

Holiday Pastimes.

PROVERBS IN ACTION.

Proverbs can be played in impromptu style with pleasure and profit, and can also be dramatized so as to amuse crowded audiences of cultivated people. But they are, perhaps, funnier when done in the former manner, and the costumes are caught up from the entry and the properties from the kitchen.

In this case the most eccentric turn can be given to the sentiment and pronunciation of the words used, and the alternate scenes may be represented in tableau, pantomime or charade. A few specimens of each will be given here from which even the youngest reader can gain ideas enough to enable him to choose the proverbs and arrange the action for himself.

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.

Scene 1.—A cottage interior represented by any room, with wash-tub, churn, spinning-wheel, or any articles of domestic use. The old dame sits in a high-backed chair, and seems intent on convincing her family of the importance of keeping busily employed at home. Each one of her daughters is at work at some domestic labor.

Her son enters, dressed in a walking costume, with a plaid shawl over his arm and a bundle in his hand.

"Now, my dear boy," says the old lady, "I hope you will think better of your foolish plan of going out to service, and be content to help your father in carrying on his farm, which will be yours some day if you attend to it well."

"But, mother," says the boy, "I want to see the world."

"The world is a poor place, my dear boy, and full of trouble."

"Never mind, mother; you will rejoice to see me back again when I have made my fortune."

"Fortune will come to you, my son, if you work hard at home."

"I hate farm-work, mother, and have made up my mind to go. So good-by all."

The son gaily marches off, and the mother follows him to the door and looks earnestly after him, waves her handkerchief a few times, then totters to her chair and cries bitterly. The girls all cry in concert, and then dry their eyes and continue busily at work until the curtain falls.

Scene 2.—The same room with much better furniture and adornments. The old lady and her daughters in evening dress are engaged with fancy-work and books, and one young lady plays a cheerful tune on the piano. The door opens and a gust of snow is blown into the room by means of a pair of bellows and a large quantity of very small scraps of writing paper. A terrific wind howls without, the sound being produced by blowing into a glass bottle.

The son enters with rags and tatters hanging from his clothes. His cheeks are chalked at the sides, so that he looks very much emaciated. He holds out his right hand as if asking alms, and leans heavily on a rough cane with his left. No one recognizes him at first, until he says—

"Don't you know me, mother? I have come home destitute."

The mother rushes into his arms, and the girls welcome him eagerly. One runs out for provisions, another spreads the table, and all try to show their welcome and sympathy. He sits at the table and eats ravenously, and then says—

"O mother, it is a blessed thing to have a home to go to, and I have learned the lesson that steady labor is far better than a wandering life."

Another pretty entertainment is this:

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

A fop enters and struts about with eye-glasses and cane, seeming too proud to speak to common people. A negro girl enters carrying a basket of clothes on her head, and the fop eyes her with disgust as she passes him and knocks off his hat accidentally with her basket. He is very angry and shakes his fist at her as she goes out of sight.

But his manner suddenly changes as he sees a lady with showy bonnet, thick veil and elegant cloak, and he makes the lowest bow to her as she advances. The lady, however, pays him no attention, being very much annoyed at his rudeness, but passes out of sight rapidly.

The fop still lingers sucking the head of his cane and putting on airs, when he again beholds the same costume approaching. Gaining courage, he sidles up and offers his arm to the lady, who accepts it to his delight, and they walk up and down together. He tries in vain to get a view of her face, which she keeps averted; but finally he lifts