The horrid things! I'm glad they're gone. Let's not speak to them all day.

SECOND GIRL. Oh, that wouldn't be nice. You know teacher doesn't want us to quarrel, and she said yesterday that we girls must set the boys a good example by being polite to them.

THIRD GIRL. But they do tease us so!

FOURTH GIRL. Maybe if we didn't get so mad, they'd get tired of it.

[BOYS *march down to GIRLS again. While the leader has their attention, one BOY puts a large toy mouse on the floor near the GIRLS.*]

FIRST BOY. Ladies, may we have your attention for a few moments? We are knights, brave and true, and we have sworn to protect you from every danger in the land. [BOYS *wave swords.*] We rescue ladies in distress and strive to give them peace and rest. If any dragon ventures here, call on your knights and we'll appear. [BOYS *bow and march off the stage.*]

FIFTH GIRL. What are they up to now? They're just trying to be smart and show off. Protect us, indeed! Boys love to boast so. Oh, there's a mouse, and such a big one! [*Screams and jumps on bench. Four of the GIRLS do the same.*]

SIXTH GIRL [*surprised*]. You're not afraid of a mouse, are you? The mouse won't hurt you. Jump down and we'll drive it away. [*Two of the GIRLS get down.*]

GIRLS. Shoo, shoo, go away, Mr. Mouse!

SECOND GIRL. Why, it doesn't move, how still it is!

THIRD GIRL. I never saw such a large mouse. Why, girls, there's something white around its neck. I know it's some joke. I'm going to see. It's a toy mouse. [*Removes head.*] O girls, it's full of the loveliest candy! [*Reads paper.*] "To the girls with the compliments of the boys." They thought they'd fool us. Here, quick, let's

empty it and then pretend we're dreadfully scared and turn the joke on them.

[*They empty candy, replace mouse, and mount the bench.*]

FOURTH GIRL. Now, let's all shout for help as loudly as we can.

GIRLS. Help, help, help! O boys, help!

BOYS [*outside*]. We hear our ladies in distress. Courage, fair ones, we come, we come! [*Boys enter in military file.*]

GIRLS [*pointing*]. Oh see, oh see! The dreadful mouse!

FIRST BOY. Behold the monster that assails them! Forward, charge! [*Boys spring forward with drawn swords.*]

FIRST BOY [*lifting mouse*]. The foe is ours! [*Kneels.*] Permit me to offer you the spoils, fair ladies. [*Removes head.*] Why, where's the candy? [*GIRLS laugh and show candy.*]

FIFTH GIRL. The candy, sir, is very nice. Accept our thanks for it. We're sorry we were cross to you.

SECOND BOY. Well, say, you girls are fine, and we won't tease you any more.

GIRLS. Well, then, come on and play.

[*They all join hands and dance in a circle singing "We're playing together this bright sunny day, We all love each other, we're happy and gay."*]

[*Teacher rings bell and children run inside as the curtain falls.*]

WILLIAM AND THE SANDMAN

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM	CHILDREN, <i>several factory</i>
MOTHER	<i>workers</i>
FATHER	ESKIMO GIRL <i>and</i> BABY
SANDMAN	NATIVE AFRICAN CHILDREN, <i>Six</i>
FACTORY MANAGER	

PART I

TIME: *Evening.*

PLACE: *William's room.*

Discovered: WILLIAM *in bed, crying.*

[*Enter* MOTHER *and* FATHER.]

MOTHER. You see, Daddy. Here's our naughty boy, who would not go to school to-day.

FATHER. What? Does not want to go to school? [*Turning to* WILLIAM.] Don't you want to grow up to be a fine man? Don't you want to help Daddy some day?

WILLIAM. Yes, I do. But I don't want to go to school.

FATHER. Then how are you going to learn to read and write?

WILLIAM. I don't want to read and write.

MOTHER. And sing and draw and play, like other children? Just think of poor children in the far East, in the cold North and the hot South. They *cannot* go to school, and they want to go.

WILLIAM. Well, I wish I lived there.

FATHER. Son, when you grow up you will be sorry.

MOTHER. Good night, William. You make us very sad.

[*Exeunt* FATHER *and* MOTHER, *calling* "Good night."]

[*Enter* SANDMAN *carrying* bag of sand.]

SANDMAN. William, [*throwing sand in* WILLIAM'S eyes] would you like to go to the far East with me?

WILLIAM. Do children go to school there?

SANDMAN. Not many.

WILLIAM. Yes, yes! Let's go right away.

PART II

PLACE: *Silk factory in Japan.*

Discovered: CHILDREN working at silk looms, MANAGER saying "Faster, faster, lazy people," as he walks around inspecting their work.

Enter SANDMAN leading WILLIAM.

MANAGER. Have you brought me a new boy?

SANDMAN. Yes; this boy does not like his own country because children have to go to school there. He wants to try the far East.

MANAGER. Here's a place. Get busy. See! Do like this.

[Shows WILLIAM how to weave.]

[WILLIAM works slowly as MANAGER continues walking around, calling "Faster, faster, lazy people!" striking one boy on the shoulder.]

WILLIAM. I am tired. May I rest for a while?

MANAGER. Rest? Children work here. They don't rest.

SANDMAN. What's the matter? Don't you like it here?

WILLIAM. No, no. I'd rather try another place.

SANDMAN. All right. We'll go to the cold North.

[Exeunt WILLIAM and the SANDMAN.]

PART III

PLACE: *Cold North, in a snow house. Wind blowing drearily.*

Discovered: CHILDREN huddled together in cold room, eating fat on chunks of hard, dry bread.

Enter WILLIAM and SANDMAN shivering.

- WILLIAM. Oh, I'm so cold! Oh, so cold and hungry. May I get warm and have something to eat?
- ESKIMO GIRL. Surely. Here is some bread and fat for you.
- WILLIAM. Fat! I never eat fat.
- SANDMAN. But you must eat fat to keep warm up here.
- WILLIAM [*trying to eat some*]. I can't. I can't.
- ESKIMO GIRL. Then have some bread.
- WILLIAM. What do you take to school for your lunches?
- ESKIMO GIRL. School? We don't have school here. It is too cold. Our houses are too far apart. How I should love to go to school and learn to read and write! It is so lonesome here.
- WILLIAM. Whom do you play *Farmer in the Dell* with, or *London Bridge*? We learn to play those games at school.
- ESKIMO GIRL. We don't play many games, because no one teaches us, and there are not enough children living near together.
- WILLIAM [*turning to SANDMAN*]. This would never suit me.
- SANDMAN. All right, then. Let's go South.

PART IV

TIME: *Same*

PLACE: *Hot South.*

Discovered: CHILDREN *lolling on the ground, fanning themselves.*

Enter SANDMAN leading WILLIAM.

- WILLIAM [*taking his coat off*]. Whew! I can't stand this heat. Is it always so hot?
- SANDMAN. Oh, yes. Sometimes hotter. [*Turning to CHILDREN.*] I've brought a boy from a far-off country. He's looking for a place where there are no schools, where he can always play. Will you play with him?

CHILDREN [*forming a circle, and skipping around WILLIAM, as they screech*].

Doom Ba, Doom Ba, Yookee Yay!

All we do is sleep and play.

Doom Ba, Doom Ba, Bookee Bus!

We will make you one of us.

WILLIAM. Oh, they're so ragged and dirty! I don't want to be one of them.

SANDMAN [*impatiently*]. Well, these are children that don't go to school. I can't take you any further. I must go now.

[*Exit SANDMAN.*]

WILLIAM [*crying*]. Don't leave me! Don't leave me!

CHILDREN [*continuing their dance and song, carry WILLIAM off*].

WILLIAM [*screams*]. Oh, oh! Let me go! Let me go!

PART V

TIME: *Middle of Night.*

PLACE: *Same as Scene I.*

Discovered: WILLIAM in bed dreaming.

WILLIAM [*shrieking in his dream*]. Let me go! Let me go!

Enter MOTHER and FATHER running.

FATHER. What's the trouble, son?

[*MOTHER wakens WILLIAM.*]

WILLIAM [*rubbing eyes*]. Oh, what an awful dream! Mother, Father, to-morrow I'm going to school!

CURTAIN

A HALLOWE'EN NUTTING PARTY

CHARACTERS

TOM	MRS. SPARROW.
JACK	CAPTAIN BROWNIE
FOUR OTHER BOYS	FIVE OTHER BROWNIES
MR. SQUIRREL	

PART I

TIME: *Afternoon.*

PLACE: *The Woods.*

Enter TOM, JACK and FOUR OTHER BOYS [hunting for nuts, carrying bags.]

TOM. To-morrow will be Hallowe'en. We've looked for nuts all afternoon, and still haven't enough for our Hallowe'en party.

JACK. Oh, look, look! See this tree! Here's a hole full of nuts.

TOM. Guess they belong to a squirrel.

OTHER BOYS. Come on! Hurry! Fill the bags.

[Boys eagerly fill bags.]

JACK. There's a good field over there. Let's play ball.

OTHER BOYS. Yes. Let's.

TOM. I guess the nuts are safe.

[Boys exeunt, leaving bags of nuts behind tree.]

Enter MR. SQUIRREL, running to hole.

MR. SQUIRREL. Oh, oh! Where are my nuts? All gone! What shall I do? Oh, oh! *[Sits down and cries.]*

Enter MRS. SPARROW.

MRS. SPARROW. Why do you cry, little Squirrel?

MR. SQUIRREL *[between sobs]*. Some one has stolen all my

nuts! Now I'll have nothing to eat this winter. Oh!
Oh! Oh! What shall I do?

MRS. SPARROW. Do not cry, Little Squirrel. I'll tell the Brownies. They will help you find your nuts. You just wait and see.

[*Exit MRS. SPARROW singing, "Tweet, tweet, tweet."*]

MR. SQUIRREL. All my work for nothing. I shall starve.

Enter BROWNIES [dancing and singing to tune of LITTLE BROWN JUG, or any other suitable song.]

BROWNIES [*sing*].

Ha, ha, ha! Happy are we,
Little Brownies full of glee!

Tell us what we can do for you—

That's the thing that we want to do.

CAPTAIN BROWNIE. Well, well well, Mr. Squirrel. What can we do for you?

MR. SQUIRREL. My nuts! They're all gone. What shall I do for food this winter?

CAPTAIN BROWNIE. Do not worry, Little Squirrel. We'll find them for you. [*Claps hands.*] Come, come, my Brownies! Get to work.

[*BROWNIES run in all directions, seeking nuts.*]

SMALLEST BROWNIE. Here! Here, they are—right in these bags!

CAPTAIN. Quick, my Brownies! I hear bad boys coming. Give Little Squirrel his nuts and fill the bags with stones. We'll teach bad boys a lesson.

[*BROWNIES quickly carry nuts from bags to tree and fill bags with stones.*]

MR. SQUIRREL. Oh, thank' you! Thank you, kind Brownies! Thank you!

[*BROWNIES exeunt as boys return.*]

[*SQUIRREL scampers behind tree.*]

JACK. Hurry, fellows! It's almost supper-time.

TOM. My, my! These bags are heavy. [*Takes one bag, handing the other to JACK.*]

JACK. Whew!

[*Exeunt BOYS.*]

PART II

TIME: *Evening of Hallowe'en.*

PLACE: *JACK'S Backyard.*

Enter BOYS carrying bags of nuts and other goodies for a party.

TOM. Have we everything for our Hallowe'en party?

JACK. Oh yes! Candy, popcorn, apples and nuts.

BROWNIES [*in hiding*]. Ha, ha, ha!

TOM. What's that?

JACK. Oh nothing, only the wind.

BROWNIES. Ha, ha, ha!

JACK. Sounds like somebody laughing.

TOM. Come on, boys, open the bags and start roasting the nuts.

BOYS [*cut open bags*]. Oh! What's this? Stones.

BROWNIES. Ha, ha, ha!

JACK. Some one is playing a joke on us. See here, Tom, this looks like one of your tricks.

TOM. I know nothing about this. Don't try to blame it on me.

Enter BROWNIES dancing and singing.

BROWNIES [*sing*].

Ha, ha, ha! Happy are we,

Little Brownies, full of glee!

Tell us what we can do for you.

That's the thing that we want to do.

CAPTAIN BROWNIE. So you are the naughty boys who stole poor Squirrel's nuts. Poor Little Squirrel, saving his nuts for winter. I hope you are not the same boys who stole Robin's eggs last spring.

BOYS. No, no. No!

JACK. It is true that we took Squirrel's nuts, but we did not think how mean we were. We were only thinking of our party.

TOM. We are so sorry!

CAPTAIN BROWNIE. Well, well, well! I see you are really sorry. Shall we forgive them, Brownies?

BROWNIES. Yes! Yes!

CAPTAIN BROWNIE. And now, we have a Hallowe'en surprise for you. If you will follow us, we will show you a fine bunk full of nuts that only Brownies know about.

[*Exeunt* ALL.]

THANKSGIVING IN THE BARNYARD

CHARACTERS

OWL	COW
TURKEY	DONKEY
HEN	GOOSE
DOG	DUCK
CAT	SHEEP

PART I

TIME: *The Day Before Thanksgiving.*

PLACE: *The Barnyard.*

Discovered: OWL, TURKEY, HEN, DOG, CAT, COW, DONKEY and GOOSE assembled in the barnyard.

OWL. Hoot, hoot, hoot! Look out! Look out!

TURKEY. Gobble, gobble, gobble! What are you hooting about, you would-be wise old owl?

OWL. Hoot, hoot, hoot! To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day. Be careful, Sir Turkey.

HEN. Cluck, cluck, cluck! Yes, I was telling him the same this morning, but Sir Turkey only laughed at me.

TURKEY. What if it is Thanksgiving Day? It means nothing to me. Farmer Si knows better than to kill a beautiful bird like me.

OWL. Hoot, hoot, hoot! That is all you are good for—to be eaten on Thanksgiving Day. You are of no other use.

TURKEY. Gobble, gobble, gobble! Not so. I am beautiful. That is enough. All you other birds and animals would better be careful. I need not worry.

DOG. Bow, bow wow! You silly bird! Do you think it is enough to be beautiful? Just see what I do! I watch day and night to keep thieves away, to make it safe for all.

CAT. Meow, meow! I work, too. I catch mice and keep them away from the house and barnyard.

Cow. Moo, moo! I give fresh milk to make little children strong.

DONKEY. Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Don't forget that I pull the cart that brings the feed that we all eat.

SHEEP. Baa, baa! I give the wool that keeps folks warm.

HEN. Cluck, cluck, cluck! I lay eggs for Farmer Si to eat.

GOOSE. S-s-s! I give soft, feathery down for little baby's pillows.

TURKEY [*strutting proudly*]. Yet none of you can strut like I do. Just see my beautiful, fanlike tail. After all, I am the most important of all. Gobble, gobble, gobble!

OWL. To-morrow we shall see. Hoot, hoot, hoot!

ALL [*together*]. Yes, we shall see.

[*Exeunt ALL.*]

PART II

TIME: *Thanksgiving Day.*

PLACE: *Same.*

Enter ALL but TURKEY, each giving his particular call in chorus

DUCK. Quack, quack, quack! What's all the excitement?

OWL. Haven't you heard the news? Hoot, hoot hoot!

DUCK. Quack, quack, quack! What news?

OWL. Last night, Farmer Si took one of us for his Thanksgiving dinner.

DUCK. Which one?

OWL. Why, Sir Turkey, of course.

[*Exeunt ALL, each giving his particular call in chorus.*]

ANIMATED TOYS

CHARACTERS

TALKING DOLL	AUTOMOBILE	SKATES
WALKING DOLL	SEWING BOX	CHAIR
TEDDY BEAR	PUZZLE	DISH
JUMPING JACK	VIOLIN	BOOK
		SANTA

PART I

TIME: *Nearly midnight, Christmas eve.*

PLACE: *Playroom.*

Discovered: Toys grouped about the playroom, awaiting SANTA.

TALKING DOLL. I'm sorry it's Christmas eve; and I'm sorry I'm a doll.

JUMPING JACK. So am I sorry it's Christmas eve, but it's worse to be a Jumping Jack.

AUTOMOBILE. I am, too. I only hope Santa Claus doesn't bring Henry another automobile. Just look at me.

SKATES. Well, we're so rusty we creak like an old wheelbarrow. Whoever heard of leaving roller skates out in the rain?

CHAIR. Well, I believe I'm about the most scratched-up looking chair you ever saw.

DISH. Here am I—all alone—the last, cracked dish left in a set that was brand new this time last year.

PUZZLE. And I—half gone! No one can work a puzzle with only half the pieces.

BOOK. Well, I've been so scribbled and torn that there's not a clean spot on me. I'm hardly fit to be called a book.

VIOLIN. No more tunes from this violin.

SEWING BOX. You couldn't even sew on a button with what's left of me. Fine sewing box I am!

WALKING DOLL. You're all to be pitied, I know; but no one is worse off than I—a walking doll that can't walk.

TEDDY BEAR. How would you feel if you had to sit here and just listen, but with no eyes to see? As sure as I am a Teddy Bear, I'm going to see to it that other Teddy Bears don't suffer—in this house, at least.

JUMPING JACK. Oh, I know. Let's tell Santa.

TALKING DOLL. Yes, let's do that. I wouldn't want another doll to suffer as we dolls have. Peggy is very unkind to us.

JUMPING JACK. Well, then, does everyone want to tell Santa?

ALL TOYS [*together*]. Yes, yes, yes!

SKATES. Hsst! Do I hear sleighbells?

VIOLIN [*squeaks*]. Yes! 'Tis he! Be quiet.

Enter SANTA with much noise, bells ringing, TOYS clinking.

SANTA. Ho, ho, ho! Now, let me see. Peggy and Henry live here. [*Is about to take something from bag he has set down, when JUMPING JACK springs up.*]

JUMPING JACK. Santa! Oh Santa Claus! We have something to tell you.

SANTA [*turning quickly*]. Well, I thought you toys were asleep.

TEDDY BEAR. No, Santa, we stayed up purposely to tell you something.

WALKING DOLL [*wringing her hands*]. Please, please. don't leave any more toys here.

SANTA. And why not?

AUTOMOBILE. Look at me, an auto without any wheels! I was brand new last Christmas, but Henry broke my wheels two days later.

SKATES. And *we've* never been cleaned nor oiled. We've been left out in all sorts of weather. When you brought us last year, you smiled because we were so shiny and

bright. Peggy would have another pair of skates looking like us within a week.

SANTA [*pondering*]. Well, well! These children don't deserve new toys.

TALKING DOLL. Oh, how I wish I were new again!

SANTA. I have it. I'll make you all look like new. I'll begin right here with you, Talking Doll. Now, what is your trouble?

TALKING DOLL. I get such headaches, because I have no hair.

SANTA [*pulling out a wig from his bag*]. Here's a fine curly wig for you! [*Placing it on.*] My, but you look pretty!

SANTA. And you, Jumping Jack?

JUMPING JACK. My neck is sprained. I can hardly hold it up.

SANTA. That's easily mended. [*Puts new spring in neck.*] And you, little auto?

AUTO. I'm not much of an auto without any wheels.

SANTA [*attaches new wheels*]. Now you'll go.

SKATES. Can you do anything for us?

SANTA. A little polish [*polishing away*] and some new straps, and a bit of oil. That's all.

CHAIR. Well, I'm sure I need a new coat of paint.

SANTA. You shall have it. [*Paints chair.*]

DISH. You can't help me without giving Peggy new dishes.

SANTA. Back to Santa Land you go, and I'll mend you and put you in a nice set for next year.

TOYS [*in chorus*]. O-o-oh! O-o-oh!

PUZZLE. Then I guess I go, too.

SANTA. Yes, come along.

BOOK. You'll find me a great, big job, I guess.

SANTA. I should say so. [*Erases scribbling, mends, and puts on new cover.*]

VIOLIN. And I?

SANTA. New strings for you. [*Fixes strings.*] That's quickly done.

SEWING BOX. Oh dear! I'm almost empty.

SANTA. A thimble, needles, thread, new scissors. [*Enumerates things as he replaces them.*] I think you'll do, now. I can see you need a new spring, Walking Doll. [*Fixes her.*] And eyes for you, Master Teddy Bear. [*Replaces eyes.*]

TOYS [*all together*]. Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you, Santa. [*They dance around.*]

SANTA. My, but you all look fine, now. I'll write a little note to Henry and Peggy. [*Takes out spectacles and adjusts them. Taking out pad and pencil, begins writing slowly. Reads.*] Dear children: When I saw how you had ruined your toys that I brought last year, I couldn't leave any new ones for you. So I mended last year's toys, instead. I am leaving you some candy and a Christmas tree. When I return next year, if I find you have taken good care of these toys, I will give you new ones. Santa Claus. [*He picks up bag and, leading off DISH and PUZZLE, calls,*] Well I must hurry, now. I'm very late.

[*Exeunt SANTA, DISH and PUZZLE.*]

TOYS [*together*]. Thank, you, good Santa. Good-by. Good-by.

[*Sound of bells.*]

SUGGESTION. Each child might impersonate a toy; but if this is too difficult, he might carry a toy, speaking for it.

THE SNOW-MAN

CHARACTERS

JANE GRANDFATHER POLICEMAN TED JO PETER

PART I

TIME: *Afternoon.*

PLACE: *A Street.*

Discovered: TED, JO and PETER, making a sliding-pond, by sliding on the sidewalk.

TED. Some fun!

JO [*sliding*]. The faster we slide, the better the pond will be.

PETER [*as they slide in turn*]. We've got to watch for the policeman.

TED. Here come some people now.

JO. It's a girl and an old man.

PETER. Let's hide behind our snow-bank and have some fun.

Enter JANE, leading GRANDFATHER who is blind and taps his way with a stick

JANE. Be careful, Grandfather. We are coming to a sliding-pond that some boys have made.

[*BOYS throw snowballs from behind bank. JANE, trying to dodge one, lets go of GRANDFATHER'S hand.*]

JANE. Oh, oh! The snowball hit me in the eye.

[*GRANDFATHER slips and falls on ice, groaning.*]

Enter POLICEMAN

POLICEMAN [*helping GRANDFATHER rise*]. Well, well, that's too bad. I'll help you home. Does it hurt very much?

GRANDFATHER. My ankle pains so I can hardly walk.

POLICEMAN. Too bad. Lean on my shoulder, and we'll get you home.

[*Exeunt all, JANE crying.*]

Reënter BOYS

TED [*laughing*]. Ha, ha, ha! Wasn't that fun?

Jo. Anyone else coming?

PETER. Let's make a snow-man.

TED. Yes, let's! Bigger than a real man.

Jo. Come on.

[*BOYS work hard for several moments, making snow-man.*]

PETER. Here are two pieces of coal for the eyes.

Jo. Let's put this old pipe in his mouth.

TED. Oh, you're a beauty!

MOTHER [*calling*]. Supper is ready, boys. Come in.

BOYS. All right.

PETER. We'll come back after supper.

[*Exeunt* BOYS]

Enter POLICEMAN

POLICEMAN. I wonder where those naughty boys are. I ought to teach them a lesson. [*Pausing to think.*] I have an idea. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *Ten minutes later.*

PLACE: *Same.*

Enter POLICEMAN *carrying a shovel and a sheet*

POLICEMAN. Now, I'll show these naughty boys what fun is. [*He throws the snow-man down, then drapes a large sheet over himself and sticking a pipe in his mouth, poses as snow-man.*]

Enter Boys eagerly

PETER. How dark it has grown so soon!

TED. Here's an old hat I found for our snow-man.

JO. Give it to me. I'll put it on. I'm taller.

[JO reaches up to place hat on head of snow-man.]

PETER [*excitedly*]. Here comes some more people. Quick with the snowballs.

[SNOW-MAN clutches JO in his arms.]

SNOW-MAN. Snowballs, huh? Now I've got you!

[JO screams while the others run in terror. POLICEMAN throws off sheet.]

POLICEMAN [*catching other boys*]. Here, you! You want fun? Just think what harm your fun has done to-day! You've badly hurt an old man on your sliding-pond. You've hit a little girl in the eye. There have been many more people you've hurt to-day, too. I think I'll take you away with me.

BOYS [*together*]. No, no! Please! Give us another chance!

POLICEMAN. Another chance to hurt more people?

JO. No, we will not hurt any more people.

PETER. We won't make another sliding-pond on the sidewalk.

POLICEMAN. Then how about getting some ashes for this one?

BOYS. Yes, yes. We'll get them right away.

POLICEMAN [*calls as they run off*]. And don't forget, boys, no more snowballs.

SUGGESTION: Several sheets thrown over chairs make a suitable snow-bank behind which boys may hide.

THE CONSCIENCE ELF

CHARACTERS

ROBERT
MOTHER

MRS. JONES
CONSCIENCE ELF

PART I

TIME: *Morning.*

PLACE: ROBERT'S *house.*

Discovered: MOTHER and MRS. JONES *sitting sewing.*

MOTHER: Mrs. Jones, do stay for luncheon, now that you are here.

MRS. JONES. Yes, thank you, I should like to. Then we can get this sewing done for the fair.

MOTHER. I must send Robert to the store for some things.
[*Rising, calls through window.*] Robert, Robert!

ROBERT [*outside*]. Coming, Mother.

MOTHER [*as ROBERT enters*]. Robert, please go to the store for me. I need a loaf of bread, a pound of lamb chops and a small bottle of cream. Here is a dollar.

ROBERT. All right, Mother. I'll hurry right back.

[*Exit.*]

MRS. JONES. Robert is such a fine boy—so willing to help! My Eleanor never wants to go to the store for me.

MOTHER. But Robert isn't always a good boy. Sometimes he forgets to return my change; and sometimes he loses it entirely.

MRS. JONES. Oh, I can't say that about Eleanor. When she does go to the store she is careful.

MOTHER. Well, we mothers do have our troubles with our children, don't we?

MRS. JONES. Yes, but we should be thankful that they are no worse.

MOTHER. Here comes Robert now.

ROBERT [*entering*]. Wasn't that going quick, Mother?

MOTHER. Yes, you are a good boy. Did you get everything?

ROBERT. Yes. Here's the change.

PART II

TIME: *Evening.*

PLACE.: *Same.*

Discovered: ROBERT *reading at a table.*

Enter MOTHER

MOTHER. Robert, it is time to go to bed. Better put that book away now.

ROBERT. Oh, please, Mother. Just let me read three more pages, and I shall finish it.

MOTHER. Well, all right. I'll go on upstairs and wait for you. Don't forget to put out the light.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CONSCIENCE ELF

CONSCIENCE ELF. Good evening, Robert.

ROBERT [*starting with surprise*]. Who are you?

ELF. My name is Conscience Elf. I have come to tell you a story.

ROBERT. Oh, good. I like stories. Sit down, won't you?

CONSCIENCE ELF [*sits*]. Long ago there was a poor boy. He was so poor that he had to work hard for his living as a storekeeper in a little store in the country. One day an old woman bought some groceries at his store. When she paid him, the boy storekeeper did not notice that she had given him too much money. Later in the afternoon when the boy counted up his money, he found the mistake. "Oh," he cried, "this extra money belongs to old Mrs. Brown. I must find her right away, or she may think that I meant to keep it." So the boy

walked three miles along a hot, dusty road to return the money. At last he reached the old woman's house and gave her back the right change. This honest boy's name was Abraham Lincoln.

ROBERT. Oh, oh! I know why you told me that story. I was a very bad boy to-day. I kept five cents extra change that the storekeeper gave me by mistake when I went to the store for Mother this morning. The storekeeper gave me two nickels instead of one, and I kept the extra nickel. Oh, oh! What would Abraham Lincoln think of me? I am so ashamed.

CONSCIENCE ELF. Well, I must be going now. I have many, many other children to visit. I hope you won't forget that story.

ROBERT. Indeed, I won't. To-morrow morning, the first thing, I'll take back the five cents to the grocery man.

MOTHER [*from upstairs*]. Robert, what's keeping you?

ROBERT. I'm coming right away, Mother.

[*Exit.*]

CURTAIN

THE MARCH WIND

CHARACTERS

MARCH WIND NELLIE OTHER CHILDREN, *several*
GEORGE, *a bully* LITTLE TIM TEACHER

PART I

TIME: *Noon.*

PLACE. *School yard.*

Enter MARCH WIND [*capering and blowing as he sings.*]

MARCH WIND [*sings*].

Halloo—oo! Halloo—oo!

The merry March Wind am I!

Halloo—oo! Halloo—oo!

All the naughty folks I spy.

Oo-eeee! Oo—eeee! But they never see me!

MARCH WIND. Ah! Here come some children now. Kites, too! What fun! I'll stay here and watch. They can't see me. [*Goes to one side*].

Enter group of BOYS and GIRLS flying kites

NELLIE. How high that yellow one flies! Don't they all look pretty?

LITTLE TIM. Look, look! Mine is going higher.

Enter GEORGE

GEORGE [*pushing* TIM *aside*]. Look out. You'll tangle my string. You're always in the way.

LITTLE TIM. But you never care whose kite you tear.

GEORGE [*roughly*]. Get out of my way. [*Slaps* LITTLE TIM, *who starts to cry.*]

NELLIE [*putting arm about* TIM]. Don't cry, Tim. George, you're a coward and a bully, to hit a little boy. Come, Tim, the doors are open. We'll go into school.

[*Exeunt* NELLIE and TIM.]

GEORGE. Now I have the whole yard to myself. What do I care if I'm late?

MARCH WIND [*gleefully*]. Now, watch me. [*Blowing hard.*] Oo—oooh!

GEORGE. Oh, my kite! My kite! It's going. It's going! It's gone! Mean old wind, to break my string! [*In disgust.*] I'll have to go in now.

MARCH WIND [*sings*].

Halloo—oo! Halloo—oo!

The merry March Wind am I!

Halloo—oo! Halloo—oo!

All the naughty folks I spy.

Oo—eee! Oo—eee! I see them, but they never see me!

PART II

TIME: *Afternoon.*

PLACE: *Schoolroom.*

TEACHER. In fifteen minutes, I'll collect the papers. While I am gone, I hope you will work hard to finish your papers. Remember, no copying, for copying is stealing, you know.

[*Exit.*]

GEORGE. Nellie, let me see that third example.

NELLIE. Why, George, that would be copying.

TIM. That would be cheating.

GEORGE [*to* NELLIE]. Oh, teacher's pet! If you won't give it to me, I'll take it.

NELLIE. I won't. Stop! [GEORGE *snatches paper.*]

GEORGE. How do you like that?

MARCH WIND *blows through window, snatches GEORGE'S paper and carries it away.*

MARCH WIND. O—oo, o—oo! Here's some work for me to do. O—oo, o—oo!

GEORGE [*running back to his seat*]. Oh, oh! there goes my paper out of the window. That mean wind again! Now what am I going to do?

ALL THE CHILDREN [*in chorus*]. Serves you right for trying to copy.

[CHILDREN *listen as MARCH WIND is heard singing outside.*]

MARCH WIND [*sings*].

Halloo—oo! Halloo—oo!

The merry March Wind am I!

Halloo—oo! Halloo—oo!

All the naughty folks I spy.

Oo—eee! Oo—eee! You'd better look out for me!

[*Exit.*]

CURTAIN

SPARE THE TREES

Exercise for Arbor Day

CHARACTERS

JOHN and JOAN, twins

WATERSPRITE

SCENE I

TIME: *Afternoon.*

PLACE: *Woods.*

JOAN. Look, John, what pretty violets! Let's pick a large bunch and surprise Mother.

JOHN. All right. [*They stoop to pick violets.*]

JOAN. Look, here are some white ones! Aren't they pretty? [*After a pause.*] Oh, I am getting tired. Let's do something else for a while.

JOHN. I have an idea. Here's that new penknife Father gave me on my birthday. Let's cut our initials on all these trees before we go home.

JOAN. Yes, let's. I'll cut mine. Then you put yours underneath.

JOHN. Let's start with this little maple tree. [*They cut deeply into tree.*]

JOAN. Now, whenever we come here to play, we can always find this tree.

JOHN. Let's get some birch-bark and make postals when we get home.

JOAN. There's a fine birch tree over there. [*They pull bark in large pieces off of tree.*]

JOHN. Guess we have enough now for a dozen postal cards.

JOAN. O John! Before we go home, let's pick some big branches full of cherry buds. They smell so sweet. [*They tear off large branches, ruining the cherry tree.*]

JOHN. Let's go now.

JOAN. Yes, it's getting late.

JOHN. But before we go, I am going to stop at the little spring for a drink. [*They stop to drink, then go home.*]

PART II

TIME: *Several months later.*

PLACE: *Same.*

JOAN. Let's find the little tree that we cut with our initials.

JOHN. It was a maple tree, wasn't it?

JOAN. It ought to be right about this spot.

JOHN. Why, here it is—all withered, with just this stump and the initials on it.

JOAN. O John, do you think the little tree died because we cut out initials into it?

JOHN. How should I know?

JOAN. Oh well, let's get the birch-bark.

JOHN. O Joan, look! The birch tree is dead, too.

JOAN. And it was such a beautiful tree! I wonder why it died?

JOHN. Anyway, we can see if the cherries are ripe enough to take home.

JOAN. Why, John, there isn't even a green cherry on it! [*They stop at the spring to drink*] I'm thirsty. Let's have a drink. A WATERSPRITE *rises and pushes them off.*]

WATERSPRITE. Don't touch my water.

JOHN *and* JOAN. Why not?

WATERSPRITE. Everything I have seen you touch has been harmed. A few months ago you cut your initials in a little maple tree. You cut so deep that the little tree died. Then you pulled big pieces of bark off a pretty birch tree. The birch tree died, too. After that, you broke several branches off the cherry tree. The poor tree was so busy getting well, that it could bring no cherries this year. Now I will not let you drink my water. I am afraid you will harm it some way.

JOAN [*beginning to cry*]. Oh—oh—oh! I am so sorry! I

did not think I could be so mean. But I did not understand. I did not know I was harming the trees.

JOHN. Neither did I. Will you ever forgive us?

JOAN. Can't we help the trees some way?

WATERSPRITE. There is nothing you can do now to help *those* trees, but I know another way in which you can make up for the damage done.

JOHN *and* JOAN. Do tell us how, please!

WATERSPRITE. Here are some seeds. I will give them to you. If you save them until next spring, then you may plant them. If you take care of them, some day you will have beautiful trees, all your own.

JOAN. Thank you, kind friend.

JOHN. We will never forget you.

[*Exeunt.*]

CURTAIN

SAFETY FIRST

CHARACTERS

OLD WITCH CARELESSNESS	SUSAN
FAIRY SAFETY FIRST	FRED
CHARLES	DICK
JAMES	FOUR BOY SCOUTS
MRS. JONES	THREE GIRL SCOUTS
WILLIE	TWO POLICEMEN
MRS. BROWN	A MAN
MARY	

PART I

Enter WITCH.

WITCH.

Ha ha ha! Hi hi hi!

Old Witch Carelessness am I!

Where I go, I bring woe.

Ha ha ha! Ho ho ho!

FAIRY. What are you saying?

WITCH *repeats verse.*

FAIRY. What are you doing here?

WITCH. Oh, just having a good time watching careless people. They are my people. Now, what are you doing and who are you?

FAIRY. I am Fairy Safety First. I help people to be careful.

WITCH. Ha ha ha! Hi hi hi! There are ten times as many careless people as careful ones.

FAIRY. Oh, no. Every day people are learning to be more careful.

WITCH. Well, we'll not fight about it. I have an idea. Let's sit back here and watch for a while. We'll play a game. I'll count the careless people for my score. You count the careful people on your side. At the end of an hour we'll count our points and see who wins, you or I.

FAIRY. I am willing. Here's a good place where no one can see us.

[They sit at rear, invisible.]

Enter CHARLES and JAMES, fighting

CHARLES. So you think you can lick me, do you?

JAMES. Yes, I can.

CHARLES *[giving him a blow]*. How do you like that?

JAMES. Look out or I'll call my brother!

CHARLES. I thought you could lick me?

JAMES *picks up a stone and throws it at CHARLES, then runs away.*

CHARLES. Oh, my eye, my eye!

[Exit crying.]

WITCH. There's one point for me—boys who throw stones.

Hi, hi hi, maybe that boy will lose his eye.

FAIRY. Sh! Here come some people, now.

Enter MRS. JONES, carrying packages in one arm, leading WILLIE with other hand, from one direction, MRS. BROWN from opposite direction

MRS. JONES. Good morning, Mrs. Brown. How are you?

MRS. BROWN. Fine, thank you. How are you feeling?

MRS. JONES. Oh, so so. Cross just now. When I take Willie out with me, he frets so, he makes me very nervous.

MRS. BROWN. Yes, children are a nuisance to take shopping.

WILLIE. Mama, I'm hungry.

MRS. JONES. Here, eat this banana *[taking one out of bag]* and be still for a moment. Be sure to eat it slowly.

[WILLIE goes a few steps ahead, peels his banana and throws peeling on ground.]

MRS. BROWN. Well, I must be going.

MRS. JONES. Good-by, Mrs. Brown.

MRS. BROWN. Drop in to see me.

MRS. JONES. Yes, I will. [*She slips on banana peel and falls.*] Wait till I get Willie.

[*Exit limping.*]

WITCH. Ha ha ha, ho ho ho! Lucky she didn't break her toe. Another point for me. Children who throw banana peel on the ground.

FAIRY. My points will come soon.

Enter MARY crying. She meets SUSAN

SUSAN. What is the matter, Mary?

MARY. Oh, something terrible has happened. My sister Anne was taken to the hospital. She was run over by an auto.

SUSAN. How did it happen?

MARY. It was really her own fault. She was roller skating in the road.

SUSAN. Oh, I am so sorry. Poor Anne! My mother always tells me never to play in the road.

MARY. Well, I must go on, Susan. I've plenty to do, now, to make up for Anne.

[*Exeunt both.*]

WITCH. Three points for me: children who play in the road. So far no points for you.

Enter FRED, large boy, and DICK, small boy

FRED. Here's a good place to dive into the river. Come on, Dick, now watch me. [*FRED dives into water.*]

DICK. Oh, no! I am afraid.

FRED. The water's fine. Come on. I'll go on without you, if you don't hurry.

DICK. Mother told me never to swim in the river. Let's go to the pool.

FRED. Oh, 'fraid cat, 'fraid cat. Come on.

[*DICK wavers, then plunges in.*]

[*After a pause, suggesting that boys were carried down stream, cries of "Help! Help!" are heard.*]

WITCH. There's another point for me. Boys who swim in a river. Now, where are all your points? I have four. Ha, ha, ha!

FAIRY. Wait and see. Sometimes he who laughs last laughs best.

Enter MRS. JONES and WILLIE

MRS. JONES. Pick up that banana peel, before some one else slips on it.

WILLIE. Yes, mamma. Where shall I put it?

MRS. JONES. Hold it until we pass a garbage can. Then drop it in.

[*Exeunt.*]

FAIRY. There's one point for me—people who have learned a lesson and don't forget it.

Enter FOUR BOY SCOUTS carrying DICK, who is unconscious, FRED following behind

FIRST BOY SCOUT. Here, put him down flat on his stomach.

[*BOY SCOUTS work over DICK.*]

SECOND BOY SCOUT. I wonder how it happened.

FRED. It was all my fault. I coaxed him to swim in the river. Oh, oh! Will he die?

THIRD BOY SCOUT. Perhaps not.

FOURTH BOY SCOUT. He is breathing now.

BOY SCOUTS [*together*]. He'll live.

FRED. Oh, oh! Dick, Dick!

[*DICK moves.*]

FIRST BOY SCOUT. We'd better hurry him home now. Where does he live?

FRED. Follow me. I'll show you.

[*Exeunt ALL.*]

FAIRY. That's two points for me—Boy Scout workers.

Enter THREE GIRL SCOUTS

FIRST GIRL SCOUT. Let's go to the hospital and see how Anne is getting along. You know she was run over this morning by an auto.

SECOND GIRL SCOUT. Perhaps we can make a Girl Scout out of her.

THIRD GIRL SCOUT. Then she'll keep others from getting hurt instead of getting hurt herself.

[*Exeunt* GIRL SCOUTS.]

FAIRY. That's three points for me—Girl Scout Workers. It looks as though I might win after all. The time isn't up yet.

Enter TWO POLICEMEN

CAPTAIN. Well, Sergeant, I have put four more traffic policemen on duty. That means there ought to be fewer accidents.

SERGEANT. All right, Chief. Just show me the corners they are to watch. I'll see that they get there.

[*Exeunt* POLICEMEN.]

FAIRY. Four points for me—more traffic policemen. Now we are even.

WITCH. Here comes some one now. Watch closely. We have but a minute more.

FAIRY. Hurrah. It's one of my people.

WITCH. How do you know?

FAIRY. It's a man carrying signs reading: "KEEP TO THE RIGHT." He's been posting these signs all over the city.

[*MAN stops and posts a sign.*]

FAIRY. Old Witch Carelessness, to-day I win. Away with you! Safety First wins!

[*WITCH slinks away.*]

CURTAIN

SUGGESTION: A blackboard to keep score on may be used with good effect.

DR. BLUEJAY'S PATIENT

CHARACTERS

QUEEN ROSE	SENTINEL SUNFLOWER
JACK ROSE, PINK ROSE, TEA ROSE <i>and</i> ROSEBUD, <i>her four children</i>	DR. BLUEJAY
NURSE BLACK-EYED SUSAN	DR. SPARROW
VIOLET	MESSENGER HONEYBEE
MORNING-GLORY	BLUEBELL <i>and as many other flowers as may be desired</i>

PART I

TIME: *Sunrise.*

PLACE: *A garden.*

Discovered: ALL THE FLOWERS *standing primly in rows,
with SENTINEL SUNFLOWER a bit apart.*

SENTINEL SUNFLOWER. 'Tis waking time, Bluebell. There are no spying eyes. Ring, Bluebell, ring.

BLUEBELL. Ding, dong, ding! Wake, flowers, all! Ding, dong, ding!

[*All the FLOWERS stretch and rub their eyes. Some yawn. They then skip from their places and form a circle about QUEEN ROSE and her children, who have been standing in the front row. Dancing and swaying, they sing.*]

ALL FLOWERS [*together sing*].

Dance and sing,
Glad and gay,
Flowers greet
Another day.

Homage give
To our queen,
The sweetest flower
We've ever seen.

[*They all curtsy before the ROSE.*]

SENTINEL SUNFLOWER [*who has not joined in the dance*].
Quick, flowers, some one comes.

[*FLOWERS scurry back to their places, and assume prim attitudes.*]

SENTINEL SUNFLOWER. Oh, it was the hired man, and he is going by the back road.

ALL FLOWERS. Oh!

VIOLET [*calling from her place*]. Queen Rose, you look rather sad this morning.

ROSE. I am sad, Violet. My children worry me. Jack Rose cannot keep up with his studies at school; Pink Rose is always a bit too pale; Tea Rose is apt to be nervous; and even Rosebud, small as she is, is not growing to be neat.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN. That's right, dear Queen. I think we should call the Doctor.

VIOLET. I would, if I were you.

MORNING-GLORY. He might be able to suggest something. Shall I tell Honeybee to call him for you?

ROSE. I wish you would.

MORNING-GLORY. Sentinel Sunflower, if you see Honeybee, just beckon to him.

SENTINEL SUNFLOWER. Here he comes now. Honeybee, Honeybee, come hither!

[*Enter HONEYBEE circling and buzzing.*]

MORNING-GLORY. Honeybee, Queen Rose would have Dr. Bluejay for her children. Hurry and get him.

[*HONEYBEE hurries off, buzzing.*]

PART II

TIME: *Evening.*

PLACE: *Same.*

Discovered: FLOWERS standing in rows as before, all but

JACK ROSE; TEA ROSE *fidgiting*, ROSEBUD *looking bedraggled*.

Enter DR. BLUEJAY and DR. SPARROW

DR. BLUEJAY. I'm sorry, good Queen, to be so late. I was far away when Honeybee found me, and I hurried as fast as I could. I brought Dr. Sparrow with me in case there should be anything seriously wrong.

[DR. SPARROW *bows*.]

QUEEN ROSE. I'm so glad to see you both. I don't think there is anything seriously wrong yet. But I want the children to grow strong, and they worry me a bit.

DR. BLUEJAY. One [*pointing to PINK ROSE*], two [*to TEA ROSE*], three [*to ROSEBUD*]. Only three! Where's the fourth child? Where's Jack Rose?

ROSE. He's out playing. I sent Nurse Black-eyed Susan for him.

[DR. BLUEJAY and DR. SPARROW *nod their heads together wisely and shake them back and forth*.]

DR. BLUEJAY. Playing at this time of night? Why, he should have been in bed hours ago. Doesn't he know that young folks need plenty of sleep to keep them bright and well?

ROSE. I try to tell him, but he won't always listen. Maybe that's what makes him dull at times.

[DR. BLUEJAY and DR. SPARROW *go through their pantomime of nodding and shaking their heads*.]

DR. BLUEJAY. You make him go to bed early every night, and you'll see how he'll improve.

ROSE. Thank you, I shall. Then here's Pink Rose. She's always pale and thin.

DR. BLUEJAY [*turning to PINK ROSE*]. What does she eat?

ROSE. I'm afraid she doesn't eat the most nourishing things. She likes sweets.

[BIRDS *give pantomime again*.]

DR. BLUEJAY. Sweets? Sweets! Sweets are all right once in a while, but no one can be really beautiful and strong who lives on sweets. Little girl, if you would be pretty, eat the right food.

[PINK ROSE *hangs her head.*]

ROSE. I'm afraid I haven't been strict enough about her food, because she always finds some reason to dislike so many good foods.

DR. BLUEJAY. Well, watch her food in the future.

ROSE. Here's Tea Rose. She's so nervous and cross.

DR. BLUEJAY. Well, well, little lady! Nervous? And do you eat your food slowly? And do you drink your water slowly? And drink plenty of it? And do you rest during your play? Or do you just go racing about until you are very, very tired? Do you try to see the beautiful things about you? Or do you get cross with people for no reason?

TEA ROSE. I'm afraid, Dr. Bluejay, that I don't try hard enough to be quiet and pleasant. [*Hangs head in shame.*]

DR. BLUEJAY. Well, cheer up. If you try to be healthy and pleasant and don't find fault with people, you'll find you won't be so nervous.

[DR. SPARROW *nods a profound assent.*]

ROSEBUD. Oh please, Dr. Bluejay, don't scold me. I know you'll say I don't wash my face as often as I should, nor clean my teeth, nor brush my clothes. Don't scold me, please. I'll try so hard to be clean and neat.

[DR. BLUEJAY *pats ROSEBUD on the head.*]

DR. BLUEJAY. Yes, do try real hard. If one doesn't begin when one is young, one will never grow to be neat.

SENTINEL SUNFLOWER. Quick, everyone! Here comes the gardener.

[DR. BLUEJAY *and* DR. SPARROW *flit off, while FLOWERS clasp hands beneath chins as though asleep.*]

SPIRITS OF AUTUMN

CHARACTERS

SEPTEMBER SHADE OCTOBER SPRITE NOVEMBER DRIZZLE

SETTING AND COSTUMES

Outdoor effect—all green.

SEPTEMBER SHADE should be dressed in green crepe paper, with chaplet of leaves on her head, and should carry a branch of foliage with which to make the refreshing breeze referred to in second line.

OCTOBER SPRITE wears the autumn tints, red and yellow, crepe paper, and carries a short wand draped with fringed paper, which should be used actively.

NOVEMBER DRIZZLE should be dressed in a dark gray paper cambric, trailing robe, with hair hanging. She carries a paper-trimmed wand.

All stockings should match dresses, except those of NOVEMBER DRIZZLE, which may be black. No shoes are worn.

SEPTEMBER SHADE *enters from left and speaks, using appropriate gestures.*

SEPTEMBER SHADE.

Good morrow, good morrow, dear guests, one and all!
A breath, so refreshing, now comes at my call.

[*Waves branch.*]

My garments are all of the woodland's dark green;
Summer's now gone—'twas a lovely, soft dream.

[*Listening attitude.*]

With finger upraised, now listen—now hush!
Jack Frost is soon coming, with colors and brush,
To paint this old world a more marvelous hue,
With the sky above turning a still deeper blue.
The harvest's advancing with wealth of ripe grain,
Rich wines will be pressed from the fruits once again.

[*Two pass at back.*]

Little ones turn now to desk and to study.
 The autumn air brushes their cheeks till they're ruddy.
 I'm herald of autumn—my name is September;
 The others, you know, are October, November.

[*Exit right.*]

OCTOBER SPRITE *enters at left. She is very active with wand all through.*

OCTOBER SPRITE.

I'm a wonderful, colorful, charming young sprite,
 I care not for dull things—I love all that's bright!
 The yellows and reds are my colors, you know!
 The frosty wind whips lip and cheek to a glow!

[*Dances, throws leaves.*]

Come, dance with me, prance with me, lift the foot higher,
 Now throw on more leaves for a bigger bonfire;
 The flush of the lip and the flash of the eye
 Betoken the fact that old Jack Frost is nigh.
 Let ghosts come, and goblins, with Hallowe'en tricks,
 With such motley spirits I gladly will mix!
 I've a harvest of fruit and of nuts and of grain,
 My successor has come—I must leave you, 'tis plain.

[*Exit right.*]

NOVEMBER DRIZZLE *enters from left, with gray robe trailing, and speaks mournfully in first four lines, gradually brightening.*

NOVEMBER DRIZZLE.

Oh, I'm but a drizzle, as plain as plain can be,
 But that I'm quite useful you'll very soon see.

[*Shakes wand up and down.*]

I must water the earth—just soak it, you know,
 Before it is covered by Winter's deep snow.
 October's so bright and so sparkling and dear;

December next claims the best day of the year.
So what shall I do, to emerge from the mire?
To meet your approval, is my great desire.
If, most of my time, I am cloudy and drear,
You know at the last, I am apt to be clear!
For that let's be thankful, and other things, pray,
Let's all be quite thankful, on Thanksgiving Day!

CURTAIN

SPIRITS OF WINTER

CHARACTERS

DECEMBER SPIRIT NARRATOR, *young girl*
JANUARY GREETINGS CHILDREN, *small*
FEBRUARY VALENTINE

SETTING AND COSTUMES

Indoor Christmas settings, preferably white walls, with holly or any other suitable border. General Christmas appearance. There must be a star in evidence. Same setting will do for January. For February there must be a picture of Washington hanging somewhere in the room.

DECEMBER SPIRIT should be dressed in long, trailing white robe, with hair hanging, gilt band around head, and wings of some sort.

JANUARY GREETINGS should be represented by a small child dressed as the usual little New Year spirit, with wide girdle, out of which he draws the greetings, one by one, handing them to the young girl, who recites the lines for January.

FEBRUARY VALENTINE, coming in as if from the cold, should be dressed in warm coat and furs.

DECEMBER SPIRIT *enters at left and points to star.*

DECEMBER SPIRIT.

Down the ages comes a story,
The story of a star,
That rested o'er a stable,
In Bethlehem, afar.
The light shone on the cradle
Of a kingly little babe.
There wise men came to seek him—
Stayed to worship—unafraid.
The joy bells started ringing,
Nineteen hundred years ago,
Still tell the wondrous story
That sets the eye aglow,

CHILDREN *enter carrying gifts.*

Till in the heart of every child
 Of earth, there doth appear,
 The great desire of giving—
 Generous, loving Christmas cheer,
 As in the old, sweet carols—
 In the snowy Christmas dawn,
 Christmas spirit is now ringing
 Through each blessed Christmas song.

[*Assumes listening attitude while voices in the distance sing one verse of WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT.*]

[*Exit right.*]

NEW YEAR GREETINGS *enters left, handing messages to*
 NARRATOR, *who speaks the following lines.*

NARRATOR.

Enter, snowy New Year!
 I hear your gentle knock;
 You're welcome to my sanctum,
 For you all doors unlock.
 Ah, January, thank you.
 For all these greetings, dear!

[*Reading messages.*]

Here's hope that I'll be happy,
 Here's hope that I'll find cheer.
 One hopes that I'll have joy,
 One cheers with hopes of wealth.
 Now one hopes that I will marry—
 This one wishes me good health.
 But listen, darling New Year,

[*NEW YEAR GREETINGS assumes listening attitude.*]

This last is best of all,
 This greeting, blessed New Year,
 Trusts I'll answer love's sweet call.

[*Exit right.*]

FEBRUARY VALENTINE *enters left and looks over valentines.*

FEBRUARY VALENTINE.

The last month of the winter,
Of ice and frost and snow,
We'll tap the good old maple
And watch the crocus grow.
St. Valentine is coming,
That dear, beloved saint;
The friend of all the lovelorn
Brings valentines so quaint.

[*Shows one.*]

Two hearts are always joined
With dart so straight and true;
The Father of our Country
Celebrates a birthday, too.

[*Waves small flag.*]

Once again we wave our emblem,
Flag of red and white and blue,
And we're thankful Spring is coming;

[*Pointing to various ones.*]

Are not you—and you—and you?

CURTAIN

SPIRITS OF SPRING

CHARACTERS

MARCH WIND

APRIL SHOWERS

MAY FLOWERS

SETTING AND COSTUMES

Garden scene with flower bed of ten or twelve little girls dressed in belted slips of green crepe paper. Large upstanding bows of different colored ribbon should be fastened on the heads, on which should be worn pointed green caps extending over faces.

MARCH WIND (an older girl) should be dressed in a dark gray crepe paper skirt, over which should be worn a dress of dark gray paper cambric, fringed part way with loose folds around the head; she wears her hair hanging.

APRIL SHOWERS should be dressed in light gray paper cambric, fringed, over white; head dressed same as MARCH WIND; she carries a short pole covered with fringed cambric.

Breezy music should herald the approach of MARCH WIND, and may serve also for the signal for flowers to wave about. Music ceasing, MARCH WIND speaks, stepping about among the flowers.

MARCH WIND.

I'm a blustering, bellowing, noisy chap,
For shutters and bolts, I care not a rap;

[By gestures carry out spirit of verse.]

I twist the trees until they moan,
I shake the house till you hear it groan;
I tear the clouds from the face of the moon—
Then I spread them o'er the sun at noon.
I blow the dust in the traveler's eye,
And then I blacken the bluest sky.
If there's a fire, I fan and fan
And just cause all the trouble I can.
At beginning of end, I'm Lion or Lamb;
I'm blamed for all the woes of man!
But in my state there's a saving grace,
For soon or late I'm sure to give place

To gentle, refreshing April Showers,
Which herald the coming of sweet May Flowers.

[*Exit right.*]

[*APRIL SHOWERS approaches from left, stepping among
MAY FLOWERS and shaking wand over them, as she
speaks soothingly.*]

APRIL SHOWERS.

Poor little battered and beaten flowers,
Look up and welcome the April Showers!
Uncover your heads, reveal your faces,
Unfurl your colors and show your graces;
The clouds have sent refreshing rain—
Now don't stay covered as if in pain.
Throw up your heads and laugh with glee,

[*Heads up, one or two caps drawn partly off.*]

As though as happy as happy can be!
We're calling—we're calling—we, April Showers!

[*All caps off.*]

Come forth! Come forth! O sweet May Flowers!

[*MAY FLOWERS throw back heads and assume listening
attitude while their leader speaks the following lines,
dwelling on the last two words in the first and second
lines.*]

MAY FLOWERS.

We're sure we hear somebody calling—calling—
And now our dark covers are falling—falling.
Long months we've lived in darkest night,
But now we're coming back to the light.
March Winds and April Showers are gone,
But they sang a lovely, awakening song;
Through them our bonds are severed—we're free!

[*Clap hands, throw kisses to audience.*]

Very grateful and happy May Flowers are we!

CURTAIN

SPIRITS OF SUMMER

CHARACTERS

JUNE ROSE	BRIDE
JULY SUNSHINE	GIRL WITH FLAG
AUGUST HEAT	FLOWER GIRLS, <i>two</i>
ELDERLY COUPLE	CHILDREN, <i>several small ones</i>

SETTING AND COSTUMES

Outdoor effect, with masses of green and plenty of roses.

JUNE ROSE wears a rose colored crepe paper dress, with dull green flounces extending about six inches below; green stockings, no shoes.

JULY SUNSHINE is in a yellow crepe paper dress with cap of same, also small wand with paper fringes about ten inches deep.

AUGUST HEAT is in a filmy, white, trailing dress (cheesecloth will do), also wreath and girdle of green with small white flowers scattered through.

Use riotous music for JUNE ROSE's entrance, changing to a Wedding March in lines six to nine, during which a JUNE BRIDE passes across the back of stage to left, preceded by two small FLOWER GIRLS, who scatter white roses in her path.

JUNE ROSE enters at left in riotous dance, scattering red rose petals.

JUNE ROSE.

I'm coming—I—happy, joyous June!
For thirty days I scatter the bloom
Of roses, roses everywhere;
Come, join the dance—step here and there.
Bright rose leaves scatter, far and wide,
Throw rose leaves on trembling, dainty bride.

[Throws red rose leaves at BRIDE.]

Wish her the life that's well worth living—
Life that's full of the joy of giving.
Come, join the dance—the revel gay,

Ere summer joys shall pass away.
Throw petals of joy from beginning to close,

[Throw more petals.]

With joyous, exultant, happy June Rose!

[Exit right.]

[A few soft strains of STAR SPANGLED BANNER herald the entrance of a flag-draped girl who enters from the left, while JULY SUNSHINE, waving wand, enters from left and speaks, saluting at the same time.]

JULY SUNSHINE.

'Tis bright July saluting thee,
Thou emblem of a nation free!
I'll march and sing with you to-day

[Marches a few steps, then dances again.]

And then go madly on my way.

[Exit GIRL WITH FLAG.]

I'll scatter sunshine through the hours

[Waves wand turning to audience.]

And brighten this dear world of ours.
By day it's garlands of sun for you,
By night, I deck with jewels of dew.
Farewell! July will soon have passed,
Followed by August's scorching blast!

[Exit left.]

[During slow music, several little CHILDREN wander to front of stage, settle down to rest, also ELDERLY COUPLE in background, while AUGUST HEAT strolls on from left.]

AUGUST HEAT.

They say that I bring languishing heat,
That all men feel the pulsing beat
Of fever that burns the body so
The signal is seen in cheek aglow.
But I assure you that I stand for rest,
The month when all mankind is blest
With desire to seek the sylvan shade,
Where debt to Mother Nature is paid,
By children with head upon her lap,

[CHILDREN *remove caps.*]

Thrusting aside the bonnet and cap.
O Child of Nature, be free—be free!
Mother, I leave thy children with thee!

CURTAIN

AN APRIL DAY

A Pantomime

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

DAWN	<i>Rose pink, veil of same</i>
DAYBREAK	<i>Pale pink, veil of same</i>
MORNING	<i>Light blue, wreath of small blue flowers</i>
SUNSHINE	<i>Yellow, wreath and basket flowers</i>
NOON	<i>White, wreath of white</i>
AFTERNOON	<i>Pale green, wreath of leaves</i>
CLOUD	<i>Medium gray, veil of same</i>
RAIN	<i>Light gray, veil of same, wand</i>
LIGHTNING	<i>Orange, veil of same</i>
THUNDER	<i>Black, completely covered</i>
SUNSET	<i>Pink and purple, veil of same</i>
TWILIGHT	<i>Electric blue, crown of quarter moon</i>
NIGHT	<i>Black, gold stars and moon, crown</i>

SUGGESTIONS

LIGHTNING should be very small and active, as should SUNSHINE, a blonde, whose hands must be free at all times in order to toss flowers from basket. Veils of those wearing them should be very thin, securely fastened, just a square with one point in front. NOON should have glint of tinsel about her costume. Dresses may be of any thin material, but skirts of DAWN, DAYBREAK and TWILIGHT must be very full. Characters should be slender, graceful girls.

Very effective out of doors, especially if done at night, under strong electric lights. If indoors, house should be dark, with low stage lights, except during presence of MORNING, NOON, SUNSHINE and early AFTERNOON, when high light is required.

SYNOPSIS

(To be read by the DIRECTOR when announcing the program.) The pantomime represents the successive periods of

the day from dawn to night, with a storm occurring in the afternoon and subsiding before twilight.

MUSIC

Very soft during the presence of DAWN and DAYBREAK, quickening to light dance time for MORNING, SUNSHINE, NOON, AFTERNOON, CLOUD and RAIN; heavy for THUNDER and during storm; light and slow for SUNSET and TWILIGHT, quickening to dance time for NIGHT.

SCENE

As curtain rises DAWN, in front of a gray background, is seated on a cushion or low stool, with skirt held at arm's length and head on one shoulder, making a stretch of color on the horizon. Holds position for one minute, when DAYBREAK enters from Right and stands in front of DAWN, who moves slowly out at Left. DAYBREAK stands with skirt spread and head on shoulder for one minute, when MORNING enters from Right and salutes her. DAYBREAK withdraws as MORNING glides to center, then dances to front and is joined in her dance by SUNSHINE, who scatters flowers from basket. SUNSHINE withdraws and reappears, dancing about MORNING, who, after several minutes, leaves at Left, giving place to NOON, with whom SUNSHINE holds mad revel for a short time. As NOON swings off stage at Left, SUNSHINE meets and swings AFTERNOON on at Right. CLOUD flits about during revel of AFTERNOON and SUNSHINE, followed by RAIN and later by THUNDER, LIGHTNING dashing back and forth, while SUNSHINE, running in and out on the edge of the stage, disappears as storm increases. This should continue several minutes. As storm subsides, SUNSET enters at Right as others withdraw at Left. SUNSHINE raises and lowers skirt at arm's length to give effect of clearance after a storm, staying several minutes. TWILIGHT enters at Right, passes across stage and back in front of SUNSET, who withdraws at Left, leaving TWILIGHT alone. TWILIGHT dances a few steps and is joined by NIGHT at Right. They dance a few measures, when NIGHT swings TWILIGHT off at Left. NIGHT then gives final dance of several minutes' duration. [*Curtain*]

MADAM BLOSSOM'S BALL

CHARACTERS

BETTY
CAROL

RUTH
NELL

FAIRIES
MORN

LILY
HOLLYHOCK

SCENE: Outdoor effect with plenty of flowers. NELL, dressed in dainty white, with floral garland and wreath, passes among the flowers and with rapt expression seems to be talking to them.

LILY is in white; HOLLYHOCK wears pink and red; FAIRIES, gauze and wings; MORN, pale pink. Other flowers may be represented by girls in costume, if desired, to pantomime parts.

Enter BETTY, CAROL and RUTH, from different directions, and approach NELL.

BETTY.

O Nell! Pray tell us, was it you
Who saw the flowers dance?—

CAROL.

And were their ornaments of dew,
And did you have a glance?

RUTH.

At fairies? Pray do tell us all!

ALL.

Darling Nell,
Pray do tell

About the Blossom's lovely ball!

NELL [*with appropriate gestures and occasional steps*].

Oh, 'twas the maddest, merriest night,

With guests in bright array;

Out came the stars and fireflies bright,

As twilight passed from day,

Fairy music seemed to call

Every flower

From leafy bower,

Down at Madam Blossom's ball!

Upon the ballroom floor of green
 Came guests of varied hue,
 Their dainty costumes all agleam,
 With ornaments of dew;
 As silent as the stars that fall
 Fell the feet,
 To the beat
 Of music, at the Blossom's ball!

Rose then smiled on Violet,
 And Dewdrop seemed to cast her
 Eyes on lovely Mignonette,
 Awhile the gorgeous Aster
 With his grace did quite enthrall
 Every other
 Flower lover,
 At the Blossom's stately ball.

Dear Hollyhock, so bright and gay,
 And Lily dressed in white,
 Came gliding by in such a way
 That all enjoyed the sight;

[LILY and HOLLYHOCK *join hands and pass
 down stage.*]

Both so slender and so tall—
 All were graceful,
 All were tasteful,
 Down at Madam Blossom's ball!

The Fairies looked upon the dance

[FAIRIES *peep out from greenery.*]

From out their secret dell,
 And trembled, lest by any chance,
 They should the scene dispel.
 "It is a dream," said one and all,
 "O Morn, do stay

Thy coming, pray,
While we enjoy the Blossom's ball!"

But jocund Morn on tiptoe came,
Just where the sky-line's clear,

[MORN *enters on tiptoe and looks about, then exit.*]

And brought to close this pretty game
Of all the flowers dear,
As lightly as the signal call,
With dainty grace,
Each found his place—
Thus ended Madam Blossom's ball—

ALL.

Thus ended Madam Blossom's ball!

CURTAIN

THE STUNT PARTY

SYNOPSIS AND CHARACTERS

Hostess and seven girls (or girls and boys) for the various stunts, jumping rope, rolling hoop, whistling, playing marbles, bouncing ball, dancing and singing. Hostess having invited guests, each one of whom is to contribute to the program, wonders why they do not arrive, finally hears them coming, welcomes them and the party proceeds.

HOSTESS.

I am so dreadful worried!
Do you suppose it can be
That they've misunderstood the time,
And plan to come at three?

[*Looks at invitation.*]

Why no, my invitation
Is perfectly all right;
If guests should come an hour late,
I'd think them impolite!

[*Reads invitation.*]

“To my party, Thursday, May 6th,
(*Any date desired.*)

Dear Friend, I'm asking you;
My home is 20 Idylwild.

(*Any address.*)

The time is set for two!

Please help us with the program,
Your favorite stunt pray bring;
Just skip-the-rope or roll-the-hoop,
Or whistle, dance or sing!”

[*Bell rings.*]

There goes the bell, they're coming,
 I'm happy as can be!
 So glad the invitation
 Said two o'clock, not three!

[*To entering guests.*]

My friends, I'm very, very glad—

GUESTS.

Thank you, we're glad, too,
 That you asked us to your party;
 'Twas very sweet of you!

HOSTESS [*looking at instruments for program which have been laid aside*]

I see each one is planning
 To help me entertain;
 The guest who brought the skipping-rope,
 Will please begin the game!

GUEST [*uses rope of smilax, then says*].

The skipping-rope is ancient—
 Has long been known to fame;
 The one whom it entangles,
 Please carry on the game!

[*Throws rope over GUEST with hoop.*]

GUEST WITH HOOP [*rolls it and says*].

First of all I'll roll my hoop
 Then use it for a frame,

[*Looks through it.*]

The one whom it encircles,
 Pray carry on the game!

[*Encircles WHISTLER.*]

WHISTLER.

Perhaps girls shouldn't whistle—
 I love it just the same;

The guest to whom I whistle,
Please carry on the game!

[*Whistles to one with marbles.*]

MARBLE PLAYER [*shoots, then says*].

The girl who likes to whistle
Or play marbles, do not blame;
Toward whom I roll a brownie,
Must carry on the game!

[*Rolls marble toward GUEST WITH BALL.*]

GUEST WITH BALL [*bounds it once or twice, saying*].

Other toys may come or go,
The ball will still remain;
The one toward whom I bound it,
Will carry on the game!

[*Bounds ball toward DANCER.*]

DANCER *does short dance.*

DANCER.

Without the darling dance,
Life truly would be tame;
The guests toward whom I throw a kiss,
Shall carry on the game!

[*Throws kiss toward SINGER.*]

SINGER [*to tune of JINGLE BELLS*].

Though my song may not be charming,
The truth must still remain,
That I have done my very best,
To carry on the game!

HOSTESS.

My friends, you have most kindly
Helped me to entertain;
Each one has kept the promise,
To carry on the game.

I'm sure you need refreshment,
And so I'll make it plain,
We'll gather 'round the festal board,
And carry on the Game!

[*Exeunt* ALL.]

THE WEEK FAMILY

CHARACTERS

MOTHER WEEK

SUSAN SUNDAY

MOLLIE MONDAY

TILLIE TUESDAY

WINNIE WEDNESDAY

THEDA THURSDAY

FREDA FRIDAY

SALLIE SATURDAY

} *Her Daughters*

SETTING AND COSTUMES

SCENE: *Indoor, comfortable surroundings, the MOTHER dressed accordingly. The DAUGHTERS dressed to correspond with their respective occupations and equipped with instruments to illustrate the same. MOTHER WEEK enters from the LEFT.*

MOTHER WEEK.

My seven charming daughters
Are known to you, I'm sure,
Most folks just long to meet them,
But some cannot endure
To see the dears approaching,
For fear that they will bring
Some merited bad luck.

[*Singing in distance.*]

Hark, hear Susan Sunday sing!

[*Steps to rear.*]

Enter SUSAN SUNDAY from Right and passes to Left, slowly.

SUSAN SUNDAY.

My name is Susan Sunday,
 First child of the Week;
 Of course you know I go to church
 And quiet pleasures seek;
 I always try to be on time
 In class at Sunday School,
 Be kind to all. In doing this,
 Obey the Golden Rule.

Enter MOLLIE MONDAY, Right, and placing small tub and washboard on table, proceeds to use same.

MOLLY MONDAY.

Here I come—Mollie Monday,
 Mother's second child,
 Not so very pious—
 Not so very mild;
 But I do the washing,
 I rub and rub and rub,
 And when the clothes are all out,
 I then wash every tub!

Enter TILLIE TUESDAY, Right, with iron and board, follows MOLLIE MONDAY.

TILLIE TUESDAY.

Tillie Tuesday—Mollie's sister,

[*Bows.*]

The ironing, I do,
 For ruffles, tucks and flounces,
 Of course, there are a few,
 As we are seven sisters,
 Not one of us a shirk,
 For Mother Week is thrifty,
 And taught us how to work!

WINNIE WEDNESDAY follows, properly equipped.

WINNIE WEDNESDAY.

Winsome Winnie Wednesday—

Surely that's my name,
Darning, patching, knitting,
Constitute my game.

I'm the middle daughter

Of dear old Mother Week;

When she wants peace and quiet,
My room she'll always seek!

THEDA THURSDAY *enters and follows, seating herself.*

THEDA THURSDAY.

Now friends, I'm Theda Thursday,

Recreation child;

To say that I go gadding's

A statement that is mild.

Work belongs to days that go

Before, and follow me,

So I'm the one for visiting,

You all must plainly see.

FREDA FRIDAY *follows, with broom.*

FREDA FRIDAY.

Freda Friday—yes, that's I,

Child who wields the broom,

And the mop and duster,

Until every room

Shines in bright resplendence

And my muscles ache.

Try to do my duty,

For my Mother's sake.

SALLIE SATURDAY, *with baking utensils, follows.*

SALLIE SATURDAY.

Clothes are washed and ironed,

Mending is all done,

House is swept and garnished,

Pleased is everyone,

But our family appetite
Just protests and cries:
“Sallie Saturday, please bake
Bread and cakes and pies!

[MOTHER WEEK *steps forward, daughters grouping themselves around her, as far as possible, each one plies her occupation.*

MOTHER WEEK.
And now you've met my daughters,
Are they not true to life?
System is our watchword—
That avoids strife.
Each one brings a message
To everyone it's clear,
That fifty-two such families,
Constitute a year.

CURTAIN

THE FIRST REHEARSAL

A Play for Young Girls

CHARACTERS

LILIAN
MARY
WILLA

LORENA
HELEN
LOUISE

EMMA
ETHEL
JENNIE

SCENE: *A typical room of LILIAN'S home. LILIAN seated, needlework in hand, hears knock at door. She rises to answer the knock.*

Enter the other girls, chatting cheerfully.

LILIAN. Come right in, girls. I'm so glad you are all together, as you know I have something to tell you [*greets all cordially.*] Make yourselves comfy, please. I see you all have your work. How industrious you are! Nothing like it, girls—nothing like it!

MARY. O Lillian, please do not comment upon our industry. That is an acknowledged fact. The industry of the "Girls' Sewing Society" has been heralded from "Dan to Beersheba."

HELEN. Now, Lillian, before you give us anything heavy, let me tell you my new recipe for fudge. It's——

ALL. Oh, Fudge! hear the child!

LORENA. Helen, you know children should be seen and not heard!

HELEN. As usual, I'm squelched!

LILIAN. Listen girls! Our Secretary is going to give a reception and wishes us to arrange a little program. Now, what do you all think?

HELEN. I think it would be lots of fun to make fudge!

ETHEL. I believe if we were to imprison that child in a fortress of fudge she would eat her way out.

HELEN. Yes, and I would eat the fortress too! Indeed I would!

MARY. Give the kiddie a rattle!

LOUISE. I'm inclined to think Lilian has an idea.

EMMA. Where's the kodak? Let's snap it!

LOUISE. I think she should divide it!

JENNIE. The idea or the kodak?

LOUISE. One good, big idea! I'm certain would go all around with the Society to-day. I should be thankful for a small piece of one.

LORENA. Really, Lilian, it is a very serious thing for one of us girls to have an idea and if you are guilty of the charge, we believe this to be your opportunity to "fess up."

MARY [*approaches LILIAN with scissors, in pretence of pistol*]. Hands up! Your idea or your life! [*Applause and laughter.*]

HELEN. O Mary, you make a lovely highwayman!

LILIAN [*laughingly*]. Well, girls—to return to our text—I have some pretty little poems about vegetables, that a friend of mine wrote for a bridge party. How would it be to dress in crepe paper to represent the different vegetables and each tell her own tale?

ALL. Fine! Fine! Let's have them.

WILLA. Lilian, you be the potato, as you are sort of a manager and all other vegetables rather pay deference to the potato.

EMMA. I'll be corn, green and tender!

LOUISE. And I a carrot, long and slender!

ALL. Oh, hear the poets!

LORENA. I'll be the tomato, short and fat!

WILLA. I'll be lettuce—crispy!

HELEN. If I don't be fudge, I'll just be a little red radish!

ALL. Hear the child!

EMMA. Mary, I'm afraid there's nothing left for you but an onion.

MARY. Oh, I'm perfectly willing to be an onion, because my enemies will keep a respectful distance and my friends will just love me!

WILLA. Mary, Mary, you always were an extremist!

LILIAN. Here, girls, are the verses. [*Passes slips of paper to girls, who read and comment favorably or otherwise.*]

EMMA. Oh, I believe I know a better one for corn, than this.

ALL. These are fine; we're sorted all right now, Lilian.

LILIAN. Well, let's hear them. Emma first. Please step to the front as you give them, as though you were really facing an audience.

EMMA [*following instructions.*]

I have silky, yellow hair

And my frock is palest green;

Do you think that you would care

For me more, if dressed in cream?

Laugh all other food to scorn,

Take *me* and your heart I'll warm!

MARY. You make my mouth water!

LILIAN. That's a good beginning. Now let's hear Louise.

LOUISE [*steps forward and speaks*].

In my petticoat of yellow and my little cap of green,

Am I not the nattiest little person you have ever seen?

I've a foot that's very pointed and a body long and slender,

And my name you know is carrot—just a carrot, sweet and tender.

LILIAN. Oh, isn't that good?

ALL. Yes, Louise is long and slender, all right!

LORENA. I'm next! [*Rises and speaks.*]

I'm all head—no feet!

Say, dear, don't you think me neat?

My dress is always richly red;

Of lettuce leaves, I make my bed.

Next cover me with robe of dressing—

I'll nap while you my name are guessing.

MARY. My, but you sound good!

LORENA. Wait 'till you hear Willa!

LILIAN [*leading Willa to center*]. Yes, Willa is to give us something crispy.

WILLA.

That you can do without me, oh, don't you ever think,

For if you try, you'll surely put your salad on the blink!
 You need me in your business and you need me every day,
 So be kind and treat me well, thus together *lettuce* stay!

ALL. Good! Good!

LILIAN. Indeed, that is good, but let us hear from the infant.

HELEN [*stepping forward*]. I'm a cunning little fudge—

ALL. Fudge! Fudge! [*Laughter.*] Listen to the infant!

HELEN. Oh, no! I didn't mean that! [*Recites.*]

I'm a cunning little radish,
 Just the color of the rose;
 I could give you indigestion—
 I could do it if I chose!

Now please take a tiny bite,
 After dipping me in salt—
 Don't you think that I'm all right?
 Can you find a bit of fault?

ALL. Good little kiddie!

ETHEL. Delectable little radish! [*Pats HELEN admiringly.*]

LILIAN [*leading MARY forward*]. We'll now listen to the onion; [*to MARY*] and please make it strong!

MARY [*with dramatic air*].

You will find me in your salad,
 You will find me in your dressing,
 In your pickles—chowder—soup—
 In your hash, I am a blessing!
 I assure you I'm a perfume,
 Your breath so sweet, adorning,
 If you taste me, dear, at night,
 I'm still with you in the morning! [*Laughter.*]

EMMA. Mary is certainly in a class by herself!

ETHEL. Mary, you are certainly the star!

MARY. It's a far cry from stars to onions! [*Laughter.*]

JENNIE. Ethel! Ethel! What is Ethel?

ETHEL. Oh, you and I come in on the home stretch!

EMMA. Something good, I'll wager!

ETHEL. Well, I believe some people do like me. [*Recites.*]

I'm the most important part
 Of a succulent boiled dinner;
 He who dares deny the fact
 Is a *wicked, wicked* sinner.
 Sometimes white and sometimes red,
 Just a good old cabbage head! [*Applause.*]

LILIAN. Now, Jennie, see if you can *beat* that.

JENNIE [*stepping to center*].

My cheeks are very rosy
 And I make a right good pickle.
 Boil me long and boil me tender
 And your palate I will tickle.
 Sometimes sour, sometimes sweet,
 Just a dandy little beet!

WILLA. Better all the time, but boiled dinners require something else.

LILIAN. I'm it. [*Recites, pointing to various ones.*]

Lettuce, carrot and tomato,
 Radish, onion, yes, and corn,
 Listen to the poor potato,
 Do not treat my words with scorn!
 I've been told that I am Irish—
 That idea has had a fall;
 No! I came from old Virginia,
 I'm the mother of you all!

MARY. Lilian, Lilian, you will certainly have to feed us!
 I never was so hungry in my life!

LILIAN [*shaking finger at MARY*].

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?

MARY [*shaking her finger at LILIAN*].

Lettuce, corn, tomatoes, carrots, cabbages all in a row.

[*Laughter and applause.*]

LILIAN. Girls, you are all simply fine. Next time bring the material and we will make our costumes. Now, you shall have your reward! I saw cook manipulating the

ice cream freezer and she gave me a knowing wink. Come, girls!

[*Exeunt all, chatting gaily.*]

NOTE. An outdoor effect is also good, the girls coming upon the scene with the following society yell:

Rah, Rah, Rah, must confess,
We are the girls of the G. S. S.

In case of this arrangement, Liliàn should be seated in the garden, with plenty of suitable seats and her greeting should conform.

A VISIT TO FAIRYLAND

CHARACTERS

ELDER SISTER FAIRY QUEEN
YOUNGER SISTER FAIRY BAND, *captors and attendants*

SCENE I

SETTING AND COSTUMES. *Outdoor effect with traces of FAIRIES here and there. SISTERS in light summer frocks. FAIRIES in green crepe paper dresses, with wreaths and garlands of flowers.*

Enter from Left, TWO SISTERS, chatting merrily.

YOUNGER SISTER.

O sister, sister, I am sure
'Tis where the fairies stay;
And what a darling place 'twould be
For little folks to play!

And now I'll clap my hands just so,
 [*claps hands.*]

And softly call and see
If loving tones will elfins bring,
To play with you and me.

[*Plaintive tones, hands out in supplication.*]

O darling dainty fairies,
I'd give the world to be
Your guest, for just a little while!
Oh, grant this joy to me.

ELDER SISTER [*laughingly*].

You funny little darling,
This *is* a charming place,
But fairies, dear—there are none;
At least I find no trace.

YOUNGER SISTER [*entreating*].

Dear sister, have you never heard,
That any girl or boy,
Who has no faith in fairies,
Will never know the joy

Of seeing airy, elfin band,
Or knowing how they live,
How they distribute happiness,
And joy to children give?

ELDER SISTER.

Well, fairies or no fairies,
'Tis a charming little nest!

YOUNGER SISTER.

Let's lie down. I'm sure the fairies
Will watch us while we rest.

[*Both sisters fall asleep.*]

Enter three FAIRIES. One waves a poppy wand over the head of the ELDER SISTER, inducing deeper sleep; the other TWO FAIRIES, by manipulating a garland of flowers, waken and take the YOUNGER SISTER a willing captive to the court of the FAIRY QUEEN.

CURTAIN

SCENE II

Same setting, with throne in rear, upon which is seated FAIRY QUEEN, surrounded by ATTENDANT FAIRIES. FAIRY QUEEN should be dressed in white, with garlands of flowers, gilt crown and wand.

Enter YOUNGER SISTER with FAIRY CAPTORS. ALL salute FAIRY QUEEN.

FAIRY QUEEN.

Who is this little earth child,
Who visits fairyland,

Not clad in woodland garments?
 What means this, Elfin Band?

CAPTOR FAIRIES.

It means, O Queen beloved,
 That this dear earth-land child
 We found within the border
 Of our own fairy wild.

FAIRY QUEEN.

Remove these earthly garments,
 And let your duty be
 To clothe our guest befittingly,
 Then bring her back to me.

ATTENDANT FAIRIES *withdraw with* YOUNGER SISTER, *to*
obey command of FAIRY QUEEN.

FAIRY QUEEN [*to others*].

Arrange, my loyal people,
 A dance, and garlands fling;
 And with your rhythmic movements,
 Induce the birds to sing.

[*Bird notes on piano in distance.*]

FAIRIES *bring garlands for dance.* YOUNGER SISTER, *prop-*
erly clothed, returns with ATTENDANT FAIRIES, *salutes*
 FAIRY QUEEN, *receiving touch of wand, which enables her to*
participate in dance, which now takes place [soft music].
After dance, YOUNGER SISTER again salutes FAIRY QUEEN,
who sees question in her face.

FAIRY QUEEN.

Your face betrays a question;
 Just ask me, gentle guest.
 If answer lies in fairy lore,
 Then granted, your request.

YOUNGER SISTER.

Pray tell me, Queen of Fairies,
 Is it at your command

That so much joy is given
To all, throughout the land?

FAIRY QUEEN.

We fairies live in raindrop,
In foam, on ocean wave;
We dwell within the wind cave;
The fiercest storm, we brave.

We dwell, you know, in forest,
Within whose gentle shade
Is found the fern and violet,
Where greenest moss is laid.

We peep from eye of baby,
Spring from the small, pink palm
That wipes the tear from mother's eye—
To wounded heart's a balm.

YOUNGER SISTER.

I read of you in all my books;
Close in my heart you're bound.
So happy was I, when I knew
Your fairyland I'd found.

[*Salutes FAIRY QUEEN.*]

FAIRY QUEEN [*as two attendants step forward*].

We're glad you came to see us;
Your path lies this way, dear.
Your earth folks will be seeking—
We must not cause them fear.

You are a gentle earth child;
This parting gives us pain.

[*Signals to other FAIRIES.*]

FAIRIES.

We trust you'll come another time
And be our guest again.

[*Both sides wave farewell.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE III

*Same setting. SISTERS awaken where they went to sleep.
YOUNGER springs up and exclaims:*

YOUNGER SISTER.

O sister dear, pray listen,
I've been to fairyland!
I've danced with darling fairies—
Met Queen of fairy band!

ELDER SISTER [*indulgently*].

While you've been with the fairies,
I've had a lovely sleep,

[*Looks in YOUNGER SISTER'S face.*]

You've gathered here an elfin look,
I trust you'll always keep.

Now we'll return to Mother,
Who'll surely wonder why—
We must, dear fairies, leave you
Good-by, good-by, good-by!

YOUNGER SISTER [*backs away throwing kisses.*]

[*FAIRY faces peep through the green.*]

CURTAIN

THE QUEEN OF ROSELAND

CHARACTERS

FAIRY QUEEN

ATTENDANTS OF QUEEN

COURTIERS

MERCURY, *Messenger*

RED ROSE

WHITE ROSE

BLUE ROSE

CABBAGE ROSE

WILD ROSE

YELLOW ROSE

CLIMBING ROSE

CECIL BRUNER

} *Rose Family*

SYNOPSIS

The Fairy Queen is asked by the Rose Family to render a decision as to which is the most beautiful of the Roses, to reign as their queen, the Roses promising to accept the verdict without protest.

MUSIC

“A Garland of Old-fashioned Roses,” played softly in the distance, the waltz portion being used in the dances.

SETTINGS AND COSTUMES

Outdoor effect, woodsy and typical of the haunts of the fairies. Fairy Queen and her court attired in keeping with their characters. The Roses each to be dressed in green (any soft material) with characteristic rose either on breast as a hat or as a girdle just under the arms.

Discovered: FAIRY QUEEN on throne, with several ATTENDANTS, one of whom is looking eagerly in the distance.

FAIRY QUEEN.

Why so intently gazing?

Pray tell me what you see?

ATTENDANT.

A messenger's approaching.

Why yes, 'tis Mercury!

Dear Queen, I'm very certain

Whatever word he brings

Requires haste, for he now wears

His cap and ankle wings!

FAIRY QUEEN.

Pray bring him to my presence!

He comes from dear Roseland.

Enter MERCURY.

MERCURY.

I'm bidden by the Roses

To place this in your hand.

FAIRY QUEEN.

You're welcome to our Woodland,

Dear Mercury; but pray,

How are my friends at Roseland?

What does the message say?

[Passes paper to ATTENDANT.]

ATTENDANT *[reads]*.

Dear Fairy Queen: We're asking

That you settle once for all

A question most appalling;

Upon you now we call.

A most momentous question,

We ask you to decide;

We're sure you'll do it justice.

By your word we will abide.

Which of us is the fairest?

Sweet friend, it lies with thee—

Among us, she whom you select

Shall Queen of Roseland be.

Whatever your arrangements,
 We'll do just what you say;
 Whom you select, shall be our Queen,
 Forever and a day!

FAIRY QUEEN.

Return at once to Roseland,
 Dear Mercury—report
 That, one by one, I'll welcome
 Each sweet Rose to my court.

[Hands outstretched to denser woods.]

O Woodland Spirits, aid me!
 Upon your friend shed light,
 That this momentous question
 She may decide aright!

[To MERCURY, while writing message.]

Let each dear Rose to-morrow
 Present to me her claim
 Upon the throne of Roseland,
 Forever there to reign!

MERCURY *[leaving]*.

I'll safely bear your message
 Back to those who wait.

FAIRY QUEEN.

Go tell them their request,
 My heart doth agitate!

[Exit MERCURY.]

CURTAIN

[Two-minute intermission.]

The next day.

FAIRY QUEEN *[to ATTENDANTS]*.

Festoon with floral garlands,
 Let added charm be found;

May it be said that in my court
To-day, joy doth abound!

[*While garlands are arranged, music swells for a short time; ATTENDANT, looking eagerly, turns to FAIRY QUEEN*].

ATTENDANT.

Dear Queen, a guest approaches,
Of hue so rich and bright—

FAIRY QUEEN.

I wonder—'tis the Red Rose,
A warmly gorgeous spright!

[*Enter RED ROSE, who confidently approaches FAIRY QUEEN, by whom she is signaled to speak.*]

RED ROSE.

Of regal height and color,
A Roseland Queen should be;
I'm certain these requirements,
Dear judge, you'll find in me!

[*Salutes FAIRY QUEEN.*]

FAIRY QUEEN.

That you have claims unusual,
'Tis plainly to be seen;
You have the royal bearing,
That well befits a Queen!

RED ROSE *passes to opposite side and is followed by WHITE ROSE; each ROSE in turn following RED ROSE, forming a picturesque group about her.*]

WHITE ROSE [*modestly*].

Pure and without blemish
Must Queen of Roseland be.
I pray thee, gentle censor,
Is there aught of this in me?

FAIRY QUEEN.

Naught in thee, dear White Rose,
Is found but purity.
Were that the sole requirement,
The crown should go to thee!

[WHITE ROSE *withdraws.*]

BLUE ROSE.

Perhaps I'm not so dainty
As others, nor so fair;
Discrimination fine as yours
Will grant that I am *rare!*

FAIRY QUEEN.

Lovely art thou, Blue Rose,
Dainty—yes, and fair;
My judgment does not hesitate
To grant that thou art rare!

[BLUE ROSE *withdraws.*]

CABBAGE ROSE [*jolly in manner*].

Should size and abundance
Appeal, at all, to thee
As attributes of Queen, dear judge,
You'd find them both in *me!*

[*Bows low.*]

FAIRY QUEEN [*smiling*].

Graciousness, abundance,
Belong to royalty;
Whether thou art Queen or not,
The world will still love thee!

WILD ROSE.

I'm such a weird, wild thing,
Not fit, they say, for court;
And if appointed, think I'd turn
My duties into sport!

FAIRY QUEEN.

I have known many monarchs
 Who've been both brave and wild;
 Your wildness is a glory,
 Just pure and undefiled!

YELLOW ROSE.

Dear Lady, I've the color,
 My heart's of deepest gold,
 My treasure chests, all moss-bound,
 Hold royalties, untold!

FAIRY QUEEN.

Thy moss-bound, golden riches,
 Belong now to the past;
 But love for yellow treasure
 Throughout all time, will last!

CLIMBING ROSE [*haughtily*].

I have the climbing tendency—
 Ambition without end;
 Both attributes, dear censor,
 I'm ready to defend!

FAIRY QUEEN.

These attributes are royal;
 All monarchs claim them both.
 To pass you by, dear climber,
 I should be very loath!

CECIL BRUNER [*haltingly*].

My name is Cecil Bruner.
 Just pink, from head to toes—
 I could not be a Queen, like you;
 I'm just a Baby Rose!

FAIRY QUEEN [*smiling graciously*].

All monarchs once were babies.
 You'll grow to man's estate;
To reign as Queen in Roseland
 Henceforth shall be your fate!

[*Crowns* CECIL BRUNER.]

Yours is a winsome beauty,
A firm hand yours will be;
For diplomatic council,
I pray you call on me!

[*To the company as she takes hand of new Queen.*]

Now, dear friends of Roseland,
In your faces I can see
Approval of the one I choose
Henceforth your Queen to be!

ALL [*together*].

She is a darling monarch!
We trust and hope and pray,
That she will live to be our Queen,
Forever and a day!

NEW QUEEN *takes* FAIRY QUEEN *by hand and, saluting all the* ROSES, *speaks.*

CECIL BRUNER.

Dear Friends, I hope you'll not repent—
Whatever comes or goes!
If I fail as Queen, then let me be
Again your Baby Rose!

NEW QUEEN *steps in front of the others, who form a garland of* ROSES *back of her, all dancing the finale to the air of* "A Garland of Old-fashioned Roses."

CURTAIN

THE DOLL SHOP

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

FRENCH DOLL	<i>Light fancy frock, curls, socks and fancy slippers</i>
BOY DOLL	<i>Blue rompers, light, bobbed hair, socks and slippers</i>
RAG DOLL	<i>Darkey costume, patched dress, woolly hair</i>
TEDDY BEAR	<i>Typically dressed</i>
HULA GIRL	<i>Dress of red or yellow, covered with grass, with usual Hawaiian ornaments</i>
RED CROSS NURSE	<i>In a closed box marked "Sold"</i>
BALLET DOLL	<i>Full ballet skirt, dancing shoes, much scuffed</i>
EGYPTIAN DOLL	<i>Strictly oriental costume</i>
SAILOR BOY	<i>Blue United States Navy suit</i>
OLD-FASHIONED GIRL	<i>Hoops, pantalets, white wig</i>
SPANISH SENORITA	<i>Spanish costume with mantilla</i>
INDIAN CHIEF	<i>Indian outfit, beads and feathers</i>

SYNOPSIS

The French Shop Girl is dusting stock and arranging dolls in preparation for the day's business, humming softly to herself. Shows special affection for French Doll. Proprietor enters, chats with and kisses French Shop Girl. Girl protests, as a customer is just entering to whom, after explanations, she shows dolls. Customer finally selects French Doll, promising to return for her later. Proprietor, who has withdrawn during sale reënters and invites French Shop Girl out to dinner. During their absence, with lights low, the dolls, at the suggestion of the Old-Fashioned Girl, indulge in merriment to soft music. When the clock strikes twelve, they return to their places, looking rather trowsled. Finale.

SCENE I

(Doll Shop, where FRENCH SHOP GIRL is arranging stock, caressing FRENCH DOLL, humming softly, making free use of vanity case.)

Enter PROPRIETOR, who looks at SHOP GIRL, who smiles coquettishly and bows.

PROPRIETOR.

Good morning, charming Bright Eyes,
Your cheeks are like the rose.
Might I have just what I'd like,
What would it be, d'you suppose?

FRENCH SHOP GIRL.

Monsieur, a customer, rich—rich,
I'm sure is in your mind,
To carry off the French Doll,
Another home to find!

Enter CUSTOMER.

CUSTOMER.

While looking in your window
(Am I interrupting, pray?)
I saw your most enchanting doll!
It *must* be sent to-day!

FRENCH SHOP GIRL [*explanatory*].

Not interrupting, Madame!
Mon Ami's so—oh, dear!

[*Laughs and shows DOLLS.*]

(How do you say in English?)

Ah, yes—so very queer!

This is my darling little one!

[*Shows FRENCH DOLL.*]

Francais, through and through!

I'd grieve to see her leave the shop,

[*Tragically.*]

I would, I would, mon Dieu!

CUSTOMER.

Her costume has a dear, French touch—
Do tell me what's the price—how much?

[FRENCH SHOP GIRL *turns hurriedly away from*
FRENCH DOLL.]

FRENCH SHOP GIRL.

Would you not like this Boy Doll?
He is a cunning lad,
The hair is very natural—
His clothes are not so bad!

CUSTOMER.

I think I like a girl doll best.
But you may show me all the rest!

FRENCH SHOP GIRL.

Oui, Madame, this Black Doll
Is surely my *bete noire*,
If she should go this very day,
Her loss I'd not deplore!

CUSTOMER.

I'm certain Topsy never means
To make her mistress have bad dreams!

FRENCH SHOP GIRL.

This Teddy Bear, *bonne amie*,
Might please your little friend;
His coat, so soft and silky—
Don't you think you'd like to send?

CUSTOMER.

Oh no, she has a Teddy Bear;
For him I'm sure she would not care!

FRENCH SHOP GIRL.

Now here's a Hula Dancer,
Dressed in Hawaiian grass;
Her costume, Ma'am, 's quite correct,
For women of her class.

CUSTOMER.

Your dolls are very charming, dear,
What have you in this box, right here?

[*Points to closed box.*]

FRENCH SHOP GIRL.

Ah Madame, a special order
That package doth enfold;
I have not even seen it,
Observe, it is marked, "Sold!"

CUSTOMER.

Show me the first again, my dear

FRENCH SHOP GIRL [*aside*].

She'll take my *Francais* doll, I fear!
Look, *chere amie*, right this way,
This one you have not seen,
Sans too much clothes, this Ballet Girl,
You'll surely think's a dream!

CUSTOMER.

Her clothing's rather slight, I vow!
I'll just look at the rest, please, now.

FRENCH SHOP GIRL.

This dear Egyptian Girl, you see,
Is dressed in Eastern splendor,
We use the "please don't handle" sign.
If broken, we can't mend her!

CUSTOMER.

Pax vobiscum! Leave her here;
What is the other one, my dear?

FRENCH SHOP GIRL.

Here is a rosy, sailor lad,
How think you he would do?
So clean, so strong, so manly,
In his U. S. suit of blue!

CUSTOMER.

'Tis hard to choose 'twixt boys and girls;
Just show me something else, with curls!

FRENCH SHOP GIRL.

The dearest of Old Fashioned Girls—
Just see the hoop and pantalets!
Should you decide on her, I'm sure
There could be no regrets!

CUSTOMER.

I'd take her, if alive, and get
The child to dance the minuet!

FRENCH SHOP GIRL.

Now here's a Senorita,
Yes, Spanish, you have guessed;
Piquant—a lively dancer,
So charmingly she's dressed!

CUSTOMER.

A pure Castilian maid is she;
If you've another, let me see.

FRENCH SHOP GIRL.

A gorgeous, feathered Indian,
With trappings of a Chief,
Would draw attention always,
Though his tribe has come to grief!

CUSTOMER.

He is a mighty chief, but pshaw!
I think I'd rather have a squaw!

[CUSTOMER *turns to go.*]

FRENCH SHOP GIRL [*disappointed*].

Madame, the dolls are pretty;
Not one of them is old.

CUSTOMER.

After dinner, I'll come back
And take the French Doll. Mark her "Sold!"

[*Leaves.*]

[PROPRIETOR *returns, finds FRENCH SHOP GIRL disconsolate.*]

PROPRIETOR.

Come, little one, to dinner,
Don't grieve over the dolls!
They are not worth one of your tears.
They're naught but fol-de-rols!

[*Catches FRENCH SHOP GIRL, whirls her about.*]
The two leave for dinner.

The OLD FASHIONED GIRL leaves her place, whispers to the other dolls, persuading them to come out on the floor for an hour of merriment, which they all do. Each performs a stunt to music. Darkness falls meanwhile and as the clock strikes twelve, they all scurry back to their places. Movements must be mechanical and, during the frolic, the DOLLS become disheveled.

STUNTS: Light, solo dance by FRENCH DOLL. School drill, second or third grade, by BOY DOLL. RAG DOLL is joined by TEDDY BEAR in a humorous dance. Hula Girl, native dance to Hawaiian music. Ballet Doll, typical solo dance. Old Fashioned Girl, one or two figures of minuet. Egyptian Girl, oriental dance. Spanish Senorita, light solo dance to Spanish music, using tamborine. Indian Chief, slow solo dance to slow Indian music. Sailor Boy, the Sailor's Hornpipe, during which he falls. Suddenly the box marked "Sold" opens and the Red Cross Nurse appears and renders First Aid to Sailor, when the clock strikes twelve.

SCENE II

PLACE: *Same.* TIME, *next morning.*

Enter PROPRIETOR and FRENCH SHOP GIRL, surprised to find DOLLS in a rather upset condition.

Enter CUSTOMER from other side.

CUSTOMER.

Your shop was all locked up last night,
So I've come back this morning!

PROPRIETOR.

The Dolls have had some merriment;
You see that we've had warning!

[*Points at DOLLS.*]

FRENCH SHOP GIRL.

The Dolls last night went on a tear,
I see it in their tousled hair!

ALL [*dancing to quick music*].

Yes, yes, we Dolls were on a tear,
You'd know it by our tousled hair!

CURTAIN

Note. For an encore the Dolls may seat themselves in a semicircle and sing, I WANT TO BUY A DOLL, or some other suitable song.

WILD FLOWERS

CHARACTERS

ANNETTE	MABEL	LOUIS
ELISE	RUTH	MARY
DOROTHY	NORMAN	FRANCES
BARNETT	FLORENCE	FREDERICKA

SETTING AND COSTUMES

Outdoor, woodsy effect, with plenty of flowers.

Children to be dressed in summer attire. Girls wear flower-trimmed hats or bright bows; some carrying baskets.

SCENE: *Children enter chatting merrily. ANNETTE, taller than the others, is the leader. All exclaim about the flowers, pick them and place them in their baskets or make them into bouquets.*

FLORENCE. What a perfectly darling place, and such lovely flowers!

RUTH. Annette, don't you think we might stay here and play awhile?

ALL. O Annette, do say yes! Please, Annette, let us stay!

ANNETTE. Surely, we might stay for a little while. I'm quite certain we might. What do you want to play?

MARY. I think it would be nice to play school.

ALL [*laughing*]. Oh, no! No! No! Not school!

DOROTHY. Oh, I know; let's play the last day of school!

RUTH. Oh, yes! The last day of school is all right!

And Annette must be the teacher.

ANNETTE. All right, I'll be the teacher. I'll sit right here. [*Sits herself on stool at back, others group themselves around her and raise hands, indicating that they are anxious to recite.*]

ANNETTE. Barnett has a dear nurse. Let us hear about her.

BARNETT [*steps forward*].

Sweet face, crowned with auburn hair,
Hands so strong and soft and fair,
All that I love best is there,

Do you know her?

[*Looks to left.*]

She rubs the wrinkles from my back

[*rubs back.*]

And she has a pleasant knack
Of knowing all the things I lack.

Do you know her?

[*Looks right.*]

If she'll promise, don't you see,
Just to stay a while with me,
I shall very grateful be,

And thankful, that I know her!

[*Takes seat.*]

[*Applause.*]

ANNETTE. What a lovely nurse! Ruth, did you ever hear
a Kitty me-oow?

RUTH.

With a frock of soft gray
And a vest of pure white,
A tail long and graceful,
A step soft and light,
Your eyes seem as mellow,
As if brushed with dew;
Oh, you are a darling!
My Kittie Me-oow!

To show that you love me,
You give a light tap
On my hand when you beg

For a place on my lap;
 But we are good pals
 And our love is true blue.
 I'm my Daddy's "wee maid"—
 You're my Kittie Me-oow!

[*Applause.*]

ANNETTE. As we've heard about a kittie, somebody should tell us about a doggie.

NORMAN. I can tell you about my woolly doggie.

ALL. Yes, let's hear about your woolly doggie, Norman.

NORMAN.

Got an awful woolly doggie;
 Oh, say, can you tell me how
 I'm to know the end that wiggles
 From the end that says "Bow-wow"?

Sometimes my woolly doggie
 Runs ahead and sometimes back,
 Rolls and turns and falls all over—
 Queerest doggie! Name is Jack.

Sometimes I think I see some eyes—
 'Most always out of sight;
 Guess I'll never now his head from tail,
 Unless he tries to bite.

If my little woolly doggie
 Dies, and up to heaven goes,
 Will the angels know one end,
 From the other, do you s'pose?

[*Applause.*]

BARNETT [*goes to ANNETTE and whispers*].

ANNETTE. Barnett says that, as we have heard about a kittie and a doggie, he would like to hear about a bird.

ELISE. Dorothy knows a bird piece and I can help her in the song part.

ALL. Oh, let us have that next, Annette!

ANNETTE. Surely! Do it now, girlies.

DOROTHY [*steps forward and recites verses, ELISE joining her in the song, when both swing arms gracefully*].

I just asked a Mother Birdie,
 One sunny summer day,
 Did she love her baby birdies,
 In the really mother way?

“Yes,” she said, “I love my darlings,
 With a mother love so strong,
 That I’ll tell you all about it,
 If you’ll listen to my song.”

Then I heard the sweetest music,
 From that Mother Birdie’s throat;
 All the baby birdies listened,
 And I’m sure they heard each note.

The babies all looked up, then,
 Guess they each asked for a kiss;
 Then the mother sang a lullaby
 Which sounded just like this:

(Sings.)

Swing high, swing low,
 Swing in the morning sun.
 Swing high, swing low,
 Swing when the day is done.

[Much applause.]

FREDERICKA. I like that one best of all.

MARY. I like it best of all, too.

ANNETTE. Lovely, but did anyone ever go fishing?

LOUIS.

My daddy took me fishin’,
 In the cutest little boat,
 A while we both would paddle,
 And then a while we’d float.

Next, Dad fixed a rod for me
 And said I must be still,
 Mustn't move or hardly breathe,
 But just sit tight, until

I should feel something pulling;
 Then, all at once it came—
 Caught a fish and pretty soon
 My daddy did the same!

Got a dozen! Took 'em home
 And Mother cooked 'em good;
 Dad remarked, "We'll go again."
 I said we surely would.

Yesterday, we went again,
 And wished and fished till night.
 Oh, what's the use o' wishin'?
 Didn't get a bite!

[*Applause.*]

ANNETTE. Better luck next time, Louis.

MARY. Teacher, may I tell about my bubbles?

ALL. Yes, let's head about bubbles. Speak up, Mary!

MARY.

Mother got a bowl of water,
 Dad, a bubble pipe;
 Then I dropped in soap and blew.
 Oh, 'twas the dearest sight!

Guess fairies danced upon the edge
 Of pipe and bowl, for me,
 As shiny balls just dodged about,
 First one, then two, then three!

I could not even touch one of
 The pretty balls, so dear,
 As every time I tried to,
 'Twas sure to disappear!

The colors were so lovely,
 Of the balls, so round and bright,
 They seemed 'most like a rainbow,
 As they floated out of sight.

Sometimes a little fairy comes
 To see me in my sleep;
 Next time, I'll ask: "Please, fairy,
 May I have a ball to keep?"

ANNETTE. Bubbles are beautiful.

ELISE. We have a bubble pipe at our house.

DOROTHY. Annette, Florence wants to whisper to you.

ANNETTE. Florence, do you want to tell us about your
 dolly?

FLORENCE.

I called the doctor on the 'phone,
 My dolly was so ill,
 Thought sure he'd have to give her
 A 'normous, big, red pill!

But when he came, he only smiled
 And asked, "What is her name?"
 I said, Virginia Robertina
 Eloisa Mayme."

He looked most awful serious,
 And long he seemed to pause.
 "Too much of one bad symptom,
 The deuce will often cause,"

He said; then took a bottle
 Out of his big, black case,
 And then remarked, excited-like,
 "With death, we'll run a race!"

I took the bottle—looked at it;
 The label was quite plain,
 It is the queerest remedy—
 It's just called "Mary Jane!"

[*Applause.*]

ANNETTE. I hope your dolly is all well now, Florence.

FLORENCE. Thank you, Annette, she is. I think Fredericka wants to tell us about her mother's new dolly.

FREDERICKA. Yes, I want to tell 'bout my mother's dolly:

Saw my mother's dolly,
When I got up to-day;
Didn't care about it,
'Cause I heard Mother say,
"He's a little darling!"

She used to call *me* that
And we're not a bit alike.

He's thin and I am fat.

When Mother loved the dolly,
I hurt so bad inside,

Daddy took me up and I

Just cried and cried and cried!

If the new doll's pretty—

Get's some eyes and nose,

Maybe I will love it,

Like I love my dolly, Rose!

[*Applause.*]

ANNETTE [*laughing*]. I think you will love the new dolly, Fredericka. We're nearly through now, but we must hear about Mother Nature's Washtub and The New Bird.

MABEL.

Dad and Mother took me trav'lin'

Till we reached the great, big sea,

When we sat down on the rocks,

There came rushin' straight at me,

Biggest lot of bluein' water,

Awful sudzy, don't you know?

Guess a whale was just a-rubbin'

In the water, down below!

[*Works arms.*]

Handkerchiefs came flyin' in,

Lacey, flouncey things came, too.

Asked my mother, did she think
 That the water was too blue?
 But she said that old Dame Nature
 Always washes clothes just fine;
 But I think I'll come back later—
 Just to see them on the line!

[*Applause.*]

MABEL. I like that one!

ANNETTE. Fine! Now we have the surprise of the day.

Frances will tell us about a new kind of a bird.

FRANCES [*with appropriate gestures*].

Flitting here, then floating there,
 Soaring high up in the air,
 Pretty, graceful, birdlike thing,
 Watch the flutter of its wing;
 Darting down, then rising high,
 Just a speck up in the sky,
 What can such a large bird be,
 Flying over land and sea?
 Ah, it fairly makes me thrill,
 So smooth it glides o'er vale and hill;
 See! it makes a spiral dip,
 While below, I spellbound sit!
 Birdman, when this bird you tame,
 Let me join the flying game!

[*Applause.*]

LOUIS. Wasn't that great? It's an airship!

ANNETTE. Didn't I tell you there was a surprise in store?

We must go now, as some of the mothers will be looking
 for us.

ALL. No! No! Annette! Not until *you* do something!

ANNETTE. As the flowers are so lovely here, I will tell you
 about a dear old garden, shall I?

ALL. Oh yes, do, Annette!

ANNETTE.

I know the dearest garden,
Where the sweetest flowers grow,
Where all is bright confusion—
Blossoms never in a row.
Where the tall and stately Lily
To the Poppy makes a bow,
The Violet spreads perfume—
Oh, I think I smell it now!
The Larkspur is a-waving
Just above the Mignonette
And the Four-o'clock stays out
Until the sun begins to set.
I am going to the country,
To my lady's garden fair,
And as queen among the flowers,
I shall find my grandma, there!

[*Applause.*]

FREDERICKA. That makes me think of *my* grandma's garden.

MABEL. Perfectly sweet, isn't it?

ALL exeunt chatting merrily, picking flowers as they go.

CURTAIN

A FALL DAY

CHARACTERS

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

COSTUMES

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

FIRST.

Cheer-o! Cheer-o!
We're all aglow [*ALL fan faces with right hands.*]
From chasing o'er the hills.

SECOND.

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

THIRD.

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

FOURTH.

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

FIFTH.

We climbed so high [*ALL measure distance with up-raised hand.*]
We touched the sky,
And all the world we saw. [*Screen eyes with hand as if gazing at distant object.*]

SIXTH.

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

SEVENTH.

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

EIGHTH.

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

NINTH.

We ate and ate [*stooping and picking fruit.*]
 At rapid rate
 And then we filled our baskets. [*Hold up baskets.*]

TENTH.

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

ALL.

Now home we go
 The way we know
 Will lead us by the brook.
 We'll all wade in
 Where the small fish swim,
 Afraid of no man's hook.

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

Enter FARMER BOY, dressed in overalls and straw hat.

FARMER BOY. If you only knew what I know!

ALL. What? Tell us! Tell us!

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

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

FARMER BOY. Not for me. I know a place where they're

thicker than blackberries. Everbearing—that's the kind they are. Would you like some?

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

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

ALL.

Cheer-o! Cheer-o!

It's now we know

We're going to have a treat.

When we have fed

On berries red,

We'll call the day complete.

THE WORKERS

CHARACTERS

GARDENER
DOCTOR
MILKMAN
STOREKEEPER

} *Boys of ten or twelve years*

HOUSEWIFE, *girl of ten or twelve years*

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

GARDENER.

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

DOCTOR.

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

MILKMAN.

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

STOREKEEPER.

My scales must be exactly right,
The full amount to measure,
A name for being accurate
Is something that I treasure.

DOCTOR [*with important air*]. Of course, you're all worth

while, but you'll have to admit my work is the most important of all.

OTHERS. Oh, no!

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

Enter HOUSEWIFE [with basket on arm].

HOUSEWIFE.

What have you, Mr. Gardener,
To make my children grow?
For rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes,
They're such a help, I know.

GARDENER.

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

HOUSEWIFE [*to MILKMAN*].

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

MILKMAN.

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

HOUSEWIFE [*to STOREKEEPER*].

Can I depend upon the brands
Of food you sell to me?
To know my children get the best
Means very much to me.

STOREKEEPER.

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

HOUSEWIFE [*to* GARDENER, MILKMAN *and* STOREKEEPER].

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

HOUSEWIFE. Good afternoon.

THE THREE. Good afternoon, madam.

STOREKEEPER.

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

DOCTOR.

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

CURTAIN

IN JACK-O'-LANTERN ROW

CHARACTERS

SIX SMALL BOYS OR GIRLS

SMALL BOYS *or* GIRLS *concealed behind low curtains strung across stage, holding bobbing JACK-O'-LANTERNS above curtain. Stage darkened. Lanterns lighted.*

FIRST LANTERN.

On Hallowe'en we roam abroad
And care not whom we scare.
Our faces fierce gleam in the night—
We're goblin ghosts—beware!

ALL.

O-OO-oo-oo-ooo!

SECOND LANTERN.

At midnight dark we sally forth,
When all the ghost world walks,
When black cats yowl and witches fly,
And the yellow-eyed screech owl talks.

ALL.

OO-OO-oo-oo-oooo!

THIRD LANTERN.

On lonely roads we take our stand,
To scare the traveler lone.
When on his ear our sad cries fall,
He wishes he were home.

ALL.

OO-OO-ooo-ooo-oo!

FOURTH LANTERN.

We love deserted lonesome houses,
Especially if they're haunted;
For holding forth on Hallowe'en,
No better place is wanted.

ALL.

OO-OO-oo-ooo-ooo!

FIFTH LANTERN.

When at some window all too quick,
Our dreadful grin appears,
The screams that rend the quiet air
Fall sweetly on our ears.

ALL.

OO-OO-OOO-ooo-ooo!

SIXTH LANTERN.

Yes, dark and fearsome are our ways,
You'd never even guess,
That we were once but pumpkins low!
It's so, we must confess.

ALL.

OO-OO-ooo-ooooo!

THE VISIT OF THE RAINDROPS

CHARACTERS

ONE GIRL

SIX RAIN GNOMES

SIX RAINDROPS

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

GIRL [*in listening attitude*].

Just listen to that rain come down!

I simply cannot hide a frown.

To-day I planned to rake our yard,

And clean the garden, equally hard.

Instead this rain has spoiled it all!

No longer does the outdoors call.

I sit here reading this dry book,

And sigh as through the pane I look.

[*She turns back to her book, but starts suddenly at the sound of strange voices singing. SINGERS offstage sound low do and high do of Key of E flat, alternately, with weird, singing tone, repeated several times.*]

GIRL.

What can that curious singing be?

It sounds like wind from off the sea.

It really makes my heart beat fast;

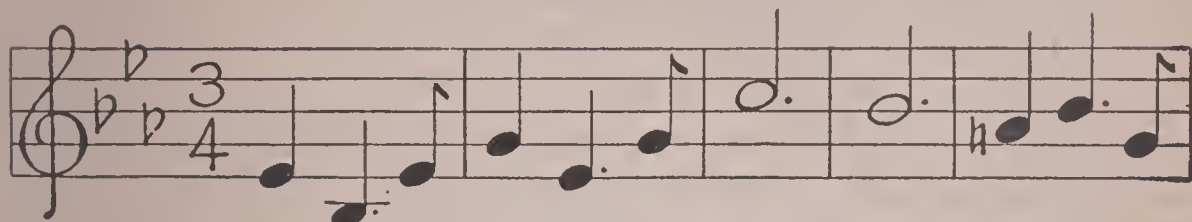
I hope it isn't going to last.

[*Singing draws nearer and nearer.*]

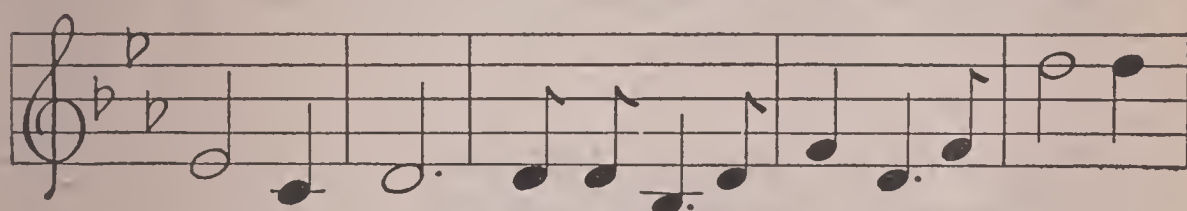
Enter RAIN GNOMES. RAIN GNOMES wear long gray rain-coats and wide drooping hats. The latter may be made of construction paper.

RAIN GNOMES [*sing*].

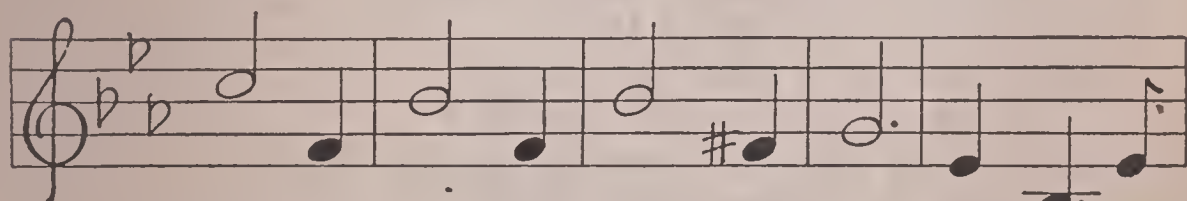
RAIN GNOMES



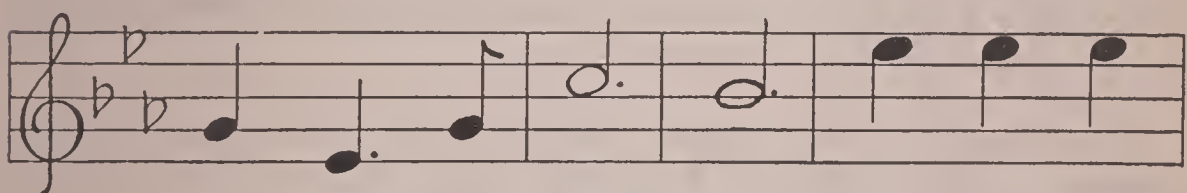
We are the gnomes of the rain clouds, gloom-y and



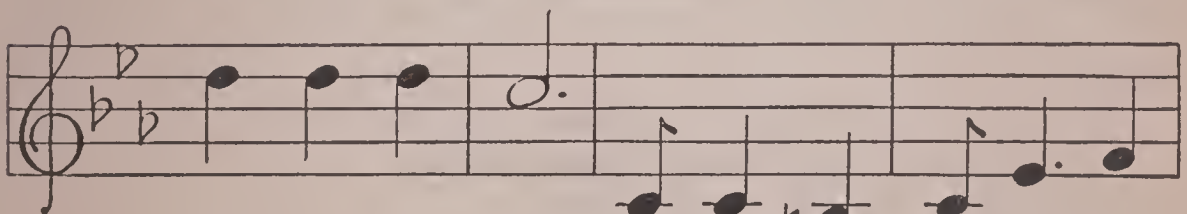
dark are we. The big world weeps sad-ly when we ap-



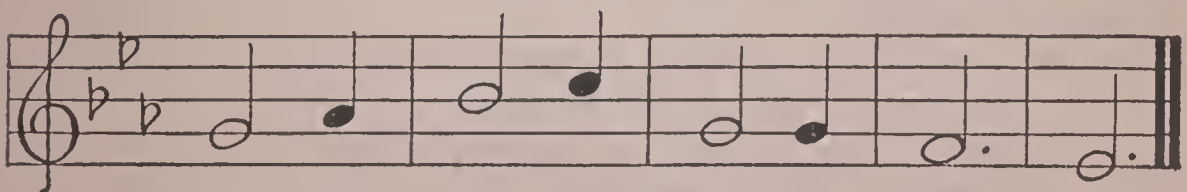
pear, Which fills our hearts with glee. Lit - tle girls



sit in the cor - ner, Lit - tle boys



sulk on the stair, and tho' we're the cause of



all the grief, we don't e - ven care.

GIRL.

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

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

SECOND GNOME. Children always make faces at us.

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

GIRL.

People do not like you, Gnomes,
Because you cause them grief.
You steal away their happy plans,
Just like a naughty thief.
And in return what do you do
To make up for your pranks?
It's really all your own sad fault,
That people act like cranks.

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

*RAINDROPS wear capes reaching to knees, and jaunty
dunce caps of gray. The capes may have bright yellow
linings, but this is not essential.*

GIRL.

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

FIRST RAINDROP.

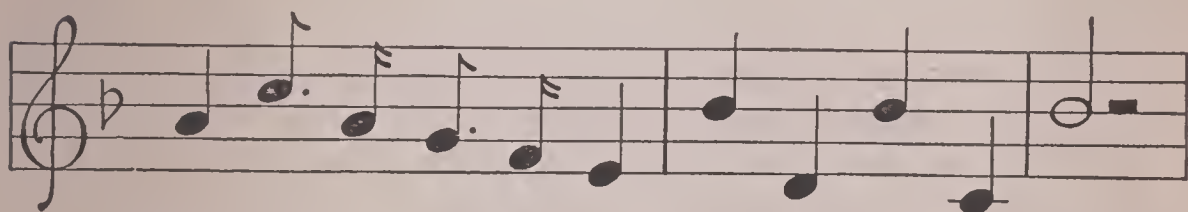
Oh, no! You've made a great mistake.
We aren't that kind at all.
If you'll just think, our useful deeds
You surely will recall.

RAINDROPS [*sing*].

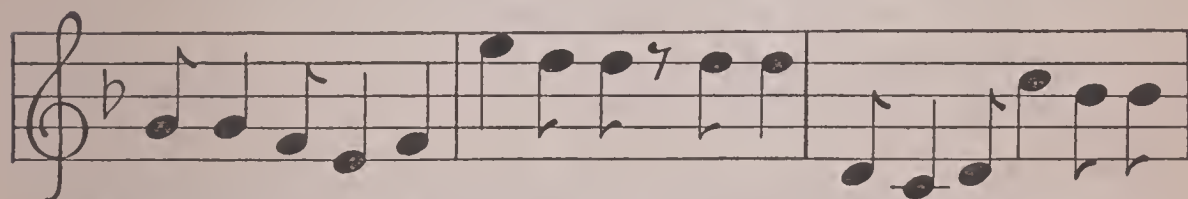
RAINDROP SONG



We're sau - cy lit - tle rain-drops, rain-drops, rain-drops;



We're here un - til the rain stops, rain stops, rain stops;



From out the weep-ing sky we come, we drive away the shin-ing sun,



And driz - zle, driz - zle, all day long.

SECOND.

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

THIRD.

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

FOURTH.

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

FIFTH.

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

SIXTH.

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

GIRL.

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

[GNOMES *approach timidly.*]

GNOMES.

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

RAINDROPS.

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

GIRL.

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

RAINDROPS.

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

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

RAINDROPS [*sing to music, p. 114*].

LET THE SUN SHINE OUT

Not always do we drip-drop, drip-drop, drip-drop,
As if we'd never drip-stop, drip-stop, drip-stop.
When we have done our work, you see,
We fly away in merry glee,
And let the summer sun shine out.

CURTAIN

THE TALE THE FIRE TOLD

CHARACTERS

STORY-TELLER, *a girl of about twelve*

A GROUP OF SMALL CHILDREN, *any desired number*

THE VIRGIN MARY

THE THREE WISE MEN

THE STAR-BEARER

THE STORY-TELLER *is sitting before an improvised fireplace, with the smaller children on lower seats or on the floor. If possible, simulate coals by the use of red bulbs fed by a battery. The fireplace is to the right of the stage. At the left in the shadows is the manager, resting on a bed of straw, with THE VIRGIN MARY sitting beside it.*

STORY-TELLER.

Christmas night, with stars so clear—

All white and twinkling cold.

Here by my warm fireside I sit,

And tell The Story old.

The fire has burned to coals of red,

Their glow I do not see;

There pass before my eyes the fields

Of far-off Bethany.

In place of coals I see The Star,

As bright as those tonight:

A beckoning hand that went before,

To guide the Wise Men right.

[*While this stanza is being spoken, A CHILD appears from right, robed in white and bearing a large silver star held high on the end of a staff.*]

I see the robes the Wise Men wore,
As through the night they came;
Rich colors of the Orient,
All gorgeous in their train.

[THREE WISE MEN *wearing bright robes slowly appear from right, following STAR-BEARER.*]

As on they came, they bowed their heads,
The Heavens softly rang,
As sweetly, on that Christmas Eve
In humble tones they sang:

[WISE MEN *sing WE THREE KINGS OF THE ORIENT ARE, as they advance to manger.*]

Beside the lowly manger there
The WISE MEN bowed them low,
And from their lips rich words of praise
In reverence did flow.

[WISE MEN *kneel in group; STAR-BEARER holds star above their heads.*]

All this my fireside tells to me
This wintry, ice-bound night,
All this shines in these burning coals
That glow with rosy light.

The story of the Holy Birth,
Unchanged and ever new,
The fire will always tell, just as
It's told this tale to you.

[STORY-TELLER *and group of children sing HOLY NIGHT, SILENT NIGHT, or any Christmas song desired.*]

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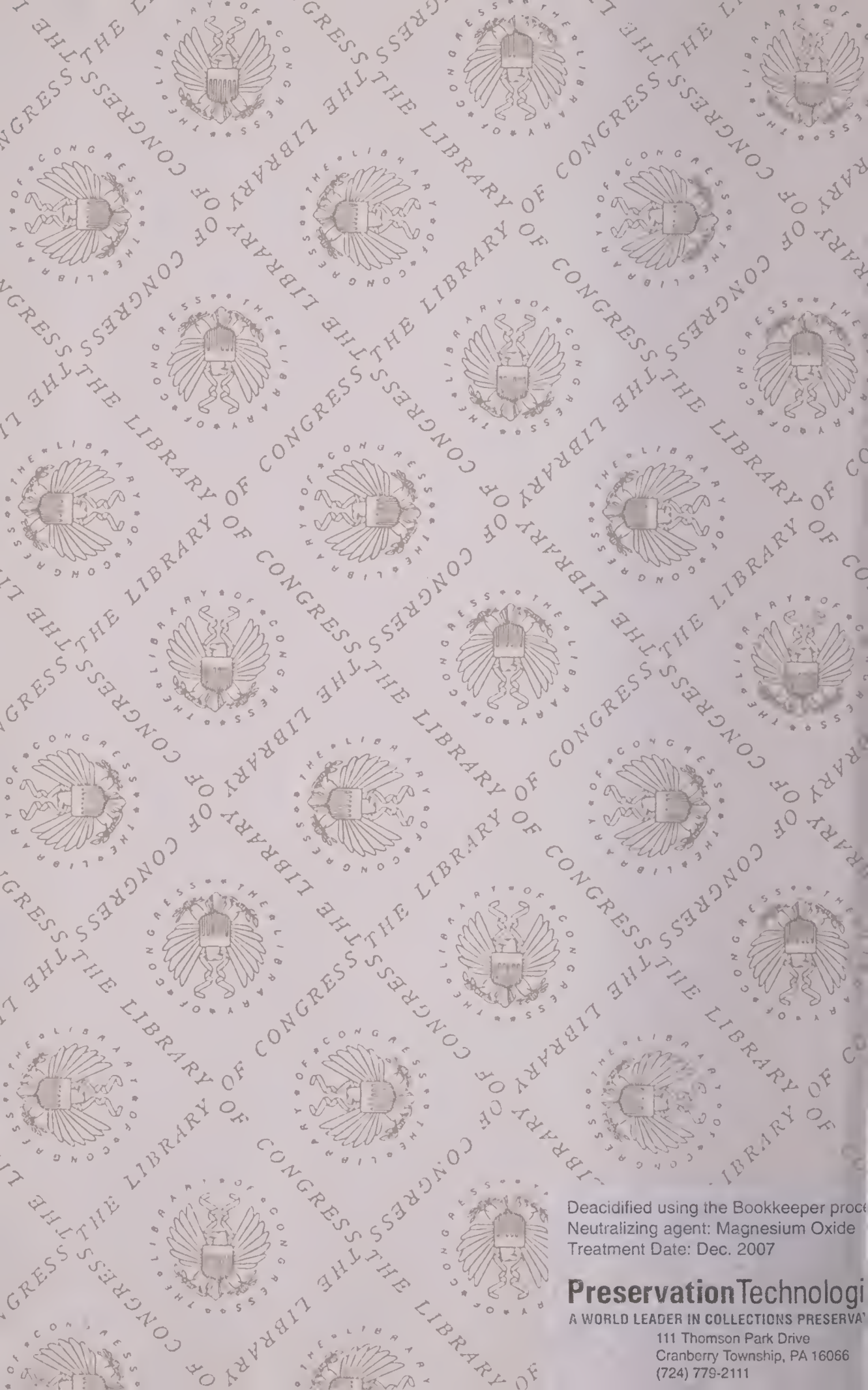
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