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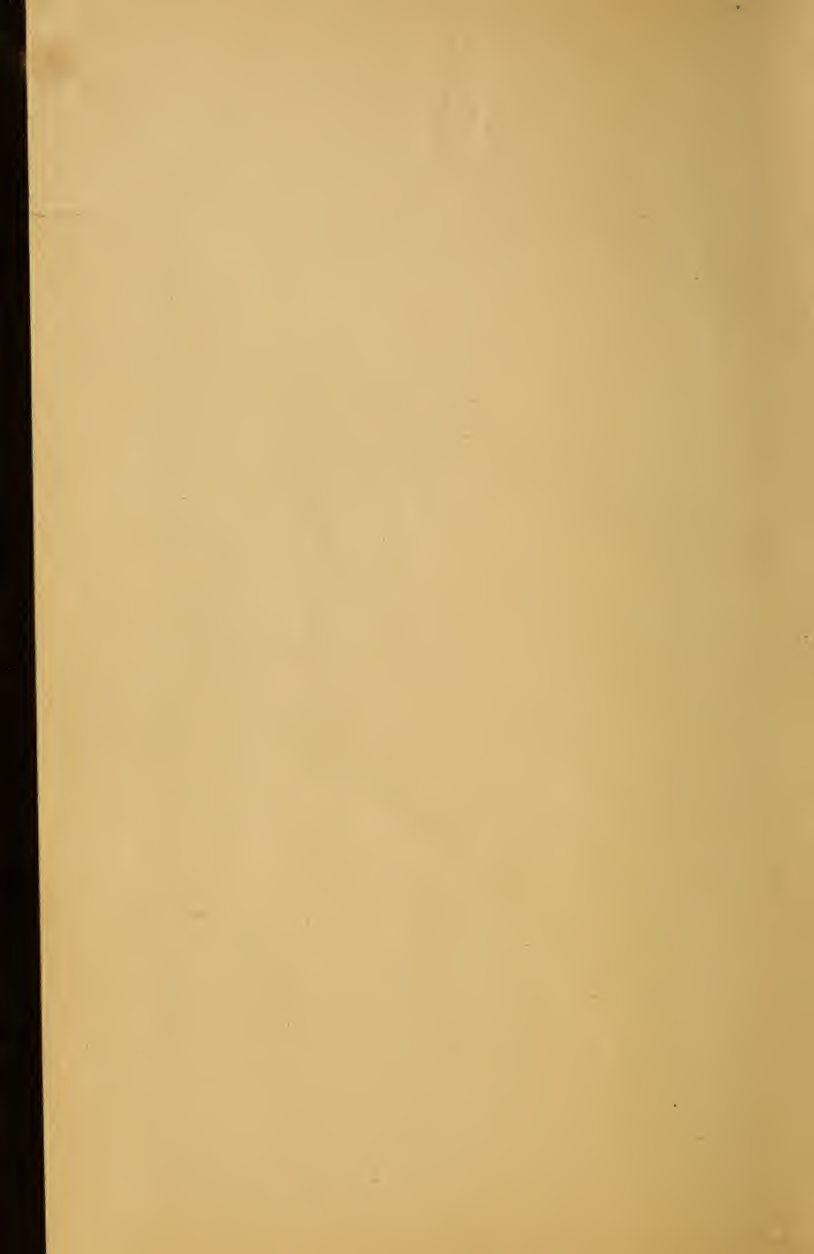
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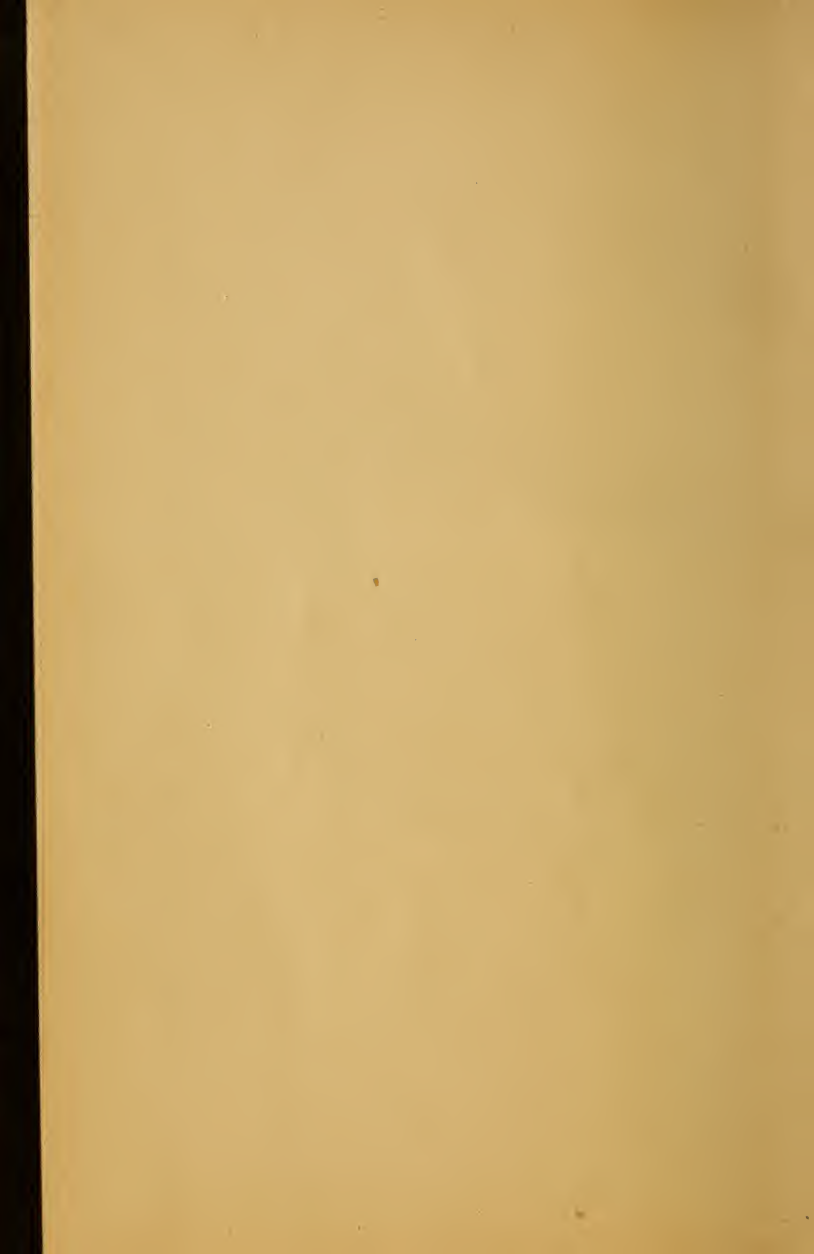
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The Best Thanksgiving Book

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SMS 22 Jan. 1921

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Closing Day Entertainments

RECITATIONS AND READINGS

VACATION IS COMING

MARIE IRISH

No ting-a-ling-ding
Will the school bell ring—
 Vacation is coming to town,
Bringing hours of joy
To each girl and boy,
 And chasing away every frown.

No ting-a-ling-ding
As merry birds sing,
 And flowers bloom bright 'neath the sun;
O'er meadow and hill
We'll race with a will—
 Hurrah for long hours of fun!

VACATION

VIRGINIA BAKER

Vacation is a pleasant time,
 We put aside our books
To ramble in the greenwood, cool,
 To rest in meadow nooks;

To run and jump, to row and swim,
 From lesson cares all free,
 Yes, very, very pleasant is
 Vacation time to me.

A MERRY THOUGHT

ANNA M. PRATT

If all the little children dear,
 Who are glad vacation days are here,
 Should stand in a line, with their books and slates,
 They 'd reach across the United States.
 And then, if they counted—one, two, three—
 And laughed, what a long laugh 't would be!

A JUNE MORNING LESSON

JULIA M. DANA

Twice one are two
 Prairie roses, brushing through
 My window, all cool with dew.
 Twice one are two.

Twice two are four
 Bees a-humming round the door—
 Calling others by the score.
 Twice two are four.

Twice three are six
 Pansy beds their colors mix;
 See the mother hen and chicks—
 Twice three are six.

Twice four are eight;
Georgeous butterflies, elate,
Dancing, poising, delicate,
Twice four are eight.

Twice five are ten
Sweetest strains from yonder glen,
Echoed o'er and o'er again,
Twice five are ten.

Twice six are twelve
Merry maidens of the year—
Some in snowy gowns appear,
Some in gold and silver sheer,
Yet the fairest is, I ween,
Dainty June in pink and green.

GOOD-BY, LITTLE DESK

Good-by, little desk at school, good-by!
I'm off to the fields and the open sky.
The peals of the brook and the woodland bells
Are ringing us out to the vales and the dells;
To meadows fair and hillsides cool—
Good-by, little desk at school.

Good-by, little desk at school, good-by!
Though now I'm as gay as a butterfly,
Yet I shall come back in the fall, you know,
As happy to come as I am to go.
So, with ever a laugh, and never a sigh—
Good-by, little desk at school, good-by!

TILL VACATION

Johnny is counting his little brown fingers:

“Five more days, then school will be done!
Then all the long day I ’ll do nothing but play—
And oh! won’t that be fun!”

And so he keeps counting the days on his fingers:

“Four more days—and then what fun!
The woods and brooks will be nicer than books,
When all the lessons are done.”

Still he is counting his little fat fingers:

“Three more days, and school will be done!
Then hey for my pole and my fish hooks and all
The picnics and swimming and fun!”

Now he is counting his thumb and one finger:

“Two more days, and then such fun!
Then I can play in grandpa’s new hay,
And roll and caper and run.”

Now there is left but one little finger:

“One more day—just one, just one!
Oh! how I shall shout when school is let out!
Hurrah! hurrah for the fun!”

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Tell you what I like the best—

’Long about knee-deep in June,
’Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine—some afternoon

Like to jes' git out an' rest,
An' not work at nothin' else!

Orchard 's where I 'd ruther be—
Need n't fence it in fer me!—
Jes' the whole sky overhead
And the whole airth underneath—
Sorto' so 's a man kin breathe
Like he ort, and kindo' has
Elbow room to keerlessly
Sprawl out lengthways on the grass,
Where the shadders, thick and soft,
As the kivvers on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Allers, when they 's company.

WILLIE'S RESOLVE

MARIE IRISH

——¹ didn't spend her time a-lookin'
Out the windows at who 's passin' by,
Or gazin' round the room to see what 's bein' done;
But on 'er book she kep' a busy eye—
An' say, I guess that must be
Why she learned more 'n me!

——² didn't whisper to them a-settin' nigh,
An' draw pictures fer the rest to see,
Ner shoot paper wads an' eat apples on the sly;
He was good like a feller oughter be—
An' say, I 'll bet four to three
That 's why he learned more 'n me!

¹Insert name of some girl in school.

²Insert name of some boy in school.

An' now that it is time fer school to close
 I wish I had n't done sech things as those;
 Next year I 'm a-goin' to be jest awful good,
 An' study like a sens'ble feller should—

An' say, when vacation comes you 'll see
 The rest ain 't learned more 'n me!

SUMMER IS HERE

Summer is here, the gem of the year;
 The brooklet flowing along,
 With sweet and merry song,
 The wild bees buzz and hum,
 Vacation soon will come.

“Summer is here,” the robins sing clear,
 The flowers nod in glee,
 “Come out,” they say to me.
 After my work is done,
 Then comes vacation's fun.

KEEPING HOLIDAY

The readers and the spellers,
 The pencils and the slates,
 The books that hold the figures,
 The books that tell the dates,
 The crayons and the blackboards,
 And the maps upon the wall,
 Must all be glad together,
 For they won't be used till fall.

They 've had to work live beavers
 To help the children learn,
 And if they want a little rest,
 It surely is their turn.

They shut their leaves with pleasure,
The dear old lesson books,
And the crayons and the blackboards
Put on delighted looks.

So, children, just remember,
When you are gone away,
Your poor old slates and pencils
Are keeping holiday.
The readers and the spellers
Are as proud as proud can be,
When the boys forsake the schoolroom
And the teacher turns the key.

“I GOT TO GO TO SCHOOL”

NIXON WATERMAN

I 'd like to hunt the Injuns, 'an roam the boundless plain;
I'd like to be a pirate, and plow the ragin' main,
An' capture some big island, in lordly pomp to rule;
But I just can't be nothin', 'cause I've got to go to school.

Most all great men, so I have read, has been the ones 'at got
The least amount o' learning by a flickerin' pitch-pine knot;
An' many a darin' boy like me grows up to be a fool,
An' never amounts to nothin', 'cause he's got to go to
school.

I don't see how my parents can make the big mistake
O' keepin' down a boy like me 'at's got his name to make!
It ain't no wonder boys is bad an' balky as a mule;
Life ain't worth livin' if you've got to waste your time
in school.

What good is 'rithmetic an' things, exceptin' just fer girls,
Or them there Fauntleroy's 'at wears their hair in twisted
curls,
And if my name is never seen on Hist'ry's page, why, you'll
Remember 'at it's all because I got to go to school.

THE SWEET JUNE TIME

MARY D. BRINE

The daisies and the buttercups
Now merrily are growing;
And everywhere, for June's sweet sake,
Are crimson roses blowing.
The sunbeams o'er the meadows lie,
And breezes light are straying;
And oh! 't is time the schools were done,
And children out a-playing.

"Vacation is the time for fun,"
All girls and boys are saying,
When schools and books grow wearisome
And hearts are ripe for playing.
So, little folks, come one and all,
And tumble out together,
Amid the sunbeam's golden light,
All in the sweet June weather.

IN SCHOOL AND OUT

Now when a fellow's got to wait
In school with pencil and with slate—
A-multiplying;
His head it aches, his back it breaks,
Who cares what 3×7 makes?

'Cause Johnny 's gone to dig the bait,
And time is a-flying.

But when a fellow gets outdoors,
A catching trout by threes and fours,
In fishing season;
If he gets three, and Johnny, he
Gets seven times as many—see?
It 's easy, then, to keep the scores—
Now, what 's the reason?

VACATION DAYS

ANNA M. PRATT

The school bell rings with a cheerful sound
To hasten the slow, late comer.
"To-morrow we 'll play,"
It seems to say,
"Hurrah for the first vacation day!
Hurrah for a merry summer!"

The faithful bell, now the school is done,
Must pause in its daily swinging;
Does it miss the noise
Of the girls and boys,
And long to echo vacation joys,
With a peal of its wildest ringing?

Soon over the country, far and wide,
There are ripples of happy laughter,
For the children know
Where the berries grow,
Where the purling streams through the meadows flow,
And the hurrying brooks speed after.

14
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They know where the mountains lift their heads,
 By the great sky curtain bounded,
 And their voices leap
 To the craggy steep
 And wake the echoes from out their sleep,
 With shouts that are thrice resounded.

They know where the sea lies blue and calm,
 In the bright mid-summer weather,
 As they love to stand
 On the shining sand,
 Where the tide rolls up—and then hand in hand,
 To plunge in the wave together.

They love to loiter in leafy woods,
 And list to the squirrel's scolding,
 As they climb to a seat,
 Near his safe retreat,
 Or fall on a couch, all spicy sweet,
 Of feathery ferns unfolding.

But by and by, in the autumn days,
 Ere the bee has deserted the clover,
 When the sound of the bell
 Shall rise and swell,
 Will the little folk laugh—now who can tell—
 To hear that vacation is over?

SCHOOL-BOOKS OUT OF DATE

TOM McBEATH

“Where are you going, my pretty maid?”

“I'm going to school, if you please, sir,” she said.

“And what do you learn there, my pretty, fair maid?”

“Why, how to make pretty things, sir,” she said;

“We weave little baskets of willow twigs;
We fashion nice clay into cute little pigs;
We plait just the prettiest mats ever seen,
All criss-crossed in blue, red, yellow, and green;
We sew little patches on sweet little squares,
And make, out of toothpicks and peas, little chairs;
We draw and we paint, we sing and we play,
And then we’ve a new fairy story each day.”
“But where are your books, my pretty, fair maid?”
“We have no use for them, sir,” she said.
“Then how do you study, my pretty, fair maid?”
“Why, where have you come from, sir?” she said,
“To ask such a question! Humph! even a fool
Knows nobody studies these days at school.
Our teachers have found us an easier way;
We’re learning by doing, sir. Good-day!”

SPRING OPINIONS

ABBIE L. MERRIMAN

You know how awful tickled
We were when school begun.
We’d had a boss vacation,
The greatest heaps of fun,
But thought that there was nothing
Would seem one half so fine
As seeing all the scholars
Forming once more in line.

’T was “left-right,” all a-marching
To take their seats once more.
But we were “off our trolley;”
For study is a bore,

And G'og'aphy and Spelling
 Ain't any use at all.
 I tell you things seem diff'rent
 'N they did in early fall.

My goodness! How we 're working;
 The heaps of things we do.
 And then to hear the grown folks,—
 As if they thought 't was true—
 Say, "School-time is the happiest
 You ever have at all."
 P'raps, 't is, but things seem diff'rent
 'N they did in early fall.

The grown folks is mistaken,
 It 's plain as plain can be.
 They 've had a long vacation—
 Got fooled the same as we.
 For 'tain't no use denying,
 School tires both short and tall,
 And things look mighty diff'rent
 'N they did in early fall.

And now it 's most vacation,
 The school year 's almost done.
 My goodness! But we 're tickled,
 And we 'll have just heaps of fun.
 There 's Fourth of July; and fishing;
 We 'll swim; and we 'll play ball.
 And I bet you we 'll be sorry,
 When school begins next fall.

VACATION

JENNIE D. MOORE

Recitation for a very little girl,

I'm glad vacation is coming,
The happiest time of the year,
The time of joy and gladness,
To children's hearts so dear.

No more lessons to study,
Nothing to do but play;
Out of sight and forgotten,
We'll put our books away.

We'll say "good-by" to our teachers,
Our teachers kind and true;
I think they *like* to see us play,
All summer long—don't you?

The little birds in the tree-tops
Are not more glad than we,
When we roam thro' flowery meadows,
So happy and so free.

We'll play in the long deep grasses,
Under a bright blue sky;
Where daisies grow, and the brook below,
Sings a song as it hurries by.

THE CLOSE OF A PLEASANT TERM

MARIE IRISH

When we come to the close of a pleasant term,
And vacation smiles close by,
When tests all are over and books neatly packed
On neglected shelves to lie,

What joy it brings as we think of the hours
In the schoolroom toiling spent,
When we struggled with grammar and history,
Or ciphered with grave intent.

When we come to the close of a pleasant term,
And school with its tasks is o'er,
What a joy to think of the hours well spent
In learning lessons galore.
We are glad we were faithful and diligent,
And buckled down to our work,
For the close of school brings both shame and regret
To him who has been a shirk.

When we come to the close of a pleasant term,
And teacher and pupils must part,
What a joy to those who have minded the rule
And worked with a loyal heart;
Of little account are the hours misspent,
Worthless the moments of fun;
The happy vacation's for pupils who have
The mem'ry of tasks well done.

A GLAD VACATION

H. C. BACON

In summer when the skies are fair,
And everything rejoices,
Within these walls our friends we greet
With joyous hearts and voices;
Once more we gather, one and all,
In our accustomed places,
And you may read a welcome true
Upon our happy faces.

And as the holidays draw nigh,
One thing let us remember,
There 's work enough for young and old,
In June or in December ;
Let us consider, ere we fill
Our days with recreation,
That kindly acts for others done
Will make a glad vacation.

“DID YOU PASS?”

What do you think the daisies said,—
The laughing, swaying mass,—
To-day as from “exams” I came,
“Louisa, did you pass?”
Then all the clover blooms called out,
Like children in a class,
And these were just the words they said,
“Louisa, did you pass?”

Out rang the winds, out sang the birds,
Out spoke the tall June grass,
The merry brook paused just to ask,
“Louisa, did you pass?”
I hurried home to shut them out,
And there I found—alas—
Mamma and grandma, and they said,
“Louisa, did you pass?”

JOHNNY'S PA

My pa he always went to school,
He says an' studied hard.
W'y, when he 's just as old as me,
He knew things by the yard!

Arithmetic? he knew it all,
From dividend to sum,
But when he tells me how it was,
My grandma she says "hum!"

My pa he always got the prize
For never bein' late,
An' when they studied joggerfy,
He knew 'bout every state.
He says he knew the rivers an'
Knew all their outs and ins,
But when he tells us all of that
My grandma she just grins.

My pa he never missed a day
A-goin' to the school,
An' never played no hookey nor
Forgot the teacher's rule;
An' ev'ry class he's ever in
The rest he always led.
My grandma when pa talks that way
Just laughs and shakes her head.

My grandma say 'at boys is boys,
The same as pas is pas,
An' when I ast her what she means
She says it is "because."
She says 'at little boys is best
When they grow up to men,
Because they know how good they were
An' tell their children then.

STERILIZED COUNTRY SCHOOL

J. W. FOLEY

The walls and the ceiling they 're spraying;
They 're scrubbing the woodwork and floors;
A stream on the blackboard is playing
They 're boiling the desks and the doors;
The old water-pail has been scalded,
A cup for each lassie and lad;
And no one may drink, as we all did,
From that old tin dipper we had.

They 've cleansed every pointer and ferule;
The ink-wells are scrubbed out with lye;
The books and the slates are made sterile;
The old well is filled up and dry;
The girls have to wear willy-nilly,
A button which bears this bold sign:
"The lips that touch germs or bacilli
Are lips that will never touch mine."

The dunce-cap is boiled every morning;
(They 've the individual kind!)
The front door is set with this warning:
"Who enters here leaves germs behind."
No apple is smuggled for sharing,
As was in the schooldays of yore,
Until they 've made sterile the paring
And quite disinfected the core.

Alas! The old pump is discarded
And gone in the flight of the years;
The new drinking-fountain is guarded
By the Anti-Germ Grenadiers.

The vines from the windows they 're stripping
Lest germ-breeding insects might stay;
The eaves and the rafters are dripping,
All wet with a sterilized spray.

Oh, come, in the joy of the morning,
What secrets of schooldays we 'll tell!
That thick, rising vapor gives warning
That teacher is boiling the bell.
It's time for the B class in scrubbing;
The A class is set out to cool
From its recent boiling and rubbing—
Three cheers for the sterilized school!

WHAT THEY TAUGHT ME

EVA R. MANN

As I was walking out one day,
I heard a brooklet o'er the way,
And as it swiftly flowed along,
It sang a cheery little song.
And then unto myself I said,
"You should be 'shamed, you stupid head!
Learn a lesson from this brook
And sing with pleasure o'er your book."

I saw a little ant at toil,
She, grain by grain, brought up the soil,
From her nest deep in the ground,
And built a lovely little mound.
And then unto myself I said,
"If you would ever earn your bread,
Learn your tasks to never shirk,
But like this ant to love your work."

I saw a little bee one morn,
 Buzzing o'er the white hawthorn,
 And there he worked the livelong day,
 And never stopped to sleep or play.
 And then unto myself I said,
 "Why should I waste my time in bed?
 While bees get honey from the flowers,
 I'll gather knowledge through the hours."

NEWFANGLED SCHOOLS

They taught him how to hemstitch and they taught him
 how to sing,
 And how to make a basket out of variegated string,
 And how to fold a paper so he would n't hurt his thumb,
 They taught a lot to Bertie, but he
 could n't
 do a
 sum.

They taught him how to mould the head of Hercules in
 clay,
 And how to tell the diff'rence 'twixt the bluebird and the
 jay,
 And how to sketch a horsie in a little picture frame,
 But strangely they forgot to teach him
 how to
 spell his
 name.

Now Bertie's pa was cranky, and he went one day to find
 What 't was they did that made his son so backward in the
 mind.

“I don’t want Bertie wrecked,” he cried, his temper far
from cool,

“I want him educated!” so he

took him

out of

school.

JUNE

SUSIE M. BEST

Oh, ho! it is June, and the rills rush gladly,
The grass on the hills grows emerald green;
The thrushes carol their matins madly
In the spreading trees where their nests are seen.

Oh, ho! it is June, and the blushing roses
Blossom lavishly everywhere;
The butterfly to the bee proposes
A merry race in the radiant air

Oh, ho! it is June, and a scene of splendor
Smiles serene in the blue above;
Ah, life is sweet and our hearts are tender,
For June is the month we dearest love.

SUMMER’S CALL

Hail that long awaited day,
When the school books laid away,
All the thoughts of merry youngsters turn from pages back
to play,
Done with lessons and with rule,
Done with teacher and with school,
Turn the vagrant hearts of childhood to the tempting wood
and pool.

Hear the green woods laugh and call,
Through the summer until fall,
“We are waiting, waiting, waiting, with a welcome for you
all.”

Hear the lads send back the cry,
With an echo shrill and high:
“We are coming, coming, coming, for vacation time is
nigh.”

MRS. JUNE'S PROSPECTUS

SUSAN COOLIDGE

Mrs. June is ready for school,
Presents her kind regard,
And for her measures and rule,
Refers to the following

CARD:

To parents and friends: Mrs. June
Of the firm of Summer & Sun,
Announces the opening of her school,
Established in the year one.

An unlimited number received;
There is nothing at all to pay;
All that is asked is a merry heart,
And time enough to be gay.

The Junior Class will bring,
In lieu of all supplies,
Eight little fingers and two little thumbs,
For the making of pretty sand pies.

The Senior Class, a mouth
For strawberries and cream.
A nose apiece for a rose apiece
And a tendency to dream.

The lectures are thus arranged:
Professor Cherry Tree
Will lecture to the climbing class,
Terms of instruction free.

Professor De Forest Spring
Will take the class on Drink;
And the class in titillation,
Sage Mr. Bobolink.

Young Mr. Oxeye Daisy
Will demonstrate each day
On Botany, on native plants,
And the properties of hay.

Miss Nature the class in fruit,
(A charming class to teach);
The swinging class and the bird-nest class,
Miss Hickory and Miss Beach.

And the sleepy class at night,
And the dinner class at noon,
And the fat and laugh and roses class,
They fall to Mrs. June.

And she hopes her little friends
Will be punctual as the sun;
For the term, alas! is very short,
And she wants them, every one.

A BOY'S SONG

(Recitation for a boy,

JAMES HOGG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

THE SCHOOL YEAR IS OVER

• Recitation for a boy!

The school year is over and books are laid by
 For a while. We are happy to-day,
 For, talk as you will, every boy, same as I,
 Is glad for a brief holiday.
 Though we love all our books and our dear teacher too,
 We love the vacation the more,—
 And won't it be jolly with nothing to do
 But to play all the time out-of-door?

We 'll miss all our playmates, with all of their fun,
 We 'll miss the glad sound of the bell,
 That called us to duty—my! how we would run
 Everyone in our schoolhouse can tell.
 There 'll surely be some heartaches we 'll have to endure,
 When we think of our great games of ball.
 Since thinking it over, I 'm not very sure
 But school is the best, after all.

EXAMINATIONS

The other night I went to bed,
 But not to sleep, for my poor head
 Was filled up with an awful dread—
 Examinations!

I thought of this and then of that;
 Of *set* and *sit*—which goes with *sat*—
 I fear my brain has turned to fat—
 Examinations!

Next came the base and rate per cent.
 Of money to an agent lent.

And what the rule with each one went—
Examinations!

Then my lessons I tried to spell,
Which calls for two, and which one, "1."
Oh, my poor brain! I cannot tell!—
Examinations!

Where is Cape Cod, and where Pekin?
Where do the rivers all begin?
A high per cent. I cannot win!—
Examinations!

Who was John Smith; what did he do?
And all the other fellows, too?
You must tell me—I can't tell you—
Examinations!

Oh, welcome sleep, at last it came,
But not to rest me all the same,
For in my dreams I played this game—
Examinations!

LITTLE THINGS

One small stone upon the other,
And the highest wall is laid;
One wee stitch and then another,
And the largest garment 's made;
Many tiny drops of water
Make the mighty river flow;
One short second, then another,
And the ages come and go.

Place one bit of useful knowledge
On another tiny mite;
Keep on adding, time will make them
Shine with wisdom's burning light.
Each small act of perseverance
Nerves you to some greater deed;
From one little act of forethought
Often greatest works proceed.

THE BUILDERS

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete
Standing in these walls of Time,

Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To these turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

THE SCHOOLROOM I LOVE THE BEST

KATHERINE LEE BATES

I have closed my books and hidden my slate,
And thrown my satchel across the gate.
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the schoolroom I love the best.

My schoolroom lies in the meadow wide,
Where, under the clover, the sunbeams hide;
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars;

Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,
Like showers of gold-dust thrown over the green,
And the wind's flying footsteps are traced as they pass,
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers, except the breeze,

Who sometimes blows from a secret place
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school-bell rings in the rippling stream,
Which hides itself, like a schoolboy's dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.

My schoolmates there are the birds and bees,
And the saucy squirrel, more dull than these,
For he only learns, in all the weeks,
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget;
For wonderful lore do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

O come! O come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate.
Of all the schoolrooms, in east or west,
The school of nature I love the best.

PURPOSE

CHARLES R. BARRETT

I asked the blushing rose
What trust it would perform,
With breath the sweetest known, replied:
"Perfume the air of morn."

I asked a pearly spring,
To reveal to me its plan,
Unconscious of its worth, replied:
"To quench the thirst of man."

I asked a child of ten
What he would do or be.
With a look of unconcern, replied:
"When I get old, I 'll see."

The rose and spring knew well
Their purpose and their sphere;
To perfume sweet the air,
The parching lips to cheer.

I hold the maxim true,
Reward awaits the man
Who labors with a will,
And with a fixed plan.

Success does not arise
From plaudits or acclaim,
'Tis the fruit of labor
Directed to an aim.

Place high your aim at once,
Think not the future lost;
Resolve to hit the mark,
And never count the cost.

THE LAS' DAY OF SCHOOL

WILLARD WATTLES

Long about in April when the dandelions is thick
An' lucky-bugs begin to skate up an' down on Shaller
Crick,
An' old mare Madge begins to shed the patches from her
hide,
An' down among the willer trees us boys has fixed a slide,

Where the clay ain't quite too snaggy, fer to set around a
 spell
 Durin' noon hour till Miss Simpson rings the five minute
 warnin' bell,
 Oh, it's then a lazy feelin' comes a-stealin' slow an' cool,
 Fer ye know you 've purt nigh come
 to
 the las'
 day
 of school.

An' then some shinin' mornin' when you 've had a bit of
 rain,
 You wear your store-bought necktie an' you take the road
 from Bayne,
 An' the boys are playin' blackman, an' the girls are some-
 how dressed
 Sort of conscious-like an' pretty, like that day wan't like
 the rest;
 An' there is Lucius Elvin an' Weaver Nelson, too,
 An' Joe an' Roy an' Willie actin' like he order do,
 An' we don't have no fights that day, an' we minds the
 Golden Rule,
 Fer you know you 're all together
 fer
 the las'
 day
 of school.

An' jes' fore noon Miss Simpson stops an' sets there in her
 cheer
 Till you could almost hear a pin drop an you 're feelin'
 kinda queer,
 An' she says, "We 'll put the books up, an' not study any
 more . . ."

An' jes' then you hear a buggy an' it stops in front the
door,

An' sure enough it 's dinner come, an' all the country folks
A-crowdin' thru the doorway an' a-crackin' funny jokes,
An' sudden-like some feller brays jes' like old Wiebe's
mule

An' hollers out, "Now grace is sed,
on
the las'
day
school."

An' pretty soon the speakin' comes, an' Myrtle tries to say
The piece about "Maud Muller upon a summer's day";

An' when she nigh fergets it, then Hattie whispers out
An' tells her what 's a-comin', an' when she 's through we
shout;

An' then there is some singin', "My Country 'T is of
Thee,"

An' then a dialogue about the fairies in a tree:

An' Miss Simpson sets there smilin', pink an' happy on her
stool,

Fer somehow all goes perfect
on
the las'
day
of school.

The days at Spring Bank school is gone, there ain't a single
brick

Where we shouted "Anti-over," or raced along the crick,
Fer they 've built a brand new schoolhouse on the corner
where we played

Throwin' sunflower stalks at Injuns in the osage-orange
shade.

But somehow when the years is gone, an' every slate erased,
 There may be still in Heaven an acre-lot jes' placed
 Where the wind comes thru the winders of a school-house
 white an' cool,
 An' God is jes' a teacher

on

the las'

day

of school.

—*Kansas Teacher*

RESTING TIME

The summer days have lengthened,
 The summer heat has strengthened,
 And so vacation days have come
 And lessons are over and done.
 Three little maids from school,
 Rest in the shade so cool,
 Telling what they now will do
 Since their lessons all are through.

Thankful are they for summer's rest,
 Which is the happiest time will test.
 Blue-eyed Nanny, with golden hair,
 For she is wealthy, young and fair;
 Or little Fanny, with eyes of gray,
 Who hates all work, and tires of play;
 Or black-eyed Jenny, full of fun,
 Her red lips smiling o'er a joke or pun.

"I shall have just all the fun I can,
 For to the mountains I 'll go," said Nan.
 "I 'll ride and walk and play all day,
 I 'll smile and flirt the time away;

I 'll dress in silks and look so sweet,
I 'll surely be liked by all I meet ;
I know I 'll hate to come home again,
Tiresome lessons once more to begin."

Then spake the maid with eyes of gray :
"I 'll not see the mountains, lake nor bay,
So I shall stay at home and rest,
Just like the bird in yonder nest.
And all through the summer hours
I 'll simply gather pleasure and flowers.
Nothing I 'll do but what I like—
Neither sew, nor knit, nor read, nor write."

Little Jenny had listened the while,
And her red lips parted in a smile.
As she said, with a laugh of delight :
"I shall be busy from morn till night.
I shall help my mother and father, too,
For happy are those who 've plenty to do ;
And yet, throughout each golden day
I know I shall find some time for play."

But when in the fall they meet once more,
And chat together, as of yore,
Two of the girls thought summer long,
And were so glad that it was gone.

THE LESSON OF THE ACORN

A simple acorn, gathered by the hand,
Planted with care within the fertile land
Covered with soil and leaves and there let lie,
Sprouts, roots, and shows its leaflets, by and by ;

Gains stalks and branches, rises through the years,
Until at last a sturdy oak appears.
Yet none within that acorn's form would see
The shape and substance of the future tree,
Were 't not from observation sure he knows
From just such germ the mighty oak tree grows.

The acre of our learning planted here
Has made some growth, we think, within the year;
And though its size be little, branches weak,
Let me your fostering care to-day bespeak;
Let not its weak condition make you loth
By kind applause to aid its feeble growth;
Wither no foliage with your frowns, but give
The sunshine of your smiles to bid it live.
So in some future day, perchance, you 'll see
The weakling bush grown to a stately tree,
And say with pride, "I thought it would be so;
It was my favor helped the oak to grow."

VACATION-TIME

All the world is set to rhyme
Now it is vacation-time,
And a swelling flood of joy
Brims the heart of every boy.
No more rote and no more rule,
No more staying after school
When the dreamy brain forgets
Tiresome tasks the master sets;
Nothing but to play and play
Through an endless holiday.

Morn or afternoon, may all
Swing the bat and catch the ball;
Nimble-footed, race and run
Through the meadow in the sun,
Chasing winged scraps of light,
Butterflies in darting flight;
Or where willows lean and look
Down at others in the brook,
Frolic loud the stream within,
Every arm a splashing fin.

Where the thorny thickets bar,
There the sweetest berries are;
Where the shady banks make dim
Pebbly pools, shy trout swim;
Where the boughs are mossiest,
Builds the humming-bird a nest;—
There are haunts the rover seeks,
Touch of tan upon his cheeks,
And within his heart the joy
Known to no one but a boy.

All the world is set to rhyme
Now it is vacation-time.

—From “*Book of Rhyme*”

GRADUATION'S PROMISE

SALENA SHEETS MARTIN

And once again life opens wide the door
Through which shall pass ambition, youth and hope,
Into the harsher world, but little tried,
Where eager faith its tasks would meet and cope,

The tasks that stagger oft when youth seems far
From that fond hope that fastened to the star.

How fine a thing it is—this hope of youth,
Which bears the faithful heart that gives it room
Above all trivial things of time and place
On pinions to a sure success—not doom;
That sees no failure in the coming years
Whose eager feet press on—they know no fear.

The June time brings those fruitful days of life,
Repeating for each one the promise o'er,
Of rich fulfillment—harvests in the years,
The fields of time, in which our visions soar;
With roses to bloom and thorns but few,
May every worthy dream of youth come true.

And may no idle dreams usurp the mind,
No selfish visions stretch adown the years,
No loitering by waysides, seeming joy
To end in grief and penitential tears;
But on life's journey all along the way
Look Heavenward and for its guidance pray.

A GRADUATING ESSAY

H. C. DODGE

(At the bracketed lines the speaker breaks off from a serious tone and assumes a coquettish air. At the first verse she turns her head to see her sash; at the second feels of her shoe; at the third examines fan; fifth, points to glove.)

Dear Friends! My essay is to-night
On woman's Future Sphere—
(I wonder how I look in white;
My sash feels rather queer).

Of late years only woman threw
Her shackles off and rose—
(Oh, dear! I never had a shoe
So pinch and hurt my toes).

No longer slave to selfish man,
She will new heights explore—
(Suppose they recognize my fan
I borrowed from next door).

Her brain, once dulled, is active now;
Her tongue, once stilled, can speak—
(Before the glass I learned my bow;
It took me just one week).

Armed with her knowledge and its strength
She will the world o'ercome—
(My gloves have quite a stylish length,
One's bursted on the thumb).

Man will, yea, must acknowledge that
We women lead in all—
(I'm thinking if a bigger hat
Will be the thing next fall).

Dear Friends, adieu! Our future sphere
I know will be immense—
(Just look at my bouquets—I fear
Pa'll growl at the expense).

VACATION

MARIE IRISH

An essay to be read in a bashful manner by one of the larger boys

Vacation is what comes when school stops, and all the boys and girls is so glad to have it git here that you'd

most think it was something good to eat. Vacation is lots shorter than school is, 'cause in vacation the days go so much faster than they do when there is school.

In vacation time the water don't git used up so fast, 'cause the girls, an' especially the boys, don't have to wash their hands an' faces—an' especially their necks an' ears—so much as when there is school. Teachers makes an awful fuss about girls, an' especially boys, who has dirty hands an' faces; but as for me I don't like to study any better when I'm scrubbed up than when I ain't.

Pupils are glad to have vacation come 'cause they git tired of tryin' to study when they don't want to; an' teachers are glad of vacation 'cause they git tired of tryin' to make us study when it's such a bother to git us to.

Vacations is better for teachers than for some of us scholars, 'cause the teachers can git a rest, an' wear dress-up clothes, an' have a good time, especially if they have beaux, an' take life easy an' not have to git up in time to ring the school bell; while some of the girls, an' especially boys, have to weed onions, an' hoe corn, an' collect tater-bugs, an' mow lawns—all of which is just as bad an' worsen 'n than doin' examples in long division an' learnin' hist'ry. Say, the teachers make me tired. It took more 'n five years to fight out that Rev'olutionary war an' they think we can learn the whole of it in 'bout five weeks or a little more, which, any way, ain't fair, it seems to me.

Vacation is the time when you forget most all you learned when there was school, which is hard on a fellow when school starts agoin', 'cause teachers have a mean way of askin' questions 'bout what you can't remember that you learned long ago before vacation.

When grown-up folks gits a vacation they buy some new clothes an' go off for a visit and have a good time; but when school vacation comes, the girls, an' especially the boys, has to wear all our old clothes so 's to save our others, an' pitch

in an' help work. My cousin, Bill Perkins, says that when school is out, he 's most tired to death from stretchin' his mind so 's to git his books into it; but when vacation is over, he 's so tired from workin' in the garden he has to start school to git rested.

The last day of school comes just before vacation begins, and that is a day of mingled joy and sorrow, 'cause a fellow feels bad 'cause he won't see the girls he likes so often, an' like 's not he has to take part in the program an' read a essay like this, which makes him feel silly even if teacher does say it 's an awful good essay; an' you have to wear your best clothes an' your shoes hurt your feet; an' when you git home at night your father says, "Well, I 'm glad school is out—there 's so much you can do here at home," an' then you wish vacation was over an' school would begin, even if the teacher is cross.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON BREATHING

(To be read in all seriousness, as an example of the class's work in composition)

Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver, and our kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die while we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is poisoner than a mad dog. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonic acid got in that there hole and nearly killed every one a-fore morning.

Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze their diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I had rather be a boy, so I could run, holler, and row and have a great big diagram.

QUOTATIONS

“I ’ll Try!” is a soldier;
 “I Will!” is a king;
 Be sure they are near
 When the school-bells ring.

When school-days are over,
 And boys are men,
 “I ’ll Try!” and “I Will!”
 Are good friends then.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begun,
 Each evening sees its close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night’s repose.

—*Henry W. Longfellow*

Hie away! hie away!
 Over bank and over brae;
 Where the copsewood is the greenest,
 Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
 Where the lady fern grows strongest,
 Where the morning dew lies longest,
 Where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
 Where the fairy lightest trips it.
 Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
 Lovely, lonesome, cool and green,
 Over bank and over brae,
 Hie away! hie away!

—*Sir Walter Scott*

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—*Philip James Bailey*

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it
 is unattainable. However, they who aim at it, and persevere,
 will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and
 despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

—*Lord Chesterfield*

In autumn school begins, we know,
 In winter comes the feathery snow,
 In spring the birds and flowers appear,
 In summer comes vacation dear.

The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
 The loveliest flowers spring low,
 And we must stoop for happiness
 If we its worth would know.

—*Swain*

And what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever come perfect days ;
 Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays.

'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for the grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
 'T is the natural way of living.

—*James Russell Lowell*

The sun and the sky
And the birds and I
And the great, tall whisp'ring trees,
Are all as happy as happy can be
Out in the summer breeze.

—*Arthur A. Knipe*

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

When the heat like a mist veil floats,
And the poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

—*S. H. Swett*

WELCOMES AND FAREWELLS

WELCOME SPEECH

I am a little child,
And have not much to say ;
But I must make, I 'm told,
The "Welcome Speech" to-day.

Dear friends, we 're glad you 've come
To hear us speak and sing.
We 'll do our very best
To please in everything.

Our speeches we have learned,
And if you 'll hear us through,
You 'll see what little folks—
If they but try—can do.

WELCOME

Mother says if I were bigger
She would let me make a speech,
But, you see, while I 'm so little
She might find me hard to teach.
So I 'll only bid you welcome,
Saying that I 'm glad you 're here ;
If I keep on growing bigger
I might make a speech next year.

OPENING SPEECH

PRISCILLA J. OWENS

Welcome, good friends, both old and new,
A greeting kind to all of you.
We merry little youngsters bring
The joy of childhood and the spring;
Excuse mistakes in song and speech,
And give a pleasant smile to each,
For every little girl and boy
Has tried so hard to give you joy;
Please to be pleased with what we bring,
And listen kindly when we sing;
And once again, dear friends and true,
A welcome I give to all of you.

WELCOME

EDITH EVERHARD

Dear friends, we bid you welcome;
We 're glad to see you here;
And we hope by our politeness
This gladness may appear.

We know that you have come to see
And hear each pupil show
His parents and his many friends
Just how much he may know.

I 'm sure we all will do our best
In pieces or in song;
Your kindness, then, will do the rest;
We hope 't will not seem long.

We 'd like to see you often,
Come in on any day,
And we 'll try to make you happy
With our work and with our play.

WELCOME TO OUR SCHOOLROOM

Welcome to our schoolroom, kind friends and parents dear,
It makes us proud and happy to have you with us here ;
And while we try to show you the things that we can do,
Please bear in mind we 're very small, not old and wise
like you.

Not one among our number, of years counts half a score,
But every day we 're striving to learn a little more ;
And though to you our tasks seem light and little more than
play,
To us they seem quite difficult, as we meet them day by day.

Perhaps while listening to us here, your thoughts may back-
ward turn
To the time when you were children, too, and found it hard
to learn
To read, and spell, and do your sums in just the proper way ;
If so, I 'm sure you 'll pity us if we should fail to-day.

GREETING

Friends and Parents: We, the pupils of (*name of school*) bid you a most cordial and hearty welcome. We assure you that your presence here is an inspiration to us.

When we take up advanced work next fall, we shall look back to this day and take courage. We shall remember the

kindly spirit that prompted you to be with us here upon our Closing Day.

Therefore, in behalf of my teacher and my schoolmates, I not only welcome you to our exercises but also thank you for the help and encouragement your presence gives to us.

W-E-L-C-O-M-E

FOR ONE OLDER CHILD AND SEVEN SMALL CHILDREN

Each child carries a letter of the word "Welcome." The letters may be covered with evergreen or made of white cardboard and colored to match the school colors. Children march on the stage and stand in a straight line or a semi-circle according to size of stage.

W—We 're glad to see so many faces here.

E—Each one to us is very dear.

L—Let care and trouble now take wing.

C—Come, listen, while we speak and sing.

O—Oh, we 're glad for friends so true.

M—Much for you we 've tried to do,

E—Even though we 're small and few.

(When the last child has spoken, the child at the head leads as the line marches forward, across the front of the stage and down the right side. At the back they meet an older pupil who hangs the letters on the blackboard or wall on nails that have been previously arranged. When they have handed their letters to this child they march on around the stage and pass off. When the last letter has been hung the older child steps forward and recites.)

Dear friends, we are very glad you 've come,

And we hope that you will feel repaid,

We have surely done the best we could

In the preparation we have made.

TWO LITTLE WELCOMES

FOR A LITTLE BOY AND A LITTLE GIRL

LITTLE BOY (*bowing*):

I 'm going to speak the welcome! All you men and boys,
I 'm very glad you 've come, but you mustn't make any
noise.

They told me to make a bow and not be afraid of the men.
Who 's afraid! I 've made it once and now I 'll make it
again.

LITTLE GIRL:

Oh, but he didn't welcome the ladies! What a funny
fellow!

Now I 'm going to welcome the ladies, don't you see?
Ladies and girls, you are welcome, just as welcome as can be,
But the men and boys are welcome just as much and just
the same.

I hope every one, when you go home, will say you 're glad
you came.

WELCOME, FRIENDS

By E. S. F.

FOR SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS

To be given as an opening piece. Each girl has a large gilt
letter held behind her, and at the appropriate moment she holds
this in front of her. The children must be of equal size, and hold
the letters in a straight line to show the word nicely.

FIRST CHILD—W:

Welcome, kind friends, we greet you all,
Who have answered to our call,
And I will gladly turn to view
My letter, which is "W."

SECOND CHILD—*E*:

Every beaming face I see
Seems to answer back to me
Smile for smile, in merry glee,
And so behold my letter "E."

THIRD CHILD—*L*:

Love and mirth and wit combine
In the festive wreath we twine
To charm you with its magic spell,
And thus I turn my letter "L."

FOURTH CHILD—*C*:

Care hath no places here to-night
'Mid those youthful faces bright;
From Life's future shadows free,
So I turn my letter "C."

FIFTH CHILD—*O*:

You have not forgotten quite
All youth's rosy morning light,
Shining in the long ago,
So here you see my letter "O."

SIXTH CHILD—*M*:

If we with our merry lore
Make you all feel young once more,
Still Time bids us onward go,
And here the letter "M" I show.

SEVENTH CHILD—*E*:

E stands for "end," and so you see
That is the one that comes to me;
All things must have an end they say,
And so kind friends we'll only stay

A moment that you all may see
What word is ended with my "E."

TOGETHER:

"Welcome" is the word we spell,
And "welcome" say our hearts as well;
Welcome, old and young and all
Who have answered to our call,
Welcome, welcome, welcome all.

I BID YOU ALL A WELCOME

EDITH F. A. U. PAINTON

In our life-time, pain and pleasure,
Both must fall unto our share;
Sometimes duty seems a blessing,
Often it is but a care.
Yet we find that every pleasure
Far exceeds the heaviest pain,
And that in the compensation
Not a sigh has been in vain.

Thus we feel, on this occasion,
When our school-term closed last May,
It was very hard at parting,
Hard that long good-by to say.
We were joyful at our triumph,
Yet with pain each heart did swell,
For we feared that careless parting
Was to some a last farewell.

Now again we come together,
With the "will" to find a "way,"

And it has become my duty
 (But a pleasure, let me say),
To meet you with words of greeting
 As our year-book doth unfold;
And to bid new faces welcome,
 Glad to see again the old.

Let us strive for greater victory
 As we start upon this year;
Outstrip every previous session,
 Toward the goal more firmly steer.
There is yet some fault to conquer,
 Grandeur laurels, richer fame;
And let us resolve to win it,
 And do honor to our name.

It is said that words of greeting
 Are the best when soonest o'er;
And, as I wish not to tire you,
 I will say but little more.
Let me bid you all a welcome
 With a handshake, firm and true;
Old and new, it matters little,
 We are glad to welcome you!

GOOD-BY

Vacation has come, and to-day,
Good-by to the schoolroom we say;
Good-by to our teachers, so dear,
To playmates and friends gathered here,
Good-by to our books till September,
When school we must, once more, remember.

GOOD-BY

We have but one more word to say,
As sinks the day to rest;
We hope you 're pleased at what you 've heard;
We 've tried to do our best.
We 're glad to see you often here;
And when you come we 'll try
To entertain you with our words,
But now we 'll say good-by.

CLOSING VERSE

Recitation for a tiny boy or girl

The birds and flowers call,
We dearly love them all.
The moments fly;
Vacation 's very near,
Its joys will soon be here;
So now to schoolmates dear
We say good-by.

Kisses hand to audience.

FAREWELL

Farewell to you, friends dear,
School days are o'er this year.
We part while leaves are green,
And brilliant flowers are seen;
We will return next fall,
When autumn's wind's loud call
Will drive the flowers away.
But we 'll come blithe and gay
To work with renewed might,
For play will make us bright.

VALEDICTORY

Friends and Parents: To my lot has fallen the privilege of bidding you good-by. My words of farewell will be few, but I trust that you will feel they are sincere.

We are very glad to have you here this afternoon and we hope you have enjoyed the short time spent with us.

Teacher, Schoolmates: We, too, must say good-by, for another school year has come to an end. While we hail the glad vacation with pleasure, let us not forget the pleasant days we have spent here together, and let us hope for a reunion in September.

A GOOD-BY

M. L. STANLEY

Beautiful thoughts! O come to me,
And clothe yourself in words—
Beautiful words, whose tone shall be
Sweet as the song of birds.

Within our schoolroom old and dear,
We're glad to see thee, friends;
And now we'd say a few words here
Ere homeward each one wends.

You have listened to our singing,
Listened to our words as well,
While the light-shod hours are ringing
This day's passing knell.

How many hours their tale have told,
And left no trace behind,
While we were storing up life's gold,
The wisdom of the mind!

Most happy hours of work and fun,
That pass away too soon,
Thy memory, like the shining sun,
Cheers us this afternoon.

Without the birds sing sweet and clear,
For summer 's on the throne;
But hearts of youth sing songs of cheer,
A music all their own.

We part to-day a little time,
Vacation's joys to taste;
But when doth sound the school-bell's chime
With quick steps back we 'll haste.

So now to teacher and mates so dear,
A happy vacation to all!
And on you, friends, who 've gathered here,
May life's bright blessings fall!

Beautiful words! They come to me
With half a smile, a sigh,
I 'll say them now to all of thee,—
Those words so old—"Good-by!"

VALEDICTORY POEM

The task has fallen to my share,
A valedictory to prepare;
But much I fear,
You who are here,
May think it but a poor endeavor,
And very far from being clever.

But please be kind,
 And bear in mind
 That 't is a trying thing to stand
 Before the savants of the land,
 And give the proper air and tone
 To composition all one's own.

Before I close
 I now propose
 To tender thanks to each of you
 Who 've seen our exhibition through.
 We hope hereafter to appear
 Before our friends from year to year,
 Until it is each pupil's fate,
 With honors high to graduate.

GOOD-BY!

MARIE IRISH

Through weeks of school we've studied hard,
 With knowledge our young minds to swell,
 But now we're going to have a rest—
 Hurrah! 't is time to say farewell.

Good-by, schoolroom! Though you're pleasant,
 For your walls of learning we'll not sigh;
 No pensive minds shall long for you
 As gay vacation days glide by.

Good-by, school books! Go off and hide—
 Readers, 'rithmetics, hist'ries, too—
 You've bothered our heads long enough;
 We're glad to say good-by to you.

Good-by, schoolmates! The weary path
Of Learning's Hill we've climbed together;
But now o'er meadow, moor, and dale,
We'll gambol through vacation weather.

Good-by, teacher! To fill our minds
With wisdom's lore you've done your best,
You've made our school a happy one;
But now, hurrah, we're going to rest!

Through weeks of school we've studied hard,
Learning's illumining hill to climb;
But now, good-by, good-by, good-by—
Oh, how we love vacation time!

A VALEDICTORY

A. F. SHOALS

The golden glow of a summer's day
Rests over the verdant hills,
And the sunlight falls with mellow ray
On fields and laughing rills;
But ere its last beam fades away
Beyond the mountain high,
Our lips must bravely, sadly say
The parting words, "Good-by."

Kind friends and parents gathered here,
Our gratitude is yours
For all your care and sympathy,
Which changelessly endures.
We've tried to use the passing hours
So they would bring no sigh,

When to our happy days of school
We say our last "Good-by."

Dear schoolmates, ne'er shall we forget
The old days spent with you.
With many a sigh, for joys gone by,
We sadly say, "Adieu."
The last sweet hour with you is past,
Here must we break the tie,
With sadness now, once more we say,
"Good-by, schoolmates, good-by."

Dear teachers, we shall ne'er forget
The lessons you have taught;
We trust the future may be perfect
The work your hands have wrought;
And may they bring good gifts to you,
These years that swiftly fly,
And may you kindly think of those
Who bid you now "Good-by."

"Good-by!" it shall not be farewell,—
We hope again to meet;
But happy hours are ever short,
And days of youth are fleet.
There's much to learn, and much to do;
Oh, may our aims be high,
And ever lead toward that bright land,
Where none shall say, "Good-by."

DIALOGUES AND EXERCISES

VACATION PLANS

FOR THREE BOYS AND THREE GIRLS

TOGETHER :

To-day the world 's a big flower cup,
Good cheer and sunshine fill it up.
We 'll laugh and play the hours away,
Because vacation 's here to-day.

FIRST BOY [*carries sand-pail and spade*] :

I go to the seashore; I 'll swim and I 'll wade,
And have lots of fun in the sand with my spade.

FIRST GIRL [*carries suitcase*] :

And I for the country am leaving to-day;
Fresh milk and fried chicken! now who 'd stay away?

SECOND BOY [*with rake*] :

My trunk is all ready for grandpa's right now!
I 'll help in the hay-fields, and milk the old cow.

SECOND GIRL [*with dolls*] :

And I through vacation will happily play
With dolls, and help mother in 'most every way.

THIRD BOY [*with hoe and seeds*] :

I 'll stay right at home, but I 'm glad, for, you see
A gardener fine I am learning to be.
[*Cries of "Vegetables! vegetables!"*]

THIRD GIRL [*with fishing pole*]:

I 'm off to the mountains to fish and to climb
With papa; I'll have such a jolly good time.

TOGETHER:

So through the summer's golden hours
We 'll play like birds and bees and flowers,
Vacation 's here—and now—good-by!

[*Train whistles outside.*]

Oh, hurry! there 's our train! let 's fly!

[*Those who are going away run off, others wave good-by.*]

—Normal Instructor-Primary Plans

IN VACATION TIME

MARIE IRISH

FOR TWO GIRLS AND THREE BOYS

The children stand in line while speaking. No. 1 is a small boy; No. 2 a small girl; No. 3 a larger girl; No. 4 a boy about the size of, or larger than No. 3; No. 5 a boy about the size of No. 1.

FIRST BOY (No. 1):

I am tired of study and tired of school,
I am glad that vacation is near;
I want to trap gophers and catch the fish
Hiding in pools of water clear.

FIRST GIRL (No. 2):

Trap gophers! Catch fish! Such horrible things
As you dreadful boys like to do!

I'm anxious to play with lovely dolls,
And have tea parties just for two.

THIRD BOY (No. 5) :

Play with your dolls! What a tiresome way
To waste the swift vacation hours!
You ought to climb trees and shoot an air gun,
Go in swimming and hunt wild flowers.

SECOND GIRL (No. 3) :

Oh, now, see here! Why talk of only play?
Don't you know you should do your bit?
With such lots of work to be done I think
Boys and girls should all learn to knit.

SECOND BOY (No. 4) :

The knitting 's all right, but it seems to me
That each of you should shoulder a hoe,
Go to the garden and get right to work,
Helping the "garden sass" to grow;
This is important, because it is food
That keeps the world going, you know.

ALL :

Yes, we're glad that vacation is coming,
From our books we need a good rest;
But we must not play through all the long day,
We'll do some *work*—that rule is best;
All play will make Jack but a worthless shirk,—
We'll do our bit with earnest zest.

THE CROWNING OF JUNE

FOR ANY NUMBER OF CHILDREN

MRS. C. H. STANLEY

Let June be represented by a large girl dressed in white, without flowers; the rose, lily, and daisy by smaller girls, with trimmings of their respective flowers. The chorus may be made up of girls representing different flowers,—as the lilac, nasturtium, pansy, fern, wild flowers, etc., bearing bouquets, baskets, and garlands. The number may be large or small as suits the school. This is a good exercise for introducing a large number of children who will have little to recite.

PRELUDE:

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair.

ALL [*as curtain rises*]:

A welcome to June, beautiful June!
The soft balmy air of the lengthening day,
The birds of the forest, the children at play,
All join with the chorus of flowers to say,
“A welcome to June, beautiful June!”

’T is the crowning of June, beautiful June!
And the flowers, from the daisies that bloom at your feet
To the sunflower tall, with its brilliant hues, meet
With the lily, the rose and the violet sweet,
For the crowning of June, beautiful June!

ROSE [*offering a crown of roses*]:

I bring a crown for your brow, O June,
From the roses, one and all;
We own your sway, and we vow this day
To blossom forth at your call.

JUNE:

'T is meet I 'm sure that the queen of the flowers,
Should crown the queen of the year.

LILY [*offering a crown of lilies*]:

I place in your hands a sceptre rare,
A symbol of royal power;
But hold it up and the lily's cup
Will open from bud to flower.

JUNE:

May my reign be as pure as this spotless flower,
Its memory sweet as its breath.

DAISY [*offering a daisy chain*]:

I 've naught but a simple daisy chain
To bring as a gift, O Queen,
But your lightest word by the daisies heard
Will dapple the meadows green.

JUNE:

A gift more rare than costliest gems
Is this chain of gold and pearls.

VIOLET [*offering a basket of flowers. All the other
flowers come forward with her*]:

We bring you blossoms from forest and field,
From valley and hillside steep;
Let June's voice sound, and up from the ground,
To welcome our queen, we leap.

JUNE [*rising*]:

With subjects so fair, and brave, and true,
No rival power need I fear;
With birds and blossoms, sunshine and love,
June must be queen of the year.

FLOWERS [*all*]:

Then hail to June, our beautiful June,
Let it ring o'er hill and vale,
She is queen of the year—let all who hear,
Cry, "Hail to the queen! all hail!"

FLOWERS [*sing, tune, Yankee Doodle*]:

And now, we children, just for fun,
Will take the flowers' places,
All looking up to see the sun,
That's smiling in our faces.

Chorus:

Don't you hear the birdies sing?
High above us on the wing!
Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

THE TIRED BOOKS

MARIE IRISH

FOR SIX CHILDREN



They march onto stage in line at back, halt, then come up to front, six abreast, with short, mincing steps, each carrying in front of the face of a piece of pasteboard twelve by eighteen inches in size, with a handle fastened to the back by which to hold it. At the top of each pasteboard is printed a name, using History, Reader, Grammar, Arithmetic, Speller, and Geography, and below the name are drawn with charcoal or burnt cork eyes, nose, and mouth. Holes are cut for eyes and mouth which the drawing should enclose.

(If desired, instead of the children holding the pasteboards to their faces, an elastic band may be used attached to each pasteboard to fit around the head and hold the masks in place.)

FIRST CHILD [*Geography*]:

The boys and girls are filled with joy
To think that close of school is nigh;

But, listen here—

We books are just as glad as they,
And for vacation loudly sigh,

Because it 's clear

That when we have been thumped around,
And banged and scratched and chewed and **torn**,
Throughout the year,

With dog-ears on most ev'ry page,
No wonder we feel old and worn
And school seems drear.

SECOND CHILD [*Reader*]:

I 'll confess that I am weary;
I have been studied day by day,

That Sue might know

“Lincoln's Address” and “Paso del Mar,”

“Barbara Frietchie,” “Stag at Bay,”

And “Old Black Joe.”

I 'm a pleasant-natured Reader,
And believe in education,

But I 'm not slow

To own I 'm tired of being read,
And desire a recreation—

So school can go.

THIRD CHILD [*History*]:

Though you may think I 'm forty-five,
I really am not very old,

But you 'll agree

I look as if I have been through
The battles on my pages told—

Poor battered me!
A peaceful History am I,
Therefore I 'd like a vacation—
 Soon let it be—
From the ones by whom I 'm tattered
Without slightest provocation—
 From school I flee!

FOURTH CHILD [*Grammar*]:

What of a boy who hates my rules,
Declaring that "Grammar is rot,"
 And says "I seen"?
And tears my leaves for paper wads
To throw at girls with well-aimed shot—
 Isn't he mean?
And on the pages where I tell
How to speak correctly and well,—
 There may be seen
The foolish pictures he has drawn
Of teacher and her beau so swell!
He should be punished for a spell
 In a threshing machine!

FIFTH CHILD [*Arithmetic*]:

Though I 'm a kind Arithmetic
I am glad to have vacation—
 I 'm most undone!
For months I have been studied hard,
And it is an aggravation,
 And not much fun,
To have my dog-ears multiplied,
And my pages oft divided,
 While sums are done;
And have my back bent till I look

Mutilated and lopsided,
Like an old Hun!

SIXTH CHILD [*Speller*]:

Yes, the children are tired and want
To lay us away on the shelves

The long weeks through;

But we 're sick of being studied,
And want to be left to ourselves—

Indeed, we do!

Oh, the boys and girls are all right,
But perhaps they may not have guessed

What we tell you,

That we Books have grown tired of them
And want a vacation and rest—

Good-by—we 're through!

*They march backward with slow steps to back of stage,
then back off, keeping face to audience.*

VACATION FUN

FOR ANY NUMBER OF BOYS AND GIRLS

*Some BOYS and GIRLS are talking together. LITTLE GRAND-
MOTHER sits off at one side knitting, and commenting in
an aside, as they speak, but not interrupting them.*

ARCHIE:

Boys and girls, vacation is coming,

And now let 's all of us say

Where we would go and what we could see,

If things could be as they ought to be,

And boys and girls had their own way.

GRANDMOTHER:

“Had their own way!” ’T is my belief
In a very short time they ’d come to grief.

SHELTON:

Oh, Archie! I would n’t take long to decide;
I ’d build a beautiful boat;
To the Northern Polar Sea I ’d sail,
And catch the walrus and seal and whale,
And that would be fun afloat!

GRANDMOTHER:

In his beautiful boat he ’d have a mess
With walrus and seal and whale, I guess.

ETHEL:

Now, Shelton, I ’d choose something better than that;
Up the Amazon I ’d run,
Where parrots chatter and monkeys swing,
And bright little humming-birds flit and sing,
And oh, would n’t that be fun!

GRANDMOTHER:

Now hear the child talk! It makes me smile,
Nice dinner she ’d make for a crocodile!

GERTY:

Oh, Ethel? See how you like my plan,—
I ’ll have a seal-skin dress,
Then up to the Hudson Bay I ’ll go
To the queer snow-huts of the Eskimo,
And that will be fun, I guess!

GRANDMOTHER:

Has that girl forgotten, do you suppose,
It is cold enough there to freeze her nose?

LULU:

I can tell you a trip worth two of that,
 Not half so cold and rough;
 For a girl of my studious disposition,
 In a trip to the Paris Exposition
 Of fun there would be enough.

GRANDMOTHER:

Poor thing! Half frightened to death she 'd be
 Before she was half-way over the sea!

ROBBIE:

Now, Lulu, to China, the land of tea,
 I make up my mind to go;
 Where they have such queer little slanting eyes,
 And sell young rats and puppies for pies,—
 And that must be fun, you know.

GRANDMOTHER [*turning to them*]:

Well! well! it seems you would each forsake
 The land I jolliest call.
 Better sail your boats in the Yankee rills;
 Better chase for sport over Yankee hills;
 That will be the best fun of all.

ALL:

Little grandmother 's right! three cheers for you!
 Your way is the wisest one.
 Wherever we go she shall lead the van,
 She shall march this way,—now see our plan,
 And is n't this jolly fun!
 Yes, is n't this jolly fun!

[*Two boys take LITTLE GRANDMOTHER between them, in little arm-chair, and carry her off the stage, the rest following.*]

—*Journal of Education*

OUR CONFESSIONS

FOR SIX CHILDREN

FIRST CHILD:

Oh, now at last the day has come
 That we 've been waiting for;
 We 'll put away our books and slates
 And lock the schoolhouse door.
 For weeks we 've worked together,
 And now before we go
 Please tell me what you 've liked the best,
 Or what to you has been a pest,
 I 'd really like to know.

SECOND CHILD:

Well, since it is the last school day,
 I really don 't mind telling,
 That I 'd like school much better
 If it were not for spelling.
 T-w-o, t double o
 And t-o all spell two (too, to),
 To get each one exactly right
 Is more than I can do.
 P-e-a-r sometimes is pear,
 Again, p-a-r-e,
 Then it may be p-a-i-r,—
 It 's all too much for me.

FIRST CHILD:

Oh, yes, I know it is quite hard,
 The truth you have been telling,
 But tell me now, have *you* had too,
 [Looks at THIRD CHILD.]
 Your hardest time in spelling?

THIRD CHILD :

Say, don't you think that arithmetic is worse than all the rest?

Why, fractions drive me nearly wild; although I do my best,

I cannot understand them all, each measure and each table,

I'm going to learn them all some day—that is, if I am able.

SECOND CHILD :

Yes, fractions are bewildering, there's not a bit of doubt, But still they're not like spelling, for figures *will* work out.

FOURTH CHILD :

Well, nothing else seems hard to me but history and, oh, dear!

Who was it made the cotton-gin, and who first settled here?

Did John Smith build up Boston, or did he fight in Spain?

I knew it when we studied it, but I'm off the track again.

THIRD CHILD :

I know that history is quite hard, but still I'd be contented

If we had no arithmetic; why was the stuff invented?

FIFTH CHILD :

Well, history is n't hard for me; I like arithmetic;

But oh, dear me, geography! it makes me feel quite sick.

There are mountains, bays, peninsulas; rivers, plains, plateaus;

How I shall ever learn them all, well, goodness only knows!

FOURTH CHILD:

I'm not fond of geography, but it is simply great
Compared to that book, history, for there's not a single
date.

SIXTH CHILD:

Well, grammar puzzles me the most, it's so easy to forget
And say "we was," or else "I ain't"—I have the habit
yet
Of never saying what I should, but saying what I
shouldn't;
If I'd my way I'd never look at grammar, no, I would n't!

ALL:

You've heard us tell our troubles and all we've had to say,
We haven't told it all this year until this last, last day;
Now for a while we'll say good-by,
To leave *some* things won't make us cry.

—*Normal Instructor-Primary Plans*

SPENDING VACATIONS

MARIE IRISH

FOR ONE GIRL AND TWO BOYS

CHARACTERS: *Mrs. Jones; Harry and Fred, her sons*

Discovered, MRS. JONES sewing.

MRS JONES: I wonder why the boys do not come. It is
time they were home from school. This is the last day,
and I suppose they'll be happy because vacation is
here. I think I hear them coming.

Enter FRED and HARRY.

FRED: Well, I think it 's just too mean for anything, so.
[*Both boys sit and pout moodily.*]

HARRY: So do I, when we had planned to have such a good time.

MRS. JONES: Why, what is the matter? You boys look as cross as bears. Has something awful happened?

FRED: Yes, an' I don't think it 's one bit fair.

HARRY: 'Cause we 're tired of goin' to school an' want to have a rest.

MRS. JONES: Well, why can't you rest? Hasn't vacation started? I thought this was the last day of school.

FRED: You tell her 'bout it, Harry. [*Wipes eyes.*]

HARRY: Well, ma, if anybody spends all of anything, there ain't any left for anybody else, is there?

MRS. JONES: Why no, of course not. If you spend all your money there is n't any left, is there?

FRED: There, that 's just what I said. Ain't that too mean for anything?

HARRY: Well, I don't care, I shan't go, anyhow. I'm goin' to stay at home.

MRS. JONES: For goodness sake, what are you boys talking about? I don't understand.

FRED: Oh, that Jim Hartley is just too mean to live. He said on the way home from school to-night that he's goin' to his uncle's over in Shelley to-morrow an' spend the *whole vacation*.

MRS. JONES: I don't see anything about that to make you angry.

HARRY: You *don't*. W'y if he goes there an' spends the whole vacation there won't be any left for the rest of us, will there?

FRED: An' we'll have to start school if we can't have any of the vacation.

MRS. JONES [*laughing*]: Oh, what foolish little boys! If

you spend all your money that does n't mean you have spent Jim's, too, does it?

HARRY [*happily*]: Oh, is that what it means?

FRED: An' can we have ours to spend just the same?

MRS. JONES: Surely you can, and lots of good times you are going to have, I know.

HARRY: Hurrah! Come on, Fred! Let's begin to have fun right away.

[*They run from room.*]

THE BEST PLACES

FOR THREE BOYS AND FIVE GIRLS

CHARACTERS: Marion, Grace, Hattie (a very little girl), Lucy, Julius, Harry, Charlié, Edith.

MARION:

I'm going next week to a place full of flowers,
Papa has bought it, and so it is ours.

Where are you going? Do tell me, Grace?

GRACE:

I am going to a splendid place,
Where flowers are thicker than hops, and the birds
Sing so well, you almost can make out the words.
Hattie, dear, tell us where you mean to go?

HATTIE:

Why, 'course where my mamma does—don't you know?

LUCY:

What a queer answer—as if the wee elf
Could trot off to some place, all by herself.
I know where we're going, it's close by the sea,
And it's just as nice there as a place can be.
We shall bathe, we shall swim, we shall duck and dive,

We shall sail, we shall fish, we shall walk and drive,
I tell you, I know there 's nothing we *shan't* do,
Just as I know there is nothing we *can't* do.

JULIUS:

Pooh! we are going to do better than that,
I just hate the seaside, the country 's so flat.
We 're going 'way off to the mountains so high,
That when you 're on top you can just touch the sky.
They 're a thousand miles high (or maybe it 's feet),
We go off on picnics with good things to eat,
Chicken-pies, doughnuts, cakes and sandwiches, too,
It 's perfectly splendid, with nothing to do.

HARRY:

But, we shall go riding on top of the hay.

LUCY:

And may be get sunstruck some bright shining day.

HARRY:

I 've never been sunstricken, never at all.

CHARLIE:

But you may be, you know, between now and fall,
I 'm going to travel as much as a mile.
But, now, what have I said that makes you all smile?
I 'm sure it 's dull in one place the whole season.

EDITH:

O, Charles, do you think so? Is that the reason
You will not go up to the Catskills with us?
For my part, I hate all the bother and fuss
Of packing and packing, my dresses and sleeves.

CHARLIE:

But, I don't wear dresses, my dear, if you please.

KATIE :

I 'll go to a farmhouse, there 's nothing like that.
They 've ten cows, three ponies, a dog and a cat.
They have hens, they have chickens, sweet milk and bread,
You 'd better all go, if you want to be fed.

EDITH *and* JULIUS :

The mountains, the mountains, I know they are best.

LUCY :

I stand up for the sea. Now, what say the rest?

MARION :

Each place, I suppose, is the best for each one. Wherever
we go, we 'll surely have fun.

ALL :

All our places are the best.
Go we east, or go we west.

GOOD-BY TO THE PUPILS

ALVIN M. HENDEE

FOR ANY NUMBER OF BOYS AND GIRLS

(The different parts of the school apparatus tell the pupils good-by. The pupils may or may not dress to represent the characters speaking.)

MAPS :

Through all the long and happy days
We 've kept our faces bright,
And tried in all our many ways
Your minds to guide aright.

We 've always kept within our bounds,
And tried to please you all;
You 've never looked but that you found
Us hanging on the wall.

CHARTS:

We bid adieu to every boy,
And every girlie too;
Though we 've not shared your every joy
We 've tried our best to do
The work we were intended for.
What more could mortal ask?
And though we 've striven, there were times
We found too great a task.

DICTIONARY:

I always think that on this day,
Which I most dread to see,
I 'd surely have something to say,
Although 't is hard for me.
But you well know just how it is,
No odds how hard I try,
And while I 'm always full of words
I only say "Good-by."

GLOBE:

Of all the whole wide world around,
I 've told you, o'er and o'er,
From Hindostan to Puget Sound
And back to Singapore.
Yet while I 've told you all I knew,
I 've had a happy time,
And now good-by to all of you,
And I will close my rhyme.

LIBRARY :

The wealth of the world I have held out to you,
And you have enjoyed it, I know ;
And gained in your knowledge the good and the true,
But now from my presence you go.
While some of my volumes you scarcely have read,
There are others you know very well,
And now, then, farewell, and remember I 've said,
"To others your knowledge please tell."

BLACKBOARD :

You 've worked hard on me, and I am black in the face,
And you are, no doubt, quite content,
But you 've made me say things I should like to erase,
And things that I never have meant.
As, "Seven times seven are seventy-four,"
And, "Seven times eight eighty-two,"
But now for a while I 'll be bothered no more,
So, all my dear pupils, "Adieu."

SCHOOLHOUSE :

No doubt, sometimes you may have come
To me with lagging feet,
You always from the cares of home
Have found a safe retreat.
And now if this should be the last
Of your school days, my dear,
Remember that in days long past
You were all welcome here.

—*Normal Instructor-Primary Plans*

MARY LOU'S RECITATION

MARIE IRISH

FOR FIVE GIRLS AND TWO BOYS

CHARACTERS

MRS. ALLEN, *Mary Lou's mother.* GRANDPA ALLEN, *elderly man.*

MARY LOU, *a schoolgirl.* GRANDMA ALLEN, *his wife.*

GEORGE, *her brother.* TILLY, *the hired girl.*

NELLIE, *her little sister.*

COSTUMES: *Grandpa should have white hair and whiskers (of rope or crepe paper), little black skull cap, dark suit, spectacles, and carry a cane; Grandma has hair whitened, some dark lines on face, spectacles, a dark dress with white apron and neckerchief; Mrs. Allen has hair done up on head, long dress and work apron; Mary Lou wears a large bow on hair and a white dress small around the waist and too short for her; George and Nellie ordinary every-day garments.*

SCENE: *Living room of Allen home.*

Discovered, GRANDPA reading, GRANDMA sewing, NELLIE playing with doll, and GEORGE looking at a speller.

GEORGE: Well, I 'm glad to-morrow 's the last day of school. This old speller will get a rest. Believe me, I 'll not study it any during vacation. I just hate spelling, the letters in a word have such a mean way of getting changed around wrong when you go to spell 'em.

NELLIE: W'y, I think spelling is easy. C-a-t, cat.

GEORGE: Huh, that 's the only word you can spell. You don't know whether spelling is easy or not, silly.

Enter MRS. ALLEN and MARY LOU.

MRS. ALLEN: Now I want you folks to be very still and not make any noise while Mary Lou practices her piece. She has to speak to-morrow because it's the last day of school, an' she's all fixed up like she'll be to-morrow, to see if her clothes fit so now she's going to see how well she can do. Act just like it was to-morrow, Mary Lou, and do your best.

GRANDMA: Her dress looks real nice.

MARY LOU: Well, anyway, it pinches 'round the waist.

MRS. ALLEN: Now, Mary Lou, that dress is all right.

You don't want it way to the ground like an old lady.

MARY LOU: Well, anyway, it pinches round the waist.

MRS. ALLEN: Didn't I tell you that you don't want to be big's a barrel around the waist? I guess you can stand a little squeezing as long as it's for style. Now speak your piece.

[GEORGE *giggles and points finger at MARY LOU.*]

MARY LOU: George is makin' fun of me. I can't speak.

MRS. ALLEN: Young man, you behave, or I'll tend to you. This is a serious occasion, because if Mary Lou don't practice so's to do well to-morrow we'll all be disgraced. How'd you like that?

NELLIE: Ma, what's disgraced?

MRS. ALLEN: Havin' folks laugh at us because Mary Lou didn't speak good.

GRANDMA: I used to speak pieces when I was a girl—real well, too.

MRS. ALLEN: An' so did I. So you see, Mary Lou, it runs in the fam'ly, an' you've got to do your best. Now stand up straight an' begin.

MARY LOU [*making a quick little nod of the head*]:

To say good-by at the—

MRS. ALLEN: For goodness' sakes, Mary Lou, you don't call that a bow, do you?

GRANDMA: No, that is n't a nice bow. This is the kind I used to make when I spoke pieces.

[Comes forward and stands beside MARY LOU, lifts skirt at each side, and makes a curtsy.]

MRS. ALLEN: No, ma, that kind is all out of style nowadays. She ought to bow like this. [Stands on other side of MARY LOU and makes a low bow with hands out at each side.] I think that is swell.

MARY LOU: I can't do that.

GRANDMA: Yes, you can. You jest try. [GRANDMA sits.]

MARY LOU [bowing with hands out at sides, but keeping body stiff]:

To say good-by at the—

MRS. ALLEN: Mercy sakes, Mary Lou, your heart ain't way had swallowed a fishpole an' can't bend. Try again an' bend at the waist.

GEORGE: If she bends at the waist, she'll bust off a button—'er belt's so tight. [Giggles.]

MRS. ALLEN [to GEORGE]: See here, sir, who's speakin' this piece—you or Mary Lou? You keep still. [To MARY LOU] Start again.

MARY LOU [making low bow with sweep of hands out at sides, and bending at waistline]:

To say good-by at the close of school
Brings sorrow to the heart—

GRANDMA: Seems to me she ought to put a motion in there—don't you think, Sarah?

MRS. ALLEN: Yes, to be sure. You must lay your right hand over your heart, Mary Lou. An' speak louder. Don't act scairt.

MARY LOU [bowing lower than before and speaking louder]:

To say good-by at the close of school
Brings sorrow [hand at waistline] to the heart—

MRS. ALLEN: Mercy sakes, Mary Lou, your heart ain't way down there!

GEORGE: Folks 'll think she's got the stomachache. [*Giggles.*]

MARY LOU [to GEORGE]: You keep still. [*Makes face at him.*] [*Speaks loud and fast*]:

To say good-by at the close of school
Brings sorrow [*hand on heart*] to the heart;
But vacation stands without the door,—

MRS. ALLEN: Now you want another motion in there. They're awful stylish, an' you don't want folks to think you're a greenhorn. Do like this: "But vacation stands [*points*] without the door."

MARY LOU:

But vacation stands without the door [*points*].
So schoolmates, we must part—

GRANDMA [*rising*]: Oh, I've thought of something. Wait a minute, Mary Lou, till I come back. [*Hurries off.*]

GRANDPA [*looking up from his book*]: What say?

MARY LOU: We didn't say anything, grandpa.

GRANDPA: What's Mary Lou all dressed up for?

NELLIE: She's going to speak a piece.

GRANDPA: What's that about geese? Whose geese?

GEORGE [*going over to GRANDPA and speaking very loud*]:

To-morrow's the last day of school an' she has to speak a piece, an' she's got her new dress on to see if it fits, an' she's been sayin' her piece so's to have it good to-morrow.

GRANDPA: Oh, yes, yes, I see! Be sure you say it nice an' loud, Mary Lou, an' don't you be afraid. You can speak jest as good as any of 'em. I've heard your grandma speak pieces when she was a girl, an' your ma used to be a real good hand at it—she could speak as good as any of 'em.

Enter GRANDMA.

GRANDMA: Oh, oh, oh! Thieves! I've been robbed—robbed! Oh, dear, dear me! [*Wrings hands and moans.*]

MRS. ALLEN: What's that? Robbed? What do you mean?

MARY LOU: Oh, how awful—will they kill us?

GEORGE: I'll get the old shotgun.

MRS. ALLEN: No! no! you stay here.

GRANDMA: Oh, my things I thought so much of! Oh, oh!
[*Wipes eyes.*]

GRANDPA [*coming forward*]: What say, mother? What's the matter?

GRANDMA: Oh, I've been robbed! [*Shouts at him*] Robbers!

GRANDPA: Where, where? I'll fix 'em. [*Limps around room waving his cane in the air.*] Didn't I fight in the Civil War? I'll show 'em!

MRS. ALLEN: Now ma, you tell me what you've lost. I don't guess there's been any robbers in the house. What's gone? [*GRANDPA comes close to listen.*]

GRANDMA: Well, when Mary Lou was making them nice motions in 'er piece, I thought how splendid it would look if she'd wear my gold bracelet and that ring with the stone in that jest fits 'er, 'cause they'd show off so nice when she waves her hands in the air. So I went to git them an' let 'er try 'em, an'—they're gone. Stolen!

GRANDPA: Well, well, well! If that ain't the beatinest thing! If I knew who 't was that took 'em I'd fix 'em. [*Waves cane.*] I'm an old fighter from the Civil War.

MRS. ALLEN: Well, that sure is dreadful queer. I wonder if—if—

GRANDMA: I wonder if that new hired girl took 'em. We don't know much about 'er.

MRS. ALLEN: I 'll ask 'er a' see if she acts guilty. [*Calls.*] Tilly. Tilly, come here.

Enter TILLY.

TILLY: Well, here I be, ma'am, an' I hope you don't want me long, for I 'm hustlin' like a house afire to git the work finished, so 's to git ready for a party I 'm goin' to with the young man that 's workin' over to Peter Brink's—an' a nice young fellow he is, too, ma'am.

MRS. ALLEN: I wanted to ask you, Tilly, if you—that is, to tell you that—you see, my mother has had some jewelry taken, and I—that is—

GRANDMA: Oh, how could anybody steal my lovely gold bracelet an' ring with a purple set? Oh, dear!

GRANDPA [*waving cane*]: The one that took it's got me to answer with. I fit in the Civil War.

TILLY [*angrily*]: An' so you think I stole yer jewelry, do you? An' I 'll tell you, ma'am, I 'm a good honest girl an' I won't stand for any of such treatment, which is slander an' blackguardin,' ma'am—an' I 'll show you that you can't say such things as that I stole yer old bracelet an' ring. I guess I 've got jewelry of my own, ma'am. I 'll go right now an' send for a policeman to arrest you all for slander an' he 'll put you all in jail—so there!

MARY LOU: Oh, ma, don't let her send for a policeman. She did n't take 'em. I—I—honest, she did n't take 'em.

TILLY [*angrily*]: I guess I did n't!

MRS. ALLEN: I did n't say you did, Tilly. I merely asked if you knew about them.

MARY LOU: I—I know where they are, ma. [*Weeps.*]

MRS. ALLEN: You? What do you know about them?

MARY LOU: Well, I—I thought they 'd look so nice on me when I spoke my piece, an' I thought grandma would n't lend 'em to me, so I borrowed 'em to wear to-morrow—then I was goin' to put 'em back. I did n't think it would be any sin, an' they 'd look so fine on me! [*Weeps.*]

GRANDMA [*patting MARY LOU on shoulder*]: Now, now don't you cry, Mary Lou. I don't mind a bit, so long 's they 're safe.

MARY LOU: They 're upstairs in my drawer.

TILLY: There now, ma'am, what do you think of yourself for makin' so much trouble for a poor innocent girl like me, that never stole so much as a pin?

MRS. ALLEN: I 'm very sorry, Tilly. You go along an' git ready for the party an' let the rest of the work go.

TILLY: All right, ma'am. [*Exit.*]

MRS. ALLEN: Now, Mary Lou, let's go find that bracelet an' ring an' put 'em on, so 's you can practice your piece till you do it best of anybody there. But next time you ask for what you want to borrow.

MARY LOU: Yes, ma, I will.

GRANDPA: An' I did n't git a chance to fight after all!

CURTAIN

WHAT THE LESSONS SAY

LIZZIE M. HADLEY

FOR SEVEN CHILDREN IN THE INTERMEDIATE GRADE

FIRST PUPIL:

Never before hath a fairer day
In the heart of the summer nestled away
Than this, that comes with the year's work done,
To tell you vacation has *almost* begun.

Not *quite*, for if you 've the time to hear,
 Some of the lessons we 've studied this year
 Are waiting beside me. They 've something to say.
 See! there is one of them coming this way.

SCHOOL:

What is your name, and pray who are you?

ALPHABET:

I am the alphabet. How do you do?

By this time you should have learned, pretty well,
 All the stories my wee, crooked letters can tell.
 You can't read without me, but I 've yet to see
 The boy or girl who was e'er fond of me.

But that matters not, for my duty I know;
 'T is to help you along in the way you should go.
 You must all get acquainted with me some day,
 And of course you find work is much harder than play.

You will learn that my letters all wisdom combine,
 So this bit of advice let me give you, "Don't whine;"
 And don't stand complaining like some silly dunce
 When there 's work to be done, but go at it *at once*.

That is all I will say, for another comes *quick*.

SCHOOL:

My friend, who are you?

ARITHMETIC:

O, I 'm Arithmetic!
 I 've worked pretty hard in the years flying past
 To make you grow wiser, but time goes so fast

That though I have used every minute and second,
There are still many things you ought to have reckoned.

You can add and subtract, multiply and divide,
Know something of fractions and cube root beside;
Can measure out coal, potatoes, and milk,
An acre of land or a yard of blue silk;

But, unless you should reach old Methuselah's age,
I could still find new lessons your time to engage;
Yet, I think on the whole you have done very well,
But here comes another, with a story to tell.

SCHOOL:

We are pleased, my good friend, your face now to see;
Pray, what is *your* name?

GEOGRAPHY:

I am Geography.

Of continents, islands, and capes I well know;
Of mountains, whose tops are all covered with snow;
Of rivers, whose waters sweep on to the sea,
And many more things could be told you by me.

But more time it would take than you can well spare,
For see where approaches, with majestic air,
A fair little maiden so prim and precise,
With speech that is careful, profound, and concise.

GRAMMAR:

They call me Miss Grammar and 't is my place to teach
The names and the uses of each part of speech;
I show where a verb or a pronoun should stand,
And here 's Punctuation with me hand in hand.

PUNCTUATION:

I come with Miss Grammar, and this is my task—
When your voice you let fall or a question you ask,

When you stop at a comma, or exclaim in surprise,
With both hands uplifted and wide open eyes,

To be there to direct, and in every case
To put each little mark in its own proper place.
Though this is not all, it is all I will tell,
For here is a lesson with words you should spell.

SPELLING :

Yes, I am the "Spelling-Book." Stand here in line
If you want me to teach you these lessons of mine.
O! is n't it funny when learning to spell,
What curious stories the letters will tell?

It seems such a task to know right from wrong,
And they're quite certain just where they belong.
Have you noticed how seldom the vowels agree?
And that *i*, often gets in the place of an *e*?

But perhaps you have heard all you care for to-day;
If so, I had better be running away.

ALL :

Yet all will be back to begin the school year,
And now we must go, for Vacation is here.

VACATION JOYS

FOR TEN GIRLS AND TEN BOYS

[FIRST GIRL and FIRST BOY advance from opposite sides of
the room and stop within a few feet of the center.]

FIRST GIRL :

What is the first thing you will do
When you are out and school is through?

FIRST BOY :

What will I do when I get out?

Why, you will hear an awful noise,
And you may know the loudest shout

Among the crowd of us schoolboys
Will be myself, beyond a doubt,
Just thinking of vacation joys.

[These two step back near the wall, beginning the formation of a semi-circle as the second boy and girl advance.]

SECOND BOY :

What is the first thing you will do
When school time for the summer 's through?

SECOND GIRL :

Oh, I will start out on a run,
And every one I know and meet
I 'll tell them that our school is done;
And it will be, oh, such a treat!
You know 't will be such lots of fun,
For telling news is awful sweet.

THIRD GIRL [*as first*].

THIRD BOY :

Oh, I will give the wildest screech,
And then will make my highest spring,
And catch what tree branch I can reach
And up among the boughs I 'll swing;
Then shout the news to passers each
Until I make the whole air ring.

FOURTH BOY [*as second*].

FOURTH GIRL:

When I am out I'll laugh for glee,
And laugh and laugh and get my fill,
No matter what folks think of me;
For really how can one keep still?
It is so jolly to be free
And do whatever one may will.

FIFTH GIRL [*as first*].

FIFTH BOY:

When I am out, why, I shall feel
Like tumbling o'er and o'er and o'er,
So I myself will be a wheel
And tumble till I've turned a score;
And when the boys will shout and squeal
I'll only tumble more and more.

SIXTH BOY [*as second*].

SIXTH GIRL:

When I get out I'll skip, not walk,
And sing some of our parting song,
I think the time I'll drum with stalks
Of some tall weeds, if they are strong.
I will not even care to talk
For ever and ever so long.

SEVENTH GIRL [*as first*].

SEVENTH BOY:

When I am out I'll start and run,
And run so fast and far away,
And when at last my race is done,

I'll toss my books and have a play,
And, oh! it will be lots of fun
To be outdoors the whole long day.

EIGHTH BOY: [*as second*].

EIGHTH GIRL:

I know that round and round I'll dance,
But first I'll kiss my teacher, too,
If I can see the slightest chance,
And kiss the other girls all adieu;
And then, without another glance,
I'll dance away till out of view.

NINTH GIRL [*as first*].

NINTH BOY:

I think I'll be so wild with joy,
No doubt I'll try to do each thing
That's done by every other boy,
And roll and shout and run and spring.
To make no noise would sure destroy
The fun that all vacations bring.

TENTH BOY [*as second*].

TENTH GIRL:

I think with all that will be done,
The minute that vacation's here,
That I will be the only one
Who has not one idea that's clear
Of what to do 'mid all the fun,
And so I think I'll stand and cheer.

[*The pupils should now be in the form of a semi-circle, the boys on one side and the girls on the other.*]

FIRST GIRL [*stepping forward*]:

It seems to us that all you boys
Just think of naught but making noise.

FIRST BOY [*stepping before her*]:

To us 't is fun that you call din,
And, oh! I wish it would begin.

BOYS [*sing, air: "Yankee Doodle"*]:

Vacation 's here, and all the sports
That boys can e'er be wishing,
With all the world to play them in,
And we will rest while fishing.

ALL [*together*]:

Playing, playing, keep it up,
Do not be a dandy,
Heed your manners, mind the rules,
And in all games be handy.

GIRLS:

Vacation 's here and we will have
Some time to dress our dollies,
And time to sew and wash for them
And play go to Aunt Polly's.

ALL [*together*]:

Often in our play we 'll join,
Both boys and girls together,
Outdoors when the days are fine,
And indoors in wet weather.

[*March off, boys whistling the air.*]

OUR WORK

E. L. BROWN

FOR FIVE GIRLS

ALL:

We are a band of merry school-girls,
And for us life's just begun;
But we know from faithful teaching,
Life was meant for more than fun.
So we all are working, thinking
Of the part we are to play—
Of the earnest work we'll do,
In the busy world some day.
Each has chosen her vocation,
Each intends to learn it well;
Would you like to hear about it?
This is what we come to tell.

FIRST GIRL:

I shall be a music teacher,
In some city far away;
I shall try to make my pupils
Practice faithfully every day.
I know that I shall love my work,
And through the year till leafy June,
I shall spend my time in teaching
Scales and chords, and time and tune.

SECOND GIRL:

I shall be a stenographer,
In the time we call "some day;"
I will take your letters down
In the quickest kind of way.

On the typewriter I will print them
In style correct and neat,
And almost before you know it—
Your letter will be complete.

THIRD GIRL:

I shall be a trained nurse,
When I'm old enough to be,
And when any of you are sick—
Perhaps you'll call on me.
I'll give you the best of care,
And be cheerful day and night;
The medicine I'll never forget;
The pillows I'll place just right.

FOURTH GIRL:

When I'm grown to be a woman,
A doctor I mean to be,
And then all my dear friends
May come and be treated free.
I'll do all the good that I can—
I'll teach people how to keep well;
And that is better than curing the sick,
As any of you can tell.

FIFTH GIRL:

In the years that are to come,
A teacher I shall be,
And all your dear little ones,
Please send to school to me.
My schoolroom will be pleasant,
The lessons easy, too;
And I will always teach the children
To be faithful, good, and true.

ALL:

And such is our work to be,
In the coming busy years;
We will be well prepared,
And therefore have no fears.
Each one of us is eager
In the world to do her part;
And will willingly use the strength
Of hands, and brain, and heart.

THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL

MARIE IRISH

MARCHING SONG FOR TWELVE (MORE OR LESS) CHILDREN

Tune: Many Flags in Many Lands¹

Form two single files, with tallest member in each line leading, the others arranged according to height, with the shortest member in each file at the rear. One file comes on at right corner front, the other at left. Each child has a garland of spring flowers and green branches, held against the left shoulder with the right hand. Girls should also wear flowers or vines in the hair. If boys and girls both take part, let a boy lead one file and a girl the other. Files enter as they begin to sing; file from right passing to left corner back in diagonal line, the other going to right corner of back, lines crossing at center of stage. From corners of back they pass to form two lines across the back of stage, one line in front of the other, all facing front. They should be in position in these lines at the close of the first stanza; if they get into position before its close the lines mark time until chorus begins.

¹ Music in NEW COMMON-SCHOOL SONG BOOK, by L. Rountree Smith and others, price, 60 cents.

1. Oh, the bright spring days have come again.
List! the birds are singing gay,
And the sunshine calls us forth from school
For a long, long holiday.

As chorus begins they march up stage abreast, in two lines, to near the front, where those on front line face right, those on back line face left, and they pass as shown in Diagram 1. They should be back in lines facing the front, as they were when they stopped marching abreast, when the chorus is finished.

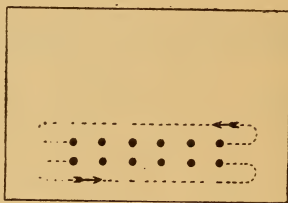


Diagram 1

CHORUS:

So it's good-by to school and teacher dear,
Put all the books away;
Vacation calls and merrily
'Mid the summer flow'rs we'll play.

The line with leader standing near right side faces the right, the other line faces the left; files pass in diagonal lines, one to center of right side, other to center of left, then to center of back of stage, where they turn and go to corners of back and halt in lines along sides, facing each other. (Diagram 2.) They should be in these lines along sides at the close of second stanza; if they get there sooner, mark time till the chorus begins. When chorus starts lines march forward abreast till they meet along center of stage, then all face back and march around as in Diagram 3 and back again to places in lines along center.

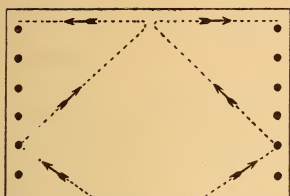


Diagram 2

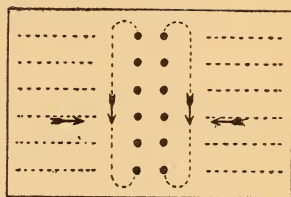


Diagram 3

2. We are fond of school, because we know
 That 't is books improve the mind;
 But in play beneath the summer sun
 Health as well as joy we'll find.

—Chorus, as before

The files face front as soon as they get back to places during the second chorus and mark time till the close of chorus, when all face the back; one leader leads to right corner of back, the other to left corner, then down and form a circle at either side of the stage, as shown in Diagram 4. Stand in circles, marking time till the third stanza is finished; then, during the words of the chorus, each circle rotates; one from right to left, the other from left to right. Rotate twice, then stand marking time until chorus is finished.

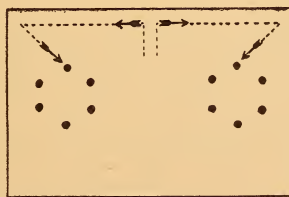


Diagram 4

3. Oh, the feet that lagging went to school
 Now shall hasten forth to play;

And we'll rest beneath the leafy trees,
Where the branches sigh and sway.

—Chorus

The leader of circle on the left leads across to right of stage, while the leader on the right leads across to the left; then from left side to right corner of front and down right side to back, while the other file passes from right side to left corner of front and down left side to back. Here they form two lines across back of stage, facing the front and mark time until close of the fourth stanza. (Diagram 5.)

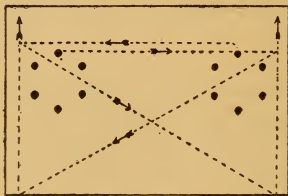


Diagram 5

4. With a fond farewell we part to meet
In this pleasant room once more,
When we hear the school bell calling us,
And vacation days are o'er.

—Chorus

As the last chorus is begun, the files march up stage abreast in two lines to front; one leader turns to right, other to left, files pass to corners of front—sides to back, across to center of back, where the two from each line as they meet form couple. They come up center in couples with flowers raised and crossed (X); then turn to right corner and exeunt. As the lines come up to the front abreast, the flowers should be raised and held up and forward, and slightly waved from side to side, until the couples are formed at back of stage.

SONGS AND MUSIC

WELCOME SONG¹

Welcome here, welcome here,
Friends we love with hearts sincere.
Joyful we, all to see,
Oh, how happy we shall be!
Here our lessons we review,
Here we sing our songs to you;
Happy hours, growing powers,
May all purest joys be ours.

All around, all around,
Smiles of love and joy abound.
Happy days, cheerful lays,
Oh, the joyful schooltime days;
Day by day we must improve,
Make returns for care and love;
Happy hours, growing powers,
May all purest joys be ours.

APPROACH OF VACATION

LETTIE E. STERLING

Tune: Lightly Row¹

Roses bloom;
Their perfume
Says, "Vacation 's almost here."

Bees now hum,
"Soon 't will come,"
Let us give a cheer.

Each new day
Seems to say,
"Nearer, nearer it is brought."
And the star,
Up so far,
Twinkles, "It 's 'most caught."

As winds pass,
Blades of grass,
Daisies, roses, buttercups
Gracefully
Nod, "Ho-he!
Soon with us it sups."

Can't you guess
Why we dress
Lovely thoughts in words of cheer?
'T is 'cause we
Plainly see
That vacation 's near.

Soon, all day
We can play,
Run and shout and laugh and go;
When our fun
Has begun,
Best of health we 'll know.

GOOD-BY TO LESSONS

Tune: "Good-by to Summer"

Good-by, good-by to lessons,
For the year is nearly done,
For the year is nearly done.
We've worked and watched and waited,
Vacation is begun.
Our books and slates are resting,
The blackboard's very neat,
And now our work is finished,
Vacation will be sweet.

Our friends are gathered with us
To keep the happy day,
To keep the happy day.
We welcome them with gladness
To join our merry lay.
We'll do our best to please them
With speeches and with song,
And promise, for their patience,
Not to keep them very long.

VACATION'S CALL

MARIE IRISH

Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!²

In the air there is a voice,
On the breeze its tone comes clear,
And it is a call we gladly shall obey!
Oh, it makes our hearts rejoice,

For that voice we love to hear,
'Tis vacation calling us from school away.

CHORUS:

Tra, la, la, vacation 's coming,
Pack your books and store them 'way;
Good-by, school, we 're tired of you
No more lessons we shall do,
Tra, la, la, vacation comes, hooray, hooray!

Singing birds and leafy dells,
Shady trees and skies of blue,
And the meadows where the fragrant flowers grow,
Coax us from our books away,
Call us to learn lessons new,
Good-by, school! vacation 's here—we 'll have to go.

—*Chorus*

'Rithmetic and History
Are quite useful, we agree,
While at Grammar one should also take a try;
But the page of Nature fair,
Written o'er with flower and tree,
Now allures us, we must go—so, school, good-by!

—*Chorus*

HAIL, VACATION!

*Tune: Hail, Columbia!*²

Hail, vacation! happy time!
Let our voices gaily chime,
For our work is at an end;
As now from school we are released,

Joy and pleasure are increased,
 If in our lessons we have been
 Ever faithful, bound to win,
 Ever grateful for our school,
 Obedient to the teacher's rule.

CHORUS:

Gay and happy let us be,
 Like the birds, we now are free,
 During summer's smiling hours,
 To play among the trees and flowers.

Now the parting hour has come;
 Finished is the last hard sum,
 To teachers dear we bid adieu.
 To-day will be the very last
 Where happiest days have quickly passed.
 While offering thanks, true and sincere,
 For useful lessons gathered here,
 We'll keep in memory schoolmates all,
 And hope to meet again next fall.

—*Chorus*EDUCATION²

S. F. SMITH

(Two of the eight original stanzas of AMERICA)

Our glorious Land to-day,
 'Neath Education's sway
 Soars upward still.
 Its halls of learning fair,
 Whose bounties all may share,
 Behold them everywhere
 On vale and hill! .

The safeguard, Liberty,
 The school shall ever be,
 Our Nation's pride!
 No tyrant hand shall smite,
 While with encircling might
 All here are taught the Right
 With Truth allied.

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

Tune: Juanita

Happy the children
 Standing in life's rosy dawn;
 Happy the children
 While the years roll on.
 Precious hours of childhood,
 All the world for us is new;
 Home or school or wildwood,
 Earth and sky so blue.

CHORUS:

Sunlight and moonlight,
 Down the lanes of life we roam;
 Starlight and firelight,
 Wondrous days to come.

Welcome vacation,
 All our books are put away;
 Welcome vacation,
 Joyous days of play.
 Chime, O bells of morning!
 Follows fast life's shining noon;
 Chime, O bells of morning!
 Night is here too soon.

—Chorus

Life lies before us,
 Days of play and work and tears;
 Life lies before us,
 Bearing hopes and fears.
 Bravely, then, O classmates,
 Strike the mighty chords of time;
 Falter not, O classmates,
 Make life's song sublime.

—*Chorus*

VACATION 'S HERE

Tune: Work for the Night Is Coming

Now is our labor ended,
 Welcome vacation 's joys;
 All hearts are filled with gladness,
 Happy girls and boys.
 Sing till the walls re-echo,
 Sing with a right good cheer,
 Sing that we all are merry,
 For vacation 's here.

Work has been hard and earnest
 Playtime will be most sweet,
 With bluest skies above us,
 Flowers at our feet!
 Sing till the walls re-echo,
 Sing with a right good cheer,
 Sing that we all are merry,
 For vacation 's here.

Now may vacation give us
 Happiness, strength, and health;

These are the best of blessings,
 These are truly wealth.
 Sing till the walls re-echo,
 Sing with a right good cheer,
 Sing that we all are merry,
 For vacation 's here.

GOOD-BY TO SCHOOL

MARIE IRISH

Tune: Mount Vernon Bells³

Good-by, school, vacation 's coming,
 We 'll lay our books away ;
 Good-by school, we 're going to leave you,
 For a long, long holiday.
 Hushed shall be the clanging school bell,
 Still the clock's soft tone ;
 Poor dear schoolroom, you 'll be gloomy
 When you 're left here all alone.

CHORUS:

No merry voices here shall laugh and shout,
 Hip, hooray, vacation 's coming !
 We 'll be free when school is out.

Through the months we have been faithful,
 We 've studied long and well,
 Tried each day to do our duty
 Now we want a resting spell.
 Schoolmates who have met together,
 Lessons here to learn,
 Now will study Mother Nature,
 And her wondrous truths discern.

—Chorus

Good-by, teacher, we must leave you—
 The parting brings a sigh;
 But the lessons you have taught us
 Shall remain as years pass by;
 Farewell, schoolmates, let 's be loyal,
 Nobly live and well,
 Till once more we meet together
 At the clanging of the bell.

CHORUS TO LAST VERSE:

Welcome, vacation, merry be, and then
 We 'll be happy when the school bell
 Calls us here to meet again.

WOODLAND VOICES CALLING

ALICE M. KELLOGG

*Tune: Old Folks at Home (Suwanee River)*²

Once comes again the joyous season,
 Summer is here;
 School over, work and study ended,
 Vacation dear!
 Hear the woodland voices calling,
 Birdies, brooks and flowers.
 Haste from the hot and crowded city,
 Rest in the fragrant bowers.

All through the bright and gladsome summer
 Vacation 's ours;
 Joyous we hail with happy freedom
 Long, sunny, restful hours.
 Hail, vacation, happy season,
 Books now closed must be,

Green woodland shade so cool invites us,
Spreading its balm so free.

When the yellow leaves and red of autumn
Tinge forest grand,
Then to the now deserted schoolroom
Turns back the merry band.
Now, vacation we will hasten
Far from toil and care,
September 's call again will find us
Ready for duty there.

GRADUATES' SONG

JOHN R. DENNIS

Tune: Auld Lang Syne

And now the parting hour has come—
To-day will be the last—
To our dear school we bid adieu
Where happiest days have passed.

CHORUS:

Of old times here, my friends,
Of old times here,
We 'll think with joy in future years
Of old times here.

We 're bound to leave our teachers kind,
And schoolmates tried and true—
We 'll keep in memory each and all,
And oft the past review.

—Chorus

Thanks for the lessons gathered here,
 Improving heart and mind;
 All those who 've sought for wisdom's ways
 A true reward shall find.

—*Chorus*

Oh, comrades, some afar will roam,
 And tired the feet become,
 Yet oft the thought of old times here
 Will chase away the gloom.

—*Chorus*

ONE HEART—ONE WAY

ELLA M. BEACH

Tune: "Days of Absence" or "Zion"

Classmates dear, the fleeting moments
 Tell us that the time draws nigh,
 When with clasped hands we 'll utter,
 Saddest of all words, "Good-by."
 Speak them lowly,
 Sadly, slowly,
 Best of friends must say "good-by."

Pleasant hours we 've spent together,
 Hours of profit, too, we know;
 Let us for each act of kindness,
 Leave our thanks before we go.
 Each to other,
 Sister, brother,
 Heartfelt thanks with joy bestow.

Let our noble motto, ever
 Be our bright and guiding star,
 With "one-heart" as 't were for duty,

Our "one way" will lead us where
 Joy unmeasured
 He has treasured
 For his faithful workers here.

BEAUTIFUL HOURS, GOLDEN HOURS!

Tune: Silent Night

Beautiful hours, golden hours,
 Childhood's day 'mid sun-kissed flowers,
 Days so free from all sorrow and care,
 Blithesome as bird-song, and pure as prayer,
 Sweet will thy memory be,
 Sweet will thy memory be.

Beautiful days, hallowed days,
 Loyal hearts will sing thy praise;
 And on the tide of the coming years
 May thy sweet memory quiet our fears,
 And keep us clean and strong,
 And keep us clean and strong.

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
 Fairest flower in memory's dell!
 To teachers and playmates, so kind and so true,
 Ere we depart we would say to you,
 "God bless you everywhere,
 God bless you everywhere."

GOOD-BY⁴

W. O. CUSHING

Good-by, good-by,
 We hope again to meet you;
 Good-by, good-by,
 We hope again to meet you,

When summer blooms are rarest,
When summer skies are fairest,
When laughing rills gleam down the hills,
And friends and hopes are dearest.

Good-by, good-by,
The glad bright day is over ;
Good-by, good-by,
The glad bright day is over,
Our songs of praise ascending,
With love's sweet incense blending ;
In joyful lays we 'll chant His praise,
Till life's last day is ending.

Good-by, good-by,
Good cheer and love be with you ;
Good-by, good-by,
Good cheer and love be with you,
May Christ, our Saviour, lead us,
In heavenly pastures feed us ;
And bring us home, no more to roam,
Forever more to lead us.

OUR GLAD VACATION

ADA SIMPSON SHERWOOD

Tune: The Battle-Cry of Freedom²

Come, boys and girls, with happy hearts, come raise a merry
song,
Shouting with joy for glad vacation ;
We 'll greet our bright vacation time with cheering loud
and strong,
Shouting with joy for glad vacation.

CHORUS:

Through woodland and meadow our song shall be heard,
 As free as a squirrel, as blithe as a bird;
 With joyous laugh and merry song we 'll have a holiday,
 Shouting with joy for glad vacation.

We 'll seek the haunts where woodbirds sing, and sweetest
 wild flowers grow,
 Shouting with joy for glad vacation;
 Of nature's ever opening book we 'll gladly strive to know
 Shouting with joy for glad vacation.

—Chorus

We play, and sing, and work, and grow, till our vacation 's
 o'er,
 Shouting with joy for glad vacation;
 And for this time of joy and rest we 'll love our schoolroom
 more,
 Shouting with joy for glad vacation.

—Chorus

NOW OUR SCHOOL IS OVER

*Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"*²

Now our school is over, oh, how jolly to be free!
 To run in the fields of clover with the butterfly and bee!
 We will lay aside our troubles now and sing the jubilee;
 Vacation time is here.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.,
 Vacation time is here.

Through the woods we'll ramble, and spend the whole
day long

Where the birds sit in the branches and fill the air with
song;

We will tune our hearts to gladness, and forget all thoughts
of wrong;

Vacation time is here.

—*Chorus*

Early in the morning we will take a line and hook,
And wander through the valley, up and down the bub-
bling brook,

And learn a lot of lessons that are not in any book;

Vacation time is here.

—*Chorus*

GRADUATION SONG

GEORGE COOPER

*Tune: Hail, Columbia!*²

Our school-days now are past and gone,

And yet we fondly linger here;

For sweet each joy that we have known:

'T is sad to part from comrades dear.

The world before us brightly lies,

Yet here fond mem'ry loves to dwell;

With saddened hearts and dewy eyes

We bid to all a sweet farewell!

Farewell! Farewell!

We bid to all a sweet farewell!

Long will our hearts recall each joy

That bounds us in sweet friendship here;

For time can nevermore destroy
 The light of mem'ry burning clear.
 Of other scenes and other cares
 Our lips must now their story tell;
 Each heart your tender mem'ry shares,
 Teachers and comrades, now farewell!

Farewell! Farewell!
 Teachers and comrades, now farewell!

VACATION TIME IS COMING

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Vacation time is coming now,
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 We 'll raise our hats and make a bow,
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 Oh, what a happy time of year!
 We 'll give a rousing, hearty cheer,
 And we 'll shout and sing, for vacation time is here,
 And we 'll shout and sing, for vacation time is here.

We love our books and studies, too,
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 We strive with joy each task to do,
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 But they would never seem so dear,
 If school days lasted all the year;
 And we 'll shout and sing, for vacation time is here,
 And we 'll shout and sing, for vacation time is here.

We love our teachers, kind and good,
 Hurrah! hurrah!
 They 've worked to help us all they could,
 Hurrah! hurrah!

But for vacation time, you know;
Their seeds of wisdom could not grow;
So we 'll shout and sing, for vacation time is here,
So we 'll shout and sing, for vacation time is here.

To school and books we bid adieu,
Hurrah! hurrah!
And, teacher, here 's a bow to you,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We 're g'lad vacation comes along,
For work and play will make us strong,
And we 'll shout for joy when school begins again,
And we 'll shout for joy when school begins again.

MUSIC FOR PRECEDING VERSES

¹Music is to be found in BEST PRIMARY SONGS, by Amos M. Kellogg, price, 20 cents.

²Music in SONGS WE LIKE BEST, price, 12 cents.

³Music in NEW COMMON-SCHOOL SONG BOOK, by L. Rountree Smith and others, price, 60 cents.

⁴Music in MERRY MELODIES, by S. C. Hanson, price, 20 cents.

VACATION GLEE

LOUISA P. HOPKINS

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Now comes the va - ca-tion, the mer - ry va - ca-tion, No care and no

trou - ble have we; _____ No wor - ry and hur - ry, no

nine o'clock flur-ry, No books and no les-sons we'll see _____ But

play and fair weath-er and rare fun to - geth-er, Long days of the

VACATION GLEE (Continued)

sum-mer to pass, ——— To gath-er its flow-ers, to

The first system of musical notation for the first system of the song. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The accompaniment consists of a steady bass line with chords.

rest in its bow-ers, to lie in its green wav-ing grass. — Then

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5. The accompaniment continues with chords and a steady bass line.

wel-come va - ca-tion, good - bye all vex - a-tion, The task and the

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues with quarter notes A5, B5, and C6. The accompaniment continues with chords and a steady bass line.

or - der and rule, ——— For - get all our sor - row, and

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues with quarter notes D6, E6, and F6. The accompaniment continues with chords and a steady bass line.

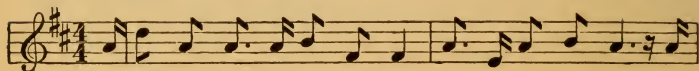
no troub-le bor - row, Good - bye for this year to the school.

The fifth and final system of musical notation. The melody concludes with a quarter note G6. The accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

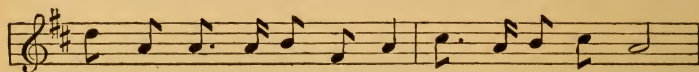
VACATION TIME

L. ROUNTREE SMITH

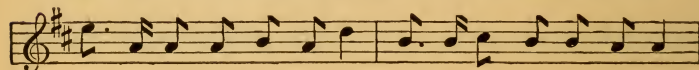
CLARENCE L. RIEGE



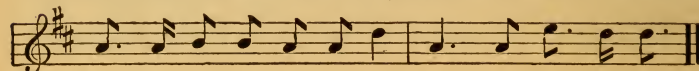
1. Va - ca - tion time, Va - ca - tion time, June has come a - gain! Va -
 2. Va - ca - tion 's come, Va - ca - tion 's come, Ros - es are a - bloom—Now



ca - tion time, Va - ca - tion time! In the wood - land glen.
 school is done, Now school is done—Smell the sweet per - fume.



Sing a song for mer - ry June—All the world is then in tune.
 Pret - ty birds up in the tree, Fra - grant flow - ers on the lea—



Glad va - ca - tion 's com - ing soon—June is here a - gain!
 They 're no hap - pi - er than we—Mer - ry, mer - ry June!

CLASS MOTTOES

1. *Age quod agis*—Finish what you attempt.
2. Aim at a definite end.
3. Always upward.
4. At the foothills, climbing.
5. Climb, tho' the rocks be rugged.
6. Darkness brings out the stars.
7. Deeds, not words.
8. End—there is none.
9. Energy wins.
10. *Esse, quam videri*—To be, rather than to seem.
11. Ever on.
12. Excelsior.
13. Find a way or make one.
14. *Finis coronat opus*—The end crowns the work.
15. From possibility to reality.
16. *Gradatim*—Step by step.
17. Grit wins.
18. Hail to-morrow! Speed to-day!
19. Haste not, rest not.
20. Here endeth; here beginneth.
21. Hilltops; mountains are in view.
22. Honors wait at labor's gate.
23. Impossible is un-American.
24. Labor conquers all.
25. Launched, but whither bound?
26. Look forward, not backward.
27. Look up—and on!
28. Make way!
29. More beyond.

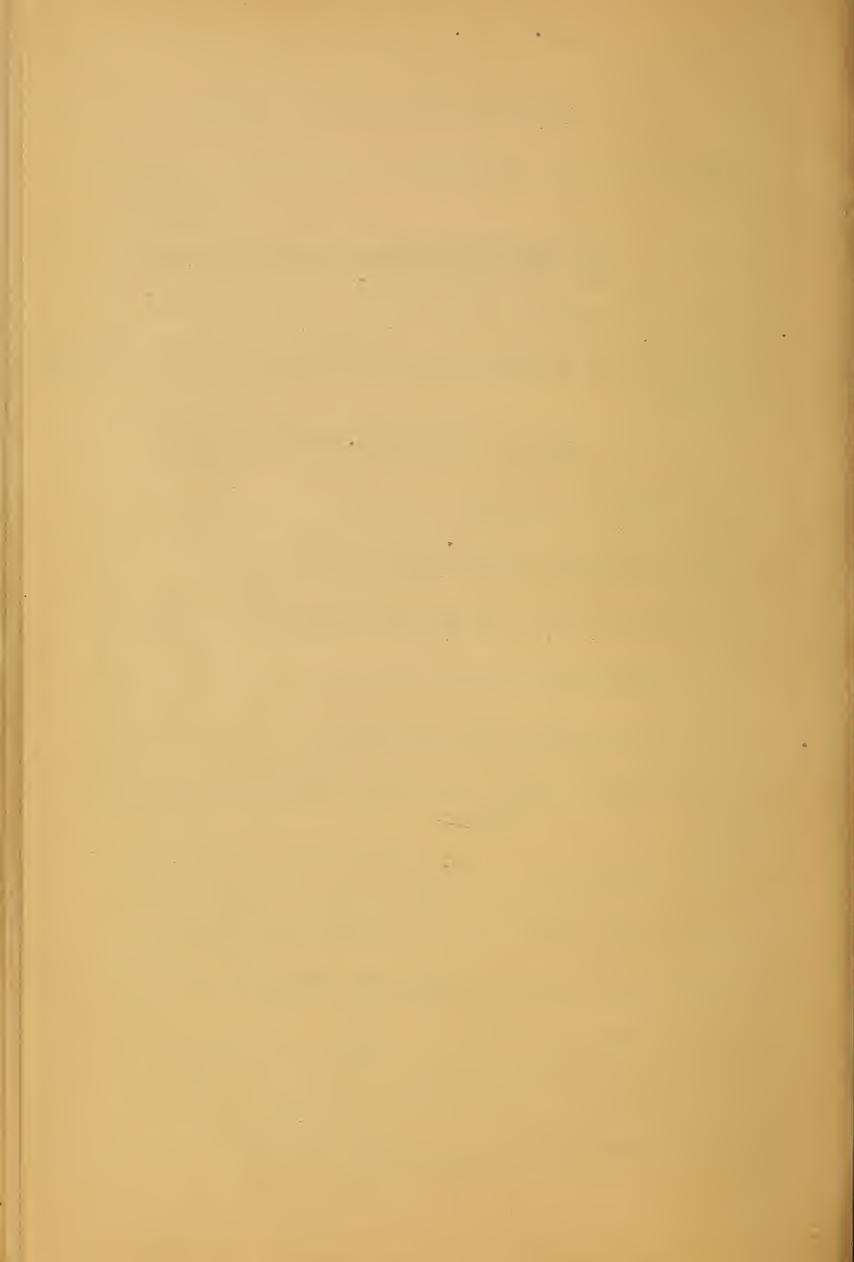
30. *Ne tentes, aut perface*—Attempt not, or accomplish thoroughly.
31. Never say die.
32. *Noblesse oblige*—Nobility has its obligations.
33. *Non incaustus futuri*—Not heedless of the future.
34. *Non palma sine labore*—No victory without labor.
35. Not finished; just begun.
36. Not for school, but for life we learn.
37. Now or never.
38. *Ominia vincit labor*—Labor overcomes all things.
39. On to victory.
40. Onward.
41. Out of the harbor, out on the deep.
42. *Palma non sine pulvere*—No excellence without labor.
43. *Per aspera ad astra*—Through trials to glory.
44. Prepared for better things.
45. *Respice finem*—Look to the end.
46. Rowing, not drifting.
47. Sail on!
48. Something yet to be gleaned.
49. Strive for higher honor.
50. Success waits at labor's gate.
51. Toward the light.
52. Thus endeth our first lesson.
53. Up and on.
54. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*—No steps backward.
55. Victory beyond the stars.
56. Victory is ours.
57. *Vincit qui se vincit*—He conquers who conquers himself.
58. Virtue is the safest shield.
59. *Virtus sola cassis*—Virtue is the only shield.
60. We build the ladder by which we rise.
61. Who thinks can conquer.
62. Without labor there is nothing.

A SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

All of the material for this program (excepting Nos. 1, 6 and 9) will be found within the pages of this book, as indicated.

Motto: Find a way or make one

1. Music (selected).
2. Welcome to Our Schoolroom (p. 51).
3. Recitation—What They Taught Me (p. 25).
4. Reading—Vacation (p. 43).
5. Song—Education (p. 107).
6. Essay—What Our Civics Club Has Done for Our School.
7. Recitation—“I Got to Go to School” (p. 13).
8. Play—Mary Lou’s Recitation (p. 83).
9. Song—The Star-Spangled Banner.
10. Talk—Our Motto (p. 123).
11. Farewell—A Good-by (p. 58).
12. Song—Good-by to School (p. 110).



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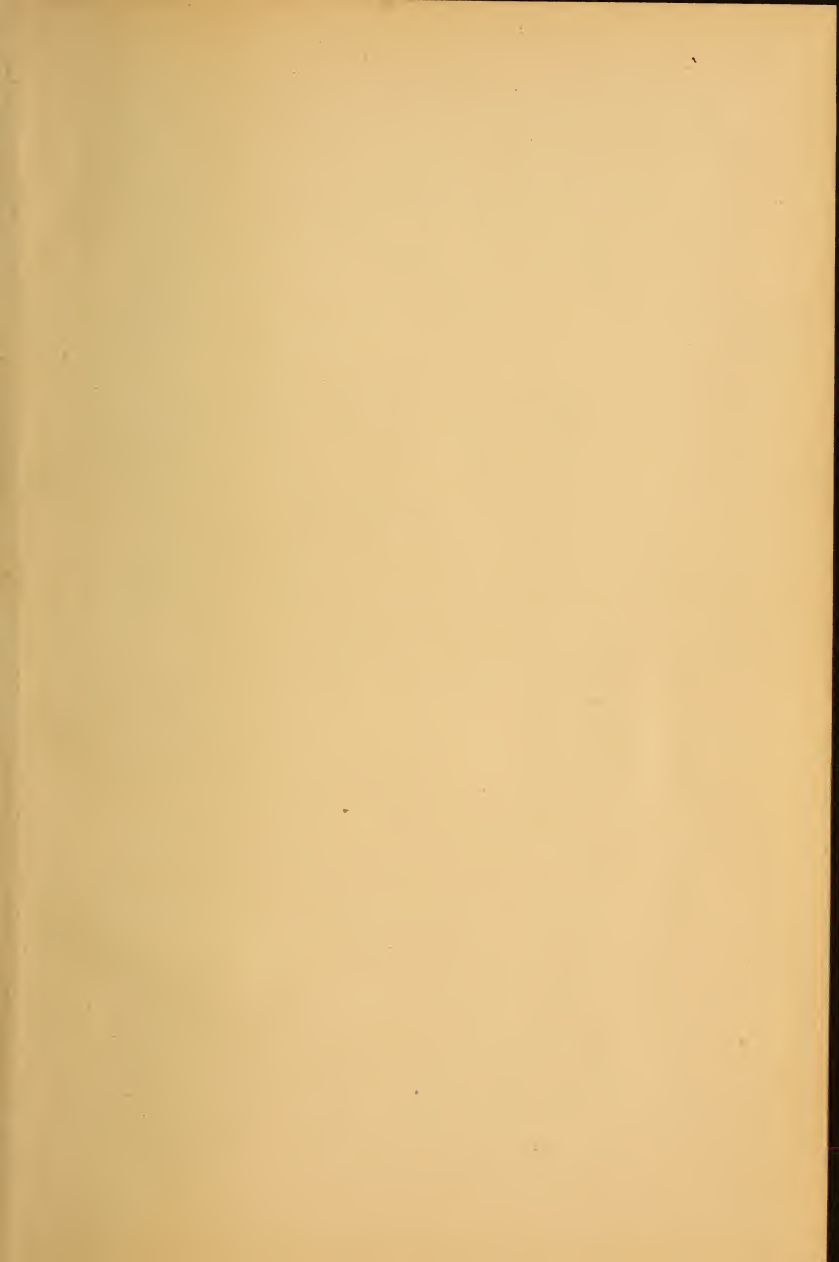
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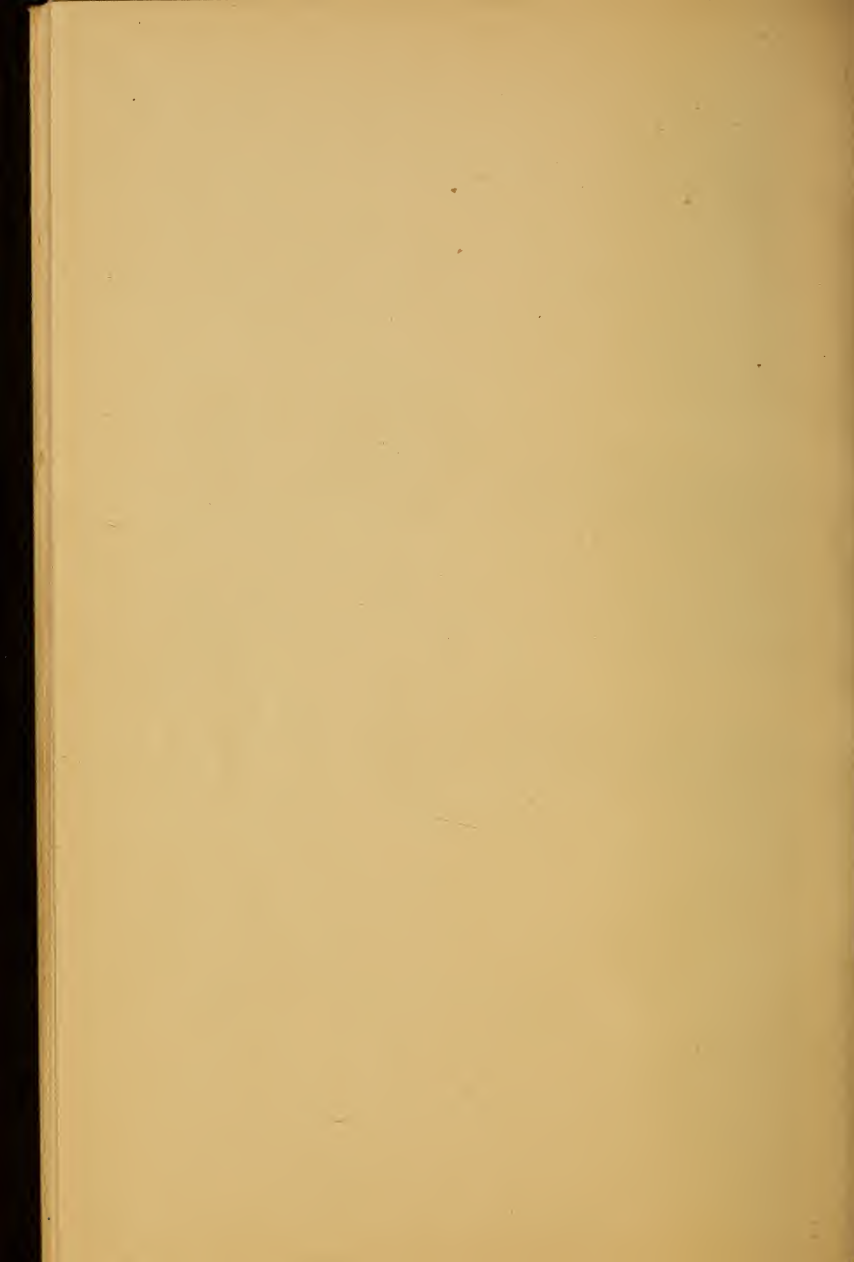
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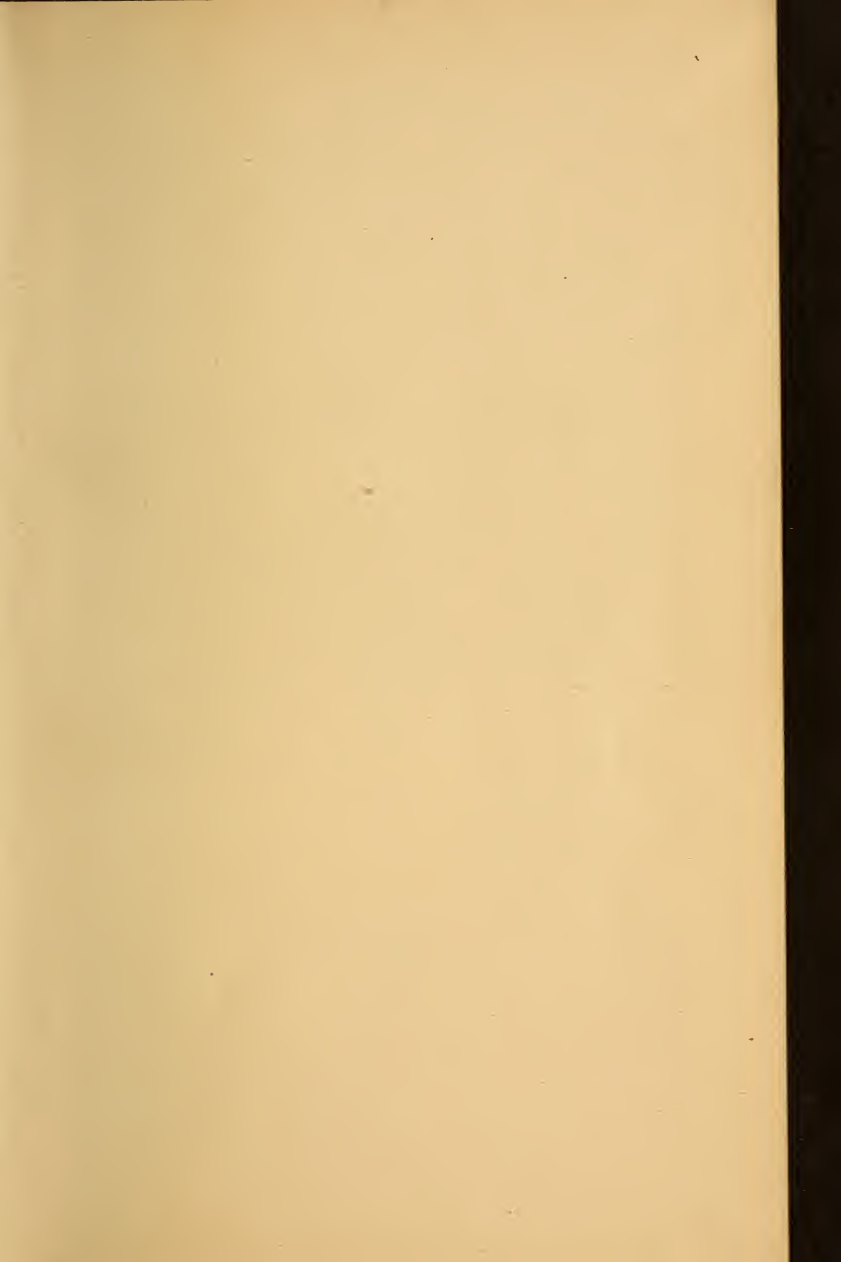
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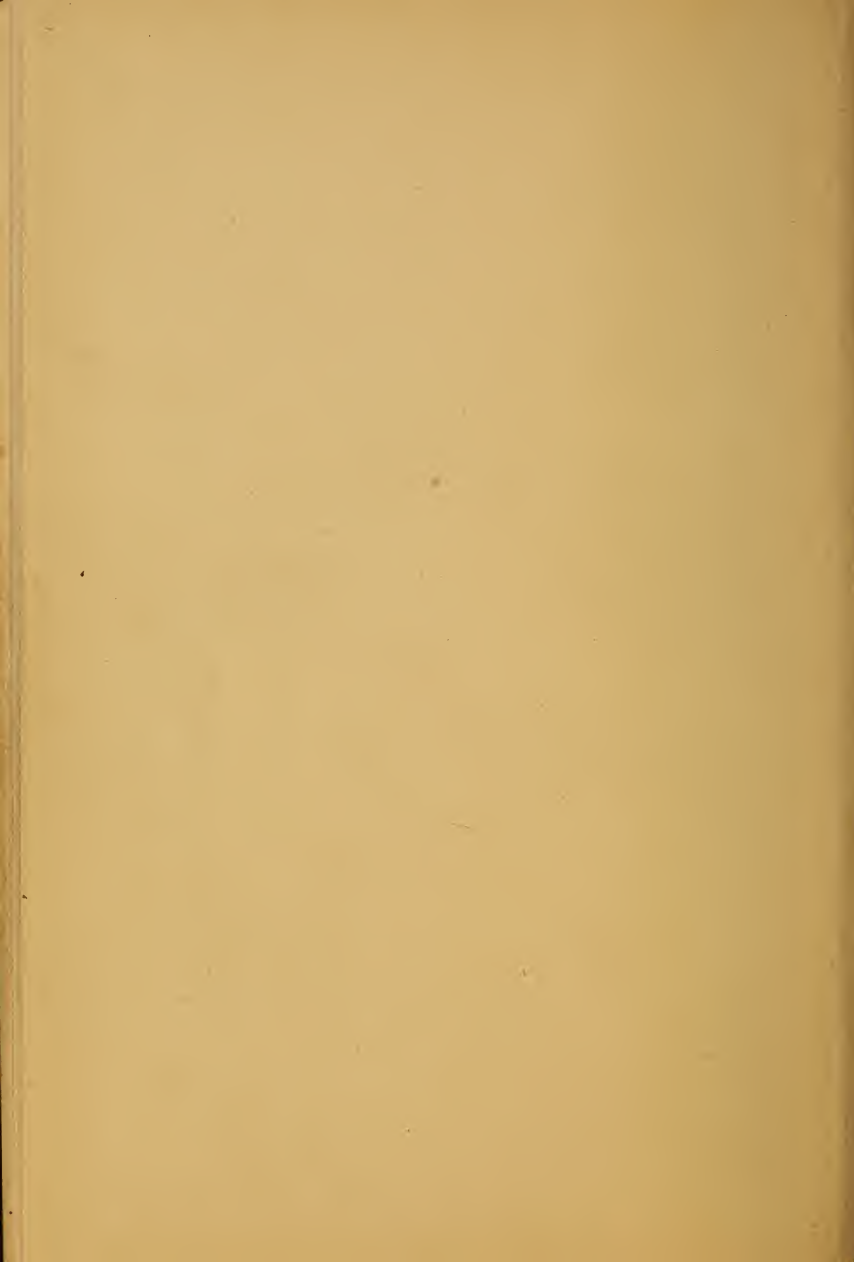
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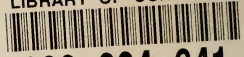








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