



LITTLE MEN and Little WOMEN.

A HUNT FOR MOTHER GOOSE

AN OUTDOOR SUMMER PLAY FOR CHILDREN IN COSTUME.

Characters:

- Mother Goose.
- Little Boy Blue.
- Little Bo-Peep.
- Little Miss Muffett.
- Simple Simon.

Costumes: All the children are dressed as nearly as possible like the representations in a Mother Goose Book.

Scene: A level lawn with a background of trees.

Little Boy Blue (entering hastily)—The Sparrow told me she had come down this way. If I can only find her! She'll be sorry! I only wish the Sparrow had loaned me his bow and arrow, but he wouldn't. Sparrows are not very generous, but they are great talkers, and I do believe, yes, I do believe it's those mean little sparrows that tell tales to mother about me. She says a bird tells her; and, oh, I've only just thought of it, I shouldn't wonder if it was a sparrow that made all the trouble for me. I bet he ran and told Mother Goose how I went to sleep in the haystack, and that's why she wrote it down. I wish I had dared the Sparrow to a fight before I came on to hunt Mother Goose. But a sparrow is such a mean, measly, undersized little scamp I really don't see how a big boy like me could fight him. It wouldn't hardly be fair. Hush, here's somebody coming now! Maybe it's old Mother Goose herself. Come on, old lady; I am ready for you!

Little Bo-Peep (entering and dancing up to Little Boy Blue)—Oh, Little Boy Blue, where did you come from? I'm so glad to see you. Maybe you can tell me where old Mother Goose is.

Little Boy Blue—She's just the one I'm looking for. What do you want of her?

Little Bo-Peep (stamping her foot)—Why, I'm just as mad at her as I can be. She went and wrote a silly verse about me, and all the children all over the world know it by heart. You know that day I lost my sheep; well, I found them, and they are all safe in the fold this minute, but she made such fun of me, and—and—(putting her fists in her eyes) I just won't be made fun of, so there!

Little Boy Blue (taking Little Bo-Peep by the hand)—There, she did just the same thing to me, and I was going to—to—scare her out of her seven wits! Look here (pulling a little mechanical toy mouse out of his blouse). All women are scared of mice. (Little Bo-Peep screams). There, it's not alive, but it looks alive, and I'm going to drop it right under her feet. Hark, here's some one. Maybe it's she. (Stuffs the mouse back in his blouse.)

Simple Simon (entering with a pie balanced high on one hand)—Ho, little ones, whither go ye? Wait for me. Have ye seen old Mother Goose anywhere round? (The other two stare at him.)

Boy Blue and Bo-Peep (in concert)—Why, we've been looking for her ourselves. What do you want of her?

Simple Simon (scowling)—She went and wrote a whole yarn about my wanting to eat pies I didn't pay for. I'm going to pay her up for it. See this pie? (The children looked at it hungrily.) Looks just like pumpkin inside, but if you want to know what it's made of I'll tell you; it's made of mustard and bad eggs. (They all make wry faces.) I'm going to offer it to old Mother Goose, if I can find her, and then she'll be sorry. Hush, here she is now!

Little Miss Muffett (entering)—Why, where did you all come from? Can any of you tell me where old Mother Goose lives? (The others all stare at her and then laugh.)

Simple Simon—We all seem to be after her. Has she done anything to you?

Miss Muffett—Yes; I should say she had. She wrote a verse about my being scared of spiders,

and all the little children who study about bugs and spiders in school are laughing at me. Maybe I used to be, but I'm not now. Look; I have a whole collection of them in this little box, and when I find old Mother Goose I'm going to let these spiders all run down her neck!

Bo-Peep—I haven't anything to scare her with. I was just going to scold her hard. She's treated us all the same way. We just ought to make her awfully sorry. Hush, here she is now. Don't you hear her?

Mother Goose (singing in the distance)—
Little Bo-Peep,
She lost her sheep,
And didn't know where to find them.
Leave them alone—

(Enters, still singing, and stops when she sees

the back of her neck, and pulls up a string of pretty beads, which she holds before the astonished children.) Somebody must have been putting spiders down my neck. I am a witch, you know, my dearest little ones, and on me spiders turn to beautiful beads. Hand me another piece of that delicious pie, Simon, dear.

Simple Simon—But—but—it's made of—of—
Mother Goose—Oh, I don't care what it's made of. I'm a witch, you know, and whatever I put in my mouth turns to sweetest nectar. If I ate you, Simon, or you, Little Bo-Peep, or you, Miss Muffett, or you, Boy Blue, you would all taste good. I believe I will eat you. (The children all run away in great haste, with Mother Goose after them.)

THE AMIABLE CASSOWARY.

Mr. Cassowary now has a home in Bronx Park, where he and Mrs. Cassowary enjoy life and love in a cottage and take daily exercise in their front yard. Mr. Cassowary, however, is not a native American. He and his ancestors have always lived in the islands of the Malay Archipelago, especially the Moluccas and the isle of Papua. While Mr. Cassowary does not entirely approve of American ways, he seems to be trying to cultivate a cheerful and amiable spirit under all conditions.

Mr. Cassowary is not handsome. He has rather



GRANDPA—WELL, BOBBIE! HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR NEW LITTLE BABY BROTHER? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM?
BOBBIE (disgustedly)—WELL, IF I WAS MOTHER I'D JUST SEND IT BACK AGAIN.
GRANDPA—WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
BOBBIE—THEY'VE SENT AN OLD ONE. HE'S JUST LIKE YOU—HASN'T GOT ANY HAIR OR TEETH.
—(The King)

the children, who all stand in a defiant row looking at her.)

Bo-Peep—We have been looking for you, Mother Goose. We have heard all the songs you have made about us, and we have been wanting to express our appreciation. Simon here has brought you such a jolly pie. His mother made it, and he will cut you a piece. I hope you don't mind eating it with your fingers. (Simon hands a triangle of pie to old Mother Goose.)

Mother Goose—Thank you, my dear; this is a very pleasant surprise. I will sit right down in this garden chair and eat it. Then I will sing you all some songs. (When she is seated Boy Blue drops the mouse at her feet and Miss Muffett drops the spiders down her neck. The spiders are to be made of yarn or thread, with bead bodies.) Oh, this is such good pie! (Eats it all down, and as she reaches out for another piece sees the mouse at her feet.) Why, what a cunning, cunning little mouse! (Picks it up and examines it, while the children stare at her open mouth.) Mother Goose reaches round

short, thick legs, a body like a big black sheep, with long wool, for his feathers resemble long, smooth strips of wool as much as anything. He has no tail feathers, and his wings are small. He has a long neck, and his head is really handsome. His eyes are big, brown and sparkling; his nose is sharp, and on his head he wears an impressive horny crest. He also wears a handsome necklace of red and blue beadlike wattles, and he seems proud of this.

The other day he seemed in an especially gay and festive mood; and he danced about with a step that would have won him a prize in any cakewalk. He poised on one leg and executed a Highland fling, and then went gayly dancing across the yard and back again in high glee. A family of peacocks occupy the cottage next to the cassowaries, and while Mr. Cassowary was dancing so merrily one of the young peacocks lifted up his voice and sang a dirge. If you have ever heard a peacock sing you will wonder that it did not take all the spirit out of Mr. Cassowary. But it didn't. He gave one bright and scornful glance at Mr. Peacock and went on dancing as joyously as ever.

THE OWL AND SERAPHINA.

BY SARAH ISHAM COIT.

The old hoot owl sat in the tall cedar tree, And invited his lady love over to tea. Said he: "I'll be singing a nice little song, As fair Seraphina is coming along.

Oh hoo and oh hee! How pleased she will be When she hears me singing a song," quoth he.

The old hoot owl twinkled his wise gray eye. "I must keep a sharp watch on the passers by, For though I've invited a guest to my tea The meat is still lacking," quoth he, quoth he.

"Oh hoo and oh hee! How vexed she will be If there should be nothing for tea," quoth he.

Seraphina sat watching hard by on a tree. "He'd better be finding the meat," quoth she; "Than spending his time singing songs for me; Indeed, and I'll not venture there for my tea.

Oh hoo and oh hee! I want something for tea Besides silly singing," quoth she, quoth she.

She rolled her round eyes to another tall tree, And a gay young cock owl called out jauntily: "Oh, come over here, my pretty, and see What I have to offer you now for tea."

"Oh hoo, and oh hee! you're the bird for me; That sounds more like it," quoth she, quoth she.

So sweet Seraphina on pleasure now bent, Shook out her gray plumage and gayly she went. They relished their supper, and laughed loud with glee That they'd tricked the old owl in the tall cedar tree.

"Oh hoo!" cried the ancient gray owl, "and oh hee! So that is the way Seraphina serves me! Hence my own quiet way is the best that can be; I'll never invite her again to my tea."

BRAIN PUZZLERS.

PROPER NAME PUZZLE.

1. Add four letters to a girl's name and make fitted for.
2. Add seven letters to a boy's name and make dropped out.
3. Add two letters to a boy's name and make regal.
4. Add one letter to a girl's name and form a beautiful substance growing in the sea.
5. Add two letters to a girl's name and make to avoid.

THE QUEER LETTER.

I am a letter of the alphabet. If you add me to hearty I become a fish; but if you add me to fowl I become an adverb; if you add me to an article of wearing apparel I become another adverb; if you add me to what we feel in summer I become a valuable food product; but if you add me to a part of your body I will go round, and if you add me to a pronoun I become a caprice, while if you add me to another part of your body I become what you will have reason to dread if you are a bad boy. In each case I am added in a uniform manner to the word described. Guess what letter I am and give the words defined.

WORD SQUARES.

- (a) 1. Speed. 2. Tunes. 3. Parts of houses. 4. A kind of cloak. 5. An attempt.
- (b) 1. A lazy person. 2. Every day. 3. Discolored. 4. To suppress. 5. A Dutch coin.

HIDDEN INSECTS.

1. I wonder if lye is good for use for that purpose.
2. I am sure you will be ever remembered if you do this deed.
3. Philip ran to help the old lady out of her carriage.
4. Did you say Peter was perfectly willing to go?
5. Here is the old man's staff—leave it within reach.

A LESSON IN READING.

Read the following so as to make a sentence of twelve words: OUYTTTICURROACCR.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in agent, but never in sale.
My second's in storm-cloud, but never in gale.
My third is in evening, but never in morn.
My fourth is in grieving, but not in forlorn.
My fifth is in ancient, but never in gray.
My sixth is in April, but never in May.
My seventh's in apple, but never in plum.
My eighth is in cannon, but never in drum.
My ninth's in delicious, but never in nice.
My whole is a country abounding in ice.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES PUBLISHED ON AUGUST 17.

CHARADE.

Philippine (Philip-lip-pine).

WORD SQUARES.

(a)	F E A T	P L E A
	E A S E	L E A P
	A S I A	E A S E
	T E A M	A P E S

ADDITIONS.

1. Man-date; 2. P (pea)-lease Please; 3. Par-take; 4. Help-less; 5. West-ward.

MIXED SYLLABLES.

En-gine. At-tack. Leo-pard. Mem-ber. Let-ter. Lea-der.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

S e A
C a T
H a L
O i A
O w N
N u T
E l I
R o C

Schooner Atlantic.

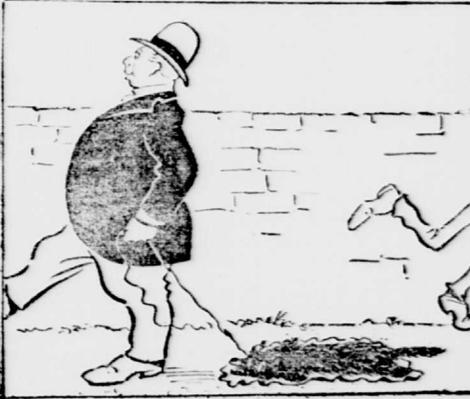
SUCH FUNNY DOGS.



A HAIRY DOG AND A HAIRY MAT—



YOU SOON WILL SEE WHAT THESE BOYS ARE AT—



THEY TIED THE MAT TO THE END OF THE STRING—



AND LAUGHED AT THE FRIGHT THEY KNEW 'TWOULD BRING.—(Chums)