



Deborah Meader Papers

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ALL ABOARD!
GOOD-BYE SISTER

Sister is moving to California. Her husband, Joe, has gone on ahead, so she must make the trip alone with baby. Mother and sister May are seeing her off. They have settled her on the train and now stop outside the car window on the station platform to wait until the train pulls out. The following monologue is carried on by May.)

Ooh, hoooh! Sister. Ooh! hoooh! (This is done several times to attract sister's attention.) Good-bye sister! Open the window. Open the window! Put it up! (Motions for her to raise it.) Oh, won't it? That's too bad. Well, good-bye! Good-bye, I said. (Waves and throws kisses, then jumps and pulls mother back.) Look out, mamma. That truck almost hit you. (To sister.) That truck almost hit mamma. I say that truck almost knocked mamma down!

Mamma, I don't care much for that hat on sister, do you? What, sister? I was just telling mamma that I hope baby will be good. I say I was just telling mamma I hope baby will be good. (As she says this she lays her head on her hands and pantomimes baby sleeping.) If he gets the colic don't forget to give him his medicine. Colic! (Hands on stomach.) Medicine! (Pantomimes taking pills out of box and swallowing.) The baby's medicine is in the pink box and the aspirin is in the blue box. No! Aspirin. (Puts hand on head to indicate headache.) Blue box. Hold him up! Hold baby up to the window. Hello, lambie. Kootchie, Kootchie, Kootchie, lil lambie pie. (She goes through various motions, makes faces, jumps up and down to attract baby's attention.) Bye, bye, baby. Good-bye, sister!

What say, mamma? (She waits for mother to speak, then continues to sister through closed window.) Mamma says to tell Joe she hopes his back will be all well by this time. Mamma says to tell Joe she hopes his back will all be well by this time. (As she says this, she makes terrible face, puts hand on back, and walks lame.) Good-bye.

Mamma, pull up your stockings, they're all crooked. They look awful.

Here! I'll stand in front of you. (Pantomimes standing in front of her and holding out skirts to hide her, saying to sister.) Mamma's fixing her hose. Fixing her hose - stockings. Mamma, sister looks just like Uncle Sam with her nose pressed against the window, doesn't she? Sister, I hope you'll like the chicken in your lunch. I say (she pantomimes eating chicken leg as she repeats this again. Still sister does not understand so she acts out the whole sentence again, this time flapping her arms like a chicken and crowing.) That's it. Eat the bananas right away, before they turn black. I say, eat the bananas right away. No. The bananas. (This time she pantomimes peeling a banana, slipping on a peeling, etc.)

Send us a box of oranges and grapefruit. Did I tell you Dorothy has a baby girl? Dorothy has a baby girl. (Pantomimes holding baby.) That's right! What, mamma? No, she named it Margaret. She wanted to call it June but her husband's last name is Bugg, so that wouldn't do.

Mamma, was that Clara Miles who just went by. She makes me sick. All she does is ignore me. Last Sunday, when I didn't sing in the choir, she asked the director if the organ hadn't been fixed.

There's that Salvation Army woman again. Now, mamma, you don't have to put something in that thing every time she goes by. I heard her ask an old man in the station if he didn't want to join the Salvation Army and he wanted to know who they are fighting.

That train caller is yelling something. Listen! I wonder if he's calling sister's train. (She listens, then mocking train caller, says.) Blah, blah, blah, blah, etc. Well, that helped a lot. (To man passing.) Say, mister, is that the California train they are calling? Good heavens, two hundred men to pick from and I would choose a Greek. Oh, they are calling All Aboard! You're going now, sister. Good-bye. Bye, baby. Kootchie, Kootchie. Good-bye, sister. Come back to the platform. (Motions to sister to come back, then starts to run ahead, and knocks mother down.) For

Heavens sakes, mamma, excuse me. I'm sorry I knocked you down, but why don't you get out of the way? (As she picks mother up, leaning over, she waves at sister.) Good-bye, sister. Good-bye. Good-bye-ee-

AN ASPIRING DISH-WASHER

Oh, these horrid dishes....how I just hate to wash them. Life would be real pleasant if it weren't for dish-washing three times a day. Oh, how this egg does stick on. There, I guess it's all off! I'd rather speak pieces than wash dishes....oh, I just love to do elocution. I like this one:

Woodman, spare that tree
Touch not a single bough
In youth it sheltered me
And I'll protect it now.
T'was my fore-father's hand....

Oh, my goodness, I've washed the handle right off this cup! Dear me, I wish it had been my fore-father's hand that broke it so he would have to get the scolding instead of me. That's an awful nice piece, too, about the soldier:

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers
There was a lack of woman's nursing
There was a dearth of woman's tears
But a comrade stood beside him *(lack)*
As his life-blood ebbed away
And bent with pitying glances
To hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took
That comrade's hand, and he said....

Oh, my gracious, I do believe mamma's coming. I'll have to tend to these dishes....no, she isn't coming....how I hate this horrid work.

Forward the light brigade
Charge for the dishes, he said
And into the dish-water
Put your fair young hands.
Dishes to right of me
Dishes to left of me
Dishes in front of me
Have to be washed.

Fits pretty well, doesn't it? Dear me, I wonder if this cream pitcher is clean. It's so small I can't half-way get at it. Yes, when I'm a young lady I shall be an elocutionist and give recitals. I know an awful nice piece:

Over the hills to the poor house
I'm trudging my weary way
I....a woman of seventy, and
Only a trifle gray.

Oh! I must bend to my work or I'll be seventy by the time I get these dishes done, if I don't look out.

An Aspiring Dish-Washer - 2

And when I get to be a great elocutionist I shall have a pale blue silk dress with a low neck and short sleeves like the lovely lady who gave the entertainment here last winter. My, how greasy this platter is....I do hate greasy dishes. I think funny pieces are awfully cute. I like this one:

I grinda de org
I playa de fid
I sella da ripe banan
No steala, no robba
I never did
But I worka like
Da honesta man.

Oh, my land, now I've got dish-water on my wrist....I guess it won't hurt it any, though. I get awfully excited when I speak. I'm going to learn Shakespeare soon.

I wonder why people use so many dishes. Yes, I certainly shall be a reader and go on the stage. This silver does need polishing. One thing is certain that I shall never do a dish after I get to be a noted elocutionist, no indeed! I like pieces best where you dress up and act them out....ah! they're lovely. I know one where a beautiful young lady all dressed up in white satin with a long train is sitting at a table writing a letter like this:

I'm sitting alone by the fire
Dressed as I came from the dance
In a robe even you would admire
It cost a cold thousand in France

Heavens! Mamma's calling me! What is it, mamma? No..o, I haven't got the dishes quite finished, but I'll be through in a minute....What? You want me?....All right....Thank Heavens!

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC

A Puppet Play in four scenes.

Time: 2000 B.C.

Characters: Abraham Sarah
Angel Isaac Servant

Introduction: (Spoken by a child who comes before the theatre. Speaks directly to the audience.) Abraham and Sarah, his wife, had no children until they were old. Then the Lord blessed them with a son, whom they named Isaac. When our play begins, Isaac is a young lad, eight or nine years old. The first scene is at night in Abraham's tent. The characters are Abraham and an Angel of the Lord.

SCENE I

Inside Abraham's tent of black goats hair. Abraham is asleep on his couch of skins. The Angel appears in beam of light.

Angel: (With outstretched hand) Abraham, Abraham--

Abraham: (Rising) Behold, here am I.

Angel: Take thy son, thine only son, Isaac, to the land of Moriah, and on the mountain that I will tell thee of, and give him as a burnt offering.

Abraham: Why must I do this thing?

Angel: The Lord wishes to test thy faith. (Angel disappears.)

Abraham: The Lord's will be done. (On his knees with his hands covering his face.)

CURTAIN.

INTRODUCTION FOR SCENE II: Scene Two is outside the tent the following morning. Abraham, a servant, Sarah, and Isaac appear.

SCENE II

Outside Abraham's tent the next morning. Abraham and a servant discovered.

Abraham: (To first servant) Saddle an ass. I have need of it, and cleave the wood for a burnt offering, and load it upon the ass.

Servant: (Bows) Yes, my lord. EXITS.

Enter Sarah.

Sarah: Whyfore these preparations? Where goest thou?

Abraham: Last night the Lord appeared unto me and told me to go to the land of Moriah to offer him there a burnt offering. I will take Isaac with me.

Sarah: He is young for such a long journey.

Abraham: When he tires he can ride on the ass. He is old enough to help me in my worship of the Lord. Send him to me.

Sarah: As thou wilt. (She goes offstage, calling) Isaac, Isaac-- (Abraham stands looking off.)

Abraham: Lord, give me strength.

(Isaac runs in, followed by Sarah)

Isaac: Father, may I really go?

Abraham: Yes, my son.

Isaac: How soon do we start?

Abraham: As soon as the ass and the wood are ready.

Sarah: Why do you leave so early?

Abraham: It is a three days' journey.

Sarah: I will prepare the coals for you. (She goes out.) (Enter servant and wood.)

Abraham: (To servant) Start on, we will follow. (Servant goes out)

(Enter Sarah with brazier. Give it to Abraham.)

Sarah: Here are the coals.

Abraham: Thank you. Now we must start. (Abraham embraces Sarah.)

Sarah: Take good care of Isaac.

Abraham: Come son. EXITS.

Sarah: (Embraces Isaac) Be a good boy, my son, Goodbye.

Isaac: Goodbye mother-- (Pauses to wave to her) (Sarah waves her hand to him and looks after him.)

CURTAIN.

INTRODUCTION TO SCENE III: Scene III is Abraham, Isaac, and the servant on their way up to the mountain.

SCENE III

Place: Mount Moriah (While the Brandenburg concerto is being softly played offstage. Abraham, Isaac, and the servant climb the mountain. Isaac rides the ass. Abraham climbs slowly and painfully aiding himself with a staff. He carries a brazier with coals in it. They pass off scene. Curtain is drawn--Abraham enters. He climbs sorrowfully. Isaac has dismounted. Servant leads the ass.)

Abraham: (Pauses half way across scene) Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you. Give us the wood. (Servant gives a bundle of wood to Isaac.) Come Isaac. EXIT.

CURTAIN

INTRODUCTION TO SCENE IV : Scene IV is Mount Moriah where Isaac is to sacrificed.

SCENE IV

On top of Mount Moriah. Abraham and Isaac discovered finishing the altar.

Isaac: Father, you have the kindling, you have the knife, and fire -- where is the lamb for the sacrifice?

Abraham: (Binds son and lays him on altar) My son, the Lord will provide the burnt offering.

Isaac: Why dost thou do this to me, Father. Am I the sacrifice?

Abraham: Yes, thou art, my son. It is the Lord's will. (He draws his knife and raises his arm.)

Angel: (Appears from side) Abraham, Abraham!

Abraham: Here am I.

Angel: Lay not thine hand upon the lad. Neither do thou anything unto him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou has not withheld thy son, thine only son from me.

Abraham: The Lord be praised. The Lord has spared thee. (A ram appears in a thicket-- to Isaac) Behold a ram caught in the thicket. We will sacrifice it. (Together they place it on the altar.)

Angel: The Lord hath sworn that because thou hast not withheld thine only son, that he will bless thee forever.

CURTAIN

ANDREWSHEK'S PICNIC

A Shadow Play in Two Scenes

CHARACTERS
Auntie Katushka
Andrewshek
The Swan

Scene 1. In Auntie Katushka's Kitchen

Auntie Katushka --Andrewshek, I have put some sandwiches and some cottage cheese and some poppy seed cakes and two eggs in our picnic basket.

Andrewshek --For a picnic?

Auntie Katushka --Yes, for a picnic in the park.

Andrewshek --May I go with you?

Auntie Katushka --Of course you may go with me. But first we have a great many things to do, before we start. I must go into the garden and catch the white goat. I will tie her up so she will not run away.

Andrewshek --Can I take the kitten?

Auntie Katushka --No. Find her and put her in the cellar, so she will not worry the chickens while we are gone.

Andrewshek --I'll find the kitten and put her in the cellar so she will not worry the chickens while I am gone.

Exit Auntie Katushka

Andrewshek peeks under napkin of basket. Tastes cottage cheese, etc.

Enter Auntie Katushka

Auntie Katushka --Did you find the kitten?

Andrewshek --No, I didn't. (Looks around) She isn't in here,

Auntie Katushka --I think she must be paying a visit to the mouse family. Come along, Andrewshek. We'll take the basket and my umbrella and go to the park. (Picks up basket)

Andrewshek --Why are you taking the umbrella? It's such a nice day.

Auntie Katushka --Well, You never can tell when we might have use for one.

Scene 2. The Park

Enter Andrewshek and Auntie Katushka

Auntie Katushka --(Puts picnic basket on low bench) This is a nice place.

Andrewshek's Picnic

Andrewshek - yes, this is a nice place

Auntie Katushka --I must go to the spring and get some water for us to drink. Please watch the basket with the eggs and the sandwiches and poppy seed cakes and cottage cheese while I am gone.

Andrewshek --Yes, indeed, I will watch the basket of lunch. What a pretty stream. I wish I could go wading. Oh, I see a dragon fly. (Andrewshek watches the dragon fly)

Enter White Swan

Swan --Honk, honk, honk! I wonder what is under the red and white napkin. (Picks up the basket) Won't Mother Swan be pleased with this nice lunch? Sandwich bread makes fine foods for baby swans. (Floats it ahead of him down stream.)

Andrewshek --Oh, Stop! Stop! White Swan! That is my Auntie Katushka's picnic basket and it has our lunch in it. Please put it back.

Swan No, indeed. I will not put the basket back. Sandwich bread makes nice food for baby swans and I have ten baby swans to feed.

Enter Auntie Katushka

Andrewshek --(Andrewshek cries) Look, Auntie Katushka, that naughty white swan has taken our picnic basket.

Auntie Katushka --Come Back, you naughty swan.

Swan --No--No--I need this for my babies.

Auntie Katushka --You shall not have it. (Hooks basket with umbrella and pulls it in.)

Auntie Katushka --There, now, you see--it always pays to carry an umbrella to a picnic.

ASK MR. BEAR

Narrator: Once there was a boy named Danny. One day Danny's mother had a birthday. Danny said to himself:

Danny: What shall I give my mother for her birthday?

Narrator: So Danny started out to see what he could find. He walked along and he met a Hen.

Danny: Good morning, Mrs. Hen. Can you give me something for my mother's birthday?

Hen: Cluck, cluck, I can give you a nice, fresh egg for your mother's birthday.

Danny: Thank you, but she has an egg.

Hen: Let us see what we can find.

Narrator: So Danny and the hen skipped along until they met a Goose.

Danny: Good morning, Mrs. Goose. Can you give me something for my mother's birthday?

Goose: Honk, honk. I can give you some nice feathers to make a fine pillow for your mother's birthday.

Danny: Thank you, but she has a pillow.

Goose: Let us see what we can find.

Narrator: So Danny and the Hen and the Goose all hopped along until they met a Goat.

Danny: Good morning, Mrs. Goat. Can you give me something for my mother's birthday?

Goat: Maa, maa. I can give you some milk for making cheese.

Danny: Thank you, but she has some cheese.

Goat: Let us see what we can find.

Page #2 - "ASK MR. BEAR" (Continued)

Narrator: So Danny and the Hen, and the Goose and the Goat all galloped along until they met a Sheep.

Danny: Good morning, Mrs. Sheep. Can you give me something for my mother's birthday?

Sheep: Baa, baa. I can give you some wool to make a warm blanket for your mother's birthday.

Danny: Thank you, but she has a blanket.

Sheep: Let us see what we can find.

Narrator: So Danny and the Hen and the Goose and the Goat and the Sheep all trotted along until they met a Cow.

Danny: Good morning, Mrs. Cow. Can you give me something for my mother's birthday?

Cow: Moo, moo. I can give you some milk and cream.

Danny: Thank you, but she has some milk and cream.

Cow: Then ask Mr. Bear. He lives over the hill.

Danny: All right. Let's go ask Mr. Bear.

Hen: No.

Goose: No.

Goat: No.

Sheep: No.

Cow: No, no.

Narrator: So Danny went alone to look for Mr. Bear. He ran and he ran until he came to the hill. Then he walked and he walked until he came to the woods and then he met Mr. Bear.

Danny: Good morning, Mr. Bear. Can you give me something for my mother's birthday?

Bear: Hum, hum. I have nothing to give you but I can tell you something you can give her.

Narrator: So Mr. Bear whispered a secret in Danny's ear.

Page #3 - "ASK MR. BEAR" (Continued)

Danny: Oh thank you, Mr. Bear.

Narrator: Then he ran thru the woods and he skipped down the hill until he came to his house.

Danny: Guess what I have for your birthday!

Mother: Is it an egg?

Danny: No, it isn't an egg.

Mother: Is it a pillow?

Danny: No, it isn't a pillow.

Mother: Is it cheese?

Danny: No, it isn't cheese.

Mother: Is it a blanket?

Danny: No, it isn't a blanket.

Mother: Is it milk and cream?

Danny: No, it isn't milk and cream.

Narrator: His mother could not guess at all. So Danny gave his mother a Big, Birthday Bear Hug.

AT THE WELL AT NAHOR

(An Old Testament Bible Story arranged for color shadows)

CHARACTERS		PROPERTIES	
ELIEZER	(The trusted servant of Abraham)	The well	A water jar
REBEKAH		A tree	
LABAN		A camel	

(Outside the town of Nahor at the well.)

ELIEZER (Abraham's servant, and camel discovered. Kneels in prayer)
O-Jehovah, the God of my master Abraham, give me I pray
Thee, success to-day. Here I am standing at the well
and the daughters of the town are coming out to draw water.
May that young woman to whom I say, "Please let down your
water jar that I may drink", and who answers, "Drink and
I will also water your camels," may she be the one Thou
hast chosen as wife for Isaac, my master's son. (Enter
Rebekah with water jar on her shoulder.) (He rises and
goes to meet her.) Please let me drink a little water from
your jar.

REBEKAH Drink, sir. (Eliezer drinks) I will draw water for your
camels also, until it has finished drinking.

Eliezer Whose daughter are you? Tell me, I beg of you.

REBEKAH I am the granddaughter of Milcah and Nahor.

ELIEZER Is there room in your father's house for us to spend the
night?

Rebekah There is a place for you to spend the night, and we have
plenty of straw and feed. I will go to my house and send
my brother to you. (exit Rebekah)

ELIEZER (Kneels) Blessed be Jehovah, the God of my master, Abraham,
who has continued to show his mercy and faithfulness toward
my master. (Enter Laban)

LABAN Come with me, you are blessed by Jehovah. Why do you stand
outside. We have cleared a room and have made a place for
the camels. You must have food.

ELIEZER I cannot eat until I have made known my errand.

LABAN Speak

ELIEZER I am Abraham's servant. Jehovah has blessed my master greatly
so that he has become very rich. He has given him flocks

and herds, silver and gold, servants, camels and asses. Now Sarah, my master's wife had a son when she was old, and my master has given him all that he has. My master does not wish his son to marry one of the daughters of the Canaanites. He said that an angel of Jehovah would show me the woman who was to be the wife of his son. Jehovah has led me to Rebekah, your sister, the daughter of my master's brother.

LABAN The matter is in the hands of Jehovah. We cannot say either "Yes" or "No."

ELIEZER Then must I return to my master with Rebekah. I have brought her gifts--rings of gold and bracelets of gold.

LABAN Let the young woman stay with us a month or at least ten days, after that she may go.

ELIEZER Do not delay me, for Jehovah has given me success. Send me away that I may go to my master.

LABAN I will send the young woman to you. You may ask her
(Exits Laban. Calls Rebekah)

REBEKAH Here am I.

LABAN Go thou to Eliezer, the servant of our father's brother. He has brought you gifts of rings and bracelets of gold. Jehovah has chosen you to be the wife for Abraham's son, Isaac. (Enter Rebekah)

ELIEZER Will you go with me.

REBEKAH I will go.

Eliezer May your children and their children become thousands and thousands.

AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN

A soda clerk stood by his marble bar
And said to himself, "What sumps folks are."
He picked a thread from his snow white coat
And said, "Here's one that gets my goat."
A pert young snip, just six years old
With turned-up nose and curls of gold.

"Hello, mister. I wanna ice tweek sody, choc'late flavor, with a whole lot of ice tweek and plenty of fizz. My mom don't allow me to eat ice tweek sody, but I sneaked away and am 'ist buyin' it my own self. She thinks I'm going to give the money to my Sunday School teacher to send to the heathen. My pop says I'm a heathen, so I'm going to spend the money on my own self. That fizzy stuff got all up my nose. Um-m, that's good. The choc'late is the goodest part of it. I wish't I had another one, but I ain't got money enough. There's your nickel. Fifteen cents? You say it's fifteen cents? A nickel is all I got. Well, whatcha goin' to do about it? I got the ice tweek and I guess you can't get it back. I ain't never comin' in here no more, you're too expensive."

The next was an old maid, tall and slim
With a high-pitched voice and manner prim.

Young man, is your soda fountain sanitary? I'm very particular. If I found a germ floating around in my ice-cream, I'd just die, I know I would. Do you wash and dry and polish your glasses after they've been used? You do? And I suppose that syrup and soda are pure, aren't they? One is taking a dreadful risk nowadays when one eats ice cream. I do hope everything is sterilized. You've been vaccinated haven't you? I believe I'll take vanilla. Chocolate is so dark one can never be certain what it contains. I believe it's all right. I don't seem to taste any germs. You don't use tobacco in any form do you, young man? I never could stand it to eat ice cream served by a tobacco user. If I thought you did, I'd make it my business to report you to the Board of Health.

At the Soda Fountain - 2

One can't be too careful. I do hope you're sanitary.

Miss Flossie O'Toole, the high school queen
Is the next to come upon the scene.

Let's sit up at the counter, Gert. I just hate those little tables. Up here we can see everybody who's passing along the street. I'm going to have a Lemon Coke. What'll you have, Gert? No, indeed, you're not going to pay for it, it's my treat. You paid for it last time. Yes, you did, you did so. And then I invited you in here, didn't I? No, I positively insist on paying for it. Oh, you insist too? Well, go ahead and pay. I won't argue about it. I don't think I'll take the Coke after all. I want a coconut Tower of Babel with chopped cherries, chocolate marshmallows, candied pineapple, maple syrup, pulverized hickory nuts, blanched almonds and red cherries on top. That's really the best they have. It's as good as a square meal. Many a day I don't have a thing to eat for lunch but a Tower of Babel and four sticks of gum. Oh, it's wonderful.

A soft young pair who'll marry in June
Arrive on the scene and start to spoon.

Oh, Arthur, petsey, let's sit way back here at this table in the rear. Now, isn't this cozy? Just like we'll be in our own little home after we're married. What do I want? Oh, it really doesn't make much difference, darling. I'll just take what you do. Oh, you're going to take lemon phosphate? No, I can't stand lemon phosphate, it isn't sweet enough. I just love sweet things, Arthur, that's why I'm so fond of you. I believe I'll take a marshmallow dip. I don't believe I care for anything heavy. I'm not at all hungry. It's enough for me just to sit and look at you.

The soda clerk turns and staggers away
To a tall grass rube chewing new mown hay.

Mister, I was just goin' by your place, and I tho't I'd drop in and

At the Soda Fountain - 3

see what you got. This is the first time I been to town for sixteen years, and these fangled fixin's is all new to me. I tho't I'd have to come in here and git one of these high falutin' drinks, so I kin tell maw about it when I git back to the farm. I reckon I'll take a bottle of sody water pop. You ain't got none? Ain't got no sody water pop? Say, what kinda place is this anyhow? What say? Oh, you serve sody water in glasses? Well, gimme a glass. Huh? What flavor? How do I know what flavor it is? I ain't drunk it yet. Oh, you got all kinda flavors, have you? Have I got to have a flavor? All right, what ye got? All kinds of fruit? Aw, well, that's all right, gimme apple.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

SCENE I

Merchant-Beauty, my child, I have lost all my fortune and we will have to move to a small cottage in the country.

Beauty- Do not grieve, dear father, I do not. I am sure that I can become a fine little housekeeper. I will learn to cook and wash and spin and weave.

Merchant-I know you will be a great comfort to me, my dear, but I still have more news for you. One of my ships which I thought lost has been heard from and I must hasten to the port to see if the reports be true.

Beauty- Oh Father-it will be wonderful if it is safe but I will be lonesome in your absence.

Merchant-Your sisters have asked me to bring them back new gowns, caps, rings and allsorts of trinkets- What shall I bring you?

Beauty- Since you are so kind as to think of me, dear father, I should like to have you bring me a rose for we have none in our garden.

Merchant-I will bring it little daughter, and now farewell, for I must be on my way.

Beauty- Farewell, father.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II

Merchant-What a strange adventure I have had. Last night I lost my way in the forest and saw the lights of a palace. When I came to it I found it empty but a place set in the dining room for one. I waited for the owner to appear but I saw no one. At last I ate for I was very hungry. I went to bed and this morning found breakfast ready for me. What can it mean? The palace seems entirely deserted-Thank you good fairies for taking care of me. Oh, what a beautiful rose bush. That reminds me of what Beauty asked me to bring her. I will take her one.

ENTER BEAST.

Beast- Ungrateful man-I saved your life by rescuing you in my palace and in return you steal my roses, which I love more than anything in the world. You shall pay for this with your life.

Merchant-My lord, forgive me. I did not mean to offend you. I picked only this one spray for my youngest daughter who had asked me to bring her a rose.

Beast- I am not a lord-but a beast.I do not like sweet words so do not think you can soften me with flattery.You say you have daughters?

Merchant-Yes,beast.

Beast- I will pardon you if one of them will come and die in your place. Do not try to argue with me but go-and swear to me that if your daughters refuse,you will come back in three months.

Merchant-I promise and I will at least see my poor children again.

Beast- I don't want you to go away empty handed.In the room in which you slept is a chest which you may fill with whatever you like.I will send it to your house.

BEAST EXITS.

Merchant-I will fill it with gold-then if I must die,I shall at least be able to leave something to my children.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III OUTSIDE MERCHANTS HOUSE

Merchant enters slowly and sadly.Beauty rushes to meet him and they embrace.

Beauty- My dearest father,how happy I am to see you home again How sad you look. Was your ship lost?

Merchant-I am sad Beauty.Here is your rose.

Beauty- How kind of you to remember me,dear father.

Merchant-Little do you think what it has cost me.

Beauty- Tell me father.

Merchant-I became lost in the forest and saw the lights of a palace.I entered--it was empty-I saw no one-I ate and drank and went to bed.In the morning breakfast was laid for me.As I was leaving I went into the garden and saw a beautiful rose tree.I remembered your request and picked a rose.Then I heard a dreadful roar and a hideous beast rushed out upon me.

Beauty- Oh my poor father.

Merchant-I was terrified-He said because I had stolen a rose I should die.I told him I picked it for one of my daughters. He then said if that daughter would take my place I could go free.I am to return in three months to die.

Beauty- You shall not die- I shall in your stead give myself to the beast.

Merchant-I will not allow it.I came home only to say farewell to you.

Beauty- You shall never go to the palace without me.You can not prevent my following you.

Merchant-Beauty, you are a brave girl.

CURTAIN

SCENE IV--PALACE OF THE BEAST.

Enter ~~XXXXXX~~ merchant and Beauty.

Merchant-I cannot leave you here alone my child.

Beauty- But you must father dear for the sake of my brothers and sisters.

Enter Beast.

Beast- Ha, so you have kept your promise. (To Beauty) Did you come of your own free will?

Beauty- Yes.

Beast- You are a good girl and I thank you. (To father) You are to leave this palace at once. Take care that you never find your way here again.

Merchant How can I leave you to such a fate?

Beauty You must go now as the beast says. Do not feel sad. His voice is kind. Farewell father.

Merchant Farewell, Beauty,

Exits

Beast You may wish for anything, you may order anything, you are queen here, I have prepared a room for you where I hope you will be happy.

Beauty Do you wish me to be happy?

Beast Ask anything of me and I will grant it.

Beauty I wish I knew how my brothers and sisters fare?

Beast In your room you will find a mirror. When you look into it you will see what your family are doing.

Beauty O thank you, Beast, I won't be afraid of you.

Beast Will you give me the pleasure of seeing you sup.

Beauty That is as you wish.

Pause while Beauty sups

Beast Tell me Beauty, do you think me very ugly.

Beauty I cannot tell a lie. Yes, Beast. You are ugly but I think you are good.

Beauty Beauty, Could you marry me?

Beauty No, Beast.

Beast sighs and rises

Beast I must go now, Goodnight Beauty.

Beauty Goodnight, Beast.

Exit Beast

Beauty Alas! What a pity he is so frightful when he is so good.

Curtain

Scene 5

Same as scene 4

Beauty is at the table

Beast You have been with me for three months now. Again I ask you to marry me, Beauty.

Beauty I cannot, Beast.

Beast If you will not marry me, at least promise me, Beauty, that you will never leave me.

Beauty I would willingly promise never to leave but I shall die if I cannot go and see my father. My mirror tells me that he is ill and poor. My sisters have found the chest of gold you gave him and are married. My brothers are away in the army and he is alone. Oh, please, good Beast, do not refuse me.

Beast I would rather die myself, dear Beauty than to make you unhappy. You may go to your father, and your poor Beast will die of grief.

Beauty No I will never cause your death. I promise to come back in a week.

Beast You shall find yourself with your father tomorrow morning. But remember your promise. When you wish to come back, put your ring on the table at the side of your bed. Good bye, dear Beauty.

Beauty Goodbye dear beast. I will remember,

Scene 6

In the Garden

Beast The tenth day has passed. Beauty has forgotten her promise. She will never come again. I have eaten nothing since she left and will soon die of grief.

Enter Beauty Who looks about.

Beauty (Sees Beast) Oh, there you are dear Beast, I have hunted everywhere for you. What is the matter. I have been so wicked to forget my kind Beast.

Beast You forgot your promise to me ,dear Beauty. Now I shall die of grief. Happy for I have seen you once more.

Beauty No, dear Beast, you shall not die. You shall live to be my husband. I thought that I felt only gratitude but now I know I love you.

(Beast turns into a Prince)

But where is my dear Beast?

Prince You see him ,Beauty, at your feet. A wicked fairy gave me the form of a Beast and declared I must keep it until a beautiful girl should love me and consent to marry me.

Beauty How wonderful that the spell is broken. Now we will live happy ever after.

BIG BOASTER and LITTLE BOASTER

Scene: Hills and Woodland

Characters: Big Boaster, Little Boaster Tiger

Little Boaster: Most honorable sir, are you known as Big Boaster?

Big Boaster: Yes, my son, that is my name. What is yours?

Little Boaster: I am known as Little Boaster in the West City and I have come to find out which of us is most skillful.

Big Boaster: What do you suggest?

Little Boaster: Can you frighten a tiger with words?

Big Boaster: Ho! It's easy to frighten tigers with words.

Little Boaster: If you will prove this to me. I will gladly become your follower.

Big Boaster: Ho! The easiest thing in the world. Watch how I do it. Let's wait here. A tiger will soon be along.

Little Boaster: B-b-b-b- but where shall I go?

Big Boaster: Hide behind that rock. I'll pass the time by picking my teeth.
(Little Boaster hides behind rock.)

Enter tiger - who roars -

Big Boaster: (Pretends not to see tiger) (Calls out) Little Boaster, I enjoyed that leopard I ate yesterday, but that tiger! He was so tough he caught in my teeth.
(Tiger stops and acts bewildered-
rocks head from side to side.)
(Roars in fright, tweaks tail between
legs and runs off scene.)

Little Boaster: (Kneels before Big Boaster and knocks head on ground.)
Big Boaster! O Big and Brave Big Boaster! Where is your equal in the four seas? Where is your equal under the wide blue sky? I pray you, allow me to be your follower.

BOBBY SHAFTOE

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knees,
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

This old and musical nursery rhyme has been running through my head all day as I went about my work. My work was teaching the district school at Garrett's mill. The school was at the head of the mill pond, between Garrett's mill and Bentley's Dam. Why this old nursery rhyme was running through my head I do not know, unless it was because one of my pupils popularly known as Bobby Shaftoe had given me an unusual amount of trouble. Where he received the name I do not know, unless it was from his oft declared ambition "to be a thailor and go to thea".

On the June afternoon he was more than ordinarily full of jokes and pranks. One achievement that morning was the production of two pasteboard figures of men, pinned to a stick, and fighting each other furiously as his fingers pulled the strings attached to them.

"Give them to me at once, Bobby."

"Yeth, Mith Mithell, You pull that string to make 'em fight. Mith Mithell, and that string to knock 'em down. Here, I'll throw you."

"Bobby, I wish you wouldn't give me so much trouble. I don't like to be scolding and punishing you all the time. I like you too well for that."

"I've been thinking 'bout that, Mith Mithell. I like you too. I'm going to be better."

"Oh, will you, Bobby?"

"Yethum, I will."

"Give them to me at once, Bobby. How shall I punish you? I've tried everything except a severe whipping. Shall I give you that or can you suggest something more effective?"

"You might put me up in the loft, Mith Mithell. I haven't been up there yet."

"Very well, Up in the loft you go. Here, Bobby, help me with this table, now bring me that chair."

"Ith dark up there, Mith Mithell."

"I know it."

"And hot."

"I know it."

"And Lonesome."

"That's just why I'm sending you up there. Come Bobby."

"All right, Here goeth. Goodbye."

And he pulled his little body out of sight.

"Bobby put the cover down on that opening at once."

"Yethum. Thall I thit on it to keep it down?"

"Certainly."

Just before I dismissed school one of my pupils raised her hand and began to wave it frantically. "What is it, Rose?"

"Please Miss Mitchell. Bobby Shaftoe is out on the road. He's hiding behind the tree." It was indeed Bobby Shaftoe, but how he escaped from the loft I could not understand. I went to the window and called Bobby. Bobby Shaftoe."

"Yethum, I'm coming."

"Bobby take your seat and do not leave until I give you permission to do so."

I dismissed school somewhat ~~much~~ ahead of time that afternoon as there appeared to be a thunderstorm coming up in the west. but Bobby I kept with me to punish him.

"Bobby, I wish----" I was going to say something to him, when a sharp flash of thunder interrupted me. Sudden darkness came and the rain fell not indrops but in sheets and layers. The terrible storm burst soon passed and the roar of the rain died away toward the east.

"I geth ith gone, Mith Mothell. Wathn't it awful, though?"

The words were hardly out of ~~ix~~ his mouth when a new sound came to our ears. a sound more terrible than before. He went to the window and cried, "Ith Bentley's Dam. Ith bust."

Far up the ravine a solid wall of water was dashing toward us. It would strike the pond, flood the narrow valley, and wash the school house from its foundation. This was inevitable, yet there was no escape. Bobby stood ~~int~~ intently thinking then he cried, "The loft--the roof-- the tree." I grasped his idea at once. In it lay the only hope of safety. We seized the table, placed the chair upon it, and the next instant Bobby was pushing up the opening. Even as we did so the flood came down. It was deafening to hear and frightful to see. On its crest was the wreck of homes and in its foam dead bodies tossed.

"Here grab it quick go up" Bobby was holding the limb ~~and~~ of the big elm for me to grasp and swing myself aloft. I grasped the limb and swung myself aloft but so slowly and awkwardly that Bobby losing his hold caught my foot and pushed me upwards. "Hurry Bobby save yourself save yourself. The building swayed ponderously to one side. Bobby reached for the bending limb missed it and fell back on the ridge pole of the roof. "Goodbye, Mith Mitchell, and hang on tight I'm going to sea. "Goodbye--Oh-- Bobby, goodbye."

The waves dashed over him now and again as he floated out of sight. Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea
Silver buckles on his knee
He'll come back no more to me
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe

THE BLACK RABBIT

SCENE I

(Woodland near Blackie's underground home. Blackie and his brother are in the middle of the stage)

Blackie: Dear brother, I am the only black rabbit in town, and that means something. You and all the others are poor light rabbits. Everybody looks at me as I hop along. Do they look at you and the other light rabbits?

Brother: No they don't, but we don't care. You are haughty and think you are better than anyone else, but some day you'll be sorry.

Blackie: Don't be silly. They'll always look at me and think I am wonderful because of my color. And why am I going to be sorry, may I ask?

Brother: I was told there is a place called Black Island where there are nothing but black rabbits. It is like a prison with a big wolf as the guard, and that is where you'll go if you won't change.

Blackie: Ha, ha, ha. You make me laugh. I'm not afraid of that place. I shall stay here and be the idol of everybody.

Brother: I have warned you, and I have done my best to change you, but you are stubborn. Let's go home to eat.

Blackie: I have plenty food here in the woodland. I am going to stay here and let everybody see me.

(Exit Brother)

Blackie: (Goes to corner of stage where he has his food. Nibbles on carrot and sings)

I am the best rabbit, hi de ho.
Everybody admires me, hi de ho.
I like myself, and they like me.
Isn't it wonderful? He he he.

(Enter Cottontail)

Cotton: Hello, Blackie! I'm very hungry. My mother is sick and I have no father to get food for me. Will you please give me some of your carrots?

Blackie: Go away, ugly cottontail. I can't bother with you while I am eating. Go find your own food like I did.

Cotton: I am too small to get food, and I am hungry.

Blackie: Then wait until you grow up before you start eating. (Laughs) Ha, ha, ha. Go away from me.

Cotton: Some day you will know how it feels to go hungry. Just wait, you selfish, black thing.

(Exit Cottontail)

Blackie: (Still eating carrot, sings)
Ah, food, the best I have known,
Stored away and all my own.
No one else shall share my wealth.
It goes for me, and my health.

(Enter Bear)

- Bear: Well, well, if it isn't the big shot of the rabbit family! I suppose you keep your singing to yourself just like you keep all your food to yourself.
- Blackie: It's none of your business what I do. If I like my singing, that's my business, not yours.
- Bear: The only things you like on this earth are the thing you do and are. Whatever someone else does means nothing to you. How did you ever come to think you are so good and so much better than all the rest?
- Blackie: I don't think, I know! It's because of my black color. Everybody looks at me as I hop along. Then, too, I have plenty food, all for myself. As long as I have food, and as long as people look at me, I am happy. Now, why don't you go away and leave me to myself. I can't enjoy these carrots with that stinky body of yours around.
- Bear: I wanted to play with you before, but now I have changed my mind. I don't care to be with important people anyhow. Well, goodbye, Mr. Everybody.
- Blackie: (Mumbles to self) Mr. Everybody. Was that supposed to be smart?
(Starts to sing)
I am so full
I may soon burst.
Now for water to
Quench my thirst
- (Witch enters quietly from side of stage)
- Witch: Heh, heh. Did I hear you say you were thirsty? I have some good water right here in this bowl for you.
- Blackie: (Startled) Who are you and where did you come from? I don't need your water. I'll get my own.
- Witch: I know you can get your own, but I think you are so pretty, I want to serve you. Please take this water.
- Blackie: All right, as long as you feel that way about it. Give it to me. I am very thirsty. (Drinks) Oh! I feel so funny inside. My head is whirling, and I seem to be going to sleep.
- Witch: (Laughs) Ha, ha, heh, heh. You have taken the magic drink that carries you away to Black Island where all the rabbits are black. I hope you have a nice time during your visit at the Island.

Curtain

SCENE II

(Black Island. Woodland scene. Wolf and Blackie are on stage)

- Wolf: Let me see. According to the report I received from the witch you think you are better than all the rabbits because you are black. Well, we'll take that out of you. Then the witch said you are greedy and don't help others who are hungry. I think we have a way to deal with that problem too. I just let you go hungry for a few days, then you will see how others are suffering. And remember, I am the boss here, and for any trouble, you'll be punished.

Blackie: I didn't mean any harm. Everybody looked at me when I hopped along, so I thought I was better than all the others. Then, too, I had a lot of food for myself and kept it. I had to gather it for myself, so why don't the others do the same?

Wolf: Most of the people who stopped to look at you were laughing at you, not admiring you. And when you have a lot of food, you must always share it with the poor and with your friends.

Blackie: If you let me go, I'll promise to do all that you ask.

Wolf: First you must be punished for what you have done. Then you can go back to your family and do better. Now you must get to work. You will help in the carrot field from six o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night. You will get a half a carrot a day for your work.

Blackie: I can't get along with half a carrot a day. I'm used to having all I want.

Wolf: That's just the trouble. You've had too much. Now get to work.

(Wolf exits)

Blackie: Why do I have to do this? I guess I'd better do it, though, or I'll never get out. *Off I go - to the carrot patch (Repeat twice)*
(Curtain)

SCENE III

(Blackie's home. He and mother are together on stage)

Mother: I'm so happy to have you back from that dreadful place. I hope you'll never have to go there again.

Blackie: I won't have to go back there. I know now that I am no better than the others, and I am always going to share my food with the poor and with my friends.

Mother: That makes me so happy. I want you always to be kind to everyone. It is best for everyone that way.

Blackie: I learned my lesson going without food. It was the best thing for me. If the witch hadn't given me that magic drink, I never would have gotten to Black Island to learn my lesson. From now on, it's going to be good Blackie instead of bad Blackie.

Mother: Now everything is going to be all right. (Commotion outside)

Blackie: What's that?

(Enter Brother Rabbit, Bear, Witch, and Cottontail)

All Together: WELCOME HOME, BLACKIE!!!

THE END

BOYS

Q Say do you like boys? Well I don't. Of course I like my father, but then he isn't a boy he's a man. But mother says, "Your father if just a big boy", but I can't exactly figure that out, he don't look like a boy and he don't act a bit like the boys that go to school with me. They always try to act smart and show off. I think boys are mighty silly, but I suppose I'll have to put up with them cause after a while they'll either grow up die or grow up into men and I like men.

Q Now the boy that sits next to me at school tried to kiss me last week and boy just told him he was no gentleman. He said, "Your right I'm only a boy so there you are again."

Q I think boys are horrid. Willie Winkle we call him Freckles cause he has so many freckles you can't really see what he looks like, put a teensy weensy fly in my ink well and it crawled out and got all over my note book. Teacher said she could hardly make out my writing but all great people wrote badly, what do you know about that?

Q Yesterday Louis Smith gave our teacher an apple with a big worm in it and when teacher bit into it, the apple not the worm it crawled out and teacher screamed and tipped over a big pitcher of water and soiled her new dress. Yes sir boys are the limit!

Q When I get married I'm going to have a family of girls and if God sends me a baby boy I'm going to wrap it up and send it straight back to Heaven by a special aeroplane.

Q But when I stop to think it over I guess I'll never get married I'll just live with my mother and father and have a cat and a dog and a parrot and a good time. Don't talk to me about boys I don't like them and I never will go there.

CHRISTMAS IN MANY LANDS.

from: LITTLE FOLKS CHRISTMAS STORIES AND PLAYS

by: Sanford.

editor: Dood Mead & Co.

Adapted for Hand Puppets by the children as part of the Works Progress Administration Recreation Project carried on in cooperation with the Mankato Y.W.C.A. and Public Library.

Characters:	Hans	French
	Gretchen	English
	Swiss	Swedish
	Dutch	Irish
	Russian	American

Time: Christmas Eve.

Place: A living room in a German cottage. A christmas tree stands at one side. As the curtain rises, a small boy and girl in German costumes are trimming the tree and singing.

Hans & Gretchen sing:

Father Christmas, Father Christmas,
Strides across the frozen moor.
Father Christmas, Father Christmas,
Knock at every waiting door.
Open wide and give him room
Joy and gladness with him come!

Father Christmas, Father Christmas,
He's a hale and hearty one;
Frosty beard and brows that hide not
Sparkling eyes that flash with fun;
Through his years are manifold,
Still his heart's a heart of gold.

Hans I wish St. Nicholas would hurry up and come! I think he is dreadfully slow.

Gret. He won't come while we're here, I'm afraid. Besides, he has so far to travel. Only think how many places he has to go.

Hans Does he visit all the little children all over the world?

Gret. Why, of course! (slowly) At least, I suppose so.

Hans Do all the children have Christmas trees?

Gret. Oh! I hope so. Wouldn't it be too, bad not to have a tree on Christmas?

Hans I think it would be fun to have an airship and go about the world tonight and see what all the little children are doing!

Gret. Where would you like to go?

Hans I'd like to fly over the sea and visit Cousin Heinrich in America.

Gret. I'd be afraid to fly so far. I'd go to Holland; it's such a little way.

Hans Oh! I'd fly up in the mountains of Switzerland.

Gret. (thoughtfully) I think I'd rather have the children come and tell us about their Christmas. I'd be afraid in an airplane.

Hans (eagerly) Let's shut our eyes and wish they would come. They'll be sure to if we wish hard on Christmas eve. We'll have a Christmas party!

(Both Children shut their eyes and are silent. A fairy enters. She is dressed in white, spangled with gilt. She has a star on her forehead and carries a wand. She dances about the stage, singing; then stands in front of the children. She waves her wand over them, and they open their eyes.)

Gret. (Rising in surprise.) Who are you, Fairy?

Fairy I am the Christmas fairy, and I have come to answer your wish. I grant all the wishes that good children make on Christmas Eve.

Hans (Earnestly.) Oh, dear Fairy, will children really come from America and from Switzerland and from Holland to tell us about their Christmas?

Fairy They will come because you wished it, and from other countries as well. (She dances around the room once more, and vanishes. Hans and Gretchen run to the door and look after her. They clap their hands and dance around the room for joy.)

Hans We're really going to have a Christmas party. Let's go on trimming the tree. (While they are doing this, they finish the song.)

Father Christmas, Father Christmas,
Comes alike to rich and poor,
Young and old he loves and blesses,
Pain and sorrow he can cure.
Praise him for his goodly cheer,
Making bright the closing year.

(Sound of a bell is heard, and a little girl enters ringing a Swiss bell. She is dressed in a Swiss costume.)

Sw child I come from the lofty mountains of Switzerland to give you greeting. (The two children run to welcome her.)

Hans Did you come in an airship?

S child No, the Christmas Fairy brought me. What a beautiful tree!

Hans Yes, it's our Christmas tree. Don't you have one? Doesn't St. Nicholas bring you presents?

S child No, the Christmas Lady comes to us. She wears a white gown and a red cap, and she carries a basket of toys on her back. But only the good children get toys. She brings a switch for the bad ones and they must keep it all the year and get whipped whenever

S child cont'd.

they are naughty.

Gret. I'm so glad St. Nicholas has a wife to help him. It would be so hard for him to get along by himself. Let's sing a little till the other children come.

(They dance slowly around the tree, singing. While they are singing, a hard clacking of wooden shoes is heard at the door. The children stop to listen, and a little Dutch girl enters. She carries a wand with a star on the end of it and has a basket of sweetmeats on her arm.)

Gret. (coming to greet her.) Here is our little neighbor. I'm so glad you have come. Do the children in Holland have a Christmas Eve like ours?

D child We don't have a pretty tree like that, and we don't hang our stockings before the fire. Good St. Nicholas comes to visit us in the evening. He brings toys for the good children and a Big Birch Rod for the naughty ones. When he comes in, everyone joins in this song of welcome.

Welcome, good St. Nicholas, welcome,
Bring no rod for us tonight;
while our voices bid thee welcome,
Every heart with joy is light.

Then we recite verses and play games for a while. As St. Nicholas goes away he scatters sweetmeats on the floor. We children scramble for them and try to fill our baskets. Then, after he has gone away, we all go into another room and put our shoes on a table. We always put a bit of hay in each shoe for St. Nicholas's good old horse, Sleipner.

Gret. Oh! St. Nicholas comes to us with reindeer!

D. child In Holland he goes about on his good horse Sleipner. Then we all say "Goodnight," and go to bed. While we are asleep St. Nicholas comes back and fills all the shoes. Everyone in the house gets presents.

Gret. Why do you carry that pretty star?

D child This is the star of Bethlehem. The children in Holland walk about the streets early on Christmas Eve and follow one who carries the star. People give the children gifts of money and other things and these are all given to the poor.

Gret. I think that is a beautiful Christmas Eve. Will you try to teach us your song of welcome to St. Nicholas? (The Dutch child sings her song of welcome again and the other children sing it after her. They join hands, and dance a simple folk dance in time to the music. As they sing, a sound of sleigh bells interrupts them. A child runs in, dressed in Russian coat and furs. She is glistening with snow..)

Rus child Oh! Your fire looks warm and bright! Christmas is cold indeed, on the snowy plains of Russia. I am sorry for poor Babouscka tonight!

Gret Come up to the fire and get warm and tell us who Babouscka is.

R child Babouscka! Don't you know about her? On Christmas Eve every Little Russian child expects a visit from a little old woman called Babouscka. Long, long ago, on Christmas Eve, Babouscka was sweeping her house when three wise men came to the door and asked her to go with them to bear gifts to the little child. She said she would go when she finished sweeping, but they said, "We may not wait. We follow a star." So they went their way. Afterwards Babouscka was sorry she hadn't gone with them. So she started out alone to find the child, and ever since, on Christmas Eve, she wanders about to every house where there are children, seeking the wonderful child the wise men talked about. But always when she asks for the child, the answer is the same, "Farther on, Farther on!"

Gret Poor Babouscka! I hope she will find the child sometime. Let's go on with the song. Perhaps someone else will come. (They continue singing. A French child enters.)

Hans Oh! Here comes a little maid of France. I know her by her cap. Come, tell us what you do on Christmas Eve, and who brings your gifts.

Fr child Christmas is a holy time with us. The Christ Child himself brings the gifts. We call him Le Petit Noel.

Hans Do you hang up your stocking for him to fill?

Fr child No; we put our shoes by the hearth at night and Le Petit Noel comes down the chimney and fills them.

Hans Your shoes? I'm glad we hang up our stockings--they hold so much more. Wooden shoes won't stretch!

Gret What a lovely Christmas party we are having! Just think, here are children from Switzerland, Holland, Russia, and France. I wonder if any more children will come. Let's all dance and sing while we wait. (They go on with the song. Sound of sleigh bells is heard outside. An English child enters.)

E child A Merrie Christmas from Merrie England!

Hans Oh! another guest! How lovely of you to come to our party! Do you have Christmas Eve parties at home?

E child Oh, yes; Christmas Eve is the merriest night of the year with us.

Hans Tell us all about it. (The children seat themselves about the hearth and the English child in the center.)

E. child Early in the morning we go to the woods and gather evergreens. Then we trim all the rooms with holly, mistletoe, and bay; in the evening

E child cont'd

we light the great yule log.

Gret What is the yule log?

E child Well, it's a big log that we always burn in the fireplace on Christmas Eve. All the family meet together on Christmas Eve, and we have a beautiful tree like yours. Everyone gives a present to everone else, and we sing and tell stories and have a happy time. Then early on Christmas morning the waits around and waken us, singing Christmas carols. At dinner we have a great big plum pudding, and mother puts brandy on it and sets fire to the brandy, and it makes a pretty blue flame.

Gret I think that must be a happy Christmas. Who are the waits that sing the carols?

E child They are children who go about from house to house, early on Christmas morning, and sing.

Gret Will you sing one of your carols for us?

E child Yes, if you will all help. (English child sings carol.)

I saw three ships come sailing in;
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in;
On Christmas day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?

And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day in the morning.

(Children join in the refrain. As they finish the carol, a Swedish child enters)

S child What a beautiful Christmas party! I'm so glad the Christmas fairy brought me.

Hans Oh, are you another little maid from France?

S child Oh, no; I come from the frozen north - from Sweden.

Gret Do you have Christmas 'way up there? And does St. Nicholas go so far on Christmas Eve?

S child Of course, we have Christmas, but I never heard of St. Nicholas before.

Hans (to Gretchen) There's another country he doesn't go to, Gretchen.
(to Swedish child) Doesn't any one bring the little Swedish children presents on Christmas Eve?

S child Oh, yes, the Christmas gnomes do that! They are ^a little old man and a little old woman who come to every home in Sweden, bringing gifts for all in the house. The old man carries a bell and the old woman a large basket filled with gifts. In Sweden everyone is remembered on Christmas Day, and a sheaf of grain is fastened to a pole at each house so that not even the birds are forgotten.

Hans Oh, Gretchen, let us put up some grain for the birds tomorrow morning! (Song is heard outside.)

Gret Hark - someone is singing! (They all listen. Irish child sings behind the screen)

The Holly and the Ivy
Now both are full will grown
Of all the trees that spring in wood,
The Holly bears the crown.
The Holly bears a blossom
As white as lily flower
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ (Irish child enters, singing)
To be our sweet Saviour,
To be our sweet Saviour.

Hans Christmas time in Ireland.

I child Yes, Christmas Day is a day of feasting and merriment. Where did you get that pretty tree?

Hans It's our Christmas tree. Don't you have one?

I child No, I never saw one before.

Hans Doesn't St. Nicholas come to you? Don't you get presents?

I child (shaking her head thoughtfully) No.

Hans Then how can you have a merry Christmas?

I child No, we don't get gifts at home. We give them to the poor. On Christmas Eve we light the great yule log in the fireplace. Then while it roars and crackles on the hearth, we sit around and hear the tale that we love so well, of the shepherds who watched their flocks by night, and of the Christ Child in the manger. Before we go to bed we put the great candle decked with ribbons in the window so that our welcome may shine out for the Christ Child should he wander that way. On Christmas morning, of course, we all go to church, and then we come home to the best dinner, and all the young people dance and make merry far into the night.

Hans (to Gretchen) Think of a Christmas Eve without a tree or St. Nicholas or gifts!

I child But we have the yule and the story-telling, and we dance and sing.

Hans Was that one of your Christmas songs you were singing as you came in?

I child Yes, everyone sings that song at Chrstitmas time.

Hans Won't you sing the rest of it for us? (Irish child finishes the song "Holly and the Ivy.")

The Holly bears a berry
As red as any blood
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.
The Holly bears a prickly,
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn
On Christmas day in the morn!

The Holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.
The Holly and the Ivy
Now both are full well grown;
Of all the trees that spring in wood
The Holly bears the crown,
The Holly bears the crown!

(Just as she finishes the song, the American child runs in. They all rise to greet her.)

A child I'm late because I had so far to come. The fairy carried me high over the seas from America.

Hans America! I'm so glad you have come! I wondered what the American children were doing tonight.

A child (looking around) Why, I think you must do just what we do on Christmas Eve. You have a tree - you put evergreens around - and you hang your stockings up for Santa Claus to fill.

Hans Santa Claus? St. Nicholas comes to us!

Gret He's the same, Hans, only they call him a little different.

D. child Does he come on his horse?

A child No, he is drawn in a sleigh with eight reindeer, He comes down the chimney and fills our stockings with toys and candy, when we are asleep.

D. child Doesn't he bring a switch for the bad ones?

A child Oh, no! Santa Claus never leaves anything but toys!

D child I wish he wouldn't bring it when he comes to us!

Gret Isn't it funny? We all do different things on Christmas Eve. But we all have a happy time and love it, and I'm sure each one of us likes her own way the best. (Sound of sleigh bells are heard outside, and children laughing. Gretchen runs to the window and looks out.) Oh, here are the village children! They have come to our Christmas party. (The village children run in. All greet each other and join singing "Father Christmas.")

Father Christmas, Father Christmas,
Comes alike to rich and poor,
Young and old he loves and blesses,
Pain and sorrow he can cure.
Praise him for his goodly cheer
Making bright the closing year.

Curtain.

Father Christmas is a German Folk Song, taken from Music Hour Book 3
by Silver Burdett, translated from German by Eleanor Smith.

The Holly and the Ivy - taken from Christmas Carols (English), L. Edna
Walter, Editor.

CAPTAIN KIDD AND HIS TREASURE CHEST

Prologue

- Mother: Don't go to sleep there, Robert. It's eight o'clock and you should be on your way to bed. Did you have a nice time at the party?
- Robert: OH, I'm not sleepy, Mother. I want to listen to Mert and Marj.
- Mother: And go to sleep over your books tomorrow in school! I should say not. But you didn't answer my question about the party.
- Robert: Oh, it was a fine party. I wish I could wear my Captain Kidd costume to school tomorrow. There was a real Captain Kidd, wasn't there?
- Mother: Oh, yes! But that was a long time ago.
- Robert: And did he really wear clothes like the ones I have on tonight?
- Mother: Indeed he did. Come now, run up to bed, and tomorrow afternoon I'll show you a book that has some lovely pictures of the kind of clothes that Captain Kidd wore. Shall I help you take off your costume.
- Robert: No, I can do it. Goodnight, Mother.
- Mother: Goodnight dear. Brush your teeth and when you wash your hands and face, be sure to wash behind your ears. And don't forget to drink a glass of water before you go to bed.
- Robert: No, I won't. Goodnight. (Yawns, sits down again & falls asleep)
- Captain Kidd and his bank (Robert and his friends) are on the High Seas looking for treasure ships. Play the scene in a soft blue lights to give the effect of unreality.
- Captain Kidd: (Striding up and down on the deck) Seven weeks on the high Seas and not a treasure ship captured. Unless we find treasures soon, we shall be the laughing stock of all England. What ho! On the lookout there.
- Lookout: (A sail in the distance, sir. We're gaining on her. (offstage)
- Captain Kidd: Full speed ahead there, mates. Trim the ship. Let out the sail. All men on deck.
- Voices: (Offstage) Aye, Aye, Sir.
- Captain Kidd: I smell land. (Sniff/ sneeze) Guess I can't smell as well as I used to.
- Lookout: Land, Captain Kidd. Land ahead.
- Crow: (Offstage) Land. Man overboard. Man overboard.

Captain Kidd Let out the life boat. Bring in the sail. Stand for action. Where is the mate? On the watch there. Tell the first mate I want him.

First Mate: (Appearing on ship) Aye, aye, sir. We have just let out the boat to pick up the man who fell overboard. There are sharks in these waters, sir, but our men saved him.

Captain Kidd Tell him to come here as soon as he gets on the ship. Mate, what country is this ahead of us?

Mate It appears to be an island, sir. A small island. Shall we land sir? There may be Indians on it.

Captain Kidd Redskins? Well, then we'll make them bite the dust. Our men are spoiling for a good fight.

 (A commotion off stage. Gries of "It's Mine". "Give it back" mingled with "Try and get it". "WE'LL keep this as a reward for saving you, Hollow Leg". "What is it?" "Hollow Leg dound a milk bottle".

Captain Kidd We found a milk bottle? Let the man who found it bring it to me. (Wiping his mouth off with his sleeve) Ah! for a good swig of milk)

Hollow Leg Here I am, Sir.

Captain Kidd (Grabbing bottle and putting it up to his mouth. Finds nothing in it) You'll walk the plank for this, Hollow Leg. There is no milk in this. Where'd you get this thing?

Hollow Leg Don't make me walk the plank, sir. But you see when I fell overboard I clutched at the water, at anything I could find, because you see, sir, I can't swim. And as I was clutching, I grabbed ahold of this milk bottle. Then the men dragged me out of the water, sir, and when I came aboard I found the thing still in my hands. But there's a map in it sir, a treasure map.

Captain Kidd Why didn't you give it to me sooner? Give it here, I say.

Mate Do as the Captain says, Hollow Leg. He'll always do what's right by you. (Gived Hollow Leg a shove)

Hollow Leg I left the map down in your cabin, sir!

Captain Kidd Well, each man in the crew will get his share of the booty, my hearty Come, mate, we'll go down to the cabin and see if we can make out where the treasure is.

 (Captain and Mate go off stage, leaving Hollow Leg alone).

Hollow Leg I wonder what the treasure will be. But I shall be rich for the rest of my life. But do you know, I almost wish the bottle had been filled with milk. There are so very many treasure maps, and we haven't had a drop of milk since we set sail seven weeks ago. That reminds me of a poem. @--.

Every time you take a sip
Milk makes a mustache on your lip.
So drink it carefully now my dears
Don't get any on your ears!!.

(Laughs heartily. Goes off stage singing*)

Lookout (Offstage) A ship is coming this way, full speed ahead. It carries the black flag and the skull and cross bones! (Another pirate ship.

Captain Kidd (Rushing on) To the guns. Man the riggings. We'll fight these pirates and then get the treasure which Ol Hollow Leg discovered. We'll lick them easily. Get ready to fire. One-Two-Three (puts hand over ears) Fire! (There is no sound) Fire! I said Fire! Do I have to lick the Black Flag alone? Don't be afraid of getting your hands dirty, men. There is lots of water around us. Fire! I say Fire! These cut throats are getting too near. We'll get a shell in our sides.

Mate (Rushing on stage) We can't fire. The guns won't work. We're caught like rats. We can't shoot. Shall I put up the white flag so they won't shoot at us, sir?

Captain Kidd The white flag? Man, are you crazy? Captain Kidd never puts up a white flag. I've changed my mind about which of the treasures we want, though. We'll ~~change our mind about which of the treasures we~~ pull away from them in this wind, and land over there in the cove on the island. They won't be able to find us and the treasures we are after is buried ten paces to the right and five paces beyond the haunted house. Once we've found the haunted house the treasure is in our lap. Set full sail ahead.

Mate (Rushing off and coming right back) We're gaining on the Black Flag. (Off again - On again) We're out of firing range. They're out of sight.

Captain Kidd Now for the treasure cove. Turn in early tonight, my man. Tomorrow is a big day. Tell the cook to have lots of vegetables for the crew.

Voices (Off stage) Hurrah for Captain Kidd!

SCENE II

The crew has landed on the island and the scene is laid before the haunted house.

Captain Kidd This is some island, Mate. Never found one like it in my life before. Lots of islands have treasure, but this the the first one I ever say that had carrots, and asparagus, big red apples, huge yellow peaches and oranges by the hundreds growing on it. Why, Mate the men could lick a hundred Indians with one hand tied behind them after eating all these good fruits and vegetables.

Mate Yes, yes, sir, Captain. I'm might glad to hear you say so. I just came up to tell you that the lookout sighted Indians approaching with bows and arrows.

Captain Kidd Indians? Say, Mate how does a fellow fight on land, anyway? No one can tell Captain Kidd how to carry on a sea fight, but land fighting is another thing.

Mate Well, Captain Kidd. I reckon the best thing to do is for each man to find a tree to shoot behind. Then if we don't scare them off before our ammunition is gone, we can climb a tree and those Indians would have to cut down the tree to get us.

Captain Kidd Mate, you go tell the men to fight to the finish. You and I will stay here while the fighting is going on. Someone has to guard the treasure.

Mate (Hears a bang, bang) Sounds like the fighting has already started, Captain Kidd. Do you suppose those Indians know about the treasure? I think I'd better stay here with you.

Captain Kidd They may know about it, but they won't get it. I've found the exact spot where it is. (Points to it) Say, Mate, the fighting sounds rather close. Maybe you and I had better start shooting. Don't shoot at them, just shoot over their heads and scare them off. Come on.

 (Captain Kidd and the mate each hide behind the tree, but while they make a lot of noise, Bang-Bang! I got him! etc. They have no weapons in their hands, after the manner of small boys. Hollow Leg appears)

Hollow Leg Those shots of yours certainly saved the day. Captain Kidd. The Indians didn't know there was anyone over this way and when they heard those shots they thought they must have been fired by one of the ghosts that live in the haunted house. And did they run! They may have wanted the treasure, but not badly enough to fight with ghosts for it.

Captain Kidd So, I'm a ghost, am I? Mate, did you ever see a ghost that ate more vegetables and drank more milk than I do? Well, now for the treasure chest! Where did I say it was, Mate?

Mate Right there, sir. (Pointing to center)

Hollow Leg No, it was over there. (Pointing in another direction)

Captain Kidd I think you're both wrong. Wasn't it here? (Pointing)

Mate Well, where's the map? We can soon find out.

Captain Kidd I gave it to you yesterday, Mate.

Mate I gave it back to you this morning.

Captain Kidd So you did. Now, where is it? (Searches himself) It isn't in any of my pockets. Where's the thief that stole it from me? Hollow Leg, do you know where the map is?

SCENE III

The treasure chest stands in the middle of the stage, glittering with jewels. Captain Kidd, Hollow Leg and the mate are around the treasure.

Captain Kidd Hurrah! We have found the treasure.

Mate Hurrah for Hollow Leg who led us to the treasure.

Hollow Leg Hurrah for the milk bottle that held the treasure may.

Captain Kidd But how are we going to open the chest? The lock is rusted and even if it weren't we don't have a key to open it.

Mate If it were just an ordinary treasure chest, we could break it open, but that won't do now. We'd crush all these lovely jewels.

Hollow Leg Maybe it's magic treasure chest, and to open it you have to say a magic word. Do you know any magic words, Captain.

Captain Kidd Well, "Open Sesame" sometimes works. (Stands back and says impressively) "Open Sesame" (waits expectantly) We;;. that didn't work. Do you know any, Mate?

Mate I'll try "Abacadabra". (Gets very close to chest and says quickly. "Abacadabra" (nothing happens) Hollow Leg, you may be good at finding treasures, but you aren't worth your salt in opening treasure chests.

Captain Kidd Maybe there's a magic spring some place. (Feels over entire chest) making elaborate gestures. Both Hollow Leg and Mate help him. Say, whose idea was this magic spring anyway? You two leave this business to me. (Finally gives up after feeling more) Hollow Leg, this is your treasure, you figure out a way to open it. The Mate and I are going down to the ship. If you need any help, holler; and we'll come running.

Hollow Leg (Sits up on chest so wooden leg shows) The captain may be after what's inside this chest, but these jewels on the outside are mighty pretty. Now take that red one there- the ruby. I never saw a bigger stone in my life, and that black pearl, why it's worth a fortune. I guess I guess I'll shine them up a little. They've been in the ground so long they're kind of dirty like. (Rubs idly- chest opens and tiny figure appears. What's this? I'll hit myself to see if I'm awake.

Knight I am part of the magic treasure chest. I am the magic of milk. (Starts to get out of chest. Hollow Leg alarmed pushes Knight into chest and calls Captain Kidd)

Captain Kidd Hollow Leg, you have opened the chest? What's in it?

Hollow Leg A magic knight! (Releases knight)

Knight Nothing can pierce my armour. Boys and girls who drink one quart of me a day will wear invisible armour so strong that even germs can hardly penetrate it. I put lime in their bones to make them hard and straight.

Captain Kidd Well, I'll be born scoggled! What do you think of that? How did you get the chest open, Hollow Leg?

Hollow Leg Well, I just got to shining up some of these stones. They didn't look very clean, and when I rubbed them the lid flew open.

Captain Kidd Guess you've had your turn, Hollow Leg. I'm going to see what I can do. I'll rub this one right here in front. Rubs and tiny sprite dressed in green hat and orange suit like carrot appears.)

Sprite I am a carrot. I have many brothers and sisters.

Captain Kidd Do you know the cabbage family?

Sprite Oh, yes, they are distant relations!

Hollow Leg Yes, sir, Mighty nice family those cabbages. How about the beans? Do you know them?

Sprite We are all in one big family. We make boys and girls strong and beautiful. We put lime into their bones to make them hard and straight. We put iron into their blood to make it a healthy red. When they have found us they have a treasure richer than gold. (Disappears)

Hollow Leg Say, Captain Kidd, when we take this chest back to the ship, we better have some one guard it all the time. It's worth more than I thought when we first saw it.

Captain Kidd I'd rather lose all the money I ever had than to have something happen to this treasure chest. I guess it's your turn to do a little rubbing Hollow Leg, isn't it? H.L. rubs and lovely fairy appears) Oh, isn't she lovely! I'll bet she's a Queen. Bow to her, Hollow Leg.

Queen Titania I am Queen Titania. I also bring the magic gift of health. I bring fresh water to drink. And one of my sprites leads children to bath tubs full of clean water oftener than once a week. Only those who are clean can belong to my kingdom. With a tooth brush I help them keep their teeth bright and clean. (Disappears)

Hollow Leg Oh, no you won't. It's my turn now. Which one would you like to have me rub? This diamond or this pearl? I guess I'll rub the diamond.

Magid Artist I am an artist. I paint color into children's cheeks. Red apples and clusters of cool cherries and golden oranges are my paint box. I am the magic artist. (Disappears)

Captain Kidd Well, now that we've found the treasure, lets take it back to all the little boys and girls in Minneapolis, St. Paul and points west. Call the men mate. Tell them we set sail at once.

Voice off Stage: Robert, Robert haven't you gone to bed yet????

NOILCOUE

Mother Robert! You didn't go to bed when I told you to. How do you expect to feel bright and rested for school tomorrow?

Robert I fell asleep and was just dreaming about pirates that found a magic treasure chest.

Mother Well, I should think you were. I heard you shouting in your sleep and you frightened me. I almost thought you were the real Captain Kidd.

Robert I was the real Captain Kidd in my dreams, mother, and we found the most wonderful treasure chest. Pirates liked milk and fruits and vegetables.

Mother Well, I should say they did. How do you suppose they kept so strong and healthy?

Robert Well, I'm going to bed right now - That's one of the health rules, isn't it? Then tomorrow I'm going to start the day right with a big glass of milk for breakfast, and some fruit, too. If I do all this and drink enough milk so that it adds up to a whole quart in one day will you get me the book about Captain Kidd, Mother?

Mother Yes, Robert, indeed I will. No Good night.

Robert Goodnight Mother.

THE CHINESE MERCHANT
(A Puppet Play in Four Acts)

Cast of Characters

Merchant (dressed as a Chinaman)

Boy

King (very ugly) Dragon

List of Properties

Magic Harp and Magic Table

Act I

Scene: In Woods. As curtain rises, the Merchant is seen hanging from the branch of a tree.

MERCHANT (Loudly) Help! Help! (Waves arms) Won't someone save me? (Pause, softer) Help! Help! (Arms hang. Whistling is heard in the distance coming nearer) Help! Oh, lucky chance! Someone is approaching.

BOY (enters still whistling. As he sees the merchant, he jumps and starts to run away).

MERCHANT: Oh, little boy, do not leave me here to die.

BOY: What can I do?

Merchant: Cut the rope which holds me here, quickly.

BOY: (reaches up and pretends to cut rope. Merchant falls and boy kneels over him) Was I too late? Is he dead?

MERCHANT: (sitting up, after a pause) No, I am all right now, kind sire. You have saved my life. You were just in time.

BOY: What happened to you? Who are you in such a strange costume?

MERCHANT: It is a long story. I came from far-away China, as a merchant selling Oriental wares, and almost lost my life in this wild country where my treasured have been stolen.

BOY: Oh, robbers?

MERCHANT: Yes, robbers. They have taken all my treasures and they have almost killed me.

BOY: Come with me. I am on my way to the King's Palace. I am going to earn a great pile of gold.

MERCHANT: How can you do that?

BOY: The great King is very sad and unhappy and no one can amuse him; so he has promised a pile of gold to anyone who can make him laugh.

MERCHANT: What can YOU do?

BOY: Sit down and I will show you how I can Dance. (Merchant seats himself on ground and boy does an eccentric dance). Now don't you think I shall win the reward?

MERCHANT: Perhaps, but it is a long journey if you should fail. You have saved my life and now it is my turn to help you. In my home in the city I have a magic harp which was given to me by a magician in Cathay. This I shall loan you.

BOY: Will you really let me take it? But, alas, I cannot play a harp.

MERCHANT: I magic harp plays itself, any tune you wish. When we arrive in town, I shall loan it to you.

BOY: Hooray! Now for the Big City, the Palace and the Gold! (EXIT)

ACT II

SCENE: King's Palace. As the curtain rises the King is seen sleeping on his throne, snoring loudly. (use a saw for sound) Three trumpet blasts are heard and a voice announces "Your majesty, a competitor! The king awakens with a start.

KING: Tell him to enter. I would be amused.

BOY: (entering) Your Majesty (bows deeply) I shall try to win the reward.

KING: The pile of gold! Here it is. (points to it) Now amuse me. (Boy starts to dance. King falls asleep and snores loudly. Boy stops)

BOY: He has gone to sleep. I cannot amuse him. How lucky that I have the harp. I shall get it now (exit) (Blasts of trumpet are again heard and voice)

"Your Majesty, a competitor". (King wakes).

BOY: (entering with harp, bowing) Your Majesty!

KING: Oh, you again. What are you going to do now?

BOY: This harp will play or sing for you. What do you wish to hear?

KING: A song, a beautiful song. (Harp plays—phonograph behind scenes)

Encore. (Clapping) Encore, now some lively music (Harp plays a jig. King jumps down from the throne and dances).

BOY: The pile of gold is mine! (Dances too. Music stops and King resumes seat on throne. Bow bows). The reward, your majesty.

KING: Reward? Oh, did you win the reward? Did you amuse me?

BOY: You clapped and you danced, your majesty. Give me the gold.

KING: The gold? Ha! Ha! I shall not give you any gold.

BOY: What?

KING: You impertinent boy. Go from the palace at once. (He jumps up) GO! (Boy runs).

ACT III

SCENE: Woods

BOY: (entering with harp, sits down) Boo-hoo, what a long journey! What a disappointment!

MERCHANT: Well, my friend, why do you weep?

BOY: The King would not give me the gold.

MERCHANT: Did he like the dancing and the music?

BOY: Indeed he did, but he would not give me the gold.

MERCHANT: Did he laugh? Did he clap?

BOY: Yes, but he would not give me the reward. Boo-hoo?

MERCHANT: He must be very wicked king. I am going to go with you and give you another magic gift.

BOY: It won't do any good— even magic. He must be a wicked king to break his promise.

MERCHANT: He won't break his promise this time, no matter how wicked he is.

BOY: Are you sure? (Jumps up) Then I shall go to the palace again (EXIT)

ACT IV

SCENE: Palace. The King, asleep, is awakened as before by a blast of trumpets and a voice announcing "Your Majesty", a competitor". Boy enters with the magic table, the merchant following him.

BOY: (Bowing) Your Majesty. I have something new for your amusement.

KING: Back again! What do you want?

BOY: The pile of gold when you laugh. Behold my magic table. (Table dances and sings. King laughs and claps). Your majesty, the pile of gold is mine!

KING: How dare you! I have not given you a pile of gold. (Laughs loudly)

MERCHANT: (Stepping forward) You refuse to give this boy the reward?

KING: Yes, no one can make the King do what he does not wish.

MERCHANT: You have broken your promise.

KING: A King can do as he likes.

MERCHANT: A king who breaks his promise is not fit to be King.

KING: What of it?

MERCHANT: If I utter one magic word you will no longer be King.

KING: Try it. (Laughs)

MERCHANT: (waving his arms) Abacadabra! Come Yangtze! (firece dragon enters, roaring. The King shrieks and jumps from his throne. Dragon knocks him down and crawls on him.

MERCHANT: Our new King! (Leads the boy to the Throne).

CIRCUS DAY

A classroom playlet for late May or June and adapted to a second grade.

CHARACTERS: Children representing

Ringmaster	Lion
Giraffe	Dancing Bear
Camel	Cat
Elephant	Dog
Clown	Horse
Monkeys	Zebra
Tiger	Rhinoceros
Hippopotamus	

Setting:

Schoolroom or out-of-doors

Equipment:

Tall Hat and Whip for Ringmaster; Clown Suit and Hoop for Clown

Comments

The following playlet may be given either as an item by itself, or as part of a project. If presented in project form, the children should first trace and cut out the usual circus animals. These may be mounted on large sheets of Bogus paper, with appropriate backgrounds, and hung around the room to represent a parade. Or, if a small tent is procurable, the animals may be drawn, cut out, and mounted upon Oak Tag and, by means of attached standards, may be arranged inside the tent in real circus form!

The following Circus song may be sung by all the children while marching in single file around the room. It may then be repeated to give the children a chance to file to their seats and compose themselves in sitting or standing positions for the poem, which may also be given by all.

Circus Poem

We beg you long and loud
To join our happy crowd
And help make this the grandest show
That has ever formed parade!

Just watch the horses prance
And see the monkeys dance.
Was there ever any sight so fine
As our Circus Day parade?

Lions, tigers, bears in awful rages
Roar at us as they pass by.
We're glad they're locked in cages.

Just gather around our tent,
Where we will now present
Each animal and each clown that came.
In our Circus Day parade.

Circus Poem

Happy days are here again
No more of sorrow or of pain,
For we've a circus in our class.
Just count the animals that pass.

You see how some are big and small
How some are short and some are tall,
As many kinds as ever made
A circus and a June parade.
We don't believe there's any use
Of any speech to introduce
These animals you know so well.
About himself each one will tell.

Enter Ringmaster (Rises and stands in the center of the room.)

With crack of whip I enter now
And make you all a handsome bow.
We hope you've liked the big parade
Put on by this, our *Puppet Brigade*

Enter animals (Children who represent animals have formed in line on one side of the room. As the Ringmaster cracks his whip, they come forward one by one, say their respective pieces, and pass on around the room.)

GIRAFFE

I wonder why you always laugh
When you behold the tall giraffe.
You're funnier by far to me.
You have to stretch your neck to see!

CAMEL

It makes you shout, "Oh me, oh my,"
To watch the camel humping by,
I'm wondering how 't would make you feel
A ride upon my back to steal.

ELEPHANT

I'm very, very big and yet
I'm really not too huge to pet.
I wish that you and everyone
Would feed me peanuts by the ton.

CLOWN

No circus train could come to town
Without myself, the jolly clown.
I ask you now, what would you do
Without the stunts that I go through?

MONKEY

We monkeys do most anything.
Just watch us jump and dance and swing.
We don't believe that you could pick
A single acrobat as quick.

TIGER

"Beware the Tiger," you have pit,
And well you may, both hand and foot,
But you should also write "Beware"
On old Sir Lion over there.

LION

Let no one dare to come too near,
For I am he whom all men fear.
Men run away from just my name
I am so very far from tame.

DANCING BEAR

No wonder all the people stare,
For I am Jo, the dancing bear.
No other bear is quite as quick
At learning some new dance or trick.

CAT

You'd not believe that just a cat
Like those you love to stroke and pat
Could balance plates upon its nose
And do a dance upon its toes.

DOG

My master is the jolly clown
Who always holds the hoop.
Now watch me while I jump right through
And do a loop-the-loop.

HORSE

Everyone will know me of course,
For I am the beautiful circus horse.
My rider and I will do tricks for you.
Just try to remember how many we do.

ZEBRA

No animal has stripes as fine
As these. How glad I am they're mine.
Don't you wish I'd give away
A coat as stylish and as gay?

RHINOCEROS

Take care you never mistake me
For Bulky Hippo. He, you see,
Has not the stripes you know me by.
Although he's just as large as I.

HIPPOPOTAMUS

And I, the hippo, waddle here,
Behind the others in the rear.
I wish I weren't so very slow.
How fast the others seem to go!

Postlude

(To be recited by all from their seats.)

And now, dear people, we suppose
That our performance here must close.
At this, the end, we want to say
We've loved to have you here today,
And hope we may have made you feel
As if our circus day were real.

As the animals are taken across screen, song is sung (The Circus Comes)

"THE CIRCUS COMES"

The street is gay with bright balloons and people in a row,
So come, watch the circus parade. It's time for it to go.
A bugle echoes far away, and then we hear the drum.
The band! The band! And now at last they come.
The elephants two by two, The comical kangaroo;
The cages high and wide, Where bears and lions ride.
The camels are pacing by, The ponies, with heads held high
Oh, come and see the clown Because the circus is in town.

CASE OF CHARACTERS

X WAY NO BO ZHO — *spring* —

X NOKOMIS —

THE LITTLE WHALE

THE MEDIUM SIZED WHALE

THE BIG WHALE

X OLD WOMAN — *witch*

THE WOODCHUCK

THE MUSKRAT

After the first snow-fall, the Chippewa Indians spent their long winter evenings listening to the stories told by the old men of the tribe. The young men were expected to learn their ancient legends and on their arrival at the tepee of the story teller, each presented him a gift, usually food, in token of their appreciation. After the story telling there was feasting and sacramental smoking. No stores were told after the last snow fall for then it was time to plant Maize.

The Legend we are presenting was told in the Chippewa tongue to a research worker on the W. P. A. Historical Project and was then dramatized by a writer on the Writers Project - It tells of the "Creation of the World after the Flood" The central figure is that of Way-Nah-Bo-Zho who was the same hero as the the Hiawatha character of the Longfellow poems. He was wise and strong and eager that his people should be so, also. He sometimes tried their strength and patience with his pranks.

At the time our play of four scenes begins, Wah-Nah-Bo-Zho is fourteen years old. The other characters are Nokomis, his grandmother who reared him - three whales--their mother- an evil spirit -- a muskrat and a woodchuck.

The "Creation" is one of several Chippewa Legends that the W.P.A. is endeavoring to preserve through the presentation of Puppet Plays.

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD

AS THE CURTAINS OPEN THE STAGE IS LIGHTED IN DIM MOONLIGHT. WAY NA BO ZHO IS MOULDING SOMETHING ON THE BACK DROP, WHICH, AS THE LIGHTS COME UP, WE SEE IS AMERICA.

WAY NA BO ZHO

(SINGING)

Way na bo zho

Will they remember
Who live on the earth,
The name of the ember
Who gave the world birth?
My heart is an ember
That gleams bright with mirth;
Will they remember
~~Who gave the world birth?~~

NOKOMIS

(ENTERING FROM RIGHT). You sing, Way Na Bo Zho.

BO ZHO

My heart is gay, little grandmother.

NOKOMIS

What are you doing, my grandson? Tell me what happy thoughts give rise to a song?

BO ZHO

I am building, little grandmother, and I love to build.

NAKOMIS

What is your work? Tell me, that I may sing too,

BO ZHO

I am building the world.

NAKOMIS

The World?

BO ZHO

I am creating the earth.

NAKOMIS

The World? The earth? What is that?

BO ZHO

I am building a place for people to live and be happy. A place where men may hunt and woman cook and sew. Where brave boys will laugh and play and gay girls can sing and dance. They will live here and be happy.

NOKOMIS

But what are you using to build the earth?

BO ZHO

Mud.

NOKOMIS

I do not understand. What is this mud?

BO ZHO

That is the secret I shall tell you when I have finished building.

NOKOMIS

That are those peaks that are higher than the moon?

BO ZHO

Mountains. I build them to keep the ocean out of the prairies where man will live. If I do not build the mountains, the salt waters will flood the plains and men will drown---I almost did.

NOKOMIS

You almost drowned? How?

BO ZHO

That is part of my secret.

NOKOMIS

Where did you get the mud?

BO ZHO

These are the Alleghenies. See, their heads are round and smooth.

NOKOMIS

Where did you get the mud?

BO ZHO

Peaks rise & he talks.

green mounds that roll off to meet the moon?

These. (POINTING TO OTHER OR WEST SIDE OF AMERICA). I shall build higher to keep the clouds from flooding the plains and prairies when the west wind blows. See, their heads are higher than the twinkling stars. What shall I call them Little Grandmother?

NOKOMIS

Let me feel the mud and ---

BO ZHO

No! Stay away. I alone must touch it now. Later.

NOKOMIS

Would you be unkind to ---

BO ZHO

The world must be built by me. Where you touched it, it will be desert.

Nothing will grow there now. What shall I call these mountains? Maybe---

(HE TURNS TO AUDIENCE) ~~What shall I call these towering western mountains?~~ *hills*

Way Na Bo Zho aska (PAUSE) ~~Rockies? I like that name. These are the Rocky Mountains, Old Nokomis. I like the name.~~

NOKOMIS

Where did you get the mud?

BO ZHO

Be silent, grandmother, until I tell my secret -

One day when I was out scouting I crept on to a bank overlooking the water and saw NOKOMIS *3 whales. I saw out - certain*

WHAT GLITTERS like the round star bubbles up there?

BO ZHO

That is water that clung to the mud the muskrat brought me.

NOKOMIS

And that is your secret -
~~Is that your secret?~~

BO ZHO

Only part of it. Be silent now, Nokomis. Watch me. With my thumb I trace a

Scene 3

Bo Zho: ^{here is} ^{and it}
So you see ^{Nobomis} my work is nearly
finished. (Build tree)
Nobomis.

What do you build now, May Na Bo Zho?

and the blue star bubbles follow. It is a river.

NOKOMIS

It is beautiful

BO ZHO

It is beautiful. It is the Mississippi, Father of Waters.

NOKOMIS

I should like to live there beside the Mississippi.

BO ZHO

Go fetch your wigwam, and I shall build the most beautiful land of all for you to live upon.

NOKOMIS

(HE EXITS; THEN ENTERS AGAIN, RIGHT) It is more beautiful than my dreams.

BO ZHO

Yes, more beautiful than your dreams. It is the land of the sky blue waters. It is Minnesota.

Curtain

NOKOMIS

What do you build now. Way Na Bo Zho?

BO ZHO

Trees, to shade you. You will be cool under their green branches when the sun would blister you. And they will be your firewood when the snow and the winter winds would freeze. They will protect you, Nokomis, these green trees.

NOKOMIS

I can never thank you enough. *But look - what glitters etc*
~~And now - your secret?~~

BO ZHO

I am finished. Now I will tell you how I got the mud. First, I was a stump.

NOKOMIS

A STUMP?

BO ZHO

~~Listen well, Nekromis. First I was a stump.~~

~~(DURING THE LAST PART OF THE ABOVE DIALOGUE, THE MOONLIGHT AND STARS
HAVE GIVEN AWAY TO SUNRISE. NOW BLACKOUT).~~

SCENE TWO

(THE BACKDROP SHOWS A VAST EXPANSE OF WATER. TO THE RIGHT IS A SMALL PROMONTORY. THREE WHALES SWIM RIGHT TO LEFT, THEN LEFT TO RIGHT AND BACK AGAIN. AS THEY GO LEFT, WAY NA BO ZHO ENTERS FROM RIGHT. ARRANGES HIMSELF TO RESEMBLE A STUMP. ON THEIR RETURN TRIP THE WHALES STOP.

THE LITTLE WHALE

I see an evil spirit on the bank -
~~I see a stump.~~

THE MEDIUM SIZED WHALE

A very evil spirit
~~I see a stump.~~

THE BIG WHALE

It's only a stump
~~I see a stump.~~

LITTLE WHALE

It must be an evil spirit
~~It wasn't there a while ago.~~

M.S. WHALE

Yes, it is -
~~No, it wasn't.~~

B. WHALE

It's only a stump -
~~No, it wasn't.~~

L. WHALE

it is going to kill us -
~~I wonder if some evil spirit is trying to trick us, maybe kill.~~

M.S. WHALE

I wonder.

B. WHALE

Stumps can't kill -
~~I wonder.~~

L. WHALE

it and if it squeals, then we'll know it's
~~I will bite the stump, and if it does not squeal, we'll know it is a stump.~~
an evil spirit.

M. WHALE

Then we'll know.

B. WHALE

Then we'll know.

L. WHALE

I will bite hard.

M. WHALE

Hard.

B. WHALE

Hard.

(THE LITTLE WHALE BITES WAY NA BO ZHO, BUT HE REMAINS SILENT).

L. WHALE

I bit hard and it did not squeal. It is no evil spirit.

M. WHALE

You are a little whale and cannot bite hard enough. Watch me.

B. WHALE

It's only a stump
~~Watch the medium sized whale.~~

(THE MEDIUM SIZED WHALE BITES WAY NA BO ZHO. HE IS SILENT).

M. WHALE

I bit very hard and it did not squeal. It is no evil spirit.

B. WHALE

You are only a medium sized whale and cannot bite hard enough. ~~Watch me.~~

(THE BIG WHALE BITES WAY NA BO ZHO, BUT HE REMAINS SILENT).

B. WHALE

will bit very hard then you'll know it's only a stump
~~I bit very hard and it did not squeal. It is no evil spirit.~~~~L. WHALE~~~~Let me swim along the shore and find a little lunch.~~~~M. WHALE~~*Oh... that is too hard.**It did squeal. it is an evil spirit. I will destroy it.*

8.

A medium sized lunch.

B. WHALE

~~A big lunch.~~

(AS THEY SWIM LEISURELY AWAY, WAY NA BHO ZHO STANDS ERECT, SHOOTS THEM WITH HIS BOW AND ARROWS).

BO ZHO

They are dead, the tree whales who hurt me.

OLD WOMAN

(ENTERING RIGHT). WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

BO ZHO

I have killed three whales.

OLD WOMAN

You have killed my three sons. (SHE COMMENCES TO WEEP)

BO ZHO

I have killed a little whale, a medium sized whale, and a big whale,
They hurt me until I thought I should be forced to cry out and squeal
in pain.

OLD WOMAN

(WEEPING). You have killed my three strong sons. They loved me, their mother,
and I loved them.

BO ZHO

~~I did not know~~ they were your sons. I weep for you. My heart is heavy.
It is like a spearhead pressing against my breast.

OLD WOMAN

I am going to kill you.

BO ZHO

You do not know what you are saying.

OLD WOMAN

Because you killed them I am going to have revenge.

BO ZHO

I will take care of you-----as though you were my own mother.

OLD WOMAN

Revenge

BO ZHO

You are an old witch. You turned you sons into whales.

OLD WOMAN

I will set a snare for you.

BO ZHO

You are an evil spirit with a face as wrinkled as the bark of a tree.

Your eyes are mean and your tongue is ugly.

OLD WOMAN

From the bark of the Basswood I will make my snare. Look, there grows
a Basswood and from its long fibers I will make my snare.

BO ZHO

Once again I ask your forgiveness and promise-----

OLD WOMAN

Its fibers are tough as a reindeer's sinews. Listen ^{you will} ~~now~~ and hear the bark
peel from the basswood.

BO ZHO

I am sorry I killed your sons. Please let me care for you
If you touch that ~~tree~~ ^{tree} I will shoot you as I shot your sons.

OLD WOMAN

I will not
You do not dare. I know a prophecy.

BO ZHO

What is it?
My fingers itch for my bow and arrow.

OLD WOMAN

You killed my sons
The prophecy is a flood. If you shoot me, a flood will rise and you will
drown.

BO ZHO

I can swim like an otter.

OLD WOMAN

The flood will rise higher than the wigwams, higher than the trees,
higher than the tops of the mountains. You will drown.

BO ZHO

I am not afraid

OLD WOMAN

I go now to make my snare.

BO ZHO

Do not touch that tree
~~If you touch that tree I will shoot.~~

OLD WOMAN

You will drown.

BO ZHO

~~I will shoot.~~ (SHE OLD WOMAN LEAVES? RIGHT. WAY NO BO ZHO SHOTS HER)

killed her sons but I did not know
~~I did not want to shoot her, but she would have killed me.~~ I could weep
for her ~~sons~~. My tears are falling. But what is this? My moccasins
are wet. And now my ankles. She prophesied a flood. The water is rising.

CURTAIN.

(AS THE CURTAINS PART, WAY NO BO ZHO IS UP TO HIS NECK IN WATER. HE CALLS FOR HELP FROM NOKOMIS).

BO ZHO

Nokomis, Old grandmother! The water-----I will not drown. The water is not rising any more. But I am very tired, I have been swimming so long. Nobody can live in all this water. There must be a new place, to live. But where? What do I see over there? (HE TURNS TO THE LEFT) A friend of mine the woodchuck. He is swimming too. Woodchuck come here. (THE WOODCHUCK APPROACHES)

WOODCHUCK

Who calls?

BO ZHO

WOODCHUCK, I want to ask a favor of you.

WOODCHUCK

Gladly. Anything for you.

BO ZHO

Dive to the bottom and bring me a handful of mud.

WOODCHUCK

I am not a good swimmer - But I will try -
Watch me. Here I go. (THE WOODCHUCK DIVES)

BO ZHO

It is good to have friends. I did him a favor once. Now he repays me.
(THE WOODCHUCK FLOATS UP DEAD).

BO ZHO

Woodchuck! He has no mud in his hand-----and he is dead. He stayed down too long. He died doing me a favor. I should have asked a better swimmer.
But here is
(CALLING OFF RIGHT) Muskrat, come here!

BO ZHO

MUSKRAT

It is fun swimming in all this water, isn't it?

BO ZHO

Not for me. I am very tired. Friend Muskrat, will you dive to the bottom and bring up a handful of mud?

MUSKRAT

Watch me. Here I go. (THE MUSKRAT DIVES).

BO ZHO

He is a special friend of mine. I saved his life once when he was going to be eaten by a mink. *Muskrat you are staying down too long—* (THE MUSKRAT COMES UP) Muskrat! He has the mud, yes, in his paw---but he is dead too. He dived too deep, ~~for my dirt~~. I am sorry I asked him. But I must have the mud. I can't reach it. With an arrow---Ah, here I have it. How strange this mud is. It seems to grow in my hands. Yes from this I will build the world where people can live and be happy. Where brave boys can laugh and play, and gay girls can sing and dance. They will be happy on earth.

CURTAIN.

Set - Act 1.
Back drop - world.
Mountains flat
Tree - flat

Lights -
foots & per. full
border

Way Na Bo zho & Nskomis

Set Act 2.
Back drop - water & hill -
Hill
front water up 6 in -

Lights
per. on dim 1-3
foots off
floods Blue

whale - Way Na Bo zho. Witch -

Act 3.
Under sea
water up -

light -
per. & foots off -
floods blue -
water effect -

Act 4.
Same as 1 -

Same as 1 dim to
 $2\frac{1}{2}$
River effect.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS

PUBLIC LIBRARY

THIRTY RIVER BILLS

"Church givers visiting as they walk slowly to church"

1st. How I wish we might hear the beautiful bells this Christmas Eve.

2nd. We have hoped to hear them for so many, many years. I am afraid they will never ring for us again.

3rd. Did the bells ever really ring?

Old Man Indeed they did - My Mother heard the chimes when she was a little girl.

5th. Then the bells rang every Christmas Eve- didn't they?

Old Man "Yes and they were the sweetest bells in the world," my Mother said.

6th. Some People said, they sounded like the wind.

7th. I believe the angels must have rung them.

1st. We are bringing beautiful offerings to the Christ Child this year.

2nd. Then, perhaps, the bells will ring again.

3rd. Surely- when our King gives his offering, they will.

(Pedro and Little Brother Enter)

Bro. Pedro- Pedro- are we almost there?

Pedro Almost little brother, I see the church tower.

Bro. Do you suppose we can get into the church Pedro?

Pedro I hope so little brother. We have waited a long time for this great day, haven't we?

Bro. Yes, oh yes--- I can hardly wait, Pedro.

Pedro. Sh! Sh! some one will hear you little brother and guess our plans.

Bro. Soon we'll see all the fine things in the church, won't we Pedro?

Pedro. And do you know little brother, I have even heard that the Christ Child himself sometimes comes here?

Bro. Oh! Oh! What if we could see him.

(Cry from an old woman)

Pedro. Hark!

Bro. What is it?

Pedro. I heard some one cry--There it is again.
(Second Cry)

Bro. Oh See, Pedro, that poor old lady lying in the snow.
(Runs to old woman and rubs her face and hands)

Pedro. She is not dead-- Help me rub her hands. Put snow on her face

Bro. You can't wake her-- can you Pedro?

Pedro. No it is no use. You will have to go on alone little Brother

Bro. Alone? And you not see all the wonderful things?

Pedro. See this poor old woman! We cannot leave her alone.

Bro. But can't I get some help.

Pedro. Not now--Everyone is at the church. When you come back you
can bring some one to help us. Go on- little brother. I'll
stay and keep her from freezing.

Bro. Oh Pedro,-- I cannot bear to go on and leave you here.

Pedro. But one of us must take our offering to the Christ Child.

Bro. We saved our pennies such a long time for this day.

Pedro! Then go little Brother. Slip up to the altar when you can
and lay our silver dollar there. It is all we have to give
to the Christ Child.

Bro. Yes, Yes, I'll go Pedro.

Pedro. You'll need to hurry now. Good-by little Bro.

Bro. Good-by Pedro.

AT THE CHURCH

Church goes kneel and lay offerings upon altar. (Little Bro. creeps into back seat)

1st. I offer my jewels to the Christ Child.

2nd. I lay my bags of gold upon the altar.

3rd. I have brought these beautiful paintings.

4th. And these are priceless books.

King. I take from my head the Royal Crown. Even this I place upon the altar.

All the
People. And still the bells do not ring.

(Brother lays his gift upon the altar—The bells peel out)

People It is the message of the Angels the bells are telling.

Whose gift was it, that made the bells ring?

Old Man We can not tell but at last some one has pleased the Angels.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOKSHELF
CHARACTERS

Mother Maggie
Daddy Mark
 Snookie

Scene: A children's playroom. To right, covering an entrance, stands a screen. With back to it, upon a table, is a small hanging bookshelf. Near it is a large armchair standing upon a wide oriental rug. Maggie is placing the bookshelf on the table. Mark is bending over a pile of books and sorting them. Snookie is seated in the armchair with a picture-book.

MAGGIE: There now! (Looks about.) Where can we put it, Mark?

MARK: If it were only a bit taller, we could stand it here.

SNOOKIE(jumping up and down before it and clapping her hands) It's to be my very own bookshelf!

MAGGIE: Why, you little goosie! You have only three books or so to your name! It isn't your bookshelf at all! It belongs to Mark and me. Mother gave it to us.

SNOOKIE: But I want it, too!

MARK: Well, all right! You can put your books on my side of the shelf; but it's a very small shelf for three people!

MAGGIE: If we put it up high, she'll be getting on chairs to reach it. We'll have to keep it on the table. She might fall and hurt herself.

MARK: Well, let it be for now, anyhow. It can stay on the table.

MAGGIE: It looks well there! (Stands back, looking at the bookshelf)

MARK: Now everybody go get books to put into it!

(The children hunt their books.)

SNOOKIE: I don't know where mine all are. I must see. (Finds a picture book in a corner and runs to put it in place.) More! (Hunts about.)

MARK: Here!

MAGGIE: Here are some of mine.

MARK: What have you?

MAGGIE: All the books Aunt and Uncle gave me last Christmas.

MARK: And my birthday Scout Books.(Arranges books)

MAGGIE: The bookshelf isn't big enough.

MARK: I KNOW it. But I'll make us each one with my carpentry tools.

MAGGIE: That would be just splendid!

MARK: Oh, Snookie! More? (As Snookie brings her books.)

MAGGIE: Mercy!

MARK: We'll have to fix them on the table, too.

MAGGIE: I'll put the ones I like best here. Some I care less about than others.

MARK: Same here! But I like all! There are books you outgrow and others you like to reread. Here is Auntie's Midget Series. I liked them once. I don't now.

Snookie will, though, I'm sure. Have you read them?

MAGGIE: I did once, when she gave them to me and they were new. I like other kinds of books better. I don't care about rereading them.

SNOOKIE: (Carressing a second book). I like to read my stories over, an' over, an' over, an' over. (She puts a third book on the shelf) I got 'em all now! See!

MAGGIE: Fine Snookums! Now, maybe some day Mother'll give you your very own bookshelf, when you have more books! (Reads.) Mother Goose, Andersen's Fairy Tales, and Peterkin Papers - A good beginning!

MARK: I've got it, Maggie! We can put into the bookshelf only the worth-while books. See! Not any others. The sort that we tire of don't go in at all. We can only put in the books that are really good. Books like Snookie's are standard.

SNOOKIE: Yes, good, good books! (Pats the covers.)

MAGGIE: Well, of course, we want only good books on our bookshelf, but how are we going to tell which are the good books?

MARK. Oh well, we'll find out.

MAGGIE Or put in only nice, fresh, new books that look well -

MARK: (placing some on the bookshelf beside Snookie's books). Well, you can't decide that way. A very poor book might have a fine cover, you know! I'm going to put in some that I like best. Look at this, and this. (He holds up Treasure Island and the Arabian Nights.) I've read them almost to pieces! And their covers never were very good!

MAGGIE : Yes, I know! I have some like that, Little Women and Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, and The Wonderful Adventures of Nils, and Sara Crew. (Arranges these upon her shelf.)

SNOOKIE: The reason they came to pieces, I guess, is because they've been loved so hard.

MAGGIE: But you should be very careful of the books you love. You don't mistreat the books you love, Daddy said so! But, then, handling books a great deal wears them out. It's bound to.

MARK: I'm careful, but when I was little I wasn't - not till I realized what books meant.

SNOOKIE: I'm going to read some of your books. I'm most old enough!

MAGGIE: If you do, you'll have to take care of them and not leave them about on the floor, Snookums! Because Mother wants us to take care of the books. That's why she gave us the bookshelf.

MARK: And we're not going to put any silly books into it, because there won't be any room for them on our bookshelf, and we don't want them.

MAGGIE: Only the best ones go in!

MARK: I put Arabian Nights first on my shelf.

SNOOKIE: My shelf, too. I knew the story about Aladdin.

MAGGIE: My! I wish we have a wonderful lamp and a treasure.

MARK: And a magic carpet!

SNOOKIE: I'd say, "Genie, go get me lots and lots of beautiful books, with lots of beautiful pictures, too. And he'd bring all, all nice and new and my very own bookshelf.

MARK: Oh, I would wish that too.

MAGGIE: Wouldn't it be fun.

SNOOKIE: We can play it.

Enter Daddy, right.

DADDY: Hello! (Picks up a book from the couch.) There! I've been looking everywhere for that. (Comes to where the children are gathered around the bookshelf.) Fixing up the bookshelf all fine, are you?

MARK: Only we wonder how we'll get all our books into it.

SNOOKIE: And we don't know how to choose which are good, 'cept the ones we like best. So we wished and (laughing) we wished a genie'd come and help, one like Aladdin's, to bring us only truly good, beautiful, interesting books.

DADDY (laughing) I see! Shall I call a genie?

CHILDREN: Yes! Yes! Oh, yes!

DADDY: Mark better call him. There ought to be a genie of the bookshelf, if you only know how to call him!

SNOOKIE: Oh look, here's something! Play this is the lamp. (Takes up a publisher's catalogue that lies on the floor.) See!

MARK: A book catalogue! That'll do! Now then, I stand before the bookshelf and I wish a wish- and I hope the genie'll come!

DADDY: (going away) That's it! Wish hard! (Exit)

MARK: Wouldn't it be fun if it really could happen? I wonder how long Aladdin had to wait for the genie to appear. Didn't he come at once?

MAGGIE: Of course! Now wish hard!

SNOOKIE: (clapping her hands) Come, Genie! Come!

MAGGIE: Genie of the Bookshelf!

MARK: Of course it's just play.

MAGGIE: Just play.

SNOOKIE: Play fun.

Enter Daddy, draped in a white sheet that is worn like a genie's robe of flowing folds. On his head is a turban made from a turkish towel wound about.

DADDY: (bowing low) Your servant! What would you?

MARK: The genie.

SNOOKIE: Daddy!

DADDY: I am your genie.

MARK: Hush, Snookie! He isn't Daddy. He's our genie.

MAGGIE: Genie, I want a Treasure! Right away, quick! I want a Treasure, the best you can find. Pearls and rubies and emeralds-

MARK: And a magic carpet, genie!

DADDY: (bowing low, impressively) Children of the Bookshelf, these gifts that you desire are right here in your very own playroom!

MAGGIE: Oh, no -- not really! (Laughing.)

DADDY: (again bowing low, impressively) Children, the Treasure is here - and the Magic Carpet too!

MARK: Oh, yes, we play it, Daddy! Excuse me, I meant genie! Just for fun -

DADDY (solemnly) Your genie tells the solemn truth. The Treasure is here and the Magic Carpet too!

MAGGIE (putting her finger on his ring) OH! That's not the kind of jewels I want in my Treasure.

Mark (putting his foot on the rug) And I suppose this is the Carpet?

Snookies: Oh! Oh!

Daddy No! The Treasure that is greater even than pearls, and emeralds, and rubies, and sapphires, and diamonds is here, (impressively) and the Magic Carpet that can transport you whithersoever you may wish to go, that is here too, although it is not outwardly such as Aladdin beheld!

Maggie (seriously) Really? Where?

Daddy (goes to the little bookshelf) Behold your Treasure that is even greater than Aladdin's pearls and rubies! (taking from the bookshelf a volume) Behold the Magic Carpet of Imagination, which in a twinkling may carry you whithersoever you wish!

Mark (looking at the genie) Why, it is so!

Maggie Of course! and I never thought of it.

Snookie I want to try it!

Daddy Let's all try it and see if it isn't true.

Mark I say we go to Bagdad!

Enter Mother, right, peeping around the screen.

Mother I heard you all having such a good time. What are you doing? Playing a game? (Laughs at Daddy)

Snookie Oh, Mumsie! Daddy's a genie!

Maggie The Genie of the Bookshelf! And we've got a Treasure and a Magic Carpet!

Mark And he's going to help us select books for our bookshelf!

Snookie An' we're goin' to have the best books and the most interesting.

Maggie. And Mother, you're to sit right down in the chair there and help, too!. And you're to write to all the aunts an' uncles and cousins and tell them we don't want any more worthless little stories, we intend to plan ahead for standard reading that is worth while. And oh, we want The Book of Knowledge and Mark wants biography and science, and I want to know how to make things, to sew and cook, and ~~keep~~ stories, too that are ever so good--that ~~are~~ I'll want to keep forever and ever!

Mother Yes! Yes!

Mark (showing the catalogue) Here, see! We'll go over this and select beforehand the books we want and then we'll work towards a real library.

Daddy The genie says he will help.

Maggie Oh, the genie'll go and get them for us! (Claps her hands)

Mark We'll be better off than Aladdin and have two genii to help! (He puts his hand in his mother's and looks up at her smiling. She nods.)

Daddy Both genii will surely bring you books for the bookshelf! The best books will come to you on ~~your~~ birthdays and Christmas.

Maggie And don't let the uncles and aunties give us any more useless books.

Daddy Such books only as real Treasures, rubies of thought; pearls of treasured knowledge; beautiful stories that are ever green in our memory like the pure color of emeralds; sparkling happiness of hours well spent in reading----diamonds!

Mother Such books as are real Magic Carpets!

Daddy That is good-----

Mother (laughing) Splendid!

Mark Some of these books, you know, I shall always like. Oh, I'm sure of it, even when I grow up like Daddy.

Maggie Me too! Even when I get to be a lady like Mumsey!

Mother Arabian Nights, for instance.

Maggie Oh yes! And ever so many more.

Mark That everybody wants to own.

Maggie That everybody loves.

Snookie ~~Loves almost as much as I do!~~

Daddy You shall have them!

Mark Oh, genie!

Mother * You shall have them!

Maggie Oh, isn't it splendid!

Mark Great!

Maggie A Treasure, a Magic Carpet, and two Genii!

Mark Let's go right off now on the Magic Carpet. (He sits on the rug. Maggie leans over the side of the chair and Daddy leans on one arm, while Snookie curls at his Feet.)

Daddy We wish to go to--

Mark Bagdad!

Maggie (taking Arabian Nights to hand him from the bookshelf) To Bagdad! To Bagdad!

Snookie Going to Bagdad!

Daddy (opening the book) To Bagdad then! Upon the Magic Carpet of imagination, in a twinkling it will transport us through the magic of thought, and we shall be living far away, far, far away from here in the Orient.

Snookie Hurry! Start!

Mother We're all ready, genie dear!

Daddy I think we'll have to take tripstogether, too,--down Alice's rabbit hole, maybe, to Fableland with AEsop; through the Child's Garden of Verses with Stevenson; into the Jungle too, with Kipling; up to the Alps with Heidi; to Dreamland with Davy and the Goblin and the White Rabbit; to Crusoe's Island with Defoe. But now, now we are off to Bagdad! And here we go upon the Magic Carpet of our Bookshelf's thought! Imagination is our Magic Carpet. (He opens the story-book and begins it as the curtain slowly falls.)

Mrs. Meader

The Cat Who Went to Heaven

Scene I. Home of the Artist.

Gong

Artist discovered. Housekeeper enters with basket on arm.

Artist: I was wondering why you did not return. I am very hungry. Come in. Come in. What is in that basket?

H. K.: It has seemed to me sir, that we are very lonely here.

Artist: Lonely. I should think so. How can we have guests when we have nothing to offer them? It is so long since I have tasted rice cakes that I forget what they taste like.

H. K.: Sir, it has often seemed to me that I was kept awake by rats.

Artist: Rats? My dear old woman, no rats come to such a poor house as this when not the smallest crumb falls to the floor. (Advances) You have brought us home nothing to eat.

H. K.: True, master, I bought a cat.

Artist: A cat? A cat? Have you gone mad? Here we are starving and you bring us home a goblin to share the little we have, a goblin who will perhaps suck our blood at night.

H. K.: But master, there are good cats too!

(Begins to cry.)

Artist: Well, well. Perhaps it is good fortune to have even a devil in the household to keep other devils away. We can hardly be worse off than we are.

H. K.: (Bows low.) There is not a kinder heart in the whole town that my master's.

(Starts out.)

Artist: Let us see the creature.

H. K.: (Puts basket on the ground. A head and paw appear. Cat jumps out.)

Artist: Oh! a three-colored cat. Why didn't you say so from the beginning? They are very lucky, I understand. (Cat bows to him. He pets her.) She will have to have a name. (Cat sits before him.) Let me see. She is like new snow dotted with gold pieces and lacquer. (Cat purrs.) How contented. She is better than rice. We have been lonely.

H. K.: May I humbly suggest that we call this cat "Good Fortune?"

Artist: Anything will do, but get me something to eat.

Exit Housekeeper.

(Calls after her.) Please be kind enough to bring a bowl for "Good Fortune" when you bring my rice. (Pets the cat.)

Enter Housekeeper hurriedly.

H. K.: Master, Master, the head priest is here from the temple to see you.

Artist: The priest from the temple wishes to see me? Show him in at once.

H. K.: (Bows) Yes, master. (Exits)

Enter Priest. Artist bows low.

Artist: My house is honored forever by so holy a presence. (Kneels)

Priest: We desire a painting of the death of our lord Buddha for the temple. To select the artist we have put slips of paper, each marked with a name, before the central image in the great hall. In the morning all were blown away but yours. So we know Buddha's will in the matter. I have brought the first payment so that your mind will be relieved of worry while you work. Only a clear pool has beautiful reflections. (Bows and exits. Artist remains kneeling.)

Voice behind stage: The honor conferred upon him by the priest almost overcame the artist. No roll of silk was near him, no cakes of ink, no brushes nor jar of fresh spring water. He must strive to understand Buddha before he could paint him.

He thought of him first as the young Indian Prince Siddhatha. He imagined a great chamber, heard perfumed water falling from fountains, saw young warriors and pools filled with pink and white lotus blossoms, and saw white swans flying across the sky.

He thought he heard war horses neighing in the stables, the trumpeting of elephants. He saw himself winning the hand of his princess amid the applause of the world. He was all fire and gentleness.

Curtain opens.

When Good Fortune entered, cautiously putting one paw before the other he imagined that a dancing

girl had come to entertain him, walking in golden sandals.

Enter Good Fortune.

Enter Housekeeper.

H. K.: How wrong of you to disturb the master!

Artist: She does not disturb me. Let her stay.

(Exit Housekeeper.) Good Fortune sits before him.

Voice behind stage: He reflected on the renunciation of Siddhartha, how he left his sleeping wife and little son to ride into the forest. He cut off his hair, took off his princely garments and wandered for years on foot, begging for food and seeking wisdom. Devils came and tempted him and he understood why people suffer and also how they can escape their sufferings. With this knowledge he became the Enlightened One, the Buddha.

Now the artist felt a great peace come over him and a love for all the world flowed out even to the smallest grain of sand on the furthest beaches.

The poor artist was tired to death. Now he understood that the Buddha which he was to paint must look like one who had been brought up to be unquestionably obeyed, he must look like one who has suffered greatly and sacrificed himself, and he must look like one who has found peace and given it to others.

He fell asleep and slept for twenty-four hours as though he were dead, and the little cat walked on the tips of her white paws.

Curtain.

At the end of the twenty-four hours, the artist awoke and, calling for brushes, ink, water, and a great roll of silk, he drew at one end the figure of the great Buddha reclining on a couch, his face full of peace.

Curtain opens.

Good Fortune and the Housekeeper looked on it with the greatest respect and admiration.

H. K.: It worries me, sir. Good Fortune does not seem like a cat. She doesn't try to play with your brushes, but, if she should turn out bad and hurt your picture, I should not wish to live.

Artist: Good Fortune will do no harm.

H. K.: I hope so, indeed.

Curtain.

Voice behind stage: Once the Buddha was sitting in contemplation under a tree, screened by its leaves from the fierce sunshine. As he sat, the shadow moved from him and left the sunlight beating down on his shaved head. The Buddha never noticed, but the snails saw and crawled from their cool shadows, assembling in a damp crown on his head. They so guarded him until the sun sank. It was fitting that the snail should be first in the picture.

Curtain opens.

Good Fortune: That is a very snail-like snail, Master.

Curtain closes.

Voice behind stage: The elephant came next because once an elephant has furnished food for famished travelers by casting himself from a cliff. The artist thought a long time on the elephant's sagacity, dignity, and kindness before he dipped his brush in ink and drew it.

THE CLOWN'S KIND ACT

THE CLOWN'S KIND ACT

Characters - 6

Clown

Old Lady

Boy

Dog - white

Dog Catcher

Dog - black

Scene: Front of House with casement window which opens out.

CURTAIN

Curtain rises on the Clown sleeping peacefully. He is seated on the ground leaning against the house. He snores at intervals.

A little dog friaks on to the stage from left entrance, goes up to the clown, sniffs, explores the house, and then trots out at right exit. Clown still sleeps.

Dog Catcher walks briskly on stage from left entrance, looks around, sees Clown, pushes Clown with his foot to waken him. Clown stirs.

Dog Catcher: Wake up, you.

(Clown lifts his head and rubs his eyes.)

Dog Catcher: Did you see a dog around here?

Clown: Can't you see I'm asleep?

Dog Catcher: Did you see a dog running loose around here?

Clown: No. Let me alone, I want to sleep.

Dog Catcher: (Turning away.) I'll find that cur. (Exit right.)

(Clown settles back to sleep. Boy enters at left looking very unhappy.)

Boy: Oh, gee whiz!

Clown: Why so unhappy, young fellow?

Boy: They took my dog away to the dog pound, and I miss him. He's such a little dog.

Clown: Why did they take him? Isn't he your dog?

Boy: He's the only dog I ever had, but I hadn't a muzzle for him. Oh, I will never have a dog again.

Clown: If you had a muzzle would they give him back?

Boy: Yes, but I haven't any way to get a muzzle. Muzzles cost money.

(Clown whistles thoughtfully and shakes his head.)

Clown: I've no money either, but something should be done about such a fine dog. Let me think.

(Clown thinks, and suddenly breaks into a hearty laugh and jumps to his feet.)

Clown: Say, Buddy, can you sing or dance or anything?

Boy: You bet I can. Bobby Breen has nothing on me. I'll sing "Rainbow on the River." Shall I?

Clown: Righto. Let's hear it.

(Boy sings song, and when part way through the window opens, and a girl puppet appears in the window. When the song is finished, the girl throws the boy some coins and closes the window.)

Boy: (Picking up coins.) Oh, boy!

Clown: What did you get, Sonny?

Boy: Pennies from heaven.

(Music starts immediately, and Boy and Clown sing the song.)

Clown: Maybe I could get you something too. I'll try a dance.

(Music for Golden Slippers begins and Clown dances. Boy watches and keeps time. For encore Clown and Boy do the dance and at end of encore the window opens and an old lady's head appears. She throws a few coins to the Clown, who bows.)

Old Lady: Here my good fellow, take this and go away. You are disturbing my nap. (Clown bows again, picks up the coins, lady closes the window.)

Clown: (Going over to Boy) Here, young rascal, go get a muzzle for your dog. (Gives money to boy.) Boy takes coins.)

Boy: (Excitedly) Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. Clown. I'll go right now and get him. He'll be so glad to see me. Thank you, thank you!

(Boy skips off stage at right, whistling a merry tune. Clown sits down wearily, nods his head and resumes his interrupted sleep.) Boy enters from right with dog. Dog has muzzle on and is frisking around at the heels of the boy. Dog barks and wakens Clown.)

Clown: Hello, here you are again.

Boy: Look, look, Mr. Clown. Spot has his muzzle on, and he's so glad to be back with me. Tell him, Spot, how glad you are. (Dog barks three times and jumps up on Boy.)

Clown: So, he's a talking dog. What else can he say?

(Dog barks twice - more like a growl.)

Boy: Now, Spot, thank the nice man who got your muzzle. (Dog barks four times and jumps up on Clown.) Clown gets up and becomes more interested.)

Clown: What else can he do?

Boy: Sit up, Spot. Now scratch your ear. The other ear. Now dog, Spot. Down, Spot.

(The little black dog comes on here.)

Boy: (When he sees little dog.) Look who's here. (Dogs put noses together and play around for a short time.)

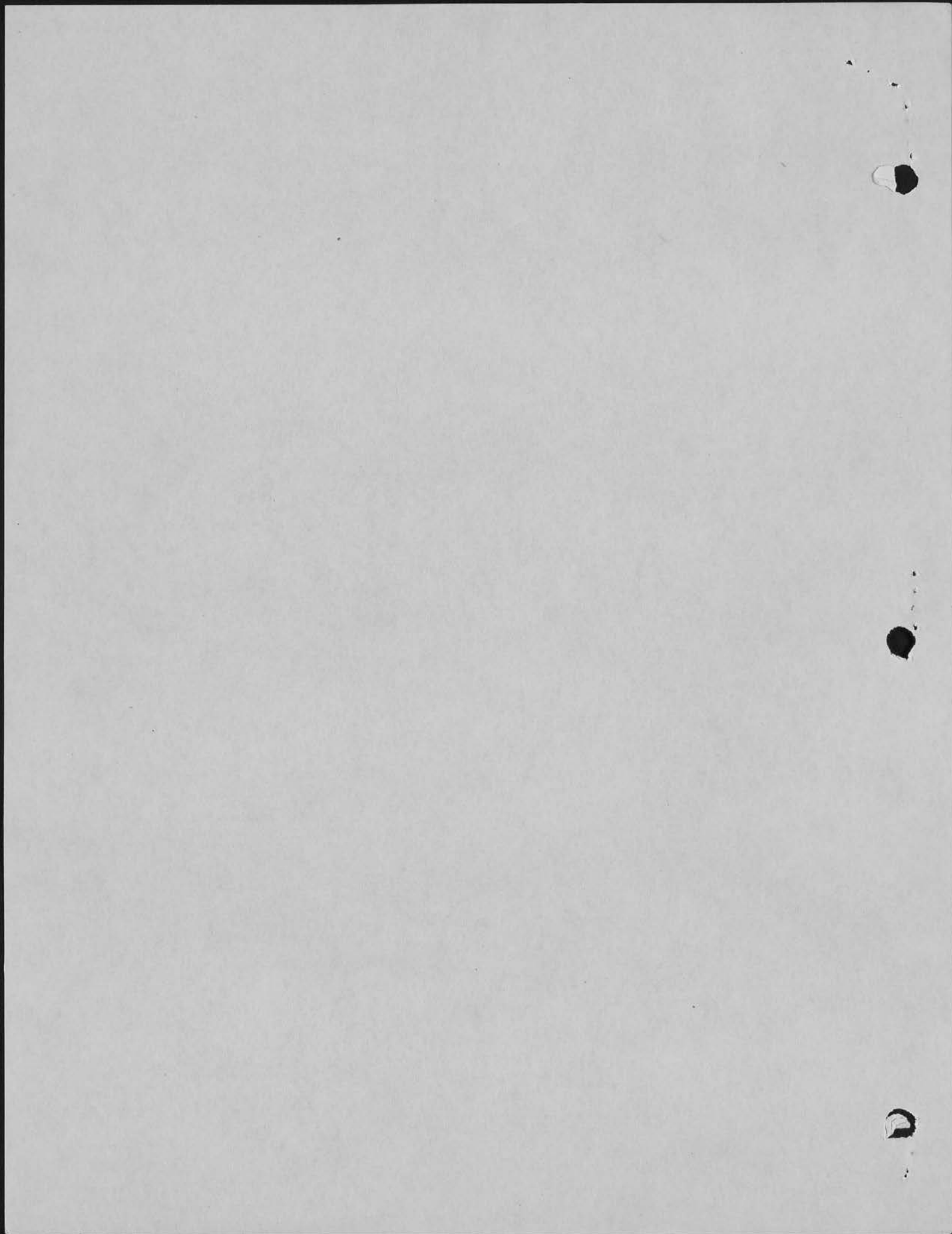
Boy: Chase a cat, Spot, chase him. (Dogs bark and frisk around the stage, small dog following larger dog, for a short time.)

(Boy points to left exit)

Boy: There he goes, Spot, catch him. (Dog runs off stage, little dog following and Boy behind them. Clown yawns and stretches)

Clown: Now for that nap. (Lies up against the house and prepares to go to sleep as curtain falls.)

(All characters on the stage immediately to take a curtain call, except puppets.)



THE CLEVER KID

Time: This morning.

Place: a pasture. Gray wolf- White wolf Kid

(The Gray Wolf and the White Wolf are standing on the foot of a hill: at the top of this hill is a Kid)*

Gray Wolf: Look, brother, there is a Kid!

White Wolf: Where? Where?

Gray Wolf: On the hill to the south.

White Wolf: I do not see her!

Gray Wolf: She is on the very top.

White Wolf: Ah, now I see her!

Gray Wolf: I wish we could get at her.

White Wolf: She would make a fine dinner.

Gray wolf: She would, my brother.

White Wolf: She is so young!

Gray Wolf: She is so tender!

White Wolf: Well, we can not get at her. The hill is too steep.

Gray Wolf: We must make her come to us.

White Wolf: Yes, yes! That will be fine!

Gray Wolf: O little Kid! Dear little Kid!

White Wolf: O little kid! Sweet little Kid!

Kid: What is it, sirs?

Gray Wolf: The grass down here is sweeter.

White Wolf: And Greener!

Gray Wolf: And fresher!

White Wolf: And younger!

Gray Wolf: Come down and eat your dinner here.

Kid: Do you speak of my dinner, sirs?

Wolves: O yes, yes, yes!

Kid: You speak of my dinner, but you think of your own. I will stay where I ~~am~~ am. sirs.

A CHILDREN'S PARTY

By Ruth Draper.

Good afternoon, my dear. It was so lovely of you to ask me and this small army of mine to your party. How charming you look. I declare you're getting younger looking every day.

Yes, this is the baby, cunning, isn't she? Say "How-do-you-do?" Oh, make your little curtsy. And this is Jimmy. Where are your manners, Jimmy? And here is Emma. (Take your fingers out of your mouth, Emma.) Growing, isn't she.

Run off and play with the children and don't bother mother.

Well, if there isn't Pauline. I certainly must speak to her.

Oh, "ello, my dear. I haven't seen you for perfect centuries. You know, we're nearly exhausted. I certainly will be glad when the holidays are over. We have been to five parties. Oh, yes, I agree it is rather hard on the children, but you can't expect them to grow up backward and awkward and all that sort of thing.

Is that your baby? My dear, isn't she cunning? Little girl, isn't it? I thought so. How do, baby! How do. Smile a little bit, look at her smile. Isn't she cunning? My dear, perfectly adorable. Laugh a little bit, laugh a little bit. My dear, she's the cutest thing I ever saw in my life.

Emma, take your fingers out of your mouth.

Who is that adorable little boy with Emma? Isn't he dear? John Oliver's little boy? Not the John Oliver who used to live on Prospect? Whom did he marry? My dear, I must talk to him. Come here, dear. How do you do? You know, I know your daddy.

My dear, did you ever see such a resemblance? Same eyes, some ears, some nose! You know, I was perfectly wild about your father when he was a little boy. I thought that he was the dearest thing. You'll tell your daddy you met me, won't you, Johnny?

Your name isn't John? My dear, whom did she name him after? You're not named for your father, are you, dear? You are. Your father's name is Willie Johnson. Oh, my dear, not that horrid little Willie Johnson with all the freckles. Run away, dear, and play, Emma--take your fingers out of your mouth.

Oh, they're going to play a game. Isn't that lovely? Come children, Emma, Jimmy and baby. What is it, dear? Nurse, please take that baby.

What shall we play? In and Out the Window? Fine. (Sing) In and Out the Window. No! We aren't playing it correctly. As I remember, two stood in the middle and the rest sang. All right. (Sings) In and Out the Window. Emma, take your fingers out of your mouth. Baby go with the others. Well, we might as well ^{go} get with them but when I think of their table manners!

A Christmas Carol

Act I.

Scrooge's Counting-House.

Scrooge sits at a desk with a ledger open before him, writing. Bob Cratchit, his clerk, is working at a smaller table, on which an old candle burns. Every now and then Cratchit blows his fingers, and warms them at the candle; he is evidently so cold that he can hardly hold his pen, and he writes slowly and painfully.

Enter Messenger-boy with letters.

Scrooge (In a gruff voice) Ah! Put 'em there - put 'em there.

Boy (Lingering) Merry Christmas, sir!

Scrooge (With a kind of snarl) Merry Christmas! What's Christmas but a time for paying bills without money - a time for finding yourself a year older and not an hour richer? If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart! He should!

Boy Thank you, sir. Merry Christmas, sir!

Cratchit Merry Christmas, my boy!

Scrooge (Muttering to himself) There's a fellow! My clerk with fifteen shillings a week and a wife and family, talking about a Merry Christmas! I'll retire to Bedlam. (Throwing letters across to Cratchit) Here, sir! Read what's in that.

Cratchit (Comes over to Scrooge's side, shivering, and slowly opens envelope.) "At this festive season of the year it is more than usually desirable that we should make some provision for the poor and destitute. A few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time because ----"

Scrooge (Irritably) That'll do. That'll do. Is there no Poor Law? Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses?

Cratchit Many can't go there, and many would rather die.

Scrooge If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Not my business. It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's.

(A boy begins to sing a carol outside)

Boy's voice -- "God bless you, merry gentlemen!
May nothing you dismay!"

Scrooge (Scrooge seizes a ruler and rushes to the door, which he flings open) Now be off with you! You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?

Cratchit If quite convenient, sir.

Scrooge It's not convenient, and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound! (Cratchit smiles faintly.) And yet you don't think me ill-used when I pay a day's wages for no work.

Cratchit It's only once a year.

Scrooge Poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have the whole day. At any rate, be sure to come round for the letters in the morning, early.

Cratchit Yes, sir. Merry Christmas, sir.
(Scrooge growls. (Exit Cratchit.) Sneezes and coughs. All of a sudden there is a knock at the door. It is repeated three times, each time more insistently. Scrooge does not answer. The light flickers and goes out. The door flies open and Christmas Spirit enters holding a torch high above its head. The music of a Christmas carol heard faintly, Scrooge starts, gripping the arms of his chair.

Spirit (In a voice that is sweet but grave) You have never seen the like before?

Scrooge (Falteringly) Never!

Spirit No wonder! Another Idol has displaced me, and if it can cheer and comfort you, I have no cause to grieve.

Scrooge (Trembling) What Idol has displaced you?

Spirit (Sadly) A golden one.

Scrooge What business brings you here?

Spirit Your welfare-----Follow me!

Scrooge (Shivering) My welfare! Follow you, and the thermometer a long way below freezing! I have a cold upon me just now.

Spirit You--have--cold--within--you. (Laying its hand upon his heart.) Bear but a touch of my hand there--and you shall be upheld in more than this.

Scrooge (More gently, and submissively) Spirit, conduct me where you will.

Spirit Follow me--Follow me! (Scrooge creeps out, passing under the flaming torch. There is the sound of Christmas chimes. The curtain falls as a verse of a carol is being sung.)

Act II.

SCENE: The Cratchit's kitchen, decorated for Christmas.

Enter Scrooge and the Spirit. They stand looking on, unseen.

Sue The goose! THE GOOSE!

Mrs. Cratchit It smells so good! (Smacks her lips) The potatoes is nearly done, and father'll be back from work in next to no time.

Sue Hurrah for father! Hurrah for Father and the potatoes!

Mrs. Cratchit What has ever got your precious father then? And your brother Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't as late last Christmas by half an hour!

Sue (Appearing at the door) Here's Martha, Mother!

(Enter Martha) Followed by Sue.

Mrs. Cratchit Why bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!

Martha We'd a deal of work to finish up and clear away, Mother.

Mrs. Cratchit Well! Never mind so long as you are come. Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm God bless ye.
(Looks offstage) There's father coming. Hide, Martha, hide!
(Martha hides under the table.)

(Enter Bob Cratchit, and Tiny Tim.)

Cratchit (Looking round) Why, where's Martha?

Mrs. Cratchit Not coming!

Cratchit (Stunned) Not coming! Not coming on Christmas Eve!

(Martha bobs up and Bob and Martha embrace each other. They all laugh.)

Mrs. Cratchit Fancy you now, Bob! Fancy thinking as Martha warn't coming home on Christmas Eve! Exits with Sue.

Cratchit (Hugging Martha) Nice sort of Christmas it would have been for father without Martha.

Martha And how's Tiny Tim?

Cratchit As good as gold, Martha, and better. He's growing strong and hearty, don't you think - strong and hearty?

(Mrs. Cratchit re-enters with goose on platter.)

Mrs. Cratchit Here's the goose! - Chairs all round. (They all sit down.)

Cratchit Now, Tim, you come and sit on your little stool by father, and see what he's going to do.

(Re-enter Sue)

Sue Here are the hot plates!

(Cratchit serves goose)

Martha A spoonful more sugar in the apple-sauce!

Tiny Tim Oo-o-o-oOO! The stuffing!

Sue Hurrah! Hurrah!

Cratchit Can't believe there was ever such a goose cooked!

Mrs. Cratchit And it was that cheap!

Martha As tender as butter!

Mrs. Cratchit (Holding up one small bone) Well, we have eaten it all at last.

Cratchit Clear off the plates, Sue. (Sue rises and exits)

Martha Shall I help you take the pudding up, Mother?

Mrs. Cratchit No, no, I couldn't abide anyone watching me. You just set where you are, and wait. (Exit.)

Martha (In horror) Suppose it should not be done enough!

Tim Suppose someone should have got over the wall of the backyard and stolen it!

Martha (Sniffing) Steam!

Cratchit It's out of the copper!

Tim Hurrah! Hurrah!

Cratchit The pudding! The pudding!

 (Enter Mrs. Cratchit with the pudding, followed by Sue. Great excitement.)

Cratchit Now for dessert!

 (Standing and raising his glass) A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!

Children God bless us!

Tim God bless us every one!

 (Cratchit puts his arm around him, looking down at him lovingly and rather sadly.)

Cratchit Mr. Scrooge! (Scrooge raises his head suddenly) I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the founder of the feast!

Mrs. Cratchit (Vigorously) The founder of the feast, indeed! I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it.

Cratchit (Remonstrating) My dear--the children--Christmas Eve.

Mrs. Cratchit I'll drink his health for your sake and the season's, not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year! (They all drink the toast, without any enthusiasm.) Now for a song from Tiny Tim.

 (Tim stands up and sings Holy Night in a shrill, sweet little voice.)

All----- Lovely! How sweet! Well done! (They sniffle and wipe eyes.)

 Sounds of carols heard outside.

Martha Oh, there are the carolers - Let's go to the kitchen window to see them better.

- Exit all -

(ENTER SCROOGE AND SPIRIT)

Scrooge Spirit - tell me if Tiny Tim will live.

Spirit I see a vacant seat in the poor chimney--corner, and a crutch without its owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die.

Scrooge (Eagerly) No, no! Oh no, kind spirit! Say he will be spared!

Spirit Why are you so anxious? "If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

 (Scrooge puts his hands before his face and hangs his head.

Scrooge No, no -

- Exits -

CURTAIN

Act III.

Scrooge's counting house. Christmas morning. Scrooge asleep in his chair, in his dressing gown and slippers. He stretches, yawns, sneezes, and opening his eyes, stares round him as if dazed.

Scrooge Bless my soul! Didn't I go home to bed last night? (Presses his hand to his head) Bless my soul! Christmas morning!

(He crosses to the door, opens it and peers out. The sound of Christmas chimes is heard)

(Enter Message-boy)

Scrooge (In a genial tone) What's today?

Boy Eh?

Scrooge What's today, my fine fellow?

Boy Today, Why, Christmas Day.

Scrooge It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it. Hallo, my fine fellow. (Pats the boy on the shoulder)

Boy Hallo!

Scrooge Do you know the poulterer's in the next street but one, at the corner?

Boy I should hope I did!

Scrooge An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there; not the little prize turkey--the big one?

Boy What - the one as big as me?

Scrooge What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!

Boy It's hanging there now.

Scrooge Is it? Go and buy it.

Boy Garn!

Scrooge No, no. I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and bring it here, and I'll tell you where to take it. Come back in less than five minutes, and I'll give you a half-a-crown. (Exit boy in great haste)

Scrooge Rubbing his hands and chuckling) I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's. He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim.

Scrooge (Sits down and addresses a label, still chuckling.)

Enter Boy with enormous parcel.

Scrooge Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town. You must have a cab. Here, take this turkey to Bob Cratchit, Camden Town.

(Ties label on the parcel and gives the boy a tip which makes him stare and gasp, and then grin.

Boy Thank you, sir. Merry Christmas, sir.

Scrooge Merry Christmas, my lad. (Exit boy)

Scrooge (Looking at clock) Quarter past now! He's behind his time. "To call for his letters early." Behind his time. (Chuckles)

(Enter Bob Cratchit, fumbling nervously with the ends of his comforter)

Scrooge (Growling his old voice) Hallo! What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

Cratchit I am very sorry, sir. I am behind time.

Scrooge You are? Yes, I think you are.

Cratchit I am very sorry, sir. I had my little boy with me, sir, and he can't get along very fast.

Scrooge Bring him in, bring him in.
(Bob opens the door, Tim hops in on his crutch, and stands looking up at Scrooge, half frightened, half curious.)

Scrooge M-m-m-m! Now, I tell you what, my friend, I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore, (giving Bob a kick in the waistcoat which makes him stagger) I am about to raise your salary!

Cratchit (Astounded) Sir!

Scrooge (Kindly and earnestly, slapping Cratchit on the back) Merry Christmas, Bob! A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year. I'll raise your salary and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon over a Christmas bowl of smoking punch. Bob! Leave the letters; I will attend to those myself.

Cratchit God bless you, sir!

Tim God bless us, every one!