

**THE AMERICAN  
SCHOOL DIALOGUE  
BOOK, NO. 1**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649349081

The American school dialogue book, No. 1 by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ANONYMOUS**

**THE AMERICAN  
SCHOOL DIALOGUE  
BOOK, NO. 1**



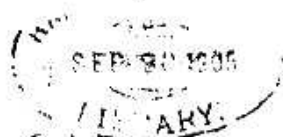
THE  
AMERICAN SCHOOL  
DIALOGUE BOOK.

NO. 1.



NEW YORK:  
J. W. SCHERMERHORN & CO., Publishers,  
430 BROOME STREET.  
1867.

AL 4307.45



*William S. Appleton, Jr.*

## P R E F A C E .

THE constant demand for *new* Dialogues, adapted to the wants of boys and girls, has induced the preparation of this little collection. Most of the pieces here presented are now for the first time published. The rest will be recognized by the readers of the *AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY* as having already appeared in that periodical.

Without claiming superlative merit for any of these Dialogues, they are all believed to be well suited to the taste of pupils, and appropriate for school exhibitions and private rehearsals.

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887, by  
J. W. SCHEEMERHORN & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District  
of New York.

---

JOSEPH A. REED, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPES,  
43 Centre Street, N. Y.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
THE SCHOOLBOYS' TRIBUNAL.....	1
THE STRAIGHT MARK.....	5
FASHIONABLE EDUCATION; OR, THE ADOPTED CHILD.....	8
THE ETA PI SOCIETY.....	30
THE ROCKVILLE PETITION.....	33
PEGGE.....	38
RUFFER, THE BORN.....	43
EXAMINATION DAY AT MADAME SAVANTE'S.....	46
THE PRIZE POEM.....	49
WILLIAM RAY'S HISTORY LESSON.....	51
SLANG.....	54
HOMINIC GEOGRAPHY.....	56
NOT AT HOME.....	58
THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.....	61





## THE SCHOOL-BOYS' TRIBUNAL.

### CHARACTERS :

SOPHOS, <i>the Judge,</i>	SIMON STUPID,
1st ATTENDANT,	ROBIN ROOBER,
2d ATTENDANT,	GRANVILLE GOAREHEAD,
TIM TROUBLESOME,	HIRAM HOLDBACK,
BILL BRAG,	ERNEST THINKER,
	LAWRENCE LAZY.

SCENE.—*Sophos, with long white hair and venerable appearance, sitting upon an elevated seat. Two attendants stand beside him. A gilt crown and a bundle of birch rods are lying near. One of the attendants steps forward and draws a circle with chalk upon the floor, within which each of the boys stands while speaking.*

*Sophos.* Bring me my wizard-book. (*Attendant places a large book in his lap.*) See that the crown and rods are ready, and then admit the youths who are to be brought within the circle of our magic power, and I will read to them their destiny. (*Tim Troublesome enters.*) Who is this? (*Turns the pages.*) Is not this Timmy Troublesome, the boy who meddles with everybody's business, and is forever getting into difficulty by his restlessness?

*Attendant.* The same, sir.

*S.* He is a curious fellow. I can not say much good of him. I think it is of this kind of material that disorderly schools are made. Tim, do you know the fable of the dog in the manger?

*Tim.* I think I have heard it.

*S.* Perhaps you may see a picture of yourself there, if you look sharp. You neither study, nor let others study. So you are like the dog. You have a bad reputation, and must suffer the consequences.

*T.* Please, sir, don't be too hard on me. I only leaned over in my seat for a minute to-day, to look at the pictures in Sam's book, and I got called out on the floor.

*S.* That was because you were not minding your own business.

*T.* And if I happen to say a word to the fellers in fun, they pick a quarrel with me.

*S.* It takes two to make a quarrel. You are apt to be cross as well as meddlesome. So you make yourself disagreeable to everybody. Don't you sometimes get others into a scrape, by your meddling propensity?

*T.* I don't know. I can't help it if I do. They are as much to blame as I.

*S.* That is the old excuse. But it will not answer here. Your record is on this page, and I will read it. (*Reads.*) *The meddlesome boy becomes the meddlesome man. He will not succeed in life, because he will not mind his own business. He gets himself and others into trouble, and thinks he can not help it. Take him away, and see what*

good discipline will do for him. (*Attendant hits him with the rods, and drives him to the opposite side of the stage.*)

[*Enter BILL BRAG, with a swaggering air.*]

*Brag.* I suppose you know me. My name is William. I have always been one of the luckiest fellows in school. I came within an ace of getting the fourth prize at the last examination. Father said I deserved it, but the committee couldn't see it in that light.

*S.* Oh yes; your last name is Brag, I believe—Bill Brag, as the entry stands in my book.

*B.* That's my name; but I would rather be called William. It sounds better.

*S.* We will not quarrel about names. You pretend to be quite a scholar. Tell me what makes you so much ahead of all the rest.

*B.* Oh, that is easy enough. In the first place, here's brains. (*Pointing to his head.*) None of your dunce blood in this chap. I come of good stock. I hold my head up in good company, and make the best of things. Says the master to me, the first day I went to the grammar-school, "You look like a good boy, Willie; I hope it is so." Says I, "Yes, sir; I never tell lies, or swear, or do any thing of that sort." So I got into favor right off, and was put ahead. I look out for number one, and I guess I can stand my chance with anybody. And then, you see, I mind my own business; that fellow over there doesn't (*pointing to Tim*), and I can—

*S.* Stop; that will do. I see what you are made of. Let me read to you a short proverb which is written here beside your name. (*Reads.*) *Self-praise goes but little ways.* I never knew a boaster to be respected in a community. People soon find him out. He is the ass in the lion's skin. Everybody knows that his roar is only a bray. Go, Bill, and act a manly part; leave off bragging, and you may be somebody yet.

[*Enter LAZY and STUPID.*]

*S.* Ah! what have we here? a pair of twins?

*Attendant.* This, sir, is Master Lazy, and this Master Stupid. They are great friends, always together, and often mistaken for twins. They want you to tell their fortune together.

*S.* That is easily done. Their names are connected by a brace in my book. Has not one of you a brother named Dunce?

*Lazy.* (*Yawning, and pointing at Stupid.*) I guess it's him.

*Stupid.* (*At the same time.*) Hey!

*S.* Don't both speak together. Oh, now, as I look a little closer, I perceive that both of you belong to the Dunce family. Stupid, tell me how many hours there are in a day.

*Stupid* (*drawing*). Hey!

*L.* (*to Stupid.*) Say sixty.

S. How do you make that out, Master Lazy?

L. Why, the folks say I sleep twenty-four, and I guess I have to worry through about twenty-four more in school, and the rest will make it pretty near up to sixty.

S. You are sharp at reckoning, and if you had a little more life, perhaps you might make a scholar. But I have a serious account against both of you. This is the way it stands. Item first—a long array of tardy marks. Second—idle, more than half the time. Third—dozing in school hours. Consequence—*bad lessons*. If you do not soon reform, you may expect to be reckoned by and by among the drags and drones of society, as you are now a disgrace to the school. But here comes one who may, perhaps, teach you something.

[Enter ROBIN ROGUE, full of fun, who pushes LAZY and STUPID out of the ring.]

S. Better a dozen rogues than one fool. You plague of schoolmasters, you young scapegrace, Robin Rogue, what have you to say for yourself, why the law should not have its course? Are you guilty or not guilty of the last attempt to poke fun at honest, peaceable folks?

Robin. Guilty, sir.

S. I am glad to see that you own your silly pranks, for that gives hope of reformation. But what excuse have you for your misdemeanors?

R. I don't mean any harm, sir. I must have a little fun, once in awhile.

S. Fun is all right in its place, but in school it goes by a different name. There, they call it mischief. Who tipped over Harry Slowthink's inkstand the other day, and spoiled a new copy-book?

R. I did, sir.

S. And how did you come to do it?

R. I was tickling Harry's ear with my pen, sir.

S. And why did you that?

R. I couldn't help it, sir. The fun is in me, and it must come out. I don't stop to think.

S. Ah, yes. I see how it is. But some teachers are a little blind in this matter. Such boys must be kept busy, and pretty closely watched. You may become a smart man under the right kind of discipline. We'll keep a sharp eye on you, and give you enough to do. I think it may be well to set you to work to chastise the dunces. Give him a rod, and let him try his hand on those we have here. (*Attendant gives him a rod, which he uses freely.*)

[Enter GOAHEAD, pulling along HOLDBACK.]

S. A precious couple this, I should think. If you could be thus linked together through life, you might serve as a mutual restraint to each other. I can read your characters at a glance. They are the opposite extremes. Master Goahead pushes along anywhere without thought, and is always