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A Day at Happy Hollow School

By LETTIE COOK VAN DERVEER

ACT I.

SETTING—Interior of schoolroom. Chairs arranged in rows for scholars; desk and chair for teacher; blackboard.

(Enter teacher. Severe-looking, wearing eye-glasses. Arranges books and papers on desk. Rings bell.)

(Enter scholars, singly and in groups, talking and laughing until teacher again taps bell. They wear varied costumes, gingham aprons, etc. On entering remove coats, caps, shawls, hats and bonnets—in season and out of season—hanging them on hooks in the wall or on backs of chairs. Hair in pig-tails or curls tied with ribbons or shoestrings in all manner of fashions.)

Each has basket, bag or tin dinner-pail.

Teacher opens roll-book and proceeds to call roll.

Teacher. "Annabel Adams."

Annabel Adams. "Present."

Teacher. "Bessie Bolitsky."

Bessie Bolitsky. "P-r-r-esent!"

Teacher. "Curiosity Cornhusk."

Curiosity Cornhusk. "Present."

Teacher. "Dennis Dockerty."

Dennis Dockerty. "Present."

Teacher. "Etta Elephant."

Etta Elephant (fat child). "I'm here."

Teacher. "Fanny Finney."

Fanny Finney (brogue). "Hyer."

Teacher. "Geraldine Griggs."

Geraldine Griggs. "Present."

Teacher. "Henry Hoskins."

Henry Hoskins. "Pr-r-esent."

Teacher. "Isaac Ibsen."

Isaac Ibsen. "We's both here."

Teacher. "Silence! Next time answer as you should." (Proceeds.) "Ira Ibsen."

Ira Ibsen (very faintly). "Present."

Teacher. "Joshua Judkins."

Joshua Judkins. "Present."

(Other names may be added.)

Teacher. "First class in geography, come forward."

(Advance Annabel, Dennis, Etta, Curiosity and Joshua.)

Teacher. "Now Annabel, you tell me this. If to the right of you is the South, and on your left the North, and in front of you the East—what's behind you?"

Annabel thinks a moment, then starts to cry. "Boo hoo! I knowed it. I told ma you'd see them buttons missin' off my waist."

Teacher. "Ridiculous! I mean the West. Now listen children! Does anybody remember what the population of China is?" (All shake heads negatively.)

Teacher. "Well, the population of China is so great that two Chinamen die every time you take a breath."

(Etta immediately starts puffing furiously. Keeps it up until spoken to.)

Teacher. "Dennis Dockerty go to the board and draw the map of New Jersey."

(Dennis goes, but draws instead a tree, one branch of which is longer than the others, and has on it three disks representing fruit.)

Teacher (just then observing Etta's flushed face and energetic puffs): "Why Etta Elephant, what's the matter? What on earth are you doing?"

Etta Elephant. "Killing Chinamen. I never did like them foreigners what me father calls aliens, and I'm getting rid of them as fast as I can."

(Teacher throws up hands in exasperation. Turns to blackboard.)

"Why Dennis Dockerty that's not the map of New Jersey."

Dennis. "Please, ma'am, my big brother says New Jersey's like a fruit tree, 'cause it's got a Long Branch, three Oranges and a Lemon."

Teacher (meditatively): "Y-e-s, East Orange, West Orange and South Orange—but where's the Lemon?"

Dennis (saucily). "You're the Lemon."

Other Scholars. "O-h-h!"

Teacher. "Go to your seat."

(*Dennis* goes, shuffling his feet and sulking for some time.)

Teacher. "Curiosity, your father is a sailor; would it be possible for him to start to-day to go round the world, and keep sailing always in the same direction till he came back to his starting-point?"

Curiosity. "No, Miss Fitzimmons, pop's laid up with rheumatism."

Teacher. "Dear me! What ails you all to be so stupid to-day. Joshua, have we anything in our country as wonderful as the great volcano, Mt. Vesuvius, which continually pours out smoke and molten lava?"

Joshua. "Sure—give Niagara Falls a chance, it will put the whole thing out in a minute."

Teacher. "Very good. You may take your seats."

(Class obey.)

Teacher. "Next is the class in General Information. Forward."

(Advance Bessie, Geraldine, Fanny, Henry, Isaac and Ira.)

(In the meantime Etta is seen chewing gum vigorously, and planting her feet conspicuously in the aisle as she figets about.)

Teacher (impressively). "Bessie, tell me what you would think if you saw the Stars and Stripes waving over the field of battle?"

Bessie (innocently). "I'd think that the wind was blowing."

Teacher. "Awful!" (observes *Etta*). "*Etta* Elephant, take your gum out of your mouth, and put your feet in immediately." (*Etta* does this literally in pantomime.)

(Just then *Curiosity* pipes up, raising hand as she asks). "Teacher, did you ever see a hair die?"

Teacher. "Certainly *not*."

Curiosity Cornhusk. "Or ink stand?"

Teacher. "*No!* Do be quiet." (Turns to class.) "Now do you know whether any one is going to try to discover the South Pole?"

Fanny. "Oi ain't going."

Teacher. "Oh, *Fanny*, my child, you must not say, 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going.' It's like this: 'I am not going; he is not going; she is not going; we are not going; you are not going; they are not going.' Now, can you say all that *Fanny*?"

Fanny. "Shure Oi can. 'There ain't nobody going.'"

Teacher waves her aside in despair. Asks others: "Which of you can describe the backbone?"

Geraldine (raises hand, standing on one foot in her eagerness to answer). "The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs, and keeps you from having legs clear up your neck."

Teacher. "Now, children, what is a cat covered with? Is it wool? Is it fur? Is it feathers? Is it hair?"

Curiosity (pipes up): "Say, ain't you honest never seen a cat?"

(The others answer in chorus): "Fur."

Teacher. "Geraldine, what is dew?"

Geraldine. "The earth revolves on its own axis three hundred and sixty-five times in twenty-four hours. This rapid motion through space causes it to perspire. This is called dew."

Teacher. "Henry, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Henry. "At the bottom, ma'am."

Teacher. "What is mathematics, Isaac?"

Isaac. "Dunno."

Ira. "Me neither."

Teacher. Well, mathematics is the science that treats of measurement or numbering. For instance: If it takes one man twelve days to build a house, then twelve men can build it in one day. That's mathematics."

(Isaac and Ira put heads together over pencil and paper while teacher asks next question.)

Teacher. "Bessie, if your mother bought four baskets of grapes, the dealer's price being a quarter a basket, how much would the purchase cost her?"

Bessie. "You never can tell. Ma's great at a bargain."

(Isaac and Ira wave their hands to attract attention.)

Teacher. "Well, Isaac? Well, Ira?"

Isaac. "Say Miss Fitzimmons, me'n Ira's figgered out that two hundred and eighty-eight men will build it in one hour; seventeen thousand two hundred and eighty, in a minute, and—"

Ira (interrupts). "And one million, thirty-six thousand eight hundred men will put it up in a second, an'—"

Teacher. "There, that will do—that's quite enough. I see you understand the meaning of mathematics fully."

Curiosity (raises hand and asks). "Please, teacher, did you ever see a stone step, or a bed spring, or a apple turn over?"

Teacher. "Curiosity Cornhusk, I want you to stop asking questions at once. Don't you know that curiosity once killed a cat?" (*Curiosity* is thoughtful.) Children, you may all take your seats."

Curiosity. "Please, teacher, what was it the cat wanted to know?"

Teacher (sinks into chair). "Somebody bring me a glass of water, quick!"

(*Geraldine* gravely goes to pail in the corner and brings a large tin dipper full. *Teacher* revives.)

Teacher. "Children I wanted to speak to you about that poor family who have just moved into the old brown house in the Hollow. The father is just getting up from a sick-bed and not able to work yet and I hear there's scarcely a thing to

eat in the house, and to-morrow is Thanksgiving, you know. I do wish we could send them a good dinner. Can any of you think of a way to manage it without asking too much of our parents?"

(A loud knock is heard at the outer door. While teacher answers it scholars occupy themselves with throwing spit-balls, and various pranks of school children. She returns.)

Teacher. "There are two automobiles just down the hill. They got off the main road by mistake, and one of them is broken down, and the men are trying to get it fixed up. They wanted to know if there was any place near here where they could get something to eat. The one at the door says they're 'positively starving,' and would be willing to pay a good round sum for anything fit to eat. You know there is no house nearer than old Mr. Dawson's and—"

Annabel. "Don't send 'em there, teacher; Mis' Dawson is just doin' her washin' to-day, and she'll most likely have a cold bite."

Teacher. "That's true—and the next place is Mr. Temple's—"

Curiosity. "I saw 'em drivin' off to town as I came by, an' the house was all shut up."

Teacher. "Then there's quite a stretch between there and your place, Bessie."

Bessie. "Mercy! Don't send them there, Miss Fitzimmons. Mother's makin' mince-meat and cookin' up pumpkin for pies, and she'd be all upset."

Teacher. "Well, it appears there isn't very good promise of lunch for these wayfarers unless we help them out. What do you say if we sell our lunches to them and take the proceeds to buy supplies for the folks down in the Hollow? We only have a short session after recess on account of the holiday, so you wouldn't get so terribly hungry before you go home. I'll leave you here for awhile, and if you decide to make this sacrifice you can place your lunches on my desk."

(Scholars immediately begin discussion; some for, some against proposed disposal of lunches; all talking at once and moving about.)

(Presently Annabel rises, sighs and slowly advances to desk, placing basket there, and saying:) "I hate to give up that piece of pumpkin pie, but I couldn't relish it thinking of that Hollow family; I've been hollow myself." (This is funnier if the speaker is a stout girl.)

Bessie (follows her example). "All I hope is that the stew don't all get et up before I get home to-day."

Curiosity. "Guess I'll keep mine."

Dennis. "I love my lunch, but oh! them hungry kids." (Goes forward.)

Geraldine. "Guess I'm as generous as anybody." (Adds her lunch.)

Etta to *Curiosity.* "You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself." (Arises.) "My lunch is out in the cloak-room; I'll go get it."

(While she is gone, Curiosity puts her lunch with the rest, sighing:) "I'll do it, but I guess I'll die like that Curiosity cat; I'll be so hungry." (Thoughtfully.) "Wonder what that cat *did* want to know anyhow."

Joshua. "Guess if they can stand them biscuits of Sis's, I oughtn't to kick."

(Etta returns with huge basket, which she deposits with an air of importance on the desk. Looks contemptuously at Curiosity.)

Fanny. "And I bet you we won't have nothin' but fried praties and onions for supper. But maybe *they* ain't got even them." (Puts bag with others.)

(Isaac and Ira go up together, saying:) "And there's ours."

Henry. "Here's mine, too."

Etta to Curiosity. "There, you see; everybody's give up their lunch but you, you little stingy, contrary, stubborn, selfish, tight-fisted, over-fed, pie-faced pig you—"

Curiosity. "Are you through?"

Etta. "Yes."

Curiosity. "Ain't you got nothin' more to say?"

Etta. "No."

Curiosity. "Well, all of them things you called me you are. I put my lunch there when you went after yours."

Etta (repentently). "Oh, I take it all back."

Curiosity (cordially). "All right, you're welcome."

(Enter teacher.)

Teacher. "Ah, this looks as if everybody has been generous. I'm proud of you. You're all true friends in need. But I was sure you'd do it, so I spoke to the gentleman at the door and he says he will consider it a bargain at any price we say, and will be back with his friends soon. Now for the recitations. Each one of you try to recite something, if only a stanza. And after all have recited, I will call for the fire drill, and all be ready to respond immediately. Don't hesitate, do as you would if the building was really on fire. Now, Annabel you're first on the roll, so you begin speaking."

Annabel comes forward, bows, announces: "Mary's Little Lamb." Bows again, and recites as follows:

"Some folks say that fleas is black,
But that ain't true I know,
For Mary had a little lamb
Its fleas was white as snow."

Teacher. "Now Bessie, it's your turn."

Bessie. "Me and Curiosity's got one together."

Curiosity.

"I asked my Pa a simple thing,
Where holes in doughnuts go?
Pa read his paper, then he said,
'Oh, you're too young to know.'"

Bessie.

"I asked my Ma about the wind,
Why you can't see it blow?
Ma thought a moment, then she said,
'Oh, you're too young to know.'"

Both together.

"Now why on earth do you suppose
They went and licked us so.
Ma asked, 'Where is that jam?' I said,
'Oh, you're too young to know.'"

Teacher. "Now, Dennis."

Dennis recites.

"The lady in the street-car
Was glaring down at me,
Because I chanced to have a seat
And she did not, you see.

"But I rose very quickly
And offered her my seat.
'Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon *my* feet.
Ouch!"

Teacher. "Now we'll have yours, Etta."

Etta. "Please, teacher, I ain't thought of mine
yet." (Nudges Fanny.) "You g'wan, Fanny."

Fanny (grinning and twisting apron).

"Hyer Oi stand, all ragged and dirty,
Ask me me name, an' Oi'll run like a turkey."

Teacher. "Geraldine next."

Geraldine.

"When mother was a little maid
She was so very good,
I really often think that she
Must have been made of wood.

"*She* never, never played a trick
On her pet pussy 'Tib,'
She would not tease; she would not tell
The tiniest little fib.

"*She* always kept her dresses clean,—
Her curls were brushed just right;
She never cried and coaxed that she
Might stay up late at night.

"And very often when I've been
In mischief and been bad,
I think, 'Ain't it an *awful shame*
That I took after Dad.'"

Teacher. "Now, Henry."

Henry (very rapidly and jerkily).

"There was a young girl from Boo Loo
Who wanted to catch the two-two.
Said the porter, "Don't hurry, or scurry or worry,
It's a minute or two to two-two."

Teacher. "Isaac and Ira, I suppose you have
one between you?" (They nod.) "All right."

Isaac.

"The verse you write
You say is written.

Ira.

You fly your kite
But not your kitten.

Isaac.

The gas you light
Is never litten.

Ira.

The things you drank
Were doubtless drunk

Isaac.

The boy you spank
Is never spunk.

Ira.

A friend you thank
But never thunk.

Isaac.

Suppose you speak
Then you have spoken.

Ira.

But if you sneak
You have not snoken.

Isaac.

The shoes that squeak
Have never squoken."

Teacher. "What is yours, Joshua?"

Joshua.

"Grandma, here's a little gumdrop."
"Thank you very much, my sweet,
What a thoughtful little boy you are
To bring Grandma a treat."

"Did you like that gum-drop, Grandma?"

"Yes, my dear, 't was very nice."

"Ain't it queer now, Towsey didn't
'Cause he spitted it out twice."

Teacher. "Dear me, Joshua, perhaps you'd better let me choose your next piece. Now, Etta, if you are ready, we'll have your piece as the final recitation."

Etta.

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert
Reece,

And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece.
So many poems thus he learned, that soon he had
a store

Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning
more.

And now this is what happened; he was called upon one week

And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!
His brain he cudgelled! not a word remained within his head!

And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said.

"My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest proudly by,
It was the schooner Hesperus—the breaking waves dashed high!

Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?

Under the spreading chestnut tree, there is no place like home.

"When Freedom from her mountain height cried,
Twinkle little star,

Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre!

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue crested crags of Drachenfels,

My name is Norval on the Grampion Hills, ring out wild bells!"

"If you're waking call me early, to be or not to be,
The curfew must not ring to-night. Oh! woodman spare that tree!

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! and let who will be clever!

The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!"

(Bows and takes seat.)

Teacher (smilingly). "Now, children, what would you say if I should make a few remarks?"

All together (as in fire drill "Form a line and march outdoors.")

Teacher. "What! what!" (Teacher taps bell sharply.)

Etta (excitedly). "That's the fire bell. Hurry up!" (All rush out, leaving teacher standing amazed.)

(She turns to audience and says:) "Well, ain't that the beatenest?" (Also goes out.)

(Curtain.)

ACT II.

SETTING—Same as Act. I.

(Miss Fitzsimmons sits at her desk arranging some papers. Laughter and talking is heard, followed by the entrance of the automobile party of six persons.)

Mrs. Morrison, a stout, elderly lady.

May Morrison, her daughter, affected young lady.

Betty Bennet, May's friend.

Charley Chadwick, May's beau, something of a "smarty," but a "good sort."

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, an affectionate couple.

May Morrison (ecstatically). "Oh, what a perfectly darling place! The veritable little old red schoolhouse."

(Miss Fitzsimmons sniffs audibly as she looks her over disdainfully).

Charley Cradwick (taking her hand and skipping with her down the aisle, sings):

“School-days, school-days
Dear old Golden Rule days.
Readin’ and writin’ and ’rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of the hick’ry stick.
You were my queen in calico,
I was your bashful, bare-foot beau,
And you wrote on my slate, ‘I love you, Joe,’
When we were a couple of kids.”

Mrs. Morrison (advances to the teacher’s desk). “Good morning, Miss—ah?”

Teacher (shortly). “Fitzsimmons.”

Mrs. M. “Ah yes, of course. You are the teacher, I presume?” (*Miss Fitzsimmons* nods.) “Awfully nice of you to extend your hospitality to us in this way.”

Mr. Brown (joins in). “Yes, indeed, its great of you to help us out.”

Charley (facetiously). “Oh, no, Brown; this is a case of our being ‘taken in.’”

(The girls giggle).

Miss Fitzsimmons (after a contemptuous glance in his direction, responds quite graciously to the others). “I’m sure I’m glad we could be of service to you, and the children are pleased at the prospect of helping the poor family, which your generosity has made possible.”

Mr. Brown. “Oh, don’t mention it.”

Miss Fitzsimmons. “And you’ll find all the lunches on those seats” (pointing to them). “I hope you will enjoy them.” (Turns to her papers. The others murmur their thanks and proceed to remove their wraps, all but Mrs.

Brown, who draws her fur more closely about her throat.)

Mr. Brown. Cold, dearie?"

Mrs. B. (plaintively). "Simply freezing, honey."

Charley (aside to May). "Buzz! Buzz!"

Mr. Brown (bustling about). "Where is the radiator, anyhow?"

Miss Fitzsimmons. "The stove's up there at the other end of the room."

Charley. "Oh, I say, Brown, let's turn our attention to the baskets now and hug the stove afterwards. I'm completely caved in."

(Mr. and Mrs. Brown gracefully agree to this, and the opening of the baskets, bags and kettles begins.)

(The door in view of the audience opens on a crack and Curiosity's hooded head appears unnoticed by the occupants of the schoolroom, and one after another the curious faces of the children appear.)

Betty (gleefully). "Oh! Oh! a cup of cranberry jelly." (Takes it out.)

May. "And here are two simply luscious-looking cakes with chocolate on top."

Charley. "Horray! pumpkin pie."

Mrs. Brown. Oh, lovey, look! A great big, juicy cruller." (Holds it up).

Mr. Brown. "We'll eat it together over by the stove, pet."

Charley. "Going to eat the whole of it?"

May. "Oh, Charley, you funny funny thing!"

(They group themselves about and arrange the viands on napkins found in the baskets.)

(Just then Charley espies the faces at the door, which promptly bob out of sight, except Curiosity's.)

Charley. "Hello there, sis! How's all the pigs up at your place?"

Curiosity. "Oh, pretty well, thank you. How's all your folks?"

(Betty claps her hands). "Good! good!"
(The others laugh, Charley included).

Charley. "Oh, I say! What's your name, anyhow?"

Curiosity. "Same as father's."

Charley. Yes, I know that, but what's father's now?"

Curiosity. "Same's mine."

Charley. "Well, but what do they say when they call you to breakfast?"

Curiosity. "They don't never call me. I al-lers git there first."

Teacher. "Why, Curiosity, I thought you had gone home."

Curiosity. "No'm. We thought we'd wait and take our baskets home after they're through with 'em."

Mrs. Morrison. "Oh, let them stay, Miss—Persimmons."

Teacher. "*Fitzsimmons.*"

Mrs. Morrison. "Oh, yes, of course, Fitzsimmons. Let them all come in; there's plenty here for all of us and them, too."

May. "Oh, yes, do. It'll be a perfect circus."
(Charley throws wide the door). "Come in, come in, friends, and help us eat up your lunches."

(The children, after much whispering and "you go first," troop in bashfully, giggling and nudging one another, and the eating commences, Mrs. Morrison presiding over the distribution of the lunches.)

Charley (munching a sandwich). "My, but this chicken sandwich is prime. Who brought it, anyway?"

Dennis (shyly). "I did."

Charley. "Your own chickens?"

Dennis. "Yes, sir."

Charley. "I should think you'd hate to chop the heads off the poor chickens."

Dennis. "Oh, we get around that all right."

Charley. "How, now?"

Dennis. "Oh, we chop the chickens off."

(The grown-ups all laugh delightedly.)

Curiosity (intently regarding Miss May's enjoyment of the generous portions of lunch at her place and Charley's attentions toward her), asks Mr. Brown, "Is he going to marry her?" (indicating them by a nod of her head).

Mr. Brown. "I believe so."

Curiosity. "And buy her everything?"

Mr. Brown. "Yes."

Curiosity. "Clo's and dinners and ice-cream and things?"

Mr. Brown. "I presume so."

Curiosity. "Well, that man's got lots of courage, ain't he?"

(Mr. and Mrs. Brown laugh amusedly, and Charley turns from a conversation with May to ask), "Hello! now what's the joke?"

Etta E. "Oh, its her" (motions to Curiosity). "she's et so much of my tomato ketshup she's gettin' sawcy."

Curiosity. "Well, you et that big apple out of my basket."

Etta. "Well, here, plant the seeds and you can have a whole orchard." (Holds them out to her provokingly.)

Charley (to *Annabel*). "Well, sister, did you make this pie?"

Annabel. "No, sir. Ma did, though, and she'll write off how if you want me to ask her to."

Charley. "Now that's kind of you. Pray do. How'd you like a good receipt for catching rabbits?"

Annabel (staring). "Wh-y! I—I'd like to have it."

Charley. "Well, you crouch down behind a thick stone wall and make a noise like a turnip."

Annabel. "O—h!" (thinks it over).

Mr. Brown (to *Mrs. B.*) "Isn't this black-berry jam delicious, sweetness? (Gives her a spoonful). "But you'd know it reminds me of a painful blunder I made once when visiting the country, which I never want to repeat."

Mrs. Brown. "Dear me! Did you mistake a stranger for an acquaintance, honey?"

Mr. Brown. No, not exactly that, but I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."

Mrs. Brown. Oh, my!"

Annabel (to Charley). "I can tell you a better way to catch 'em."

Charley. Catch what?"

Annabel. "Why, them rabbits."

Charley. "How now?"

Annabel. "You go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbages and look natural."

(The laugh is on Charley.)

May (to Bessie Bolitsky). "Now I expect you little girls know a perfectly awful lot, don't you? Can you tell me how many ribs you have?"

Bessi (squirming and giggling). "I don't know, ma'am. I'm so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."

Mr. Brown (to Fanny). "I hear we pass your house on our way to the turnpike. I'd like to stop and see your father about buying some of these apples (eating one). Think he is home?"

Fanny. Oh, yes-sir. He's worrikin' down at the end of the back lot where the pigs is. You'll know father 'cause he's got a hat on." (A burst of laughter).

Fanny (indignantly). "Well, I don't see what you're laughin' at. The hired man's got on a cap."

Mrs. Morrison. "I suppose you children know lots about history. Now who can tell me the name of the first man?"

Henry. "George Washington."

Mrs. M. "Why do you think George Washington was the first man?"

Henry. "Because he was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Joshua. "No, Henry. You're way off. George Washington couldn't a' been the first man 'cause my history-book says he married a widow; so there must a' been another man way ahead of him."

(Laughter from grown-ups.)

May. "You surely are well informed about Washington. How about Lincoln?"

Geraldine. "We's just writing compositions on him to hand in next Monday. I've got mine here if you'll like to hear it."

May. "I'd simply love to."

Betty. "Oh, yes, do read it."

Geraldine (takes paper out of book and reads). "Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky at a very early age. His father moved the family to Ohio, floating down the Mississippi. If he had not been killed by a murderer he might be living to-day. He was an intelligent man and could easily have been President of New York City."

(The grown-ups try to hide their smiles.)

May. "Perfectly remarkable."

Mrs. Morrison (to Isaac). "Have another sandwich, my boy, or a pickle or something."

Isaac. "No'm, thanks; I'm full."

Mrs. M. "But surely you are not finished yet. Why here is some delicious pie."

Isaac. "Yes'm, I'm saving my neck for that."

Mrs. Brown (to *Annabel*). "And this little girl has stopped eating, too. Do take another cake."

Annabel (with a sigh, as she takes the proffered cake). "Well, I've quit swallerin', but I can chaw yet."

Mrs. M. (rising and going to the teacher's desk, where *Miss Fitzsimmons* is lunching while she marks and arranges papers). "Well, my dear *Miss Fitzgibbons*—"

Teacher. "Fitzsimmons."

Mrs. M. "Oh, of course, Fitzsimmons. My dear *Miss Fitzsimmons*, this has been a most enjoyable and unique occasion to us."

Teacher. "I'm glad, I'm sure."

(*Mr.* and *Mrs. Brown* join them.)

Mr. B. "We'll remember it as one of the events of our lives, won't we, *Rosebud*?"

Mrs. B. "Indeed we shall. It makes one wish she were a little schoolgirl once again."

Mr. B. (fondly aside). "And I a little school-boy to carry her books."

Mrs. B. "You dear, foolish boy."

Charley. "But, oh, say, *Mrs. Morrison*, before we go let's have a game of something or other. What say, everybody?"

May and Betty. "Oh, yes, let's."

Children. "Oh let's do."

Charley. "What shall it be?"

Children cry. "Ring-around-a-rosey," "Puss-in-the-corner" and "London Bridge."

Charley. "Well, let's see; that's three to choose from. How many say Ring-around-a-rosey, hold up your hands."

(A few of the children's hands are raised.)

Charley. "Now Puss-in-the-corner. How many am I bid for Puss-in-the-corner?"

(A few more hands are raised.)

Charley. "Now for London Bridge. Going—going—gone."

(The other children and all of the grown-ups hands are raised except the teacher's and Mrs. Morrison's, who stand aside laughing.)

Charley. "London Bridge has it. You come on, too, Mamma Morrison and Miss Teacher. Everybody forward. Who'll be London Bridge? You do, Betty and May, and come on, the rest of you. Line up behind me and we'll storm the bridge."

(The two young ladies join hands, and the others, headed by Charley—Mrs. Morrison and the teacher protestingly joining, coaxed by the children—pass under the arched hands, singing:

"London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady."

(May and Betty drop their hands around the person going under the arch as the word "lady" is sung.)



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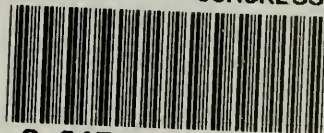
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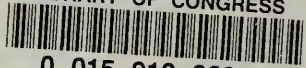
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