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# Young America Does Its Bit.

—BY—

Marjorie Murphy, Ethel Carruthers and Clara Taber.



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# Young America Does Its Bit

OR

## Gardening to Win.

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A little Play to be given by American Girls and Boys for Fatherless Children of France, or other little War Sufferers.

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Written by Marjorie Murphy, Ethel Carruthers, Clara Taber. Illustrations by Marjorie Murphy.

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— Published by —  
**ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE,**  
**FRANKLIN, OHIO - DENVER, COLO.**

CAST OF CHARACTERS

*Girls*

FOUR LITTLE AMERICANS  
PETITE MARIE and seven other little French  
Orphans.

CUBA

THE FRISKY LITTLE ONION

THE UNBEATEN BEET

THE WORTHY LITTLE CUCUMBER

THE DAINY LETTUCE

THE UNEXPECTED TURNIP

*Boys*

FOUR LITTLE AMERICANS

FILIPINO

CAPTAIN

BOY SCOUT

THE KINGLY POTATO

THE WORLDLY TOMMY TOMATO

THE HELPFUL CARROT

THE TENDER-HEARTED PUMPKIN

THE USEFUL CORN

THE BEAN U. S. N.

THE SACK OF FLOUR

THE BUG

THE FARMER

*Men*

UNCLE SAM

COOK

*The American children should be about ten years of age. The French children from six to nine years. The vegetables, five to eight.*

*The frames for the vegetables are made of wire, or rattan and covered with paper-cambic, crepe or crepe-paper.*

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CUBA AND FILIPINO

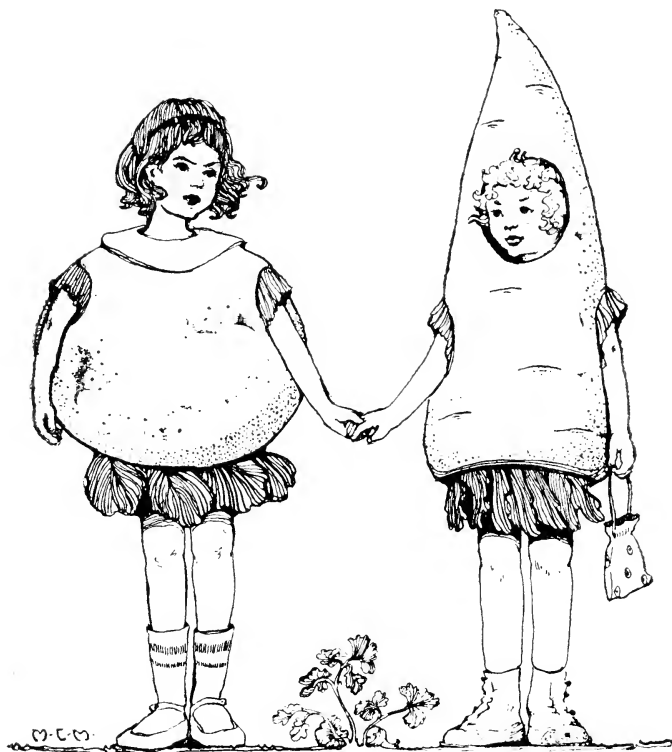


PETITE MARIE

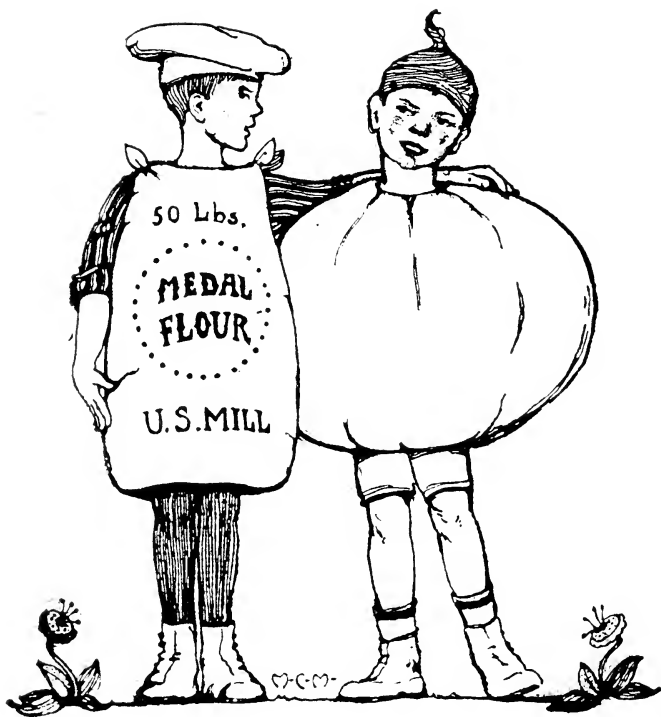




TOMMY TOMATO AND LETTUCE



TURNIP AND CARROT



FLOUR AND PUMPKIN

# Young America Does Its Bit.

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## ACT I.

*Scene. A garden. A hedge or a vine-covered stone wall, three feet in height, extends across the back of the stage, some three feet from the back drop and is broken by a gateway at center. There is an arch of greenery or a rose-trellis over the gateway. If possible, the back drop should be a marine scene, so that the garden may seem to border on a sea. In case the boat is to be used in Act II, there should be a low fringe of bushes or of flowers to indicate the edge of the path as seen through the gateway.*

*Suggestion: If the stage is small, it will greatly add to the facility with which the third scene may be set up if the pot used in that scene is built into the left end of the wall and covered to correspond with the rest of the wall, either with greenery, or with paper marked to represent stone work.*

*If the games below are not well-known, there should be substituted for them old-time local favorites.*

*The merry strains of "King William Was King James' Son" are heard and when the game is fairly started, the curtain rises. The game is played a second time.*

*Little Girl—(At conclusion of game, jumping up and down) Now let's play "Old Roger." (She designates children to play various parts and "Old Roger" is played through once.)*

*Little Boy—Let's play "Oats and Beans and Barley Grow." Here comes the Farmer.*

*(Enter Farmer, dressed in overalls and big straw hat, and the game begins. When the game is barely finished, the roll of a drum is heard.)*

*First Child—What's that?*

*(Children divide into unequal groups at either side of gate.)*

*Second Child—(running through gateway and looking toward right.)* Why, it's the Boy Scout and Uncle Sam. And Uncle Sam has a strange little girl by the hand.

*(Enter Boy Scout, followed by Uncle Sam and Petite Marie, hand in hand. Boy Scout continues to beat drum and leads way through gateway to center front. Stops drumming and stands at attention by Uncle Sam as children crowd about them.)*

*First Child—What's your name little girl?*

*Second Child—Where did you come from little girl?*

*Third Child—(curiously)* Where did you get your funny dress?

*Petite Marie—(sadly)* I have come from France to ask help for my little brothers and sisters. They—*(turning appealingly to Uncle Sam)* Won't you tell them for me, Uncle Sam?

*Uncle Sam—*Children I have brought you a little French cousin, Petite Marie. She comes to ask the help of all the little American girls and boys. Her brothers and sisters and her little cousins and friends are hungry. For months and months they have not had enough to eat. Their fathers have gone to the Great War and many of them will never return. Their mothers are working in the factories. Only their grand-parents are left and they are too old to work in the gardens. Now, I wonder how many of you would like to get your rakes and hoes and make a garden so that you will have nice fresh vegetables to ship across to your little friends in France?

*Children—*Oh, I would, Uncle Sam! I would! I would!

*Boy Scout—(addressing children)*

And I will guard your crops with care;  
No harm can come while I watch there;  
Each bug or worm I'll shoot on sight,  
To do my bit is my delight.

*Uncle Sam—*Well, that's fine, isn't it, Petite Marie? And now, hurry, children. Find your garden tools. And you, Boy Scout, put away your drum and get a gun.

*(Exeunt children to Right; Boy Scout to left.)*

*Uncle Sam—(continuing to Petite Marie)* Just wait a little while dear. You have no idea how quickly things grow in (name of town).

*(Enter Cuba from Right (or East) carrying a flat basket filled with dried tobacco leaves.)*

*Uncle Sam—(cordially)* Why, here's our little friend Cuba. What may we do for you, my dear?

*Cuba—*

Oh, Uncle Sam, let me help too,  
There are lots of things that I can do.  
I'll raise tobacco to bring good cheer  
To the hearts of the men who are fighting this  
year.

*(Enter Filipino from Left (or West).)*

*Filipino—*

And let me help my little sister.  
Of tobacco leaves I'm the finest twister.  
While for sugar, rice and the coffee bean,  
Who can beat the little Philippine?

*Uncle Sam—*Now, children, run off to your islands and get to work.

*(Exeunt Cuba Right; Filipino Left. Enter Boy Scout from Left, carrying gun and American children from right, carrying rakes, hoes and watering-cans. The girls have donned aprons and sunbonnets; the boys' overalls and garden hats. Boy Scout takes his position at left front and Uncle Sam and Petite Marie take theirs at Right front, while chil-*

dren sing "Merry Farmers" or any other farm song. Price of above, 25 cents.)

(They should go through motions of preparing ground sowing seed and then watering it. March off stage to Right, led by Uncle Sam and Petite Marie. The Boy Scout takes up duty as sentry, marching up and down before hedge as lights gradually lower)

## CURTAIN

### ACT II.

#### The Garden Comes to Life.

*Scene.* Same as Act I, except that the wall is moved about three feet forward so that the boat may not seem to sail up the garden path. The boat, which should be not more than three feet wide, should be built with low sides for the convenience of those embarking, and with high prow for beauty. There should be a wind-filled sail that can be turned on its mast to correspond with the direction the boat is moving. The boat should be mounted on slightly oblongated wheels, so set that when the long axes of the front wheels are horizontal, the short axes of the rear wheels may be horizontal. Thus, the boat, in being drawn along, will have a rolling motion. In case the boat cannot be used the wall may be left in the original position and the path may be assumed to lead to a wharf.

*Low lights.* Boy Scout at left, a few feet in front of the wall, rests on his gun. Vegetables are crouched behind the garden wall. Reveille is sounded on bugle. Vegetables rise, one or two at a time, stretching and blinking as though awakening. The lights grow stronger.

*Onion, the first up, is first to be thoroughly awake and comes tripping through the gateway, taking her place at Right Front.*

*Onion—*

We little vegetables over the wall,  
 Planted and watched by children small,  
 Have heard in our dreams our country's call;  
 Our Uncle Sam has called us,  
 And quickly we obey;  
 We volunteer for service,  
 "Somewhere in France" today.  
 As for me,  
 I'm a frisky little onion;  
 I like to make folks weep;  
 For they used to patronize me  
 And thought me loud and cheap.  
 But now, they cultivate me;  
 Oh, how my values soar,  
 Since I've become a member  
 Of the Food Aviation Corps!

*(Carrot marches to the front with a quick, decisive step.)*

*Carrot—*

If you care at all for carrots,  
 You'll be very glad to know,  
 That we are now preparing  
 To go to fight the foe.  
 In slices thin and very dry,  
 In little bags that all can buy,  
 We'll go to feed our Sammies fine,  
 And help them break that line!

*(Turns to the Onion with the air of expecting congratulations and she graciously extends her hand.)*

*Onion—*I'm proud to stand by any man, Mr. Carrot, who's going to fight for his country. I'm going over myself, to see just what there is that I can do.



*(Beet enters and runs down the walk, smiling mischievously.)*

Beet—

If you should ever beat a Beet,  
The Beet would then be beaten,  
Although I'm sure that beaten Beet  
Just never could be eaten.  
But if you cannot beat the Beet,  
Do not fuss, scold or sputter;  
But boldly boil that bumptious Beet,  
Or, better, bake in butter.

Carrot—*(To Onion)* Between you an' me, Mrs. Onion, this particular little Beet would be very hard to beat.

*(Beet smiles at him roguishly.)*

*(Potato swaggers down the path, waving an Irish flag. As he reaches his place by Beet he recites.)*

Potato—

Oi'm the King of the Vegetable Kingdom;  
Ye knew me  
For-r years as a spud.  
As a tatie, ye'd stew me;  
But now I am rich,  
Ye all madly pursue me;  
Oi'm King of the Vegetable Kingdom,  
Oi am!

*(He notices Onion, takes off his cap and bows, ignoring Carrot and Beet.)*

The top o' the marnin' to ye, Mrs. Onion! Shure an' it's a foine day t' be up an' doin' somethin' f'r yer country. *(Shields mouth with hand so that Beet and Carrot may not hear)* It seems that we're t' be sent over to France wid a lot o' common garden thruck. *(Onion nods disdainfully. Potato continues good-naturedly.)* Ah, well! The war's made you an' me rich, Mrs. Onion, an' we're a bit apt t' look down on th' rest o' the wur-rld, but we'll all be in the same boat soon.

*Young America Does Its Bit*  
*(Turnip runs down the path.)*

*Turnip—*

Perhaps you've noticed, now and then,  
 Turnips will turn up again,  
 Where you least expect us;  
 If you knew how hard we try  
 To make you look at us and buy,  
 You would not neglect us.

*Potato—(Looking admiringly at Lettuce, who dances down stage) Whist! Who comes here?*

*Lettuce—*

There was a time, not long gone by,  
 When I was chiefly decoration.  
 You liked my style, my crinkly frills,  
 My dainty coloration.  
 But since appointing Hoover chief  
 Of all food conservation,  
 You eat each crisp and curly leaf,  
 Of every salad ration.

*(Bean takes his place gallantly, introducing himself to everyone in general, and to Lettuce in particular.)*

*Bean—*

I'm a Navy Bean, U. S. Marine,  
 The first in any fight!  
 I feed the men that feed the guns,  
 And keep this fact in sight:  
 Whether they mix with dreadnaughts,  
 Or supersubmarines,  
 They'll sure bring home the bacon,  
 And never spill the beans.

*(Vegetables all applaud.)*

*(While other vegetables applaud, the little Cucumber advances to her place, clapping her hands as she comes. She smiles brightly up at the Bean, who regards her patronizingly.)*

*Cucumber—*

I'm a little Cucumber,  
Cool and fresh and green;  
And when I'm sliced and served on ice,  
I'm worthy of a queen;  
Or when I'm served in salad,  
I'm worthy of a duke.  
And yet, those horrid grocery boys (*shakes her*

*finger.*)

They will nickname me "Cuke!"

*(The Tomato steps into line and with his hand on his heart, makes a deep bow to the circle of vegetables, with especial attention to the Cucumber.)*

*Tomato—*

I'm Mr. Tommy Tomato,  
A man of the world, if you please;  
In highest of circles, or lowest,  
I'm perfectly poised and at ease.  
When with the rich I spend the day,  
I'm tomato bisque or French puree;  
But when to humbler homes I go,  
I'm made into soup, or served just so.

*(Tomato and Cucumber dance. As they finish their dance, Corn advances to his place.)*

*Potato—(As corn comes through the gateway)*  
Faith, an' here's Mr. Hoover's right-hand man; what  
have ye to say fer yourself, Mr. Corn?

*Corn—*

I'm a Cob of Corn, with tassel gay,  
And in this work have my part to play.  
When ground into meal, I often make  
The best of gems and johnny cake.  
And sometimes, when there is no rush,  
I'm boiled for hours for corn meal mush;  
But everyone who's not a snob,  
Just likes me best served on the Cob.

*Carrot—(Watching Pumpkin as he comes down the stage.)* Some pumpkin!

*Pumpkin—*

When Hallowe'en brings children gay  
 Into the streets, their pranks to play,  
 A Jack-o'-Lantern bright I'll be,  
 To scare the grown-ups that I see.  
 But when Thanksgiving Day draws near,  
 I hope to bring the best of cheer,  
 Right to the lines where our Sammies sigh  
 For good, old-fashioned Pumpkin Pie.

*(Vegetables all sing.)*

**Lettuce Song.**

Let us let the lit - tle let - tuce teach a les - son



for us all, Fat folks, lean folks, folks both great and small, We



can't be dec - o - ra - ting, While we've a war to win,



So roll up your sleeves, pull in your belt and lets fall in.

*(All take one quick step forward, then right face; Pumpkin leads march about three steps back, and then across stage to form a new line, a little behind original line. As march begins, a little bug furtively slips from between the wings at the right and follows the vegetables. He is not seen by the Boy Scout until the new line forms and the bug tries to slip back of it. Then as Boy Scout starts in pursuit, the bug darts in front of and through the line and finally exits*

*Right Front. The Bug should be impersonated by a small child, creeping upon its hands and knees. A suitable costume would be brown or green rompers.)*

*(Enter Uncle Sam Right Front.)*

Uncle Sam—All here? Such fine, big vegetables as you are! I'm sure that Mr. Burbank must have been giving these young Americans some tips on gardening. You are all eager, I know, to see service at once, so I have ordered a boat to take you to France today. *(Vegetables cheer.)* Navy Bean, you shall go the very first trip, and, let me see, take Onion, Carrot and Tomato with you. Why, here is the boat now.

*(Boat appears from right and advances far enough to show prow and sail. The Captain comes ashore for orders. Salutes Uncle Sam.)*

NOTE:—IN CASE THE BOAT CANNOT BE USED, UNCLE SAM MAY SAY: "THE GOOD SHIP, INDEPENDENCE LIES AT THE WHARF, AND HER GOOD CAPTAIN IS HERE, READY TO TAKE YOU ON BOARD."

*(The Vegetables break ranks and move toward the landing. Onion, Navy Bean, Carrot and Tomato crowd eagerly aboard. It will usually be found impossible to have a boat long enough to accommodate the Captain and four Vegetables and in that case the first two or three embarking should walk along the boat and exit Right, waving good-by to other vegetables as they pass from sight.)*

Uncle Sam—*(To Captain)* Take them over safely, Captain.

Captain—Ay, Ay, sir!

*(Uncle Sam and Captain exchange salutes. Captain goes aboard and boat moves off.)*

*Vegetables—(Departing.)* To France, to France, Viva la France!

*(Boy Scout waves hat; remaining vegetables wave and cheer.)*

*Corn*—(*Eagerly to Uncle Sam.*) May I go on the very next boat, Uncle Sam?

*Uncle Sam*—(*Gravely*) Why no, my boy. In fact I don't want you to go at all.

*Corn*—(*Dumfounded.*) Not go? But I want to go, Uncle Sam, I'm no slacker!

*Uncle Sam*—Of course, you aren't, son. But I want you to stay on this side and take care of the folks at home. They want you.

*Corn*—Does that mean that the people over there don't want me?

*Uncle Sam*—I'm afraid it does, son.

*Corn*—Well, I don't see why. Wheat's going and I'm a lot stronger than he is.

*Uncle Sam*—Sure of that?

*Corn*—Yes, sir. I can build more muscle and supply more energy any day in the week than he can. Didn't you know that?

*Uncle Sam*—Yes, son, I know it. But, you see, those people over there don't know you very well, while they understand all about wheat and just how to get the most out of him. So I want you to stay at home and take care of my new soldiers for me; put them in good condition to come over bye-and-bye. Will you do that?

*Corn*—(*Disappointed but obedient.*) Yes, sir. If that's the way I can serve best. (*Salutes and stands straight by Uncle Sam's side.*)

(*Enter Flour, in great haste, just as the boat returns. Speaks importantly to Uncle Sam.*)

*Flour*—I'm sorry not to have come earlier, Uncle Sam, but you see I had to go through the mill before I was ready to go—same as our new soldiers. (*Turns to Corn and holds out hand cordially.*) Good-by, old chap. Sorry you can't go too; but it will make me feel a lot easier over there to know that you're on the job over here.

*Corn*—(*with spirit*) That's all right for now, but after the war, I'm going to go over and get acquainted.

*Captain—(Coming down as before to welcome vegetables and shaking hands with Flour.)* They'll be very glad to see you over there, sir.

*(Flour goes on board with air of great importance.)*

*Uncle Sam—(Choosing among vegetables.)* Come, Beet, Turnip, and Cucumber. It's your turn.

*(Chosen vegetables go aboard, Boy Scout and remaining vegetables waving farewell as before. Bug makes sortie from wings, but seeing the Boy Scout is watchful, withdraws. Boat moves off while those on board sing: "And we won't come back till it's over, over there." Lettuce executes a dainty dance.)*

*Pumpkin—(Cynically.)* Well, little fairy-child, what good do you think you can do in France?

*Lettuce—(Seriously.)* Just lots and lots. Uncle Sam knows that I'm made of all sorts of useful things, even iron, don't you Uncle Sam?

*Uncle Sam—(Patting her indulgently on the head and smiling.)* Enough iron for an iron cross, eh, little girl?

*(The boat returns, the Captain coming to the gateway as before.)*

*Potato—(Shaking hands with Uncle Sam)* Well, Uncle Sam, we're off to fight for democracy. Between you an' me, if the Kaiser had had a good Irish mither, who'd 'ave smacked him soundly whiniver he got one of his high-falutin' notions, the wur-rld wouldn't be in this mess, today. Ah, well, it's all in a life-time. *(starts for boat)* So long, Uncle. Don't let anyone try to rip any stars from yer coat-tails while we're gone. *(Goes aboard, jauntily waving his Irish flag and humming an Irish tune.)*

*(While the Potato has been talking, the Bug has crept onto the stage, always taking care that the Scout shall not see him. When Potato starts for the boat, the bug darts after him, but is turned back by the Captain. Then, unmindful of danger,*

he chases the Lettuce and Pumpkin about the stage and finally toward the ship, the Scout trying to get a shot but not succeeding because of presence of vegetables. As Pumpkin and Lettuce run through gateway, the Boy Scout shoots the Bug, calling, "Bang! you're dead!" The Bug falls, Center stage. Uncle Sam proudly slaps the Boy Scout on the back. The boat moves off.

Lettuce—The Sammies pretty nearly lost out on their Pumpkin Pie!

## CURTAIN

### ACT III.

#### A Kitchen "Somewhere in France."

*Scene. A cheerful kitchen with red-checked curtains at the windows. French and American flags are crossed on the center wall. At Left Center, Rear, there is a table, covered with a red tablecloth and set with blue-rimmed bowls, a spoon in each. At right center, rear, is a bench large enough to seat eight children. A broom hangs on right side wall and a small table is placed against wall, Right Front. At Left Front is a huge pot, low, but broad, with wood piled at the base and strips of flame-colored paper laid among the strips of wood. A stool sets near the pot and there is a step or two within, so that vegetables may more easily be lifted into the pot. The lower part of the pot is left open at the back so that the vegetables may escape behind the scenes. As the curtain rises, the cook who must be large and fat to make the vegetables look proportionately small, is discovered sitting asleep on the bench, his cook-book almost falling from his hand. He blows his breath out noisily, raising and lowering his head with each breath. Vegetables enter, marching and singing.)*



*Vegetables—*

Hail, hail, the gang's all here!  
 Aren't you glad you got here?  
 Why's the boiling pot here?  
 Hail, hail, the gang's all here!  
 Aren't you glad we got here now?

*Potato—(Stepping forward, addressing other vegetables.)* Won't it be the gr-rand things we'll be made into, over here? Faith by the toime that French chef gets through wid us, the folks at home 'ud niver know us.

They used to call me Murphy,  
 An' they used to call me Spud.  
 They'd boil me wid the jacket on,  
 Or bake me r-rolled in mud.  
 But that is all forgotten now,  
 The people all before me bow;  
 And over here, they call me "pomme de terre"  
 Whether a la creme or au gratin.  
 Over here, they call me "pomme de terre.

An' how do the rest of ye think ye'll like to be cooked?

*Lettuce—*

A salad I should like to be;  
 I'll choose you (*to Tomato*) and you (*to Cucumber*) with me;

*(They join hands to form a circle, dancing half way round.)*

And, Onion, you may stay a minute

*(opening circle so that Onion may step to center)*

Leave just a bit of flavor in it.

*(opening circle so Onion may step out.)*

*(They form straight line, facing audience; then right face, each placing right hand on right shoulder of one in front, with faces turned to right.)*

*Vegetables—*How do you like our Combination?

*(Left about face, same position as before only  
Left for Right, and marching to Left.)*

Being a salad is our vocation,

*(Right face and standing still.)*

Served with French dressing or mayonnaise,  
We make a dish to win your praise.

*Beet—(happily.)*

As a spiced and pickled beet,  
I would be a relish;  
Some petite and dainty dish  
I would fain embellish.

*Carrot and Turnip—(Bowing to each other.)*

We will garnish a roast so rare.  
Potato and Onion may also be there;

*(Potato and Onion sniff.)*

Whoever eats of us strong will grow,  
Valiant and eager to meet the foe.

*Flour—(running forward, then turning to address  
vegetables.)*

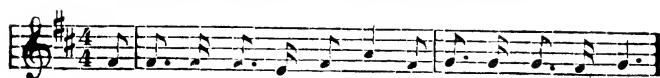
If I will make a crust so crisp,  
With salt and water and crisco,  
Who'll make a filling that can't be beat  
From gay Paree to Frisco?

*Pumpkin—(running quickly forward, hands on  
heart.)*

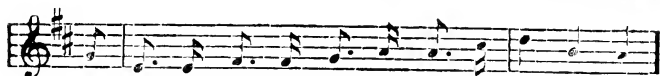
I will give my golden heart,  
So tender, sweet and mellow,  
To make a luscious pumpkin pie,  
A rich and golden yellow.

*(Bean advances, rollickingly dancing a horn-  
pipe and singing.)*

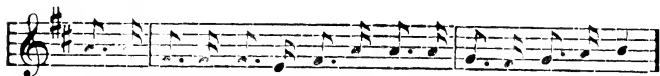
## When Sammy Gets in Action.



When Sam-my gets in ac - tion, The cook is <sup>on the scene</sup> ~~in~~ the room,



For he's the man, be - hind the man, be - hind the gun,



I'm the main-stay of the cook, And I am off to see the fun,



I'm the man, behind the man, behind the man, behind the gun.

*At the conclusion of song he salutes, then marches jauntily away, the vegetables cheering, wringing his hands and calling after him) Good luck, old man. Come back soon.*

*Carrot—(consoling Onion, who is openly weeping) Come Mrs. Onion, don't cry. Life's too sweet to mix in the fight just yet.*

*Pumpkin—A peep at gay Paree before we settle down to anything like hard work.*

*(Other vegetables nod and Onion dries her tears and joins with spirit in a round dance. The Tomato does not dance, but teases the cook, tickling his nostrils with a broom straw. The dancing vegetables make so much noise that the cook awakens and sleepily yawns, the vegetables eagerly watching his awakening.)*

*Cook—(rousing himself.) Now for ze soup. (seizes the Tomato, who is nearest at hand.)*

Ah, ze leetle tomato! Such excellent soup as he will make!

*Tomato*—(clapping his hands.) Ah, Monsieur, tomato bisque? Delighted, I'm sure. (Turns to other vegetables) I'm sorry to spoil the salad, it can't be so good without me. But now, I shall be a course all by myself.

*Cook*—(laughing uproariously) Oh, ho, my leetle *Tomato*, not a course all by yourself. We have ze vegetable soup today.

*Tomato*—(protesting) No, no, Monsieur. Surely not common vegetable soup! (He is hurried into the soup. Climbs at once to edge of the pot and shows disgust.)

*Potato*—(as *Cook* seizes him.) Faith an' ye wouldn't expect a gintleman like me to mingle wid that common gar-rden thruck! Cook me en casserole or French fry me. Fer th' love of the saints, be merciful!

(He is unceremoniously hurried into the pot. Climbs at once to the rim.)

*Potato*—Shure an' this is no place for the King of the Vegetable Kingdom.

*Cook*—(lifting the Sack of Flour and the Pumpkin to the little table at right front.) I'm sorry, but I cannot use you for ze soup. (hurries the remaining vegetables toward the soup, singing)

## Get in the Soup.

MAY CALDWELL HOWARD.

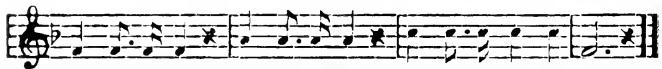
Slower.



Get in the soup—Get in the soup—Get in the soup and



stay! If you can't go right to the front—If you can't bear the battles brut-



Get in the soup!—Get in the soup!—Get in the soup and stay!

*Beet—(complainingly)* But, monsieur, we have but come to your country. We should like first to see a bit of the cafe life of Paris. We should like to be served to the gallant soldiers and the beautiful ladies that we have heard so much about.

*Cook—(pleadingly)* But ze children need you. Zey are so little and thin because zey have not had ze right food, nor enough of it. And remember, if you serve ze men and women, you serve ze France of today; but if you serve ze children, you serve ze France of tomorrow.

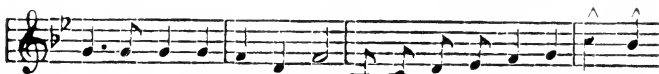
*(The vegetables nod and willingly hurry into the pot, those that can, finding places at the rim, the others making their exit behind scenes where they wait and join those in the pot in singing.)*

## We're in the Soup.

MAY CALDWELL HOWARD.



We're in the soup—We're in the soup—We're in the soup to stay—



Ev-'ry one must do His bit—Ev-'ry one must fight Where he is



fit, So we're in the soup—We're in the soup—We're in the soup to stay.

*(The little French orphans arrive and since the cook is still stirring the soup, they dance a little French folk dance. The cook meanwhile ladles out the soup into the bowls on the table, then calls "Come, my little ones." The children stop their dance and run to the bench. They sit clicking their heels. The cook brings them bowls of soup, joyfully chuckling and emitting such ejaculations as "Here, my petite Marie," "A little soup for you,*

Yvonne," etc. While the children eat their soup, he turns to the Pumpkin and Flour.)

*Cook—(feelingly)* It is not yet time for rejoicing, while our men still fight and die, but when victory comes, as come it must, I shall make of you a pie zat will melt in ze mouth. (*kisses his fingertips to denote the exquisite flakiness of the crust that he will make. Then dances in anticipation of the victory that is to come.*)

(*The American children, Boy Scout, Cuba, Filipino and Captain enter from the right, the children still in gardening clothes with their rakes, hoes, watering pots. The French children gather left front to welcome them.*)

*Cook—*Here we have a Commission from America. What have you to say to us?

*Children, Filipino, etc., in unison—*

We'll save and serve with Hoover,  
 We've come to tell you so.  
 Just a friendly greeting  
 And then back home we'll go.  
 We'll save the fats, the milk, the meat,  
 We'll save the sugar too;  
 We'll eat the breads that need no wheat,  
 And send the wheat to you.  
 While men fight here, we'll all save there.  
 And that's the way, we're sure  
 To make for vict'ry and for peace,  
 A peace that will endure.

*French Children—(in unison)*

Little Americans, why are you gardening,  
 Wielding so gladly the rake and the hoe?

*American Children—(answer in unison)*

To feed you; to feed you.  
 Our Uncle Sam tells us,  
 If we make you happy,  
 We'll be happy too.

*\*Drill of French and American children to music of Marseillaise. The formation at finale should be French and American Children alternating, and flanked at either end by Cook, Cuba, Filipino and Boy Scout. All sing Marseillaise beginning with "To Arms."*

### CURTAIN

\*We recommend "Fluttering Flags ,"Price 15c.

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