

The New Christmas Book



A. Flanagan Company · Chicago

Thanksgiving Entertainments

With much original matter by Marie Irish, Clara J. Denton, Laura R. Smith and Others. Nothing equal to it in newness and variety. The largest,

choicest and best arranged collection for Thanksgiving published. The book is divided into three parts: The first is for Primary Grades and contains 2 acrostics, 6 dialogues and exercises, Pumpkin Drill, 28 recitations, 1 new song with music, 2 new songs to old tunes and 12 primary quotations. The second is for Intermediate Grades and contains 4 dialogues and exercises, Corn Drill, 27 recitations, 1 new song with music, 3 new songs to old tunes and 11 intermediate quotations. The third, for Higher Grades, has 2 dialogues, Fruits of the Harvest Drill, 22 recitations, 1 new song with music, 2 new songs to old tunes, the Origin of Thanksgiving and 9 quotations for higher grades. The book also contains 12 tableaux for all grades. **Illustrated.** 144 pages. Price, 25 cents.



Christmas Celebrations

With much original matter by Marie Irish, Clara J. Denton, Laura R. Smith and Others. The matter in this book is all new. It is by far the largest,

choicest and best arranged collection for Christmas published. The book is divided into three parts. Part I is for Primary Grades and contains 1 acrostic, 4 dialogues and exercises, Waiting for Santa (drill), 29 recitations, 1 new song with music, 2 new songs to old tunes, and 16 primary quotations. Part II, Intermediate Grades, has 1 acrostic, 6 dialogues and exercises, Stocking Drill, 26 recitations, 1 new song with music, 2 new songs to old tunes, 9 intermediate quotations. Part III, Higher Grades, contains 1 dialogue, Evergreen Drill, 17 recitations, 1 new song with music, 1 new song to old tune, the Origin of Christmas, a Christmas Prayer, and 8 quotations for higher grades. The book also contains 4 tableaux for all grades. **Illustrated.** 160 pages. Price, 25 cents.



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ABOUT THE BOOK

To SUCCESSFULLY compile and edit a book of this character is not an easy task. First, months are spent in thoughts of what is to be its makeup. Then, special material of an original and attractive nature must be prepared. Now comes classification, adaptation, alteration and elimination—the last being not the least of all. It seems that it is almost as unfortunate sometimes to have too much good material as to have too little. Either makes choice difficult. Our troubles have been with the former and our aim to choose the best of the best. We hope that you may think we have succeeded. At any rate it is sincerely believed that this volume will be found an improvement over the author's previous book: Christmas Celebrations, which in less than three years sold to the extent of over 25,000 copies.

Nothing appears in this volume that is contained in the other. Both have had careful preparation. These books are not to be classed with the ordinary run of "entertainments." They represent thought: develop the dramatic instinct: supply educational material of the highest order in dainty morsels sufficiently fine to be easily digested: they teach ethics and morals.

What if humor does enter into the schoolroom occasionally and even at such a time as this! Harmless fun brightens the world. And it takes a real genius like Mark Twain to create wit that has no sting. Many a good man has counted that among his chief blessings. But the contents of this book is far from being *all* humorous. Rather it aims at a whole-hearted, gladsome celebration of Christmas, which ought to prove a cornerstone to a truer, greater, more prayerful attitude in later life. "Humble yourself lest ye be humbled," is only one of its many lessons. But when you have learned this, you are ready for greater things—you recognize in yourself but an atom of an indescribable whole so great that the human mind cannot grasp its meaning. Benevolence, charity, brotherhood, self-sacrifice and reverence are other lessons to be gained.

Besides, one of the strongest interests of children, and one that is fertile in its possibilities for language and related uses, is the delight in festivals and holidays. The interest that centers about Christmas and kindred holidays is a very keen one and the teacher who fails to take advantage of this interest is neglecting an opportunity to secure much usable material and to make an unforgettable impression for good on the child.

The compiler wishes to express his thanks to Clara J. Denton, Marie Irish, and Thos. B. Weaver for the new and excellent material which each furnished—and additional thanks to Mr. Weaver for his kindly suggestions. The contents is arranged as nearly as possible under the various headings in degree of difficulty, primary material being placed first.

Grateful acknowledgments are rendered to all magazines, periodicals and books from whose pages selections have been gleaned and without which the book could not have been complete. Proper credit has been given wherever such matter appears. A few selections have been used of which the names of author or publisher are unknown. For these it has been impossible to give proper credit. In cases where unintentional infringements have been made, sincere apologies are tendered.

J. C. S.

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CHRISTMAS BOOK

Readings Recitations Quotations

LITTLE PIECES FOR TINY TOTS

THOS. B. WEAVER

Looks Like Pa

OLD Saint Nick is short and thick,—
So I've been told by ma.
I saw him, he's tall and slim,
And looks just like my pa.

The Small Stocking

I hung up my stocking,
Didn't get much, you know;
Ma said, "Quit your knocking,
Your stocking will grow."

Fooling St. Nick

What¹ this holds I can buy for a dime;
I'll fool St. Nick and hang this² the next time.

Papa's Darling

I'm papa's little darling.
I'm only *free* years old.
Santa Tlaus will tum to our house,
'Taus I'm dust as dood as dold.

¹ His small stocking.

² His toboggan or stocking cap.

MY DOLLIE

LORA JOSEPHINE ALBRIGHT

LITTLE girl holds doll behind her until she recites the first line.

WOULD you like to see my dolly?
 Her dress is just washed clean,
 And I know you'll think her bonnet
 Is the sweetest ever seen!

It was Santa Claus that brought her,
 When I was fast asleep,
 He wrote it in a letter
 That she's all my own to keep.

BRIGHT STOCKINGS

ELEANOR CAMERON

RECITED by a tiny girl who displays a pair of bright red stockings.

THESE stockings here are fine and bright
 For Santa Claus to see,
 For when mamma puts out the light
 It's dark as dark can be.
 But if I hang them good and high,
 I'm sure he will not pass me by.

A VOICE FOR SANTA CLAUS

JOE LINCOLN

CHRISTMAS without a Santy!. Puddin' without the plums!
 Think of the million youngsters waitin' the day he comes,
 Countin' the hours and minutes, thinking they hear his sleigh,
 Just as our daddies heard it, back in another day.
 Long as I've got a roof-tree, while there's a chimney flue,
 Santa shall come to my house! How is it, folks, with you?

A QUESTION

ELEANOR CAMERON

To BE recited by a tiny tot.

Poor baby's sock is very small
 It will not even hold her ball.
 Whatever will old Santa do
 With all her gifts and sweet things, too?

GOOD ENOUGH

FOR a little girl or boy, holding a small basket containing a shoe and a stocking.

IN NORWAY, they leave a basket, the queer little girls and boys—

To be filled by good old Santa with candies and nuts and toys.

In Holland a shoe is waiting; in Germany, always a tree;
 But the good American stocking is the best for you and for me.

FAMILY TROUBLES

ELEANOR CAMERON

RECITED by a little girl, dressed up in long clothes in imitation of a mother. She holds a doll (with eyes that do not open and close) in her arms as she speaks.

[*In a desperate tone*]:

I've rocked and rocked this child of mine

Until my poor arms ache.

It's past Belinda's usual time

But she *will* stay awake.

Her eyes are just as big and blue

And Santa's coming fast.

I really don't know what to do.

[*Pauses and glances at the doll's face, stoops lower and looks closely, then holds up a forefinger and says in a low guarded tone*]:

Sh—! She's asleep at last.

[*Tiptoes out.*]

A CHRISTMAS-TREE FARM

DORA H. STOCKMAN

WHEN I am a man I shall buy a farm
 As big as I can see,
 And set it all out as thick as grass
 With little Christmas trees.

I shall plant the very nicest ones
 That bear candles and loads of toys,
 Dolls and books for little girls
 And horses and drums for boys.

Then I'll telephone Santa Claus to drive
 His reindeer around this way,
 And I'll give him a million Christmas-trees
 To load up his wonderful sleigh.

—*Moderator-Topics***WHILE STARS OF CHRISTMAS SHINE**

EMILIE POULSSON

WHILE stars of Christmas shine,
 Lighting the skies,
 Let only loving looks
 Beam from our eyes.

While bells of Christmas ring,
 Joyous and clear,
 Speak only happy words,
 All love and cheer.

Give only loving gifts,
 And in love take;
 Gladden the poor and sad
 For love's dear sake.

THE KITTENS' CHRISTMAS

ON Christmas Eve three kittens felt
Their griefs were very many;
They couldn't hang their stockings up,
Because they hadn't any.

“What shall we do?” these kittens cried.
They looked at one another,
And then the wisest of them said,
“We'll go and ask our mother.”

Old Mother Tabby gently purred:
“You foolish little kittens!
Although you have not stockings, dears,
Why not hang up your mittens?”

So, when the kittens went to bed,
Their hearts were free from sorrow;
They wondered what good Santa Claus
Would bring them for the morrow.

Then quietly old Tabby came,
On soft paws softly creeping,
And filled their mittens brimming full,
While they were gently sleeping.

The kittens woke, and rubbed their eyes,
Just as the day was dawning;
And very merry were they all
On that bright Christmas morning.

They found three balls, some chocolate mice,
Three pretty, bright gold fishes;
And, best of all, upon the hearth,
Fresh cream in little dishes.

SANTA'S MISTAKE

THOS. B. WEAVER

FOR a little girl and a little boy: both enter together.

BOY [*carrying a large doll*]:

I CANNOT tell for certain why Santa sent me this,
Unless it is that I should learn some little girl to kiss.

[*Kisses little girl, who acts much surprised.*]

GIRL [*carrying a jumping-jack which she works while she recites*]:

I cannot tell why Santa should send me such a toy,
Unless I make a jumping-jack of some smart little boy.

[*Immediately after reciting, she steps behind the boy and pulls, slightly and repeatedly, his waist, as if he were a jumping-jack, while he, standing upright like a dummy, works his hands and legs in countless comical ways, acting like a mechanical toy. This is continued several minutes, then she steps beside the boy, they exchange toys, bow and leave.*]

CRADLE HYMN

MARTIN LUTHER

AWAY in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

A TIMELY POINTER

“I’LL give you a pointer, Mollie,”
Said Tommie the other day:
“If you want certain things for Christmas
You’d better try my way.

“It’s easy and very simple,
And always works, for I
Have tried it many and many a time
In Christmases gone by.

“Write Santa Claus a letter,
Write in your very best hand,
And give him a list of the things you want,
It doesn’t matter how grand.

“And then, when the letter is written,
Just take it to dear old dad,
And ask if he thinks the spelling
And the writing is very bad.

“I once wrote a note to Santa,
And sent it off right away,
And not a thing that I asked for
Was sent on Christmas day.

“But the letter I showed to daddy,
To see if ’twas written right,
Brought everything I wanted
The following Christmas night.

“I don’t know just how he knows it,
But pa knows a thing or two
’Bout how old Santa should be addressed
By kids like me and you.”

SANTA CLAUS ON THE NORTH POLE

THOS. B. WEAVER

A FAT boy, dressed to represent Santa Claus, wears a policeman's star and carries a policeman's club. He recites with great dignity.

I'M Lieutenant Santa Claus! and just a little weary
About the way the papers praise the name of Captain Peary;
I understand for many years he spent a pile of money
To find the Pole, as if 'twere lost—to me it seems so funny.

Why, don't I hitch my reindeer there, outside my winter
palace?

And there is where I go to play with Rory Bory Alice!
And why these men bring gumdrops up to feed the Eskimos,
When we have carloads of such things—can anyone suppose?

Anyone who stops and thinks of all the candies, toys,
And nuts, and clothes and boots and shoes, we make for girls
and boys
Can clearly see that we must work and have big factories
there;
Our city is a busy place—the North Pole's in the square.

You see, I'm out for business [*whirls his club*], I'll cop the
first offender
Who steals that pole, if proven true, or even a pretender;
Since Captain Santa Claus has heard that some one has been
prowling,
We tied a grizzly to the pole and, day and night he's growling.

Any little boy or girl can tell you all about it,
They'll tell you Santa owns the pole, and you've no cause to
doubt it;
They often come to visit us—the North Pole often climbing,
And 'round it sing their Christmas lays, while silver bells are
chiming.

We show them through our factories where fairies make the
toys,
And all the pretty picture-books that please the girls and boys,
The countless reindeer, sleds, and packs, and silver bells so
small,
And drums, and dolls, and jumping-jacks, and sugar-plums
for all.

And, in their dreams, they cuddle down, and tumble on their
beds,
While reindeer, sleigh, and Santa Claus, go flying through
their heads;
And then, sometimes, they yell right out—of course that
isn't nice—
And often kick the covers off their hands and feet like ice.

And yet you see they're not to blame, they have no thought of
stealing,
Especially the old North Pole, for which they have no feeling;
And if the children once believe that it is *wrong* for *Peary*
To claim the North Pole now is his, they'll make him feel
some weary.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

ONCE a little Baby lay,
Cradled in the fragrant hay,
Long ago on Christmas;
In the manger it was found,
And the white sheep stood around,
Long ago on Christmas.

Led on by the shining star,
Shepherds sought Him from afar,
Long ago on Christmas;
And the wise men came, they say,
All their loving gifts to pay,
Long ago on Christmas.

And to-day the whole glad earth
 Praises God for that Child's birth,
 Long ago on Christmas;
 For the Life, the Truth, the Way
 Came to bless the earth that day,
 Long ago on Christmas.

WHO'S SANTA CLAUS?

ALSON SECOR

I ASK my little girl of three,
 "Who's Santa Claus, I'd like to know?"
 She comes and climbs upon my knee,
 And tells me how upon the snow
 Old Santa comes, with sleigh and deer,
 And though he's big and chimney small,
 He manages to get in here
 And fill the stockings, one and all.

I ask my little boy of six,
 "Who's Santa Claus, my little Joe?"
 "I'm onto all those Christmas tricks,
 You can't fool me—I guess I know!
 Last Christmas eve we had a tree
 And Santa gave out the toys—
 But huh! I say you can't fool me,
 I knew 'twas you—you can't fool boys!"

I asked a grandpa white with snow,
 "Who's Santa Claus, if such there be?
 You've surely had a chance to know,
 And when he came what did you see?"
 "There's Santa Claus in every heart
 That is at peace with all mankind,
 That love bestows and gifts impart—
 Old Santa is not hard to find."

THE REAL QUESTION

CHARLES J. STOWELL

THEY say some men and dogs and things have found the
frozen Pole,
And made a record of their trip and put it in a hole;
They say they nailed the Stars and Stripes upon the icy mast,
And took possession of the spot for Uncle Sam at last;
But now that they are back again, amid the world's applause,
I wonder if they'll tell us, did they meet with Santa Claus?

We like to hear about the route these daring seamen traced,
And all about the bears and other animals they chased;
We listen with enchanted ear to tales explorers know,
Of Northern Lights and midnight sun and fields of ice and
snow;
But all these things are trifles, and for none of them we
care,
Unless some one will tell us that old Santa Claus is there.

We want to know about his house, his reindeer, and his elves,
And all the toys and Christmas joys he keeps upon his shelves;
We want to know the things he does to while the hours away,
When Christmas time is over, through the long, dull, arctic
day;
We'd like to hear about his cap and beard all white with
snow—
There's just a lot—a *lot*—of things that we should like to
know!

Of course he must live somewhere, and the stories always
say
His home is at the very Pole, 'neath arctic twilight gray;
And I believe it must be true, and that's the reason why
Nobody ever found it in all the days gone by.

But now the secret has been solved, explorers brave and bold
 Have stood beneath the polar star and faced the polar cold,
 And so I think we'll write to Cook and Peary, double-quick:
*"What news is there from Santa Claus? How is our good
 St. Nick?"*

—*St. Nicholas*

CROWDED OUT

ROSALIE M. JONAS

MAY be recited with effect by a girl in negro-woman costume.

NOBODY ain't Christmas shoppin'
 Fur his stockin';
 Nobody ain't cotch no turkkey,
 Nobody ain't bake no pie,
 Nobody's laid nuthin' by;
 Santa Claus don't cut no figger
 Fur his mammy's little nigger.

Seems lak everybody's rushin'
 An' er crushin',
 Crowdin' shops an' jammin' trolleys,
 Buyin' shoes an' shirts an' toys
 Fur de white folks' girls an' boys;
 But no hobby-horse ain't rockin'
 Fur his little wore-out stockin'.

He ain't quar'lin', recollect'!
 He don't 'spec'
 Nuthin'—it's his not expectin'
 Makes his mammy wish—O Laws!—
 Fur er nigger Santy Claus,
 Tottin' jus' er toy balloon
 Fur his mammy's little coon.

GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE

THE daylight faded and grew dim,
The twilight had begun,
Beside the fire sat Tiny Tim—
Bob Cratchit's crippled son.

The dancing flames flashed warm and red
On faces bright with fun.
Tim's brown eyes shone,—he gently said,
“God bless us, every one!”

And still when dawns the Christmas day,
Though years have come and gone,
We think of Tiny Tim, and say,
“God bless us, every one!”

THE CHRISTMAS TREES

MARY F. BUTTS

THERE'S a stir among the trees,
There's a whisper in the breeze,
Little ice-points clash and clink,
Little needles nod and wink,
Sturdy fir trees sway and sigh:
“Here am I! Here am I!”

“All the summer long I stood
In the silence of the wood;
Tall and tapering I grew;
What might happen well I knew;
For one day a little bird
Sang, and in the song I heard
Many things quite strange to me
Of Christmas and the Christmas tree.

“When the sun was hid from sight
 In the darkness of the night,
 When the wind with sudden fret
 Pulled at my green coronet,
 Stanch I stood, and hid my fears,
 Weeping silent fragrant tears,
 Praying still that I might be
 Fitted for a Christmas tree.

“Now here we stand on every hand!
 In us a hoard of summer stored,
 Birds have flown over us,
 Blue sky has covered us,
 Soft winds have sung to us,
 Blossoms have flung to us
 Measureless sweetness,
 Now in completeness
 We wait.”

A PIECE OF NEWS

RECITATION for a small boy or girl.

I’VE heard a pleasant piece of news for children that are
 good:
 A million lovely Christmas trees are waiting in the wood,
 With tapering stems that reach the sky they grow so tall and
 straight,
 And boughs adorned with clustering cones, the fir trees stand
 and wait.

Indeed, the green procession is already marching down
 From forests on the mountain to the children in the town.

—*Selected*

SANTACL AUSIN

WHEN papa was a little boy, he had a ma I s'pose,
Who tended to his stockin's, 'specially the toes,
So's they'd hold the presents that Santa Claus would bring,
But when pa got to be a bach, he couldn't darn a thing.
He says that Santa treated him to just the awfulest shock
'Cause there was nothin' but a hole that Christmas in his sock.

And so next year he went and got a brand new, big, long
pair,
And then he wrote to Santa to fill 'em up for fair:
So he got 'em full of mamma, just the same as now she is,
And that's the way, pa says, that ma happens to be his.

But papa isn't greedy, and he says he didn't dare
To even dream of hangin' up another big, long pair,
Because he was so satisfied with what old Santa brought;
But mamma squints her eye and says he knows he'd better
not.

And papa laughs and says to me that when you've got one
wife,
You don't hang up no stockin' for another—bet your life!

And so he got a teenty pair—all made of fluffy wool,
And wrote to Santa just some little thing would fill 'em
full;
And then he took the weenty ones and hung 'em on the tree,
And when old Santa came that year he filled 'em full of me.

He liked the little pair so well, next year he got another,
And sure enough, old Santa come and filled 'em full of
brother;

And then he brought a sister, and last year—the best of all—
He brought the baby, and this year he's just begun to crawl.

And so this Christmas, when his sock was hangin' by the
grate,
It seemed so kinder stingy that I went and got its mate;
But papa looks at mamma, and laughs and says, "Good land!"
Just like when he says funny things that I don't understand;
And says we dassen't hang a pair up any more, for fear
The stork might be a *Santaclausin* 'round again this year.

—*Selected and adapted*

CHRISTMAS EVE IN WILDWOOD HOLLOW

PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

IN Wildwood Hollow, t'other eve, they had a Christmas tree,
And scores of pretty presents filled the animals with glee.
Sir Reynard smiled a foxy smile, and scarce his joy could
hush,
When presented with a fine new comb to match his handsome
"brush."

Old Bruin's wife gave him a box to hold his many "cuffs;"
Miss Centipede, whose feet were cold, had a hundred warm
footmuffs.

The hedgehog had a bottle of ink, in which to dip his "quills,"
And all the birds had wallets new, in which to keep their
"bills."

Miss Wildcat an umbrella had (she's often in a "squall");
Miss Peacock, hooks for all her "eyes," and the bat received
a "ball."

The Monkey had an interesting book of "Jungle Tales,"
And Mr. Alligator had a brand new set of "scales."

The Buffalo, in gladsome mood, pranced gaily round and
round,

When his own name upon a pair of "bellows" he had found.
In short, for each and every one, a useful gift was planned,
And merry grunts and roars and growls were heard on every
hand.

THE PRICELESS GIFT

DORA H. STOCKMAN

IT IS neither rich nor costly,
Useful, antique, or rare;
This beautiful Christmas gift of mine
Whose perfume fills the air.

The frankincense and royal myrrh
Of a loyal, faithful heart,
In the golden bowl of friendship,
Fashioned with loving art.

Oh, take away those worldly scales
That would coldly measure and weigh,
For the gift of love is a priceless gift
Like the Prince of Christmas day.

—*Moderator-Topics*

GOOD NEWS

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children fair!
Still doth the one Good Shepherd hold
The feeblest in His care.
Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children glad!
Rare gifts are yours to give the Lord
As ever wise men had.

WHAT LITTLE SAUL GOT CHRISTMAS

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THE poet has shown how truly a child may be stricken with illness and yet preserve a brave spirit and keen imagination.

US PARENTS mostly thinks our own's
 The smartest children out!—
 But widder Shelton's little Saul
 Beats all *I* know about!
 He's weakly-like—in p'nt o' *health*,
 But strong in word and deed
 And heart and head, and snap and spunk,
 And allus in the lead!

Come honest' by it, fer his Pa—
 Afore he passed away—
He was a leader—(Lord, I'd like
 To hear him preach to-day!)
 He led *his* flock; he led in prayer
 Fer spread o' Peace—and when
 Nothin' but *War* could spread it, he
 Was first to lead us *then!*

So little Saul has grit to take
 Things jes' as they occur;
 And sister Shelton's proud o' him
 As he is proud o' her!
 And when she "got up"—jes' fer him
 And little playmates all—
 A Chris'mus-tree,—they ever'one
 Was there but little Saul.—

Pore little chap was sick in bed
 Next room; and Doc was there,
 And said the children might file past,
 But go right back to where

The *tree* was, in the settin'-room.
 And Saul jes' laid and smiled—
 Ner couldn't nod, ner wave his hand,
 It hurt so—Bless the child!

And so they left him there with Doc—
 And wam tear of his Ma's. . . .
 Then—suddent-like—high over all
 Their laughture and applause—
 They heerd,—“I don't care *what* you git
 On yer old Chris'mus-tree,
 'Cause *I'm* got somepin' *you* all hain't,—
I'm got the pleurisy!”

—*Cosmopolitan Magazine*

THE CHRIST-CHILD

PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN

ACROSS the snow the home lights glow
 From myriad hearths alight,
 And through the street with noiseless feet
 The Christ-child walks to-night.

O silent gates, outside He waits
 To find a fitting spot.
 Be thine the shame, if through thy blame
 The Christ-child enter not.

Where joyous notes from children's throats
 The old glad song begin,
 Where love impels and kindness dwells,
 The Christ-child enters in.

Where hate has room, pride sits in gloom
 And wrong invokes unrest,
 Though green the walls and bright the halls
 He cannot be a guest.

But where the thought that angels brought
 To earth's enraptured ears,
 Good-will to men, and peace, again
 The Christ-child, listening, hears.

He turns His feet, with welcome sweet,
 Enters, and there abides,
 Angels know best how such are blest
 Through all the Christmas-tides.

—*Youth's Companion*

A TIMELY SUGGESTION

MARY STREET WHITTEN

AN "architec' " 's the name they call
 The sort of kind of man
 Who, if you want to build a house,
 Will help you make the plan.
 We've got an architec' right here,
 He's building daddy one,
 And planning out the things we'll have
 Is just the mostest fun!
 They're going to make the house of tile,
 With "stucco" stuck outside,
 And there will be a 'normous porch
 Along the front and side.
 The talk is all of flower beds,
 And trees, and heating-plants,
 And if the roof had best be flat
 Or p'r'aps the kind that slants.

One thing I thought of all myself
 (And it is 'portant, too),
 The chimneys must be big enough
 For SANTA to come through!

—*St. Nicholas*

LITTLE GOTTLIEB'S CHRISTMAS

PHOEBE CARY

ACROSS the German Ocean,
In a country far from our own,
Once a poor little boy, named Gottlieb,
Lived with his mother alone.

They dwelt in the part of a village
Where the houses were poor and small,
But the house of little Gottlieb
Was the poorest of them all.

He was not large enough to work,
And his mother could no more,
Though she scarcely laid her knitting down,
Than keep the wolf from the door.

She had to take their threadbare clothes
And turn, and patch, and darn;
For never any woman yet
Grew rich by knitting yarn.

And oft at night beside her chair
Would Gottlieb sit, and plan
The wonderful things he would do for her
When he grew to be a man.

One night she sat and knitted,
And Gottlieb sat and dreamed,
When a happy fancy all at once
Upon his vision beamed.

'Twas only a week till Christmas
And Gottlieb knew that then
The Christ-child, who was born that day
Sent down good gifts to men.

But he said, "He will never find us,
Our home is so mean and small,
And we who have most need of them
Will get no gifts at all."

When all at once a happy light
Came into his eyes of blue,
And lighted up his face with smiles
As he thought what he could do.

Next day, when the postman's letters
Came from all over the land,
Came one for the Christ-child, written
In a child's poor, trembling hand.

You may think he sorely puzzled
What in the world to do;
So he went to the Burgomaster,
As the wisest man he knew.

And when they opened the letter
They stood almost dismayed
That such a little child should dare
To ask the Lord for aid.

Then the Burgomaster stammered,
And scarce knew what to speak,
And hastily he brushed aside
A drop, like a tear, from his cheek.

Then up he spoke right gruffly,
And turned himself about:
"This must be a very foolish boy,
And a small one, too, no doubt."

But when six rosy children
That night around him pressed,
Poor trusting little Gottlieb
Stood near him with the rest.

And he heard his simple, touching prayer,
Through all their noisy play,
Though he tried his very best to put
The thought of him away.

A wise and learned man was he—
Men called him good and just—
But his wisdom seemed like foolishness
By that weak child's simple trust.

Now when the morn of Christmas came,
And the long, long week was done,
Poor Gottlieb, who scarce could sleep,
Rose up before the sun,

And hastened to his mother ;
But he scarce might speak for fear
When he saw her wondering look, and saw
The Burgomaster near.

He wasn't afraid of the Holy Babe,
Nor his mother, meek and mild ;
But he felt as if so great a man
Had never been a child.

Amazed, the poor child looked, to find
The hearth was piled with wood,
And the table, never full before,
Was heaped with dainty food.

Then half to hide from himself the truth,
The Burgomaster said,
While the mother blessed him on her knees,
And Gottlieb shook for dread :

“Nay, give no thanks, my good dame,
To such as me for aid ;
Be grateful to your little son
And the Lord, to whom he prayed !”

Then turning round to Gottlieb:
 "Your written prayer, you see,
 Came not to whom it was addressed,
 It only came to me.

"'Twas but a foolish thing you did,
 As you must understand,
 For though the gifts are yours, you know
 You have them from my hand."

Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,
 Where he humbly stood apart:
 "But the Christ-child sent them all the same,
 He put the *thought* in your heart."

CHRISTMAS OVER ALL THE LAND

RECITATION for two boys and two girls.

FIRST BOY:

IN the North the winds are whistling through the hemlocks
 and the pines,
 Winter with its armor bristling hedge and bank with snow-
 drift lines.
 For 'tis Christmas, merry Christmas, Christmas over all the
 land;
 Everywhere the bells are chiming out a Christmas carol
 grand.

SECOND BOY:

IN the South the breezes gently through the groves of
 orange play,
 Happy birds their songs wing fleetly o'er the flowers this
 Christmas day.
 For 'tis Christmas, merry Christmas, Christmas over all the
 land;
 Everywhere the bells are chiming out a Christmas carol
 grand.

FIRST GIRL:

In the East above the beating of Atlantic's waves on shore,
Hear the bells, the bells repeating o'er: the Christ-child
we adore.

For 'tis Christmas, merry Christmas, Christmas over all the
land;

Everywhere the bells are chiming out a Christmas carol
grand.

SECOND GIRL:

In the West Pacific's waters gently lap the golden strand,
While they tell earth's sons and daughters Christmas
reigneth in the land.

For 'tis Christmas, merry Christmas, Christmas over all the
land;

Everywhere the bells are chiming out a Christmas carol
grand.

ALL:

North, South, East and West united ring their bells this
day of days,

Where the sun's first beams alighted, where she sinks her
latest rays;

Music over land and ocean wings its way toward the sky,
Myriads sing with glad emotion Christmas reigneth there
on high.

Yes, 'tis Christmas, merry Christmas, Christmas over all
the land,

Everywhere the bells are chiming out a Christmas carol
grand.

BELLS OF CHRISTMAS

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

THEN let the holly red be hung,
And all the sweetest carols sung,
While we with joy remember them—
The journeyers to Bethlehem.

WHAT MEANS CHRISTMAS?

BRIGHT little star, shining afar,
 Tell me, pray,
 What means Christmas day?
 Christmas, my child, is a song from above;
 The sweet, happy song of God's great love.
 'Tis the music of heaven on earth below,
 'Tis the Spirit of Christ in the world aglow;
 For in every heart is the pulse and thrill
 Of loving and giving, of peace and good-will.

O, bright little star, shining afar,
 Tell me, pray,
 How long will Christmas stay?
 As long, my child, as long you live,
 If always, like the Christ, you love and give.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

RECITATION for a little girl and boy; the girl holds a spray of holly and the boy a Christmas bell made of cardboard.

GIRL:

A LITTLE spray of holly, a very little thing,
 But laden with love's message for Christmas day to bring.
 A wish for peace and happiness, a wish for joy and cheer
 Throughout the merry Christmas and all the glad New
 Year.

BOY:

Christmas bells ringing clear, bless this season of the year;
 Ringing loud, ringing low, over fields all white with snow;
 Ringing low, ringing loud, where gay flowers bloom in a
 crowd;
 Christmas bells everywhere, peace and sweet good-will
 declare.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

T. B. ALDRICH

ROBINS in the tree-tops,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew;
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
Fringed elm, and larch—
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard
Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day—
Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
Rustling down the wind;

Mother "doin' peaches"
 All the afternoon—
 Don't you think that autumn's
 Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes
 Dancing in the flue;
 Old Mr. Santa Claus,
 What is keeping you?
 Twilight and firelight,
 Shadows come and go;
 Merry chime of sleighbells
 Tinkling through the snow;
 Mother knitting stockings
 (Pussy's got the ball),—
 Don't you think that winter's
 Pleasanter than all?

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

RECITATION for a girl.

BLESSED old Santa Claus! king of delights!
 What are you doing these long winter nights?
 Filling your budgets with trinkets and toys—
 Wonderful gifts for the girls and the boys?
 While you are planning for everything nice,
 Pray let me give you a bit of advice.

Don't take it hard, if I say in your ear,
 Santa, I think you were partial last year;
 Loading the rich folks with everything gay,
 Snubbing the poor ones who came in your way;
 Now, of all times in the year, I am sure
 This is the time to remember the poor.

Plenty of people there are in our city,
Who have no fathers or mothers to pity;
Plenty of people whose working and heeding
Scarcely can keep all their dear ones from needing.
Now, if I came every year in December,
They are the ones I should surely remember.

Little red hands that are aching with cold,
You should have mittens your fingers to hold;
Poor little feet, with your frost-bitten toes,
You should be clothed in the warmest of hose.
On the dark hearth I would kindle a light,
Till the sad faces were happy and bright.

Don't you think, Santa, if all your life through
Some one had always been caring for you,
Watching to guard you by night and by day,
Giving you gifts you could never repay,
Sometimes, at least, you would sigh to recall
How many children have nothing at all?

Safe in your own quiet chamber at night,
Cozy and warm in your blankets so white,
Wouldn't you think of the shivering forms
Out in the cold and the wind and the storms?
Wouldn't you think of the babies who cry,
Pining in hunger and cold till they die?

Blessed old Nick! I am sure, if you knew it,
You would remember, and certainly do it;
This year, at least, when you open your pack,
Pray give a portion to all who may lack;
Then if you chance to have anything over,
Bring a small gift to your friend—Kitty Clover.

WHICH TREE IS BEST?

WHICH is the best of all the trees?
 Answer me, children all, if you please.
 Is it the oak, the king of the wood,
 That for a hundred years has stood?
 The graceful elm or the stately ash,
 Or the aspen, whose leaflets shimmer and flash?
 Is it the solemn and gloomy pine,
 With its million needles so sharp and fine?
 Ah, no! The tree that I love best,
 It buds and blossoms not with the rest;
 No summer sun on its fruit has smiled,
 But the ice and snow are around it piled;
 But still it will bloom and bear fruit for me—
 My winter bloomer! My Christmas tree!
 —*Youth's Companion*

SANTA CLAUS*

HE COMES in the night! He comes in the night!
 He softly, silently comes;
 While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
 Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
 He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,
 While the white flakes around him whirl;
 Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
 Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
 It will carry a host of things,
 While dozens of drums hang over the side,
 With the sticks sticking under the strings.
 And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
 Not a bugle blast is blown,
 As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
 And drops to the hearth like a stone.

* THE author of this pretty poem is unknown, though it is sometimes credited to John H. Yates.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
 Till the stockings will hold no more;
 The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
 Are quickly set down on the floor.
 Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
 And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
 Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
 As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,
 Of his goodies he touches not one;
 He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
 When the dear little folks are done.
 Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
 This beautiful mission is his;
 Then, children, be good to the little old man,
 When you find who the little man is.

WHO SANTY CLAUS WUZ

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

JES' a little bit o' feller—I remember still—
 Ust to almost cry fer Christmas, like a youngster will.
 Fourth o' July's nothin' to it!—New Year's ain't a smell;
 Easter Sunday—Circus day—jes' all dead in the shell!
 Lordy, though! at night, you know, to set around and
 hear
 The old folks work the story off about the sledge and deer,
 And "Santy" skootin' round the roof, all wrapped in fur and
 fuzz
 Long afore
 I knowed who
 "Santy Claus" wuz!

Ust ter wait, and set up late, a week er two ahead;
 Couldn't hardly keep awake, ner wouldn't go to bed;
 Kittle stewin' on the fire, and mother settin' here
 Darnin' socks, and rockin' in the skreeky rockin'-cheer;
 Pap gap', and wunder where it wuz the money went,
 And quar'l with his frosty heels, and spill his liniment;
 And me a-dreaming sleighbells when the clock 'ud whir and
 buzz.

Long afore

I knowed who

“Santy Claus” wuz!

Size the fireplace up, and figure how “Old Santy” could
 Manage to come down the chimney, like they said he would;
 Wisht that I could hide and see him—wundered what he'd
 say

Ef he ketched a feller layin' fer him thataway!

But I bet on him, and liked him, same as if he had

Turned to pat me on the back and say, “Look here, my
 lad,

Here's my pack, jes' he'p yourse'f, like all good boys does!”

Long afore

I knowed who

“Santy Claus” wuz!

Wisht that yarn was true about him, as it 'peared to be—
 Truth made out o' lies like that-un's good enough fer me!—
 Wisht I still wuz so confidin' I could jes' go wild
 Over hangin' up my stockin's, like the little child
 Climbin' in my lap to-night, and beggin' me to tell
 'Bout them reindeers and “Old Santy” that she loves so
 well;

I'm half sorry fer this little-girl sweetheart of his—

Long afore

She knows who

“Santy Claus” is!

THE LOOKOUT MAN

WILL M. MAUPIN

Now listen, little chil'run, an' I'll tell a story true,
 An' better you remember, 'cause it means a lot to you.
 An' if you heed th' lesson, then when Chris'mus-time is
 here,
 You'll git a lot of pleasure, an' a lot o' Chris-mus cheer.
 Th' Lookout Man is walkin' when th' stars begin t' peep
 To see if little chil'run air in bed an' fast asleep;
 An' all who act up naughty an' don't mind their mas and
 pas
 Th' Lookout Man is watchin'—an' he'll tell Ol' Santa Claus.

I knowed a little feller wunst who got real bad an' said
 He didn't care f'r Santa Claus, an' wouldn't go t' bed;
 Said that he didn't have t' mind—O, he was awful bad,
 An' didn't care th' leastest mite 'bout makin' folks feel bad.
 But when it came t' Chris'mus-time he didn't git a thing
 'Cause Santa Claus had heard o' him an' not a thing he'd
 bring.
 He knew that bad boy's record—better mind your mas and
 pas;
 Th' Lookout Man is watchin', an' he'll tell Ol' Santa Claus.

I also knowed a little girl who was just awful bad,
 She wouldn't learn her lessons an' she allus got so mad
 If anybody told her t' be still an' hush her noise—
 Well, she was allus wishin' f'r a lot o' Chris'mus toys.
 But when 'twas Chris'mus mornin', to her wonder and
 surprise,
 An empty stockin' hangin' in th' corner met her eyes.
 You see, she acted naughty—better mind your mas and pas;
 Th' Lookout Man is watchin', an' he'll tell Ol' Santa Claus.
 Th' Lookout Man is peepin' thro' th' winders ev'ry night,
 An' countin' up the' chil'run who air allus actin' right

An' goin' off t' bed at wunst when told it's time to go,
 An' never poutin,' not a bit, or takin' clothes off slow.
 He puts 'em in his good book, but th' bad ones in th' bad;
 An' when he writes a bad one he looks, O, jus' awful sad,
 'Cause he knows they won't git nothin'—better mind your
 mas and pas;
 Th' Lookout Man is watchin,' an' he'll tell Ol' Santa Claus.

AN EASTERN LEGEND

GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN

THERE'S a tender Eastern legend,
 In a volume old' and rare,
 Of the Christ-child in His garden
 Walking with the children there.
 And it tells this strange, sweet story—
 (True or false, ah, who shall say!)
 How a bird with broken pinion
 Dead within the garden lay.
 And the children, childish cruel,
 Lifted it by shattered wing,
 Shouting, "Make us merry music,
 Sing, you lazy fellow, sing!"

But the Christ-child bent above it,
 Took it in His gentle hand,
 Full of pity for the suffering
 He alone could understand.
 Whispered to it—oh, so softly!
 Laid his lips upon its throat,
 And the song-life, swift returning,
 Sounded out in one glad note.
 Then away on wings unwearied,
 Joyously it sang and soared,
 And the little children, kneeling,
 Called the Christ-child "Master—Lord."

A SONG OF CHRISTMAS

NINETTE M. LOWATER

FROM down the distant ages, through the centuries dark and dim,
 Comes a flash of light supernal, and the echo of a hymn;
 'Tis the light which shone from Heaven, when the Child
 of Peace was born;
 And the song was sung by angels on the first fair Christmas
 morn.

“Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven,” how it rolled
 along the sky,
 And the ages all have listened, as the echoes passed them by.
 Even now the star is shining, and its light is soft and clear,
 And the angels still are singing, if we will but pause to hear.

Loud and louder grows the anthem, nations swell the glad
 refrain,
 Telling to the future ages all the glory of His name;
 Unto earth a song is given, and a Prince of Peace is born;
 Let us join the angel chorus on this joyous Christmas morn.

SAVE A LITTLE CHRISTMAS

LOUIS E. THAYER

CHRISTMAS-TIME'S a-comin' an' you better git in line;
 Look a bit more cheery as you give the countersign;
 Make your handclasp warmer an' your smile a bit more
 bright—

When you celebrate on Christmas don't you want to do it
 right?

Jes' go in to make things lively until everybody's glad;
 Jes' go in and scatter sunshine; don't be gloomy-like an' sad.

Make everybody happy—jes' as happy as can be—
 But don't hang all your presents on the Christmas tree!
 Save a little cheerfulness to scatter through the year;
 Save a few kind words to say, such as dry the tear;
 Save a few kind deeds to do when chance comes by an' by—
 You can use a little Christmas if you have it nex' July!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

JOSIAH G. HOLLAND

THERE'S a song in the air!
 There's a star in the sky!
 There's a Mother's deep prayer
 And a Baby's low cry!

And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King

There's a tumult of joy
 O'er the wonderful birth,
 For the Virgin's sweet Boy
 Is the Lord of the earth.

Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that star
 Lie the ages impearled;
 And that song from afar
 Has swept over the world.

Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
 In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light
 And we echo the song
 That comes down through the night
 From the heavenly throng.

Ay! we shout to the lovely Ev'angel they bring,
 And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

LUCY LARCOM

OH, CHRISTMAS is coming again, you say,
And you long for the things he is bringing;
But the costliest gift may not gladden the day,
Nor help on the merry bells' ringing.
Some getting is losing, you understand,
Some hoarding is far from saving;
What you hold in your hand may slip from your hand;
There is something better than having:
We are richer for what we give;
And only by giving we live.

Your last year's presents are scattered and gone;
You have almost forgot who gave them;
But the loving thoughts you bestow live on
As long as you choose to have them.
Love, love is your riches, though ever so poor;
No money can buy that treasure;
Yours always, from robber and rust secure,
Your own, without stint or measure:
It is only love that we can give;
It is only by loving we live.

For who is it smiles through the Christmas morn—
The Light of the wide creation?
A dear little Child in a stable born,
Whose love is the world's salvation.
He was poor on earth, but He gave us all
That can make our life worth the living;
And happy the Christmas day we call
That is spent, for His sake, in giving:
He shows us the way to live,
Like Him, let us love and give!

THE STAR IN THE EAST

JOEL BENTON

ONE hallowed morn, the eastern sky
Gathered rare glory from afar;
The shepherds saw—half wondering why—
The splendor of a new-born star.

It came at night, and longing eyes
Looked up in peace and calm content;
Its soothing glow awoke surprise,
And lit the clear-blue firmament.

The wise men came with homage true,
With gifts and frankincense and myrrh;
It seemed to them a portent new
That needed no interpreter.

The flocks were quiet, one and all,
Where in a common manger lay
An Infant, near the oxen's stall,
Halo'd by all the light of day.

Long centuries pass—great nations rise—
Kingdoms are crushed, and leave no sign;
But still that star of eastern skies
Lives on with influence divine.

It brings to weary wanderers hope,
It conquers anguish and despair;
It lights the way for those who grope
In gloom, and makes sad lives more fair.

And may the Christmas bells ring out,
And human kindness increase,
Till through the world shall come about
The dawn of flawless love and peace!

—*Munsey's Magazine*

THE TRUE SANTA CLAUS

THERE'S never a home so low, no doubt,
But I in my flight can find it out;
Nor a hut so hidden but I can see
The shadow cast by the lone roof-tree!
There's never a home so proud and high
That I am constrained to pass it by;
Nor a heart so happy it may not be
Happier still when blessed by me!

What is my name? Ah! who can tell,
Though in every land 'tis a magic spell;
Men call me that, and they call me this,
Yet the different names are the same, I wis.
Gift-Bearer to all the world am I,
Joy-Giver, Light-Bringer, where'er I fly;
But the name I bear in the Courts above,
My truest and holiest name, is Love.

CHRISTMAS LIKE IT USED TO BE

NIXON WATERMAN

CHRISTMAS like it used to be!
That's the thing would gladden me.
Kith and kin from far and near
Joining in the Christmas cheer.
Oh, the laughing girls and boys!
Oh, the feasting and the joys!
Wouldn't it be good to see
Christmas like it used to be?

Christmas like it used to be,—
Snow a-bending bush and tree,

Bells a-jingling down the lane;
 Cousins John and Jim and Jane,
 Sue and Kate and all the rest
 Dressed up in their Sunday best,
 Coming to that world of glee,—
 Christmas like it used to be.

Christmas like it used to be,—
 Been a long, long time since we
 Wished (when Santa Claus should come),
 You a doll and I a drum,
 You a book and I a sled,
 Strong and swift and painted red;
 Oh, that day of jubilee!
 Christmas like it used to be.

Christmas like it used to be.

It is still as glad and free,
 And as fair and full of truth,
 To the clearer eyes of youth.
 Could we gladly glimpse it through
 Eyes our children's children do
 In their joy-time, we would see
 Christmas like it used to be.

EMPTY STOCKINGS

ELLEN MANLY

OH, MOTHERS in homes that are happy,
 Where Christmas comes laden with cheer,
 Where the children are dreaming already
 Of the merriest day in the year:

As you gather your darlings around you
And tell them the "story of old,"
Remember the homes that are dreary!
Remember the hearths that are cold!

Oh, go where the stockings hang empty,
Where Christmas is naught but a name,
And give—for the love of the Christ-child;
'Twas to seek such as these that He came!

O, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

PHILLIPS BROOKS

O, LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love!
O, morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,
 But in this world of sin,
 Where meek souls will receive Him still,
 The dear Christ enters in.

O, holy Child of Bethlehem!
 Descend to us, we pray!
 Cast out our sin, and enter in,
 Be born to us to-day.
 We hear the Christmas angels
 The great glad tidings tell;
 O, come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel.

A CHRISTMAS GUEST

RUTH McENERY STUART

MONOLOGUE for a large boy or man.

CHRISTMAS! An' a boy! An' she doin' well! No wonder that ol' turkey-gobbler sets up on them rafters blinkin' at me so peaceful! He knows he's done passed a critical time o' life.

You've done crossed another bridge, saft, ol' gobbly, an' you can afford to blink, an' to set out in the clair moonlight, 'stid o' roostin' back in the shadders, same ez you been doin'. You was to've died by accident las' night, but the new visitor that's dropped in on us ain't cut 'is turkey teeth yet, an' his mother——

Lord, how that name does sound! Mother! I hardly know 'er by it, long ez I been tryin' to fit the name to 'er—— an' fearin' to, too, less'n somethin' might go wrong with either one.

I even been callin' him "it" to myself all along, so feered that ef I set my min' on either the "he" or "she," the other one might take a notion to come; and I didn't want any disappointment mixed in with the arrival. But now he's come an' registered, ez they say at the polls, I know I sort o' counted on the boy, some way.

Lordy! but he's little. Ef he hadn't a showed up so many of his functions spontaneous, I'd be oneasy less'n he mightn't have 'em; but they're there, bless goodness! they're there! An' he snez prezac'ly, for all the world, like my po' ol' pap—a reg'lar little cat sneezes, thess like all the Joneses.

Well, Mr. Turkey, befo' I go back into the house, I'm a-goin' to make you a solemn promise. You go free tell about this time next year, anyhow. You an' me'll celebrate the birthday between ourselves with that contrac'. You needn't get oneasy 'Thanksgivin,' or picnic-time, or Easter, or no other time 'twixt this an' nex' Christmas—less'n, of co'se, you stray off an' git stole. An' this here reprieve, I want you to understand, is a present from the junior member of the firm.—*The Century*

QUOTATIONS FOR THE LOWER GRADES

CHILL December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

MAY Christmas sing its song to you
From day to day the New Year through.

THE dear notes ring and will not cease:
"Peace and good-will, good-will and peace."
—*Susan Coolidge*

THE wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
—*Scott*

"WHAT means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

AT Christmas, play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

—*Trusser*

GOD bless us every one.—*Dickens*

THE world is happy, the world is wide,
Kind hearts are beating on every side.

—*Lowell*

AWAKE, glad heart! get up and sing!
It is the birthday of thy King.

—*Vaughn*

I HEARD the bells on Christmas day,
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat,
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

—*Longfellow*

QUOTATIONS FOR THE HIGHER GRADES

WITHIN the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly.
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule log's roaring tide.

—*Lowell*

COME, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free
And drink to your heart's desiring.

—*Herrick*

A GOOD conscience is a continual Christmas.—*Franklin*

THE Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men.

—*Longfellow*

'Tis here, o'er the hearth, the holly twines,
'Tis here, 'neath the roof, our love combines
With Peace and Joy on this holiday
To warm our hearts, and to make us say:
Welcome and Cheer to you all who come
On Christmas day to this humble home.

THE yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

—*Shakespeare*

WHO gives to whom hath naught been given,
His gift in need, though small indeed,
As is the grass-blade's wind-blown seed,
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

—*Whittier*

I HAVE always thought of Christmas-time as a good time;
a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time.—*Dickens*

NOT what we give but what we share,—
The gift without the giver is bare;
He gives but worthless gold
Who gives from sense of duty.

—*Lowell*

BE merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress, and festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome Merry Christmas!

—*H. R. Spencer*

THE time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Rise, happy morn! rise, holy morn!
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;
O Father! touch the east and light
The light that shone when hope was born.

—*Tennyson*

THE air resounds with chant and chime,
The season that we love is here;
May Christmas prove a happy time,
And usher in a bright New Year.

WHEN suns are low and nights are long,
And winds bring wild alarms,
Through the darkness comes the Queen of the Year
In all her peerless charms—
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.

—*Edna Dean Proctor*



DIALOGUES PLAYS EXERCISES



SANTA'S BOYS

THOS. B. WEAVER

AN EXERCISE FOR TEN SMALL BOYS

A RUSTIC seat or bench is placed at rear of stage. The baby Santas are comically dressed for cold weather. They are lost, and wander in, one at a time, each one carrying an old satchel or suitcase, out of which a red stocking, or sleeve of a nighty, or other apparel, may stick. After each boy recites he goes to this seat at rear of platform, and lops over half asleep, one Santa on another. And after the second says, "I want my ma!" the first wakes up and cries out drowsily, "I want my ma." After the third boy takes his place, the second boy cries drowsily, "I want my ma!" and so on, until each one has said the words. This is done after each recitation until the last has recited; then they all cry at same time and run out saying, "I want my ma!"

FIRST BOY: I'm not worried about my pa,
But I wants to know where is my ma.
I want my ma! [*Goes to bench and soon is snoozing.*]

SECOND BOY: The goodest man I know is pa;
But he's not half so good as ma.
I want my ma! [*FIRST BOY wakes up and cries, "I want my ma."*]

THIRD BOY: I try to be as brave as pa,
But I get scared away from ma.

I want my ma! [SECOND BOY, then FIRST BOY in turn drowsily say the same.]

FOURTH BOY: Pa called his reindeer, packed his sleigh,
And took ma with him, Christmas day.

I want my ma! [THIRD, SECOND and FIRST BOYS on bench wake up, etc.]

FIFTH BOY: It's lonesome here without my pa,
But lot's more lonesome without ma.

I want my ma! [FOURTH, THIRD, SECOND and FIRST BOYS wake up, etc.]

SIXTH BOY: The boys and girls all like my pa,
And so do we, and so does ma.

I want my ma! [Repeat from FIFTH BOY down.]

SEVENTH BOY: A big, fat, jolly man is pa,
They say we boys look like our ma.

I want my ma! [Repeat from SIXTH BOY down.]

EIGHTH BOY: I'll be a Santa after awhile,
So I must try to wear a smile. [*Smiling to right and left, he hesitates, looks down at his old satchel and tries to put in the protruding stocking; then realizing that he is lost, he looks up, and gazing at the audience, he begins to pucker his mouth, and almost crying, with an occasional sniffle, he finishes, saying:*

I want my ma! [The others in turn repeat.]

NINTH BOY: I live—oh, lots of miles from here,
How I got lost seems very queer.

I want my ma! [The others, one after the other, repeat the sentence.]

TENTH BOY: What's that I hear? [*Sleighbells are heard outdoors.*] 'Tis some one's sleigh,
 'Tis pa and ma,—hip-hip-hooray!
I want my ma! [*All wake up excitedly and cry, "I WANT MY MA!" and headlong run out of room.*]

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

THOS. B. WEAVER

FOR ONE GIRL AND ONE BOY

THE girl should be older or larger than the boy. She sits at a table with writing materials, preparing to write, while boy amuses himself playing around table or in room.

GIRL [*at table, writing*]:
 Suppose we write to Santa
 And tell him just what toys to bring,
 So when he comes to our house,
 He'll not bring some old-fashioned thing. [*Busy writing.*]

BOY [*excitedly*]:
 Now, that's like doing business!
 'Twill please him, too, I'm sure it will;
 May I now give my order
 For dear, old Santa Claus to fill?

GIRL [*smiling at her brother*]:
 Just wait a minute, honey,
 I'll mention, "*These are for a boy*"—[*writes.*]
 You'd feel so very funny
 To get a rag doll for a toy. [*Glances over her paper and smiles at her brother, who also laughs at the thought and hugs, in his imagination, the rag doll until he groans.*]

I'll write *all—in—one—letter*, [*resumes writing.*]
 Your order first, my order last;
 Name just a *few*, you'd better,
 And please don't name them very fast.

BOY [*delighted*]:

Put down a pair of roller skates—[*Skips about, then says*]:

Ball-bearing ones—[*Waits after each article is named.*]
 a drum—a sled—

A 'lectric engine—sword and gun,—

A gun that makes a noise—shoots lead—

Got all of these? Well—add chewin' gum,—

A knife or two—and—then—some—[*Takes time to think.*]

GIRL [*almost crying*]:

Oh, dear! oh, dear! Why, can't you see [BOY *runs up to table to see the letter.*]

These won't leave any room for me. [GIRL *excited.*]

BOY [*haughtily, with hands deep in his pockets, cap on ear, slowly walks away and turns and recites independently to SISTER*]:

I'm sorry, Sis, but I'm not half through,

Write, "*For a girl—anything will do.*" [Both leave—*girl crying.*]

CHRISTMAS EVE

Arranged by THOS. B. WEAVER

FOR FOUR LITTLE GIRLS

FIRST GIRL:

When mother is rocking the baby and singing her twilight
 hymn

We children like to listen while the shadows gather dim.

SECOND GIRL :

For after the summer is over and the Christmas time draws
near,

'Tis the beautiful, old, old story she sings to the baby dear.

ALL [*recite, or sing to music below*] :

Once within a lowly manger there the baby Jesus lay ;

He came down from heaven's glory on the first bright
Christmas day.

THIRD GIRL :

Our baby smiles as he listens, and then he drifts off to sleep,
But mother keeps on humming while the darkness gathers
deep.

FOURTH GIRL :

And closer and closer we gather as we hear the Christmas
hymn,

For the beautiful old, old story, she sings in the twilight
dim.

ALL [*recite, or sing softly*] :

Very slowly

Shepherds heard the an-gels sing-ing, In that coun-try far a - way,

When the lit-tle ba-by Je-sus bro't the world its Christmas day.

MOTHER GOOSE AND SANTA CLAUS' RECEPTION

HARRIET D. CASTLE

FOR ALMOST ANY LARGE NUMBER OF CHILDREN OF ALL GRADES

CHARACTERS

MOTHER GOOSE	LITTLE BO-PEEP
SANTA CLAUS	JACK AND JILL
LITTLE BOY BLUE	CINDERELLA
QUEEN-OF-HEARTS	PRINCE
RED RIDING HOOD	DAME TROT
BABES IN THE WOOD	MOTHER HUBBARD
JACK HORNER	MRS. BELLS-ON-TOES
KING COLE	FIDDLERS THREE

OLD WOMAN-IN-SHOE AND CHILDREN

FROG-WHO-WOULD-A-WOING-GO

COSTUMES

THESE need hardly be described. They are the familiar Mother Goose costumes. See my illustrated edition of Mother Goose Rhymes.

SCENE

IF A curtain is used it rises on Mother Goose and Santa Claus comfortably seated. If not, let them come on the stage, and seat themselves. The various gifts should be placed where Santa can reach them handily. Characters, after receiving presents, should group themselves in background, as size of stage and convenience dictate.

MOTHER GOOSE: Well, Nicolas, I guess everything's ready, so we'll jest rest a bit. I feel real satisfied. The table looks real nice, an' you can see your face in the pewter platters. The butter come good, an' the bread riz up light, an' the cakes an' pies are beautiful, ef I do say it myself. I never had better luck with the puddin'; an' the goose is just done to a turn—

SANTA: Hold on there, Madam! hold on! I'm afraid I can't wait till the company comes if you keep on. A good Christmas dinner is made to be eaten, and you can't be beat for getting one up.

MOTHER GOOSE: I'll git you a bite ef you feel as ef you couldn't wait. Is my cap on straight an' my hair nice an' smooth?

SANTA: You're as neat as a pin, and as sharp and bright; as good as a lamb, and a pretty sight.

MOTHER GOOSE: Law, Nicolas, how you do go on! [*Knock at door.*] Well, I'm glad some one's early. I always like to see folks on hand fer their meals. [*MOTHER GOOSE opens door. Enter OLD WOMAN-WHO-LIVES-IN-A-SHOE, flourishing a bunch of switches and driving a group of small CHILDREN before her. One or two little tots hang on to her skirts. CHILDREN jump and dodge, as she hits them, rub knuckles in eyes, wipe eyes with aprons, make faces at her, etc.*]

MOTHER GOOSE: Well, ef here ain't the "Old Woman-Who-Lives-in-a-Shoe and has so many children she don't know what to do!" Walk right in, you poor creeter, you. Walk right in, you poor little dears. We're just *delighted* to see you!

SANTA [*shaking hands with OLD WOMAN and CHILDREN*]: How do you do, my good woman? How do you do, my dears? Bless your little hearts! I'm *delighted* to see you! Old Santa has a surprise for you. He's going to give every one just what they ask for; then every one will be suited.

MOTHER GOOSE: Leastwise they'd *ought* to be.

CHILDREN [*two or three at a time*]: I want some candy! So do I! So do I! So do I!

OLD WOMAN: Shet right up, you sassy little things, you. I hope you'll overlook it in 'em, sir. When a woman has so many to do fer she hain't much time fer teachin' manners. By the time she gits their faces washed an' their hair combed an' the bakin' an' mendin' done she's clear tuckered out. My last bakin' didn't last no time; an' if you'll kindly give me a few loaves of bread an' a jug of merlasses I'll be much obleeged.

SANTA: Certainly, my dear madam, certainly. Just have them sit down, somewhere, and we will give them something that will make their eyes shine.

MOTHER GOOSE: Come right over here, dearies. [*MOTHER GOOSE leads way. CHILDREN follow, rushing, scrambling, and falling down. OLD WOMAN switches them.*]

OLD WOMAN: Now don't behave like a passel of wild Injuns. I did hope you'd have a few manners when you was away from hum.

MOTHER GOOSE: Children will be children, sister. [MOTHER GOOSE and OLD WOMAN seat CHILDREN. SANTA gives CHILDREN candy, and loaves of bread and jug of molasses to OLD WOMAN. CHILDREN eat candy. OLD WOMAN cuts bread and spreads with molasses. CHILDREN gaze, open-mouthed, at new arrivals, nudge each other, giggle, etc. OLD WOMAN administers correction; takes one or two across knee and spansks with slipper. Keep up amusing pantomime. Sound of horn outside. MOTHER GOOSE opens door. Enter LITTLE BOY BLUE.]

MOTHER GOOSE: Bless your dear heart! Ain't this my little Boy Blue?

BOY BLUE: Yes, mum. I *blew* my horn.

MOTHER GOOSE: He, he, he! Not the only one who blows their own horn.

SANTA [*shaking hands with BOY BLUE*]: Glad to see you, my fine little lad. And what would you like for a Christmas present, to-day?

BOY BLUE: If you please, Mr. Santa, I'd like a nice pillow to put under my head. The hay seed is always getting in my hair.

SANTA: Boys often have worse things than hay seed in their heads now-a-days, son. However, every one is to have just what they ask for to-day. [*Gives pillow to BOY BLUE, who settles himself for nap. SHOE CHILDREN tickle him with straws. He slaps at them, sits up, rubs eyes, blows horn and goes to sleep again. Repeat. OLD WOMAN catches SHOE CHILDREN and switches them. MOTHER GOOSE answers knock at door. Enter QUEEN-OF-HEARTS.*]

MOTHER GOOSE: Sakes alive! if it ain't the Queen-of-Hearts. Walk right in, your Majesty. We give you a *hearty* welcome.

QUEEN-OF-HEARTS: Thank you, dear Mother Goose.

SANTA: Welcome, fair queen. If Santa wasn't such an old fellow you'd soon be wearing another heart on your sleeve. For what is our lovely queen wishing this merry Christmas?

QUEEN-OF-HEARTS: I hear that you have just published a Mother Goose Cook Book. I'd be delighted to have one. I want to try her recipe for making tarts.

SANTA [*presenting her with book*]: If any one could beat the Queen-of-Hearts at making tarts it would be Mother Goose. I wouldn't like to decide between you.

MOTHER GOOSE: Maybe you wouldn't find it so hard to do ef one of us was away.

SANTA [*aside, winking*]: Don't she understand a fellow?

MOTHER GOOSE: Step right over to my kitchen table. You'll find all the ingredients an' everything handy an' clean, ef I do say it myself.

QUEEN-OF-HEARTS: Thank you.

[MOTHER GOOSE *answers rap at door*. QUEEN-OF-HEARTS *seats herself and reads cook book*. Then busies herself with baking utensils. SHOE CHILDREN *show interest*. Enter FROG-WHO-WOULD-A-WOOING-GO.]

MOTHER GOOSE: Dearie me! Come right in. Ain't you most froze?

FROG: Yes, mum; I'm cold as a frog.

SANTA: Well, well, little man! Isn't this a cold day for you to be out?

FROG [*laying hand on heart*]: My heart is warm, sir. As I lay, in the torpor of despair, I heard it whispered that Santa Claus was giving every one their heart's desire. Give unto me a sweet song to sing when a-wooing I go.

SANTA: Well, well, sonny; sorry to say that's out of my line. If you'd asked for a drum, or a horn, or a jewsharp, or mouth organ, I'd have been all right. But here's Mother Goose, the Queen of Song, she'll give you one that would melt a frozen heart.

MOTHER GOOSE: Love songs ain't jist in my line, but I reckon I might make one up for the poor leetle creeter. I'll line it fer you, like Parson Goodwin used to, an' you sing it arter me. [MOTHER GOOSE *sings, in thin, quavering voice*. *Air: Ben Bolt*: "A gallant Frog has come to woo, to woo."]

FROG [*with hoarse voice and great effort*]: Ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-choo, ker-choo.

MOTHER GOOSE: You've caught the tune middlin' good, but you don't seem to catch the words. Let's try the second line: "His velvet coat is green an' new."

FROG: Ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-choo.

MOTHER GOOSE: Dearie me! That ain't much better, as I can see. Try this line: "His eyes are full of love for you, for you."

FROG: Ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-choo, ker-choo.

MOTHER GOOSE: Land sakes! Well, try the last line: "An' his collar right in fashion."

FROG: Ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-ash-un.

MOTHER GOOSE: Well, I think you can manage the tune, but the words will need considerbul studyin'. I'll write 'em down fer you. [MOTHER GOOSE writes. FROG seems exhausted. Wipes face with red handkerchief.]

SANTA: Don't be discouraged, son. That's a beautiful song; enough to melt the coldest heart.

[MOTHER GOOSE gives FROG paper. He studies diligently, wipes face and occasionally hums: "Ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-choo," or "Ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-ash-un." Ringing of bells at door. MOTHER GOOSE opens it.]

MOTHER GOOSE: Walk right in, Mrs. Bells-on-Her-Toes. I thought that was you a-ringin'.

SANTA [gallantly]: Glad to meet the belle of the party. Have you an ungratified Christmas wish?

MRS. BELLS-ON-TOES [wiping eyes]: Alas! my faithful old white horse is dead. Could you, possibly, find me another?

SANTA: Certainly, certainly. I have one that will just suit you. Step this way. [Draws rocking-horse from scenes.]

Here's just the thing. Warranted not to kick or run away; easy as a rocking chair. A woman or child can manage him. [SANTA assists MRS. BELLS-ON-TOES to mount. She rocks. Knock at door. MOTHER GOOSE answers it.]

MOTHER GOOSE: Well, I do say! Walk right in, dearies.

[Enter LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, BABES IN THE WOOD, JACK HORNER, LITTLE BO-PEEP and JACK and JILL.]

SANTA: Well, well, bless my heart! What a fine lot of children. I'm delighted to see you. And what would you like for a Christmas present?

JACK: Jill and I would like a new pail. Our old one got broken when we fell down hill.

SANTA: That was a sad accident. I read an account of it at the time. Here's one that I warrant not to break. [*Gives pail to JACK. JACK and JILL sit on inverted pail, JACK putting arm around JILL.*]

BO-PEEP: Dear Santa, could you give me some new coats for my sheep? Some heartless wretch has sheared them and the poor dears are just shivering.

SANTA: I'm dreadful sorry, dear, but my coats are not "warranted to be all wool." But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a bottle of hair restorer. You just follow directions and they'll soon have fine new coats of their own. [*SANTA gives her a bottle. BO-PEEP reads directions. SHOE CHILD steals her crook.*]

RED RIDING HOOD: Please, could you give me something good for grandma to eat? She's sick.

MOTHER GOOSE: Just run over to the Queen-of-Hearts, honey. She's bakin' tarts an' I know she'd admire to send some to your grandma. [*QUEEN-OF-HEARTS fills basket and gives RED RIDING HOOD one for herself. She eats.*]

BABES-IN-THE-WOOD: We're the Babes-in-the-Wood. Will you please give us a blanket to cover us up with? The leaves keep blowing off.

SANTA: You poor, dear babies, you! Here's something that will keep you nice and warm. [*Gives small blanket.*]

MOTHER GOOSE: Come this way, darlings. [*Wraps them in blanket.*] There, ain't that comfortable? [*BABES fall asleep. SHOE CHILD pulls off blanket.*]

SANTA: And what would Master Jack Horner like?

JACK HORNER: If you please, sir, I'd like a fat mince pie, chock-full of plums, and a silver fork to pick 'em out with. [*SANTA gives him the pie.*]

SHOE CHILD: Gimme one, too!

OLD WOMAN: Shet up! Eat your bread an' 'lasses. [*JACK seats himself in corner, eats, pulls out and holds up plums. MOTHER GOOSE answers knock at door.*]

MOTHER GOOSE: Walk right in, Cinderella. I'm glad to see you lookin' so well an' wearin' a pretty dress.

SANTA: And what does pretty Cinderella want to make her Christmas merry?

CINDERELLA: Please, sir, have you any glass slippers? I've lost one of mine.

SANTA: Indeed, I have, and just a fit for your little feet. [*Gives pair of white slippers. In meantime MOTHER GOOSE admits the PRINCE and now escorts him forward.*]

MOTHER GOOSE: An' here is some one who will make your Christmas merrier yet. [*CINDERELLA looks down, bashfully. PRINCE leads her aside, kneels and puts slippers on CINDERELLA'S feet. MOTHER GOOSE answers knock.*]

MOTHER GOOSE: Come right in to the fire, Dame Trot. This cold weather must be powerful hard on your rheumatiz.

DAME TROT: Yes, *dretful* hard.

SANTA: How do you do, Dame Trot? I'm always glad to meet old friends. And what can I do for you to-day?

DAME TROT: I was a wonderin', Nicolas, if you couldn't give me somethin' fer my rheumatiz?

SANTA: I believe I have just the thing. Dr. Quack's Rheumatic Exterminator. Try a bottle of it. [*Hands her bottle.*]

DAME TROT: Thank you, Nicolas. You'd ought to a been a doctor. [*MOTHER GOOSE answers knock. DAME TROT hobbles away, opens bottle and rubs hands, setting bottle on floor beside her. SHOE CHILD tips it over. DAME TROT hits child with cane.*]

MOTHER GOOSE: Well, ef this ain't Mother Hubbard! I hain't seen you fer a long spell.

SANTA: Another old friend. Glad to see you, glad to see you. And what would you like best, to-day?

MOTHER HUBBARD: If it's all the same to you, I'd like a lot of bones for my dog.

SANTA: Ha, ha, ha! a *bonus*, eh?

MOTHER GOOSE: You jest wait till arfter dinner an' there'll be any amount of nice fresh ones.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Thank you, sister. You allus was a thoughtful critter.

SANTA: What *she* can't think of isn't worth thinking of. [*Sound of fiddles outside. MOTHER GOOSE goes to door. MOTHER HUBBARD knits. Enter KING COLE and FIDDLERS.*]

MOTHER GOOSE: Well, ef here ain't King Cole, the jolly old soul, an' his three fiddlers. [*Shakes hands.*] Jest in time.

The company would be divarsified with a leetle music.

SANTA [*shaking hands all around*]: Here's a royal welcome for jolly King Cole and his celebrated musicians. Can I do anything to make you more fat and jolly?

KING COLE [*bowing gallantly to MOTHER GOOSE*]: I'll take dinner with Mother Goose, for the first, and I'd feel jollier if these three rascals had new fiddles. Discords in the family sort of hinder dijistion. Play a little and let Nicolas see if they ain't about worn out. [*FIDDLERS make discordant sounds on violins. SANTA puts fingers in ears. CHILDREN are frightened.*]

SANTA: Hold on! hold on! It will do my heart good to relieve so distressing a case. [*SANTA gives violins to FIDDLERS. They take off old hats and bow, then draw bows across strings, producing sweet sounds.*]

SANTA: That's fine!

KING COLE [*flourishing pipe*]: Harmony is restored!

MOTHER GOOSE: They might jest play a leetle, while the company's walkin' out to dinner. Come on, dinner's waitin'.

[*They march off stage, SANTA and MOTHER GOOSE leading and OLD WOMAN bringing up at the rear, driving SHOE CHILDREN before her. If desired they might go through with the evolutions of a march before passing off.*]



AN UNSUCCESSFUL HUNT

CLARA J. DENTON

A FAIRY PLAY FOR ANY NUMBER OF BOYS AND GIRLS

CHARACTERS

THISTLEDOWN, PUFF, WHIFF, TIPTOE, SPARKLE, SPANGLE: all Fairies; QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES; as many other Fairies as possible, all of whom should be able to sing. Those to whom names are given are the only ones with separate speaking parts. FOUR PAGES: little boys.

COSTUMES

PAGES: Blouses and knickerbockers of white, shoes and hosiery of same. FAIRIES: Short, white, fluffy gowns; gauze wings; white hosiery and shoes. The QUEEN wears a crown made of pasteboard, covered with gilt paper. She also carries a scepter, which is merely a gilded stick. Her gown, unlike the others, is made with a sweeping train.

SCENE

THE woods; the stage should be freely decorated with greenery and palms, and small evergreen trees are placed at convenient points. Snow may be imitated by cotton batting, "diamond dust," or finely cut white paper.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS

THE children are discovered, the Queen seated on her throne, which occupies the back-center of the stage. The throne is formed by placing a large arm-chair on a dais. This dais should be covered with green cloth. The arm-chair should be freely decorated with green vines or evergreens, whichever is most convenient. The Fairies are arranged in lines, running from either side of the throne around the stage. The four Pages sit on the dais, two on either side. They have no lines. Their duties are simply to hold up the Queen's train when she marches out, and when the different Fairies are called upon by the Queen, to run forward, taking their places, two on either side of her, and thus escort her to the front of the throne. The six Fairies who have lines must stand at the front of stage, and each one, on coming to the throne, makes a low curtsy before speaking. After speaking, each Fairy takes her place on the dais.

MUSIC to all of the songs mentioned in this little play may be found in MERRY MELODIES, which book may be had of the publishers of this volume for fifteen cents postpaid.

ALL [*at rise of curtain, sing, repeating chorus after each verse*]:

Song: WHERE IS SANTA CLAUS?

Tune: MAY

O, where does dear old Santa live?
Come, tell us if you know;
We want to see his swift reindeer
That like the lightning go.

Chorus:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, tell us where he hides away,
Tell us, tell us, we'll visit him to-day.

If he is living far, far off,
Amid the snow and ice,
We'll sail away on lightest wings
And find him in a trice.

Or, if he lives 'mong birds and flowers,
Beneath a glowing sun,
We'll hie away and find him there
Before the day is done.

Or, if upon a lonely isle
His happy home belongs,
We'll thither haste to smile on him
And cheer him with our songs.

QUEEN [*rises in her place*]: Where does Santa Claus live? That is the old, old question which has been asked by every child who hears the story of his goodness and kindness to children. But it is a question which has never been answered. As we Fairies live to serve the children, since they are the only ones who still believe in us, we decided to find the answer to this great puzzle. Your Queen appointed Thistledown, Puff, Whiff, Tiptoe, Sparkle and

Spangle to go on this wonderful quest, and we are now gathered here to hear their different reports. Thistledown, we will first hear from you.

THISTLEDOWN [*following directions*]: Your Majesty, after receiving your orders to find out the spot where Santa Claus made his home, I stood on the top of a bunch of dried leaves wondering in what direction I would better turn to find him. It had always seemed to me that the land of ice and snow, the place where the reindeer skim lightly over the frozen fields, was the spot where Santa Claus would surely be found, so I spread my wings and turned my face toward the white and cheerless North, but at that very instant the West Wind came along, gave a great puff and, before I really knew what was the matter I was speeding away to the West. I know you have not the time to listen to my adventures, of which I had many, so I will only say that in all my travels I found no sign of Santa Claus, neither could I find any one who knew anything about his dwelling place. [*She curtsies and sits on dais.*]

QUEEN [*rising*]: It is too bad that your quest was unsuccessful, but I am sure your adventures paid you for the journey. Some day we will hear all about it. And now, Puff, let us have your story.

PUFF [*following directions*]: Your Majesty, like dear Thistledown I felt sure that I should find Santa Claus at the North Pole. I thought he would be there because, until lately it was the one spot on earth where man had not been, but, alas! I soon discovered that Santa did not live among the icebergs, the snow and the white bears, and thus my quest has also been in vain. [*Curtsies and sits on dais.*]

ALL [*sing, repeating chorus after each verse*]:

Song: NOT IN THE LAND OF SNOW

Tune: MERRILY ROW

Not in the far and frozen north
 Where days are dark and cold,
 Where white bears live, where icebergs float,
 And men are strong and bold.

Chorus:

No, no, no, not in the land of snow,
No, no, no, not where the icebergs grow. [*Repeat.*]

Across the white and frozen ice
His reindeer seem to wing,
But when it comes to living there
'Tis quite another thing.

No, 'tis not there the dear Saint lives
The Fairies know, because
They have been there; and so elsewhere
They'll seek for Santa Claus.

QUEEN [*rising*]: Though we have not yet heard where Santa Claus is, perhaps it is worth something to know where he is not. Come now, Whiff, we will hear what success you have had.

WHIFF [*following directions*]: Your Majesty, I felt almost sure that some of the other Fairies would fly at once to the Northland, so I decided not to go there. I tried to think in what part of the world were found the most beautiful things: the flowers, the birds, the gorgeous silks, the precious stones, the cunningly made ornaments, and I decided all those things were nearly all brought from the East; so I said that that must be where Santa Claus lives and works. So I flew long and far, always going eastward, but, alas! although like our dear Thistledown I had many adventures and saw more strange things than I could tell you of in half a day, I found no track or trace of Santa's home. Indeed, many people in that part of the world had never even heard his name. [*All groan. Some shake their heads, others look greatly surprised. This pantomime need last but a moment.*] That does seem strange to us, I know, but your Majesty, it is the truth. [*Curtsies, etc.*]

QUEEN: Yes, truth is often stranger than fiction, and sometimes more difficult to believe.

ALL [*sing*]:

Song: A SAD CASE

Tune: HERE WE GO

Never heard of Santa Claus!
 O, I wonder what's the cause?
 O, dear, dear! O, dear, dear!
 That is very queer.
 As around the world we fly,
 Boys and girls we love to spy,
 Oft repeat, oft repeat:
 Santa can't be beat.

Never heard of Santa, O!
 Things out there must be so slow,
 O, dear, dear! O, dear, dear!
 That is very queer.
 We should all fly quickly there,
 Tell his story o'er with care,
 Oft repeat, oft repeat:
 Santa can't be beat.

QUEEN [*rising*]: That is a pretty song, my Fairies, and a true one, too, for most unfortunate, indeed, is the child who has never heard of Santa Claus. And, now, dear Tiptoe, let us know where you have been.

TIPTOE [*following directions*]: Your Majesty, it has always seemed to me that Santa Claus would love the beautiful Southland where it is summer all the year round: where the birds are ever singing, and where the roses are blooming at Christmas-time. That is surely the place for the good old Saint, I said to myself, and so away I flew. But, though I kept on going farther and farther south, I heard nothing of Santa Claus except in the same way, to wonder and wonder in what strange land he hid all the year round to make the beautiful things which he carries on his travels at this happy season. By and by, I left behind

the warm, bright weather: then I heard that, even at the south there was a place where it was cold, that it was called the south pole and that no one had ever been there. I said: Ah! it is very likely that Santa's home is in that queer country, a cold place in the south. So away I went, but, no, he was not there. I found only ice and snow and long dark nights, so I hastened back again and can only tell the same old story: I cannot find the home of Santa Claus. [*Same business.*]

QUEEN: The dear old Saint is good at hiding, but, come now merry Sparkle, tell us where you have been.

SPARKLE [*same business*]: Your Majesty, I flew over the sparkling ocean and found a large and beautiful island. Here, thought I, is just the place for Santa Claus: the beautiful water all about him, and not a mortal on the whole island to bother him. I staid there several hours and wandered all about, finding many beautiful things, but no Santa Claus! Then as my time was up, I was forced to leave the enchanting spot and return to you with the same story as the others: I could not find Santa Claus.

QUEEN [*rising*]: I have no doubt your island was a very charming spot, but I do not think Santa would be likely to live on an island in the middle of the ocean, for I don't believe that either he or his reindeer have learned the art of swimming. And now, dear little Spangle, we have heard from all but you. Perhaps you can tell us something about where this dear, naughty Santa is hiding?

SPANGLE [*repeats business of others*]: Your Majesty, as soon as I found that I was one of those appointed to hunt old Santa, I set about thinking where he would be most apt to go if he wanted to be alone, and have no one meddling with him. And I made up my mind I would go at once to the highest mountain that I could find. So, away I flew. I found a spot so high that I could look down on the world, but, could not even see people. I saw something moving about like tiny black specks but that was all. So I said, surely this is just the spot for Santa Claus to choose. Here he can work without ever being troubled, for no mortal man or woman could or would ever scale these heights.

But, sad to tell, I wandered all about that mountain, until I had examined every cave and every nook, but dear Santa was not to be found, so I started to return home. When I had flown many miles I stopped to rest beneath a maple tree, where two white-haired men were talking, and one of them said: "The myth of Santa Claus is a beautiful one for it stands for love and unselfishness." I didn't understand just what he meant, but I said it over and over to myself so that I might remember and repeat it to you. [*Curtsies and sits.*]

QUEEN [*rising*]: You have given me something to think about, dear Spangle. I will keep those words in my mind a few minutes. [*Sits.*]

ALL [*sing*]:

Song: TELL US, DEAR SANTA

Tune: TEACH US SOMETHING NEW TO-DAY

(*Use in this chorus only first two lines of chorus tune.*)

Santa Claus, where do you stay?
Wherefore hide so far away?
Don't you know the children small
Want to see you, one and all?

Santa Claus, a rogue you are,
Hiding long, and hiding far.
Tell us why your jolly face
Ne'er is seen in any place.

If you'd give us just one sight
Of your hair and beard so white,
Greater far our love would grow,
Santa, don't you know 'tis so?

Chorus:

Then tell us, dear Santa, just where you belong,
And we'll tell the children in bright, merry song.

QUEEN [*rising*]: I think I now understand just what the gray-haired man meant. We never can find dear Santa's home, neither can we see him in person, but wherever love and unselfishness hides in the human heart, there the true spirit of Christmas abides, and that, after all, is even better than the presence of the jolly old Saint. Therefore, feel not discouraged, my Fairies: our quest has not been in vain. [*Turning to audience:*] And you, my dear people, examine well your hearts, being careful to see that only Kindness, Love, Sympathy and Good Cheer are permitted to make their permanent home within them.

[*The QUEEN leaves the throne. March music is played, the PAGES bear her train, FAIRIES follow in couples, all march to left, then turn and march across stage and off at right.*]

CHRISTMAS SECRETS

THOS. B. WEAVER

A MUSICAL PLAY IN TWO SCENES FOR ANY NUMBER OF CHILDREN

CHARACTERS

CHRISTMAS COUSINS: DOROTHY, RUTH, ROSE, MOLLIE, RALPH, FRANK, HAROLD, JOE. SANTA CLAUS; SALLY MULLIN, a waif; CHRISTMAS FAIRY; BROWNIES; CHILDREN OF "GOOD-NIGHT SONG."

RECIPE FOR CHRISTMAS PIE

PUT toys, fruits, and candies into a large washtub, for which make an adjustable cover of heavy, brown paper, perforated and painted to represent the top of a pie. Conceal the Christmas Fairy inside the tub. She carries a small music-box, to be played during the Brownies' songs, and before her appearance.

SCENE I

A PARLOR. Room is dimly lighted. The eight cousins are prettily grouped about the fireplace. Dorothy and Ruth have arms around each other's waists, and heads close together, as if whispering. Rose rocks doll in cradle, bending above her, uplifts her finger as if saying, "Hush." Ralph, Frank, and Harold mimic girls' gestures. Joe and Mollie are stringing corn, and whispering.

ALL [*sing*]:

CHRISTMAS SECRETS

Words and Music by THOS. B. WEAVER

1. Se - crets big and se - crets small, On the eve of
 2. Se - crets up - stairs, se - crets down, On the eve of
 3. But the se - cret best of all, On the eve of

Christ - mas; Such keen ears has ev - 'ry wall That we
 Christ - mas; Pa - pa brings them from the town, Wrapped in
 Christ - mas, Steals right down the chim-ney tall, Fills our

whis-per, one and all, On the eve of Christ - mas.
 pa - pers, stiff and brown, On the eve of Christ - mas.
 stockings, great and small, On the eve of Christ - mas.

DOROTHY [*as song ends*]: That's just what Ruth and I were
 whispering about—and Santa Claus.

ALL [*gathering about her*]: Santa Claus?

RUTH: Yes, Santa Claus; and we thought of the nicest plan.

ROSE: Oh, tell us, Ruth; please do.

ALL [*eagerly*]: Yes, yes; do tell us.

DOROTHY [*in low tones*]: You see we have thought so often how we might catch Santa Claus, and we think this to be the very best time.

FRANK: But how, Dorothy?

DOROTHY: Well, all the cousins are here to-night; and now, instead of going to bed, we'll just get ready, and when all the grown folks have gone we'll slip back downstairs and hide in the parlor, under the chairs and sofas and tables and——

HAROLD: But, s'pose we go to sleep, Dorothy?

RUTH: We will not *all* go to sleep, Harold; and whoever keeps awake until Santa Claus comes, that one must wake the others.

ROSE: Oh! won't it be fun! I should just *love* to be the one to keep awake. Wouldn't I like to meet dear old St. Nick all by myself!

ALL [*mirthfully*]: Oh, Rose! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

RUTH: Besides, you must remember that he is old. And I have heard it said that he is married, too! [*They all laugh.*]

ROSE: That will do; on with the plans.

FRANK: Let's go quick and find the other cousins and tell *them*.

ALL [*clapping hands*]: Oh! won't it be fun!

DOROTHY: Hark! here they are.

[CHILDREN of "GOOD-NIGHT SONG" enter two and two, holding in each hand a fancy stocking. During the singing of each stanza they may give a fancy march about room, taking positions across front of room for drill. A bell should be struck once during each line of first stanza to represent a clock. The children wear nighties and caps.]

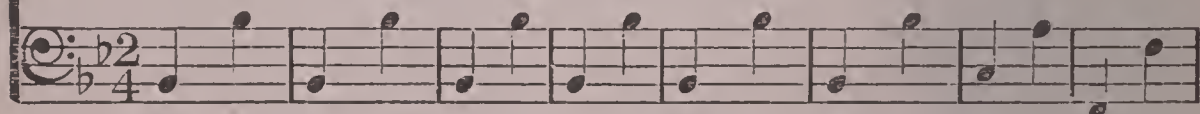
ALL [*sing*]:

GOOD-NIGHT SONG

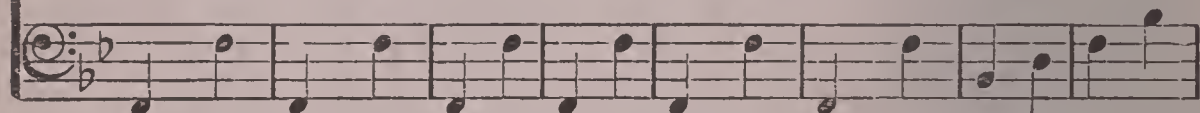
Words and Music by THOS. B. WEAVER



1. Hol - ly boughs are arch - ing Bright and green o'er-head,....
 2. Ver - y qui - et keep - ing, Smiles on ev - 'ry face,....



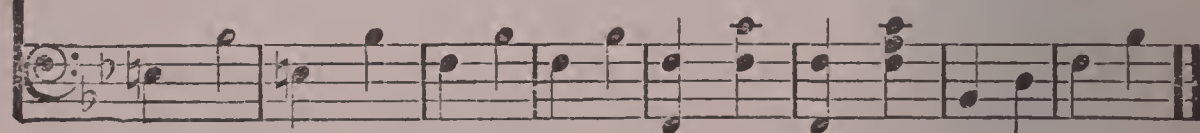
Chil - dren come a-march - ing, Up the road to bed....
 On tip - toe we're creep - ing To the bright fire - place...



Sleep-y eye - lids drop - ping— It is grow-ing late,....
 Like wee snow-birds flock - ing, All in gowns of white,



There's no time for stop - ping For the clock strikes eight.....
 Each will hang his stock - ing, With a sweet "Good-Night."...



GOOD-NIGHT DRILL

To ACCOMPANY the song. Drill after each stanza, music continuing.

Position the same as on entrance. Hold left hand raised. Swing stocking held forward in left hand, four times to left and back to right, eight counts. Then drop left hand to side and go through same movements with right hand. Now with both hands, using eight counts in each exercise. Both hands brought to chest, extend right, at arm's length, on level with shoulder, then back to chest, eight counts. With right on chest extend left forward and back to chest, eight counts. Now with both hands, eight counts. Drop right hand to side and back to chest, eight counts. Same with left hand. With both hands.

After last drill, music still playing, march to fireplace, where nails have been placed for stockings. Each child hangs his stockings. The eight cousins, who have been seated around the fireplace, join others, hanging their stockings also. When all have finished, they face audience, each with finger on his lips for silence and other hand held slightly raised, apparently listening for Santa Claus, all form tableau, while music grows very soft, and curtain falls.

SCENE II

AS BEFORE. Room dimly lighted.

SALLY [*tip-toeing in, touches things timidly, and finally talks to herself*]: Santa's comin' here sure. D'ye see them stockin's, Sally Mullin? My! but won't they be stuffed, though? I'm just a-goin' to squat right down here by the fire; mebby Santa'll give me just a bit o' Christmas for my really and truly self. I'll ask 'm anyhow.

[*She curls up before the fire and soon falls asleep. Then outside is heard a faint "tinkle, tinkle" of approaching bells, and a far-off "toot-toot" of a horn. These grow clearer until SANTA is heard saying*]:

"Now Dasher, now Dancer, now Prancer and Vixon,
On Cupid, on Comet, on Dunder and Blitzen;

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all."

[*Amid noise of bells and beats of hoofs SANTA, lifting hand for silence, appears in doorway, steals to fireplace and gleefully fills stockings. Suddenly he stumbles over SALLY and falls with a great clatter of toys to the floor. As he is picking himself up from all sides spring up the COUSINS in night-gowns and night-caps.*]

THE COUSINS [*gathering about SANTA*]: Oh, goodie! goodie! goodie! We've caught you at last, Santa; we've caught you at last; we have, we have, etc.

[*Before SANTA can speak MOLLIE ties a handkerchief over his eyes and all engage in a rousing game of "Blind Man's Buff."* SALLY, undiscovered, stands in bewilderment, rubbing her eyes until she is caught and brought forward by SANTA.]

SANTA [*removing hoodwink*]: Well! well! well! Who's this? A new cousin, isn't it? Eh?

CHILDREN [*crowding about him*]: Why, who is it? Who is it?

DOROTHY: She isn't one of *our* cousins.

MOLLIE [*coaxingly*]: Who are you, little girl? Do you come in with Santa?

SALLY: I ain't nobody 'tall; just Sally Mullin.

RUTH [*kindly*]: But, where did you come from, Sally? Did you want to find someone?

ALL: What did you want, Sally? Tell us, etc.

SALLY [*bashfully*]: I didn't want to find nobody, but just Santa Claus. I s'posed he might have just a bit of Christmas left over for me. Youse see, Sir [*to SANTA*], I didn't never have no Christmas, and all I wanted was just a tiny bit o' it to put in my stockin'. I earned some money and got these stockin's just on purpose, Sir. [*She shows the red stockings, many times too large for her.* THE COUSINS, when they see the big stockings, clap their hands and laugh heartily and SANTA'S eyes open to their limit.]

CHILDREN: Oh! oh! oh! She never had a Christmas. Just think of it!

MOLLIE: Did you *never* have a Christmas *tree*—Sally?

JOE: I say, didn't you ever have a Christmas stocking?

SALLY: Never had nothin'.

[CHILDREN gather about SANTA and tell him what SALLY had said and beg of him to fill her big stockings. His smiling face begins to darken, as he thinks of his embarrassing position.]

SANTA [*perplexed*]: But, you see, children, I came here last of all to-night, and there were so many little cousins, each with such a big stocking, that every one of my gifts is gone.

CHILDREN [*sorrowfully*]: What can we do?

SALLY [*sobbing*]: Oh, then I can't have my Christmas after all. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

[THE COUSINS in groups of twos and threes consult in whispers. SANTA watches them approvingly.]

DOROTHY [SANTA *nodding assent*]: We cousins have talked it all over, Sally, and we know just what to do. We'll Santa Claus to you and share our Christmas with you. That will give you the loveliest one you can imagine. Santa knows.

SANTA [*taking SALLY in his arms, while the others crowd about him*]: Yes, Sally, it will be the loveliest kind of a Christmas. Now, Sally, listen! These cousins have found the best of all Christmas secrets, that is, that 'tis better, more blessed, to give and to make others happy than to get or receive Christmas presents. In celebrating the birth of the Christ-child, Sally, which is our Christmas day, what could be a more beautiful way than making it a gift-giving time, do you know? . . . Nothing, child, nothing. And although my birthday really occurs on December 16, for your sake and that of other children the two feasts have been brought together. May you always enjoy them.

[ALL sing as SANTA sits in a big chair and holds SALLY on his lap. When the chorus is sung, the CHILDREN catch hands, form circle about SANTA and waltz around him until the chorus ends, bowing to him gracefully as they pass before him.]

ALL [*sing*]:

HOW WE CAUGHT SANTA

Words and Music by THOS. B. WEAVER

1. 'Twas once on a glad Christ-mas eve, ha, ha! Our
 2. We found him the dear-est old man, ha, ha! We'll

sto - ry you'll scarce-ly be - lieve, ha, ha! He
 help him as much as we can, ha, ha! We'll

thought we were sleep-ing, But we were all peep-ing, And
 sing in glad meas-ures, We'll share all our pleas-ures, We'll

qui - et were keep-ing, ha, ha!.....
 give of our treas-ures, ha, ha!.....

rit. -----

All courtesy to Santa here.

HOW WE CAUGHT SANTA—Concluded

CHORUS:

And so we caught San - ta, ha ha, ha,

ha! And so we caught San - ta, ha, ha, ha,

ha! He fell on the floor with a might - y up-

roar,— That's how we found San - ta, ha, ha!

[As COUSINS finish song, BROWNIES outside take it up, repeating chorus. CHILDREN and SANTA face entrance. In dance the BROWNIES, pulling a sled on which is the Christmas pie. With the liveliest of antics they draw the sled to the center of the room.]

BROWNIES [*reciting in a sing-song way, as they go along:*]

Sing a song of Christmas,
Stockings hanging high,
Four-and-twenty sugar plums
In a Christmas pie.
When the pie is opened
Cousins all will sing:
Isn't that a dainty dish
To set before our king?

[*On last line they bow low to SANTA with lifted caps.*]

COUSINS [*in ecstasy*]: A Christmas pie! a real Christmas pie! Oh, goodie! oh, goodie!

MOLLIE [*to SANTA*]: How do you make Christmas pie, Santa?

SANTA [*laughing*]: A Christmas pie? Just take——

BROWNIES [*in sing-song, with comic gestures*]:

Of books four-and-twenty,
Of toys a big plenty,
Ten pounds of candy,
Much more if it's handy.
Flavor with smiles.
Then stir all together,
Between crusts light as feather;
If you children will try,
You can make Christmas pie.

[*Soft music comes from inside of pie. As the CHILDREN listen the top of pie is thrown off and out springs the CHRISTMAS FAIRY. Bowing to SANTA, she throws kisses airily to CHILDREN.*]

FAIRY: I'm one of the Christmas fairies. They all are abroad in the world to-night. Peace and Good-will, and Joy, and Love, and many others. I'm one of the *tiniest* fairies, but I have a long name: it is Blessedness. And I always leave behind me one of my happy smiles for each good child that has made some heart glad.

[*She lifts her wand, and the room grows silent. To soft, bewitching music, with the aid of the BROWNIES, who are as comic as possible, she distributes the contents of the pie, after which BROWNIES clasp hands, form circle and dance around pie and recite in sing-song way: Sing a song of Christmas, etc., as before.*]

SALLY [*at conclusion of recitation*]: I say, Sally Mullin, just you wake up now. You're only a dreamin,' my dear. Such things as these can't be true, you know. Not really and truly true. *Wake up!*

DOROTHY: But this isn't a dream, Sally. Listen to the pretty Christmas carol.

[*ALL stand in pretty attitudes of listening, while outdoors is sung clearly any well-known carol or hymn. ALL might join reverently in last stanza. Form pretty tableau about SANTA and SALLY on one side and FAIRY on other, as curtain falls and song draws to a close.*]

TROUBLE IN THE TOYROOM

CLARA J. DENTON

FOR ANY NUMBER OF BOYS AND GIRLS

CHARACTERS

(Mentioned in order of their first appearance.)

PRIME MINISTER	CHRISTMAS FAIRY (girl)
MASTER OF THE TOYROOM	OTHER TOYMAKERS, <i>as many as</i>
WHITTLES, <i>a toymaker</i> (boy)	<i>convenient.</i> (These have short
SIX TOYMAKERS, <i>having speak-</i>	<i>speaking parts in concert.)</i>
<i>ing parts</i>	SANTA CLAUS

COSTUMES

PRIME MINISTER: Blouse and knickerbockers of velveteen, trimmed with tinsel.

MASTER OF THE TOYROOM: Blouse and knickerbockers of ermine. (A very good imitation of ermine may be made by putting splashes of black paint or ink on Canton flannel.)

WHITTLES: A workman's blouse and overalls.

TOYMAKERS: The same costume as that of the Whittler.

CHRISTMAS FAIRY: A short, white gown, skirt made very full, gauze wings.

SANTA CLAUS: Usual costume.

SCENE

IN FRONT of the toyroom of Santa Claus. If possible, there should be a door up stage at center. Garden bench at right-front. Very few stage decorations. Plants or palms may stand about, but as the action of the Toymakers when entering is very rapid, plants, if used at all, must be placed well in the rear.

When characters all stand together at right-front, gazing at the supposed "bird," their manner must show much excitement, and the field or opera-glasses must pass quickly from one to the other.

Curtain rises on empty stage.

Enter PRIME MINISTER at left.

PRIME MINISTER [*comes down stage*]: Well, well, here it is the afternoon of the last day and I do believe the thing is not done yet. I wonder what those toymakers are thinking of to be so slow about this one thing. I never knew them to act like this before. There must be some reason for it. [*MASTER OF THE TOYROOM enters at door up center.*] Ah, there you are! I'm glad to see you. How is the work coming on?

MASTER [*coming down and seating himself on bench*]: O, much the same as usual. Have you seen anything of Whittler?

PRIME MINISTER: Whittler? No, pray why should I see anything of him?

MASTER: I sent him with a message to Father Santa and I thought you might have run across him.

PRIME MINISTER: No, in fact I did not come from Father Santa. But, what do you want of him? Anything gone wrong?

MASTER: Not exactly. But I sent Whittler to do one of two things, either talk Father Santa out of this wild

scheme of making the toy aeroplane, or else to get some further details as to its workmanship.

PRIME MINISTER: And Whittler hasn't returned yet?

MASTER: No, and so I fear he is not succeeding very well in his errand.

PRIME MINISTER [*laughing*]: Very probably not. You are aware, of course, that it is not the easiest thing in the world to talk Father Santa out of any notion when once it has fixed itself in his active brain.

MASTER: Don't I know that to my sorrow? Goodness, when I think of all the wild notions that he has had in his head! There was the Automatic Doll Dresser, for instance: you remember that?

PRIME MINISTER [*laughing*]: Indeed I do! warranted to dress a doll in exactly two minutes and a half.

MASTER: Then there was the Squawk Placer, which he declared could place the squawks, squeaks and howls inside of any animal with just three turns of the wrist.

PRIME MINISTER [*laughing*]: Yes, yes, I well remember that and how angry he was when we laughed at his attempted explanations of the scheme.

MASTER: All his wild schemes and inventions wouldn't be so bad, if he would work them out fully, but when he just gives outlines and expects the workers in the toy-room to fill in the details, then trouble begins.

PRIME MINISTER: I judge by that you are having trouble with the aeroplane?

MASTER: Trouble? That's a mild name for it. The truth is the men are so rattled that they have nearly driven me crazy. He can tell us fast enough what he wants his new machine to do, but just *how* we are to make it do those things he can tell no more than the Sultan of Sulu.

PRIME MINISTER: What are you going to do about it?

MASTER: That's more than I know, and that is why I sent Whittler to see him. He may be able to pick up some details, but I hardly expect it. [*Whistling heard behind scenes.*] Ah, I think that is Whittler now. [*WHITTLER enters; comes down.*] Well, how did you make out? Get Father Santa talked out of his plans?

WHITTLER [*sitting beside MASTER*]: Not a bit of it! I couldn't move him one inch. He says his schemes are simple and perfectly easy to execute.

MASTER: Wish he'd come down here and do it himself then. Execute, indeed! Guess he'll find nothing short of the guillotine can do that. Did you get any details?

WHITTLER: No, I didn't do anything except to listen to more of his happy conceits.

MASTER: What! more fancies?

WHITTLER [*rising and walking about excitedly*]: Well, you know, we thought we'd glue the doll fast on the little seat in the carriage, but he wants us to make it so that it can be taken out and put back at pleasure.

MASTER: That is not so very much trouble, but more than all the rest, did you find out how high and how far he expects the thing to run?

WHITTLER: O, that is the worst of the whole business. He says that if the child has to stay in the house, for any reason, the machine must be so made that he can gear it to run at the height of an ordinary room and within its limits, so that it will turn itself on reaching the wall and cross the room again.

MASTER: How in the world does he expect us to do that?

WHITTLER: But, listen! that is not all. He says it must be possible also to so arrange it that the child can take the thing outdoors and send it up as high as a house and off a block or so and have it return. [*MASTER groans.*] I don't wonder you groan. Did you ever hear of anything to equal that! I asked him if he thought we toymakers were wizards, and he said yes, he supposed we were. Then he intimated that if we couldn't make the machine he would send down to Earthland and get a mortal to come up here and make one.

MASTER: Why didn't you tell him to do it then?

WHITTLER: Well, the honest truth is that is just what I did tell him.

MASTER [*laughing*]: Did you, indeed? Good for you! What a time there would be if he should bring a mortal

up here. [*They both laugh.*] We'd make him wish he had never left the solid earth.

WHITTLES: There is no danger of our having that delightful experience. In the first place Father Santa would no more let a mortal know the way to Santa-Claus-Land than he would let one kill his reindeer. But I'll tell you something that struck me when I was talking to him this time—but remember, now, this is in the strictest confidence—I hope there are no listeners around anywhere. [*He runs around the stage, looking off at various points, as though suspecting some one is in hiding there.*] It is my private opinion that Father Santa is a little off here. [*Touches forehead.*] He has been going down among those crazy mortals so long that he is gradually becoming just like them, and instead of laughing at all their vagaries, as he once did, he has now taken to imitating them, and, you know as well as I, that when any one gets to that pass they are in a pretty bad condition. Of course, they aren't just crazy, only you have to watch out for them—you have to watch out for them.

MASTER: O pshaw! I don't agree with you. I think mortals are simply *wonderful!* Why, just think of all the great things they are doing all the time. And as for Father Santa imitating them, he has always done that more or less. To tell you the plain truth, I don't think this latest notion of his is any madder than many others that he has had, only that it is a little harder for us to execute than some of his other fancies. [*Door up stage at center opens, FIRST TOYMAKER steps in, then shouts back: Yes, he is here! Runs down to MASTER.*] What do you suppose is the matter in there with the workers?

FIRST TOYMAKER: O, Master, I don't know what I am to do with those wires, now that I have them made.

SECOND TOYMAKER [*running down and speaking before the MASTER can answer*]: O, Master, what is it that I am to do with those big fan things I have just made?

THIRD TOYMAKER [*same business*]: O, Master, where do all those braces go?

FOURTH TOYMAKER [*repeats business of others*]: O, Master,

I have cut out all those bolts and screws, but now I don't know where to place them.

FIFTH TOYMAKER [*same business*]: O, Master, those strings and ropes, where are they to go? I have tangled them all up trying to get them right.

SIXTH TOYMAKER [*same business*]: O, Master, where do you mean to have that crank put? I can't find any place for it.

[*All this action must be very rapid, the questions being put to the MASTER so rapidly that he has no time to answer, but turns from one to the other in great bewilderment, until the close of the SIXTH TOYMAKER'S speech.*]

MASTER [*angrily*]: Crank! Crank! How I wish I had a crank on every one of you. I'd turn you all out of Santa-Claus-Land without a minute's notice if needed.

Enter CHRISTMAS FAIRY at left.

CHRISTMAS FAIRY [*carrying open letter*]: O, I'm so glad to find you all here together, for I have a message from Father Santa.

MASTER [*crossly*]: What now?

CHRISTMAS FAIRY: Well, you see, Father Santa said that Whittler had been to see him, and that there were many complaints about the new machine he wanted you to make. So he thought it might be a good plan to send you the letter which the little boy wrote about it. [*All groan.*] When you hear how his heart is set upon it perhaps you will feel differently.

MASTER: No, we cannot make it, that is all there is about it. We are all so mixed up on it that we are nearly crazy. Tell Father Santa that if he wants it made, he'll have to come here and superintend the job himself.

Enter OTHER TOYMAKERS at center.

[*They rush in through door, shouting: Look! Look! at that queer bird flying overhead. They run to right, others follow, all looking up while making the following comments*]:

FIRST TOYMAKER: A queer bird indeed, and a big one.

SECOND TOYMAKER: Where do you suppose it came from?

THIRD TOYMAKER: It must have strayed from Earthland.

FOURTH TOYMAKER: Who knows, maybe it did. But, I didn't suppose they had big ones like that down there.

FIFTH TOYMAKER: O, I've heard Father Santa say that they have queer things there.

SIXTH TOYMAKER: Yes, so have I. But I didn't suppose anything from there ever could or would stray up here.

WHITTLES: But see, it is slowing up now and coming a little lower. Give me your spyglass, Master. [*He hands it, and WHITTLES uses it.*] O! O! there is a man in it.

MASTER [*much excited*]: Give me the glass. [*Uses it.*] O, I see, that is one of those aeroplanes; the very thing that Santa has kept us puzzling over. Here, the rest of you take a look. [*He hands it to WHITTLES, who after one quick glance passes it to another. It goes the rounds during the following dialogue between the MASTER and WHITTLES.*]

MASTER: What do you think about it now?

WHITTLES: Just what I have thought all the while, only more so.

MASTER: Now I begin to understand why Father Santa could not give us more details. He, no doubt, encountered one flying along just as this one is doing, and he didn't have any more chance to study it than we had, so what could he tell about it?

WHITTLES: But, how could he ever think that we could make one?

MASTER: I must confess I thought you fellows could get it right if you kept on trying long enough, but now that I have really seen one I know perfectly well that it can never be done.

WHITTLES: But there is the letter from the little boy: what do you intend to do about *that*?

MASTER: That does seem to complicate matters, somewhat.

WHITTLES: Yes, indeed. Father Santa will rage terribly when he finds he cannot give the little fellow just what he has asked for.

MASTER: That reminds me: don't you know he does not *always* give the children the things they want?

WHITTLES: That's true, and I've noticed, too, that when he does refuse he always fixes up a good excuse for the refusal, so the thing for us to do is just to send him word that the task he has set us is impossible and that he must take the boy something else instead of a flying machine.

MASTER: Good! That's an easy way out of it. Mortals, I believe, are quite accustomed to taking what they can get, when they can't get what they want.

WHITTLES: Yes, it seems to me that I have heard something like that about them.

FIRST TOYMAKER: There, it is gone! flown away beyond reach even of your glass, Master. Much obliged to you.
[Returns spy glass.]

MASTER: Well, now, my boys, that is the sort of thing which Father Santa wants us to make, on a very small scale, of course. What do you think about it?

ALL: We can't do it.

FIRST TOYMAKER: If Father Santa will catch a big one and bring it here, then I think we might make one.

SECOND TOYMAKER: But, we must have a model.

MASTER [to FAIRY]: Go to Father Santa and tell him that he has asked of his Toymakers an utter impossibility.

Enter SANTA CLAUS at left.

SANTA CLAUS [*enters, the others all crossing over toward him. They meet at center*]: Who's talking about impossibility? There is no such word in Santa-Claus-Land. That word belongs to mortals; it has no place here.

MASTER: But, dear Father Santa, I have found that for once we must use it.

SANTA CLAUS [*angrily*]: How? Why? Where? What can ever be impossible to these? [*Waves hands at workers.*]

MASTER: They have found it impossible to make one of the flying machines which you have ordered, unless you can catch one and bring it to us for a model.

SANTA CLAUS: Nonsense! nonsense! how do you know what you can do until you try?

MASTER: That is just it; they have tried, over and over again.

SANTA CLAUS: If you could only see one.

MASTER: That's just it, dear Father Santa, we *have* seen one.

SANTA CLAUS [*excitedly*]: Where? Where? Tell me! Tell me!

MASTER: It flew over here **not** three minutes ago, and——

SANTA CLAUS [*striding about*]: Why in the name of all the birds didn't you stop it?

MASTER: We had no means **of** stopping it, or it surely would have been done.

SANTA CLAUS: Harness my reindeer this minute and I'll catch it.

CHRISTMAS FAIRY: You know, dear Santa, that is impossible. Your reindeer must soon start on their trip to Earthland, so you will hardly dare to send them off into space after this wild flying-machine.

SANTA CLAUS: Impossible! impossible, again? What is getting into everybody, I'd like to know! But, if you have all seen the thing, why cannot you make one; tell me that!

MASTER: Seeing it showed us how complicated a thing it was, and that we must thoroughly understand it before we can make one.

SANTA CLAUS [*joyfully*]: I know what I'll do! When I make my trip this year to Earthland I'll get one. I'll just hitch it to the back of my sleigh and bring it home with me; then I shall have the maker of it, too, no doubt. Ho, ho, what fun! After this I'll go riding in an aeroplane. No more slow reindeer for me. The world moves, and Santa Claus must move, too.

CHRISTMAS FAIRY: That's all very well, dear Santa, but what will you do about this little boy who has *asked* for a flying-machine? [*Waves letter.*]

SANTA CLAUS: Um, um, that's so! Let me see, what's his name? I didn't look to see.

CHRISTMAS FAIRY [*turns letter over*]: Peter Hardheart.

SANTA CLAUS: O, yes, Peter Hardheart! I know all about him: he's the boy that tortures frogs, abuses dogs and cats, kills caterpillars and spiders, steps on ant hills, robs the birds' nests, teases little girls until they cry and pounds boys smaller than he is. He doesn't deserve anything in his

Christmas stocking but switches, and that is all he'll get.
 ALL: Serves him right! Serves him right! Serves him right!
 SANTA CLAUS: But, mind you, next year Santa Claus will
 go to Earth in an aeroplane.
 ALL: So he shall! So he shall!

CURTAIN

A CHRISTMAS EXERCISE

THOS. B. WEAVER

FOR A WHOLE SCHOOL

THIS will be found an excellent program for those desiring something "ready-prepared," in which the whole school may take part. It is, also, well suited to Sunday school use.

1. SONG BY SCHOOL: THE CHRISTMAS WELCOME [as found in the back of book, under Songs].
2. QUOTATION BY SCHOOL: Luke 2:1-7.

"And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, in Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, to be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife. And so it was, that, while they were there, she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

3. RECITATION BY BOY: THE INNKEEPER.

[*Boy carries a bunch of large keys.*]

The night was chill, the hour was late,
 Two weary pilgrims at the gate
 Begged me for shelter for the night;
 I saw the woman's saintly face,
 Her husband's kind and gentle grace,
 And over them a holy light.
 "No room! no room!" I had to say,

And send them from my inn away
 Unto a cave where cattle fed;
 So there where David fled from Saul,
 These saintly Pilgrims, in a stall,
 Prepared their lowly bed.

4. SONG BY SCHOOL: NO ROOM IN THE INN [words below.]

Tune: PORTUGUESE HYMN*

“No room in the inn,” with its folly and mirth—
 “No room in the inn,” for the Lord of the earth;
 But out in the cold with the beasts of the stall,
 “A shelter is found for the Savior of all.”

[Repeat last line.]

No room in the inn could the Holy Ones find,
 A manger enfolded the Lord of mankind;
 To-day we rejoice with the lowly of old
 “And offer our gifts of frankincense and gold.”

[Repeat last line.]

5. QUOTATION BY SCHOOL: Luke 2:8-16.

6. RECITATIONS BY SEVERAL BOYS: THE SHEPHERDS.

[Several boys with crooks and wearing gray shawls.]

First Shepherd:

O'er our flocks in safety sleeping,
 Careful watch our eyes were keeping,
 Till the midnight hour drew near;
 Then the sky was quickly lightened,
 At the sight we all were frightened,
 And were overcome by fear.

Second Shepherd:

An angel cried, “Fear not! fear not!
 For Christ whom all the world has sought,
 In Bethlehem is born;
 Go, worship at the cattles' stall,
 Where sleeps the infant Lord of all,
 This first, blest Christmas morn!”

*IN FOUNTAIN SONG BOOK, No. 3, price 10 cents.

Third Shepherd:

And then a host sang in the sky,
 Glory, glory, to God on high!
 Good-will and peace to men.
 Let earth forget its woe and care,
 And hearts rejoice in praise and prayer
 Forever and Amen!

Fourth Shepherd:

In haste, the holy Babe we sought,
 Our love, the only gift we brought,
 And worshiped Christ, our King;
 So with the lowly of the earth,
 Who first adored the Savior's birth,
 Each year His praise we sing.

7. SONG BY SCHOOL: HARK! WHAT MEANS THESE HOLY VOICES.

Tune: WILMOT*

Hark! what means these holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices:
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wond'rous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy;
 "Glory in the highest, glory,
 Glory be to God most high!"

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,"
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

8. RECITATION BY BOYS: THE WISE MEN.

[*Boys carrying gifts, to represent the Wise Men.
 They wear robes and walk dignified and slowly.*]

First Wise Man:

Across the mountains high and grand,
 Across the desert's burning sand,

*IN FOUNTAIN SONG BOOK, No. 4, price 10 cents.

Through trackless forests, dark and wild,
 Came I to see the Holy Child.
 The world's great wealth and boundless store,
 Of mine and mart and ocean's shore,
 Before the lowly manger there,
 I laid my gifts in love and prayer.

Second Wise Man:

From distant lands of classic clime,
 Where towers lift their heads sublime,
 Where knowledge found its greatest worth,
 Came I to greet the Savior's birth.
 The worship of the world I brought,
 Its love, its faith, its power, its thought;
 And by the lowly manger there
 I laid my gifts in love and prayer.

Third Wise Man:

From lands with sin and sorrow rife,
 I brought the myrrh of bitter life;
 This Holy Babe, a tiny thing,
 Must suffer much to be our King;
 The crown of thorns, the cross of shame,
 Await the hero of true fame;
 So with the gifts so rich, divine,
 I left the bitter one of mine.

[*All retire.*]

9. QUOTATIONS BY PUPILS [*rising at their desks*].

First Pupil:

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill!
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

—*Scott*

Second Pupil:

Shepherds at the grange,
 Where the Babe was born,
 Sang with many a change
 Christmas carols until morn;
 Let us by the fire, even higher,
 Sing till the night expire.

—*Longfellow*

Third Pupil:

Again at Christmas did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas hearth,
 The silent snow possessed the earth.

—Tennyson

Fourth Pupil:

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace,
 East, west, north, and south, let the long quarrels cease;
 Sing the song of great joy that angels began,
 Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man.

—Whittier

Fifth Pupil:

I hold that Christian grace abounds
 Where charity is seen; that when
 We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
 Of love to man.

—Alice Cary

Sixth Pupil:

No trumpet blast profaned
 The hour in which the Prince of Peace was born;
 No bloody streamlet stained
 Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn;
 But o'er the peaceful plain
 The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded wain.

—Bryant

Seventh Pupil:

There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky,
 There's a Mother's deep prayer and a Baby's low cry,
 And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
 And the manger at Bethlehem cradles a King.

—Herrick

10. SONG BY SCHOOL: CHRISTMAS CAROL.



SONGS

MUSIC FACTS

SANTA CLAUS

THOS. B. WEAVER

Tune: AULD LANG SYNE

O SANTA CLAUS, dear Santa Claus,
Please listen while we sing;
We wish to tell you, Santa Claus,
What we would have you bring.
We're just as good as good can be,
And you are just as kind,
So you can very plainly see,
The things we have in mind.

You'll find our stockings in a row:
Some large ones and some small;
We'll turn the lights down rather low,
And make no noise at all.
If you will bring us lots of toys,
And not a stocking miss,
Then you may have from girls and boys,
A hug and old Dutch kiss.

Now, if your reindeer take a fright,
And run off with your sleigh,
Then you may stay with us all night,
And we can romp and play.
We'll let you have our goat and cart,
When you may wish to go,
And help you get an early start,
Because we love you so.

CHRISTMAS TREE

THOS. B. WEAVER

Tune: AMERICA

COME, sing a song with me,
About our Christmas tree,
And all its toys.
Its candles burning bright
Send out their tiny light,
It is a pretty sight
For girls and boys.

Oh! happy Christmas day,
Brings Santa and his sleigh,
And reindeer small.
Come, Santa, with your pack,
Strapped firmly on your back;
Come down the chimney's stack,
And meet us all.

The tiny, silver bells,
Each some sweet story tells,
Across the snow.
A little Babe, they say,
Was born upon the hay,
That first, glad Christmas day
Long, long ago.

The birthday of this Child,
So holy, meek, and mild,
The star shone bright.
Let all the children sing
Of that small Babe, our King,
To Him their presents bring,
This Christmas night.

SONG OF GLADNESS

THOS. B. WEAVER

Tune: ANNIE LAURIE

LET us sing a song of gladness,
From grateful hearts and true,
Forgetting all our sadness,
Though clouds obscure the blue.
Let us sing a song of cheer,
With a merry, gladsome ring,
Help the world to lift its praises,
To Christ, our Lord and King.

Once in a manger lowly,
The first glad Christmas morn,
A little Babe so holy,
Upon the hay was born.
O'er old Judea's plains
Angels chanted in the sky,
And the shepherds heard the anthem
Of praise to God most high.

Far from the East, three strangers,
Led by a star, their way
Kept safely through great dangers,
Found where the Infant lay;
They worshiped at the stall,
As the world's most precious shrine;
And the star shone in its glory,
Above the Babe divine.

Ring out the bells of glory,
Ring out across the snow;
And send the sweetest story
To all the world below.
Let earth and heaven sing,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men;
Glory in the highest, glory,
Forever and amen!"

The Christmas bells are chiming,
 In music sweet and low;
 And children's voices rhyming,
 Come stealing o'er the snow.
 Let us share our richest store
 With the warmest, gladsome cheer,
 Wishing all a merry Christmas
 And a happy, glad New Year.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Tune: HOLD THE FORT

[REPEAT chorus after each verse.]

LOUD the Christmas bells are ringing,
 And the drifting snow
 Lies in wreaths of pearly whiteness
 O'er the world below.

Chorus:

Heard ye not the wondrous story,
 Told of One on high,
 One whose coming, One whose glory
 Nevermore shall die?

Ring ye bells, from out the steeple,
 Sound a joyous lay;
 Telling unto all the people,
 "Christ is born to-day."

Far away in Bethlehem watching,
 O'er a manger low,
 Angels chanted sweet the tidings,
 In the "Long Ago."

"Peace on earth," the hills reëchoed
 To the glad refrain;
 And the Christmas bells' loud pealing,
 Breathe the words again.

Christmas brings a flood of gladness,
So rejoice who may
In His love, whose birth hath given
This glad Christmas day.

O SANTA CLAUS!

THOS. B. WEAVER

Tune: MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

O SANTA CLAUS! dear Santa Claus!
The children love you, just because—
You needn't ask the reason why,
For Christmas day is drawing nigh;
We know you are so good and kind,
Just what we want you always find,
For children who are good to mind;
O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus!

O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus!
The children watch for you because
You seem to be so very shy,
We'd like to know the reason why;
Did you tell ma, one Christmas day,
That it was wrong to romp and play—
'Twould make your reindeer run away?
O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus!

O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus!
The children wait for you, because—
Put lots of nice things in your pack,
And strap it firmly on your back;
Come down the chimney, dark and tall,
With lots of presents for us all;
We'll gladly catch you if you fall,
O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus!

O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus?
 The children talk of you, because—
 Of all the pretty toys you bring.
 The children often gladly sing;
 Put up your reindeer and your sleigh,
 So, when you come, let's romp and play,
 And let us have a jolly day;
 O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus!

THE BABE DIVINE

THOS. B. WEAVER

Tune: DUKE STREET*

To-DAY we coronate our King,
 Let each a loving tribute bring;
 In Bethlehem, the Babe divine,
 We venerate, your Lord and mine.

'Twas midnight on Judea's hill,
 The busy world, in sleep, was still;
 And shepherds watched their flocks of sheep,
 Above the valley's shadows deep.

When from the starry dome, on high,
 Angelic music fills the sky,
 Great fear comes down upon them all,
 And to the earth the shepherds fall.

But when the gentle words, *fear not*,
 Their frightened hearts in rapture caught,
 They listened to this holy song,
 As sung by heaven's angel throng:

Glory to God, let all nations sing,
 Jesus is born, our Lord and King;
 Peace be on earth, good-will to men,
 Now, and forever, and amen!

*IN HIGH SCHOOL GLEE AND CHORUS BOOK, price 50 cents. Also found in every standard hymnal.

MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS

THOS. B. WEAVER

Tune: BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

LET us sing a merry carol for the happy Christmas time,
 Join the chorus of the angels which they sang in notes sublime,
 Let bells ring out their praises in their sweetest, holy rhyme,
 On this glad Christmas day.

Chorus:

Merry, merry, merry Christmas!
 Merry, merry, merry Christmas!
 Merry, merry, merry Christmas!
 Let all the people sing.

To-day we sing the story of the Babe of Bethlehem,
 And with the wond'ring shepherds we bow down as one of
 them—

Again, behold the glory of His kingly diadem,
 On this glad Christmas day.

Chorus

May all our gifts be blessings of the holy Christmas tide,
 In honor of the Savior who for all of us had died;
 And may his benedictions on our gifts to-day abide,
 On this glad Christmas day.

Chorus

For the sake of that compassion which was seen on Calvary,
 Let us strive to shield the needy from the blows of poverty,
 And let us crown our praises with the deeds of charity,
 On this glad Christmas day.

Chorus

THE CHRISTMAS WELCOME*Tune:* TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

WHEN the summer time is passed and the harvest housed at
last,
And the woods are standing bare and brown and sere,
When the frost is sharp at night, and the days are short and
bright,
Comes the gladdest, merriest time of all the year.

Chorus:

Shout, boys, shout the hearty welcome!
Greet old Christmas with a roar!
He has met us with good cheer for this many a merry year,
And we hope he'll meet us all for many more.

Then away with every cloud that our pleasure might enshroud,
And away with every word and look unkind;
Let old quarrels all be healed and old friendships closer sealed,
And our lives with sweeter, purer ties entwined.

Chorus

Since we know the blessed power of this happy Christmas hour,
We will keep its holy spell upon our heart,
That each evil thing within that would tempt us into sin
May forever from our peaceful souls depart.

*Chorus***BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS TIME***Tune:* HAIL, COLUMBIA!

BEAUTIFUL this, our Christmas time,
Beautiful bells with silv'ry chime,
Beautiful words are these we say,
Beautiful words are these we say,—
Jesus our King is born to-day,
Jesus our King is born.

Beautiful angels came of old,
 Sang to the shepherds near their fold;
 Beautiful story told to them,
 Beautiful story told to them,—
 Jesus is born in Bethlehem,
 Is born in Bethlehem.

Beautiful songs they sing to-day,
 Sweeter by far than earthly lay;
 Join in the chorus, all who sing,
 Join in the chorus, all who sing,—
 Joy to the world, our Lord is King,
 Joy, our Lord is King!

WELCOME, GLAD CHRISTMAS TIME

Tune: AMERICA

WELCOME, glad Christmas time,
 Season of joy sublime,
 When Christ was born;
 Let "peace on earth" hold sway,
 Drive care and grief away,
 This happy, happy day,
 When Christ was born.

The children gladly sing
 Praise to the heavenly King,
 On Christmas morn;
 Glad day for great and small,
 Brings happiness to all,
 Send forth the joyous call,
 On Christmas morn.

Our heavenly Father, Thee,
 We sing most thankfully,
 This Christmas morn;
 May peace and all good-will
 Each heart this glad day fill,
 Thy gentle love instill,
 This Christmas morn.

THE SANTA CLAUS SONG AND GAME

Lively

Words and Music by ALYS E. BENTLEY *

CHORUS.



What is rumbling up the chim-ney, Rum-ble - rum-ble - Oh!

SOLO SANTA CLAUS.

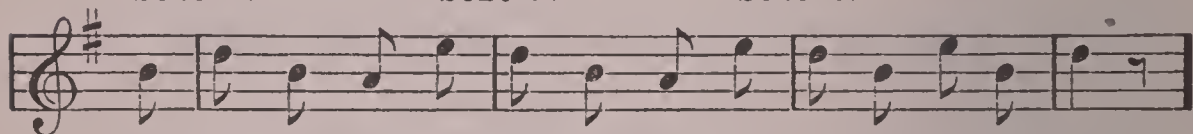


Who is chuck-ling, who is shout-ing, "Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

SOLO A.

SOLO B.

SOLO C.

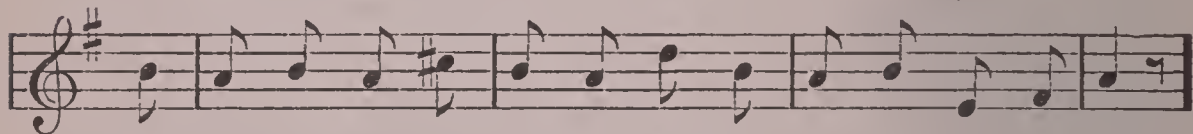


"I want a bat." "I want a ball." "I want a wool-ly bear."

SOLO D.

SOLO E.

rit.

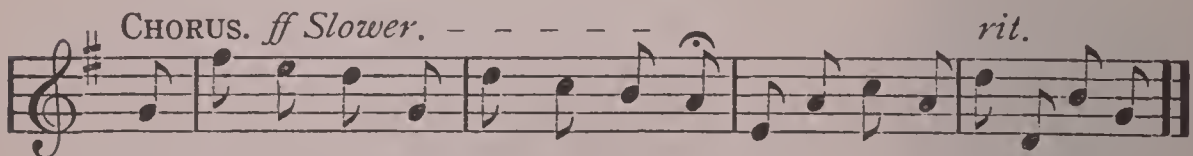


"I want a book." "I want a doll with rib-bons in her hair."

CHORUS. SOLO S. C. CHORUS. SOLO S. C.



"I want." "Ho! Ho!" "I want." He! He! Look out below, look out for me."



And down he comes all dressed with holly, Santa Claus so big and jolly.

* DIRECTOR of Music in the Schools of Washington, D. C., and author of THE SONG PRIMER, published by the A. S. Barnes Company.

USES OF THE SANTA CLAUS SONG

ALYS E. BENTLEY

THE Santa Claus Song, on the opposite page, may be used in a variety of ways. It may be used just as a song, and sung with the real Christmas joy, in the jollity and fun of the Yule-tide.

Different pupils may be selected to express the different wishes, each singing his solo phrase "I want a bat," or "I want a book," the entire school coming in with the chorus "And down he comes, etc."

From this to the dramatic representation the step is very simple. If you leave them alone, the children will, of themselves, suggest the form of the play, and will carry it out. I can hear them now: "I want to be Santa Claus!" "Let's have this for the chimney, etc."

Of course, Santa Claus must retire from view into the corridor, or behind the bookcase, or into some convenient closet, from which retreat his "Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!" will be heard in response to the excited chorus, "Who is chuckling, who is shouting?"

As each child sings his wish, he will run to the chimney and shout it up the chimney's mouth. After the solo, "I want a doll with ribbons in her hair," the entire group of players will join hands, and dancing round the chimney, sing, "I want," to which Santa Claus will respond with a distant "Ho! Ho!" and a nearer "He! He! Look out below, look out for me," as he bursts into the room from his place of concealment, the entire chorus singing, "And down he comes all dressed with holly, Santa Claus so big and jolly."

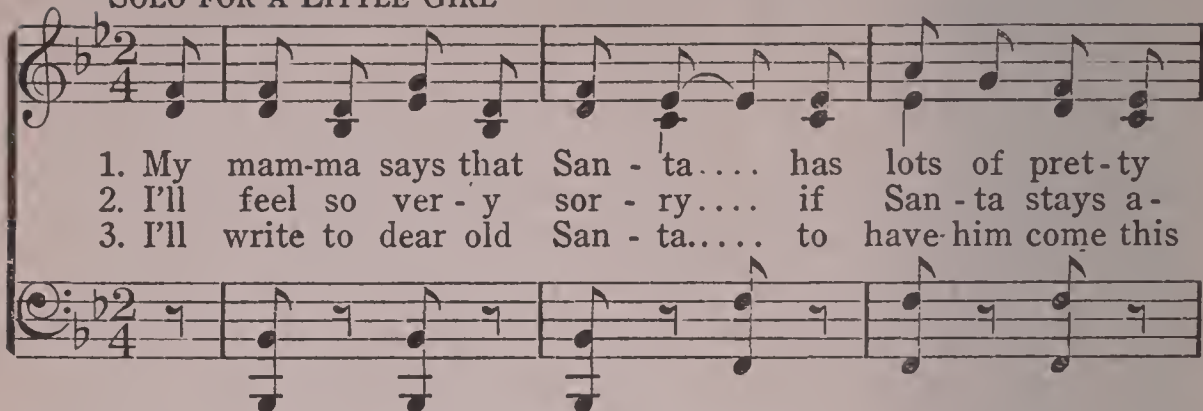
There may be as much in the way of scenery and costumes as the ingenuity of the teacher and her class may suggest. In a class of very young children it will be interesting to see how much individuality and dramatic power the children themselves will exhibit. If encouraged to play the game spontaneously and freely, they will suggest many variations in the action and the setting.

—*Teachers' Magazine*

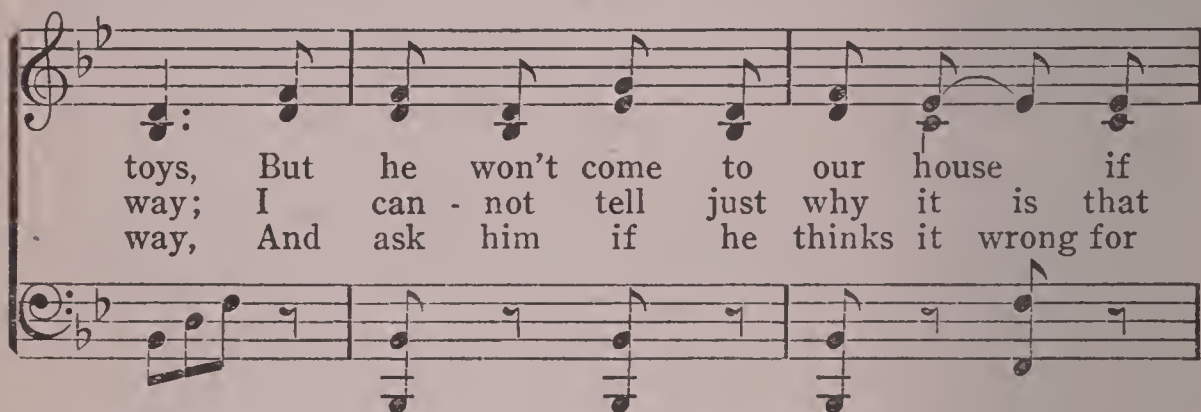
TELLING SANTA

SOLO FOR A LITTLE GIRL

Words and Music by T. B. WEAVER



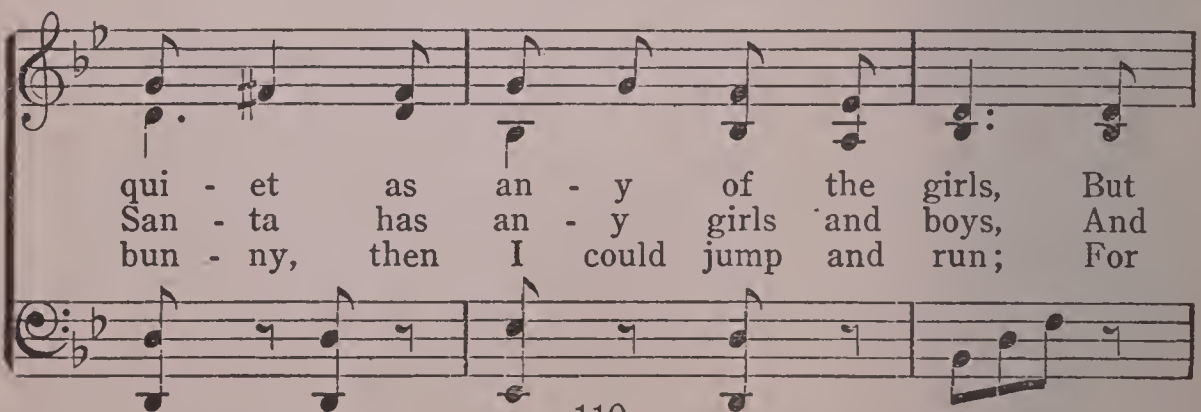
1. My mam-ma says that San - ta... has lots of pret-ty
2. I'll feel so ver - y sor - ry... if San - ta stays a -
3. I'll write to dear old San - ta.... to have him come this



toys, But he won't come to our house if
way; I can - not tell just why it is that
way, And ask him if he thinks it wrong for



I make an - y noise; I try to be as
I must romp and play; I won - der if old
me to romp and play. I wish I was a



qui - et as an - y of the girls, But
San - ta has an - y girls and boys, And
bun - ny, then I could jump and run; For

Telling Santa—Concluded

can - not help but cry some-times when ma puts up my
 if their mam-ma ev - er scolds when they make an - y
 no one scolds a cot - ton-tail, and I'd have lots of

CHORUS:


curls. She says, "I'll tell old San - ta How
 noise,— And says, "I'll tell, etc.
 fun. (*Talks, no music.*) Then mamma wouldn't have any little

naught-y you have been;..... You need not hang your
 girl, and she wouldn't have to say—"See here, I'll tell old Santa "

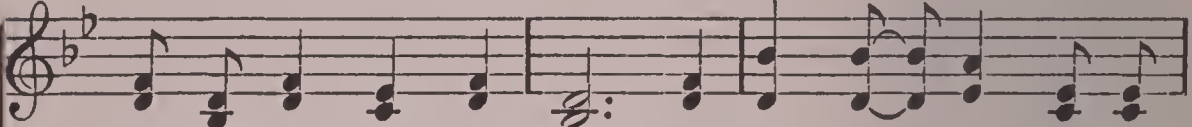

stock - ing,.... For he'll put noth - ing in."....

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS EVE

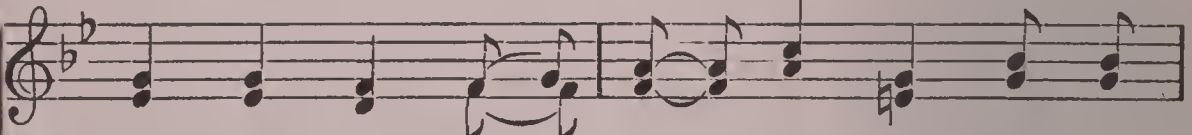

Words and Music by T. B. WEAVER




1. The drift - ing snow spread a robe of white, On this
2. Yet out of the dark where the lights are low, On this
3. Some man - sions are pris - ons of gloom and care, On this
4. If on - ly a crust be your scant - y store, On this



beau - ti - ful Christ - mas eve; The air was crisp and the
beau - ti - ful Christ - mas eve, We hear a cry from the
beau - ti - ful Christ - mas eve; The laugh - ter of chil - dren is
beau - ti - ful Christ - mas eve, And hun - ger en - treats at your



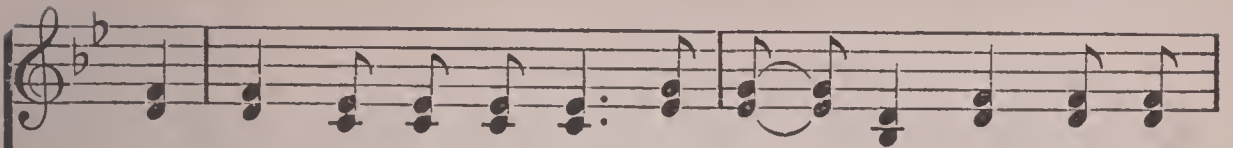
stars shone bright, And the full moon smiled with her
lips of woe, As.... pov - er - ty strikes with a
not heard there, And no Christ - mas car - ols float
lone - ly door, God will bless that crust if you



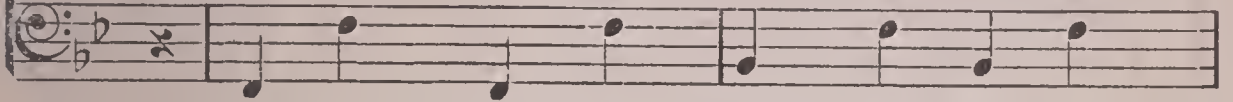
sil - ver light, On this beau - ti - ful Christ - mas eve.
sting - ing blow, On this beau - ti - ful Christ - mas eve.
on the air, On this beau - ti - ful Christ - mas eve.
give it o'er, On this beau - ti - ful Christ - mas eve.



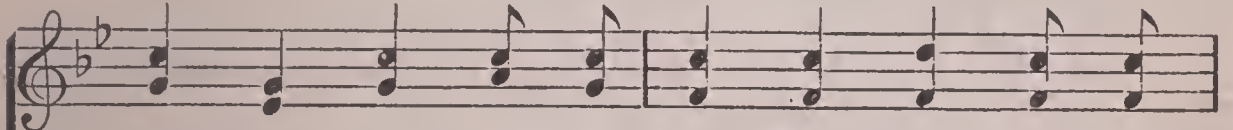
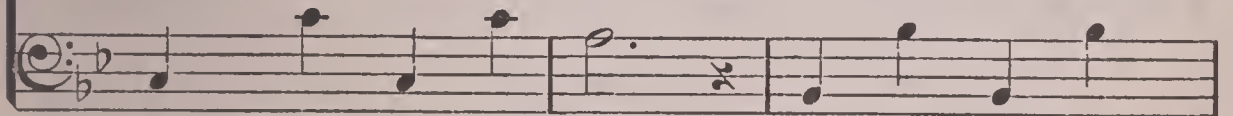
Beautiful Christmas Eve—Concluded



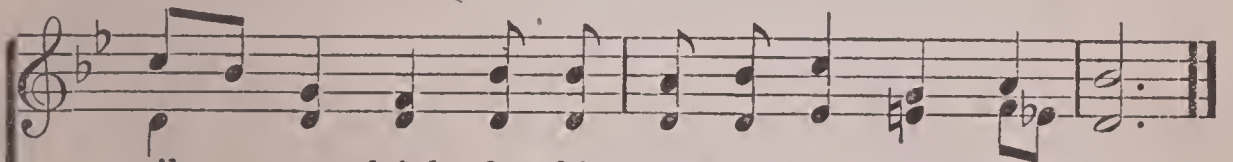
The streets of the cit - y are bright and gay, On this
 Tho' life's crush-ing bur-dens bring sighs and fear, On this
 Now who will the warmth of his hall di - vide, On this
 Sweet Char - i - ty's an-gels will fash-ion your need, On this



beau-ti - ful Christ-mas eve; All hearts seem glad for the
 beau-ti - ful Christ-mas eve, The chil-dren's car - ols to
 beau-ti - ful Christ-mas eve, With those whose em - bers of
 beau-ti - ful Christ-mas eve; The ra - ven's cries doth our



Christ - mas day, With its old Saint Nick and his
 all are dear, As the bare walls an - swer their
 love have died, For the ho - ly sake of the
 Fa - ther heed, And He loves us more for a

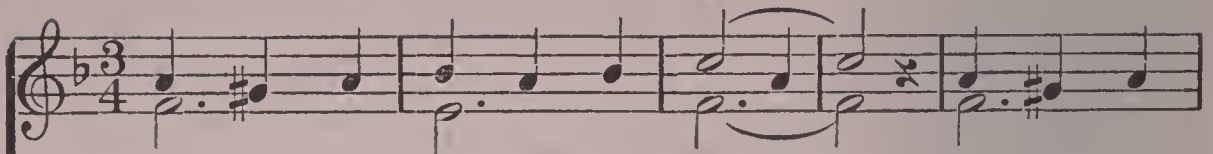


sil - ver sleigh, On this beau-ti - ful Christ - mas eve.
 voi - ces clear, On this beau-ti - ful Christ - mas eve.
 Christ - mas - tide, On this beau-ti - ful Christ - mas eve?
 kind - ly deed, On this beau-ti - ful Christ - mas eve.

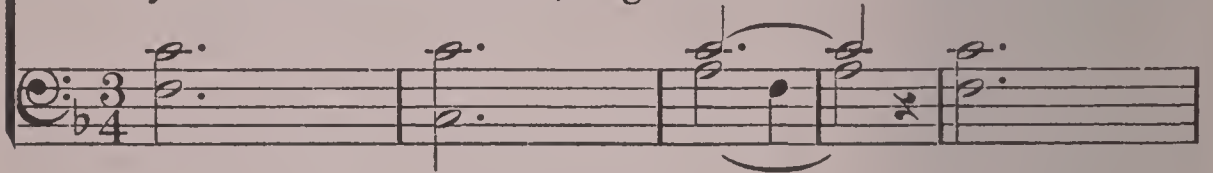


GLAD CHRISTMAS BELLS

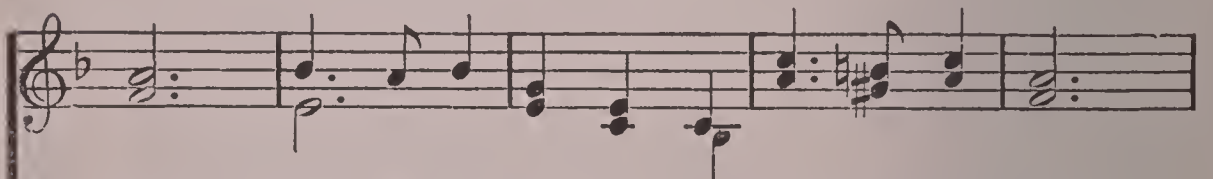
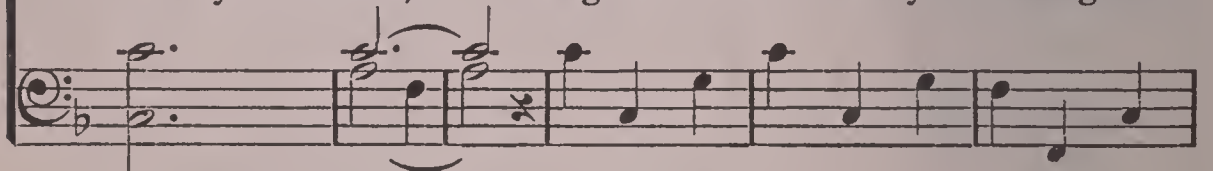
Words and Music by T. B. WEAVER



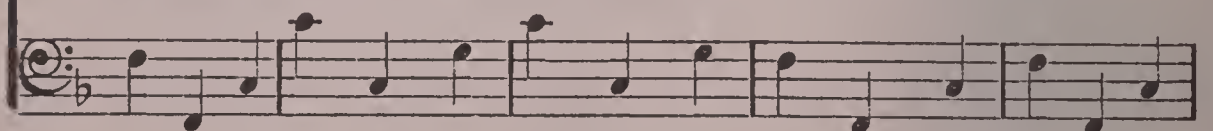
1. Glad bells of Christ-mas, ring on!..... Cheer - i - ly,
2. Sweet bells of Christ-mas, ring on!..... Joy - ous - ly,
3. Dear bells of Christ-mas, ring on!..... Ten - der - ly,
4. Joy - bells of Christ-mas, ring on!..... Ech - o from



mer - ri - ly chime; Weave the glad news in - to rol - lick - ing
 fear - less - ly ring; Tell of the chil - dren who mer - ri - ly
 lov - ing - ly play; Tell of the star, of the man - ger, the
 val - ley to hill; Ring till our hearts with your message shall



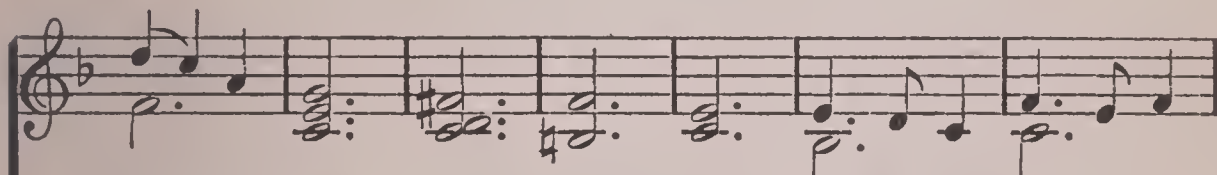
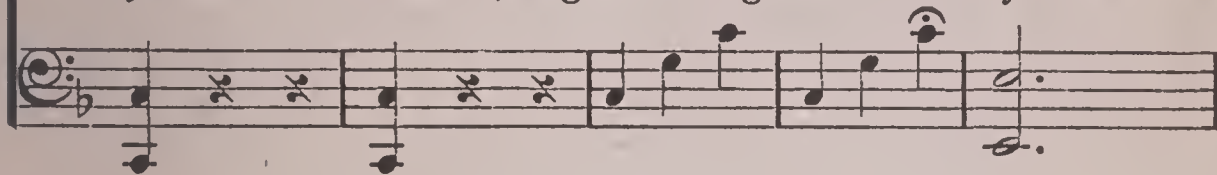
rhyme, Tell ev - 'ry heart of the bright Christmas - time.
 sing, Tell of the gifts and the greet - ings they bring.
 hay, Tell of the Babe who in Beth - le - hem lay.
 thrill, "Glo - ry to God! on earth, peace and good - will!"



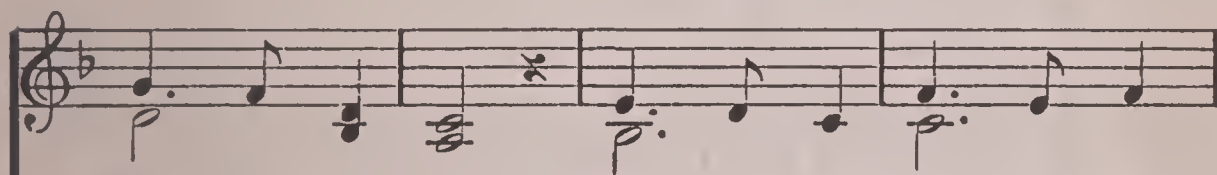
Glad Christmas Bells—Concluded



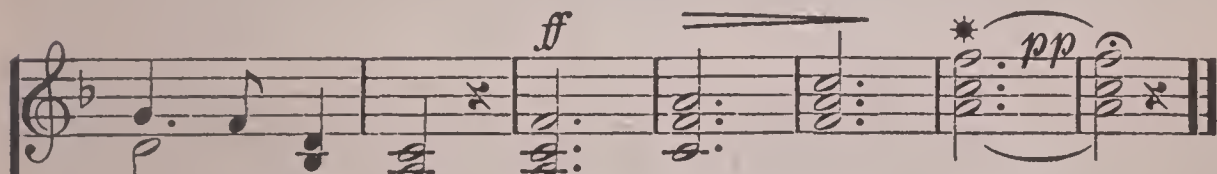
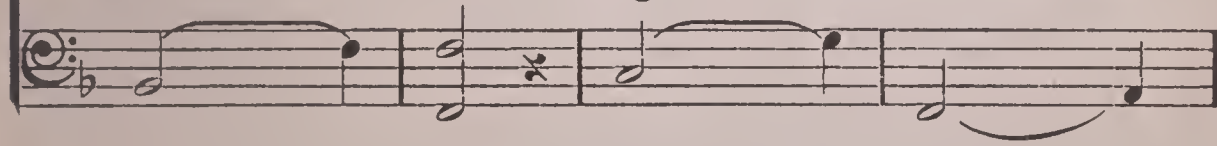
Glad bells of Christmas, ring on! ring on! Glad bells of
 Sweet bells of Christmas, ring on! ring on! Sweet bells of
 Dear bells of Christmas, ring on! ring on! Dear bells of
 Joy - bells of Christmas, ring on! ring on! Joy - bells of



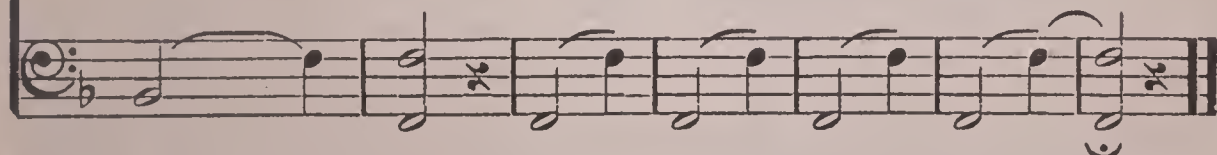
Christ-mas, ring, ring, ring, ring! Ring, sil-ver bells, o'er the



beau - ti - ful snow; Ring in our hearts when the



win - ter winds blow, Ring, ring, ring, ring!.....



*LET the sound die away by closing mouth and throwing sound up into nasal passages.

CHRISTMAS OF TWO

Words and Music by T. B. WEAVER

1. { A dear lit - tle boy, a child of wealth, Had
A kind moth-er's joy, a pic-ture of health, Had

2. { A dear lit - tle boy, kept warm in bed, His
Dear San-ta was com - ing, his mam-ma said, But

fin - ished his eve - ning's play;..... } Out -
knelt at her knee to pray..... }
home had no fire that day;..... } She
not to poor folks as they..... }

doors, the wind blew the drift - ing snow; In -
gave him a kiss and breathed a prayer, And

doors, the grate burned with cheer - ful glow;
left him a - lone to the kind an-gels' care;

Christmas of Two—Continued

San - ta is com - ing, stockings are hung; She
When she brought home char - i - ty's mite, She

pp rit. - - -

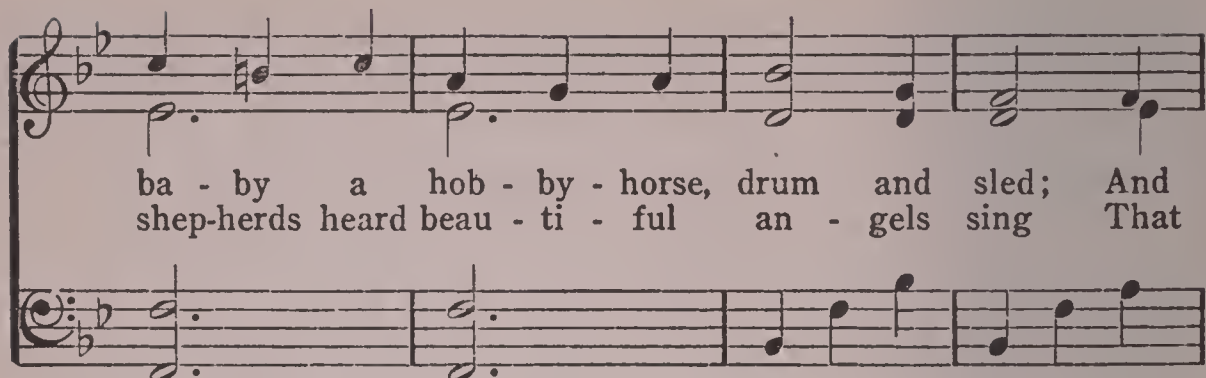
nest - led her babe and soft - ly sung:.....
nest - led her babe and sang that night:.....

CHORUS:

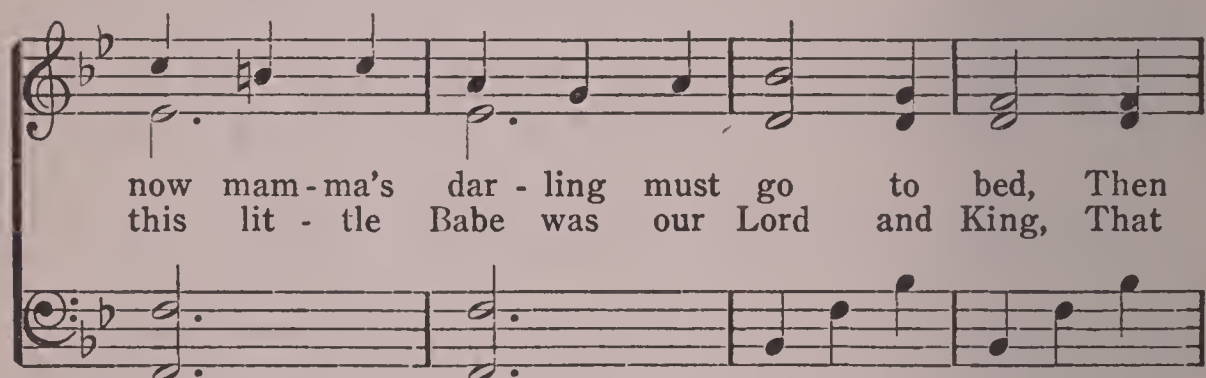
"San - ta is com - ing with lots of toys, He'll
"Once in a man - ger, His bed on the hay, A

fill up the stock - ings of girls and boys, Bring
dear lit - tle Ba - by was born, they say; The

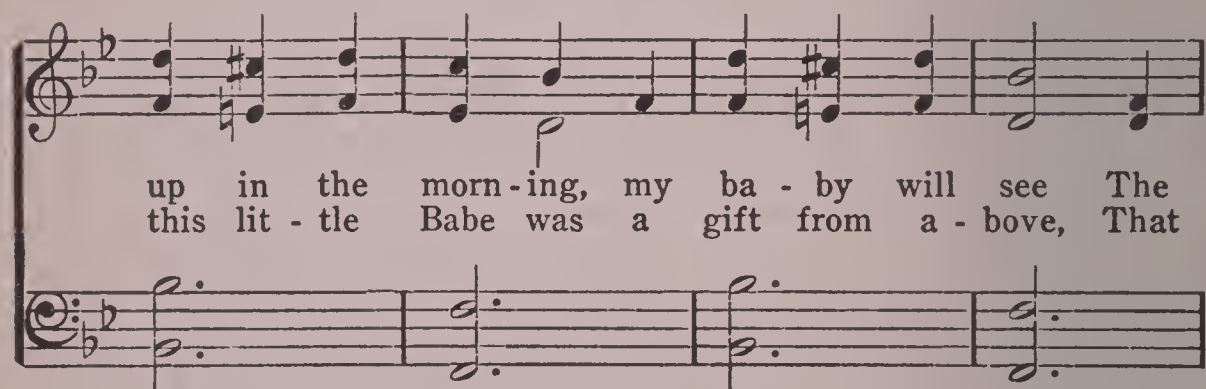
Christmas of Two—Concluded



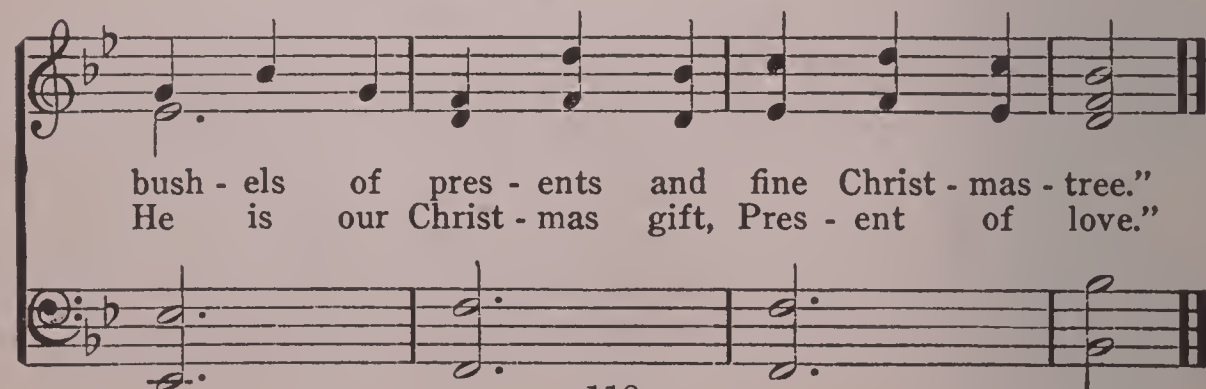
ba - by a hob - by - horse, drum and sled; And
shep-herds heard beau - ti - ful an - gels sing That



now mam - ma's dar - ling must go to bed, Then
this lit - tle Babe was our Lord and King, That



up in the morn - ing, my ba - by will see The
this lit - tle Babe was a gift from a - bove, That



bush - els of pres - ents and fine Christ - mas - tree."
He is our Christ - mas gift, Pres - ent of love."

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT CHRISTMAS

Abridged and adapted from THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL

The Word Christmas

THE word Christmas is derived from "Christ" and the Saxon word "Moesse," signifying the mass and a feast.

The Meaning of Kris Kringle

KRIS KRINGLE is a corruption of the German name "Krist-kindlein," meaning Christ-child. It is not the same as Santa Claus, therefore, the latter being a name for St. Nicholas. In the matter of distributing Christmas gifts, however, they are the same.

Santa's First Visit to America

THE first Christmas visit of Santa Claus in America is believed to have occurred at New Amsterdam. At any rate, it is certain that Santa Claus was introduced by the early Dutch settlers of New York.

Different Kinds of Christmas Trees

THE fir, the pine, the hemlock and the spruce seem to be used in all lands as Christmas trees. Owing to the time of year an evergreen tree must be used in the cold countries, and the custom appears to be followed wherever Christmas trees are used.

Various Dates for Christmas

DECEMBER 25 is the commonly accepted date of Christ's birth now, but others which were accepted by small minorities, and afterward discarded were January 6, April 20, May 20, March 29 and September 29. Authorities have never agreed as to the year. Idler computed it December, B. C. 7; Petavius and Usher, December 25, B. C. 5; Bengel, December 25, B. C. 4; Anger and Winer, March, B. C. 4; Scaliger, October, B. C. 3; Saint Jerome, December 25, B. C. 3, and Eusebius, January 6, B. C. 2.

Mistletoe and the Crucifixion

IT IS sometimes asked if the mistletoe has any connection with the birth of Christ. It has no connection. An old Celtic legend relates that the mistletoe was once a tree, but, having furnished the wood for the Savior's cross, it was thenceforth condemned to exist as a parasite.

It is interesting to note in this connection that mistletoe was once forbidden in England as a church decoration. As one authority puts it: "Mistletoe was abandoned in the Christmas decking of churches, together with kissing at the services, because both were found to set the young ladies and the young gentlemen a-reading of the marriage service."

Turkey in Our Country: Beef in England

BEEF is the Christmas meat of the English. It is the outgrowth of an ancient Druid ceremony. When the Druids gathered the mistletoe from the sacred oak each winter two white bulls were sacrificed. The beef, which is the British Christmas meat, was originally eaten as a reminder of this sacrifice, but of course this significance died out hundreds of years ago.

Origin of the Christmas Tree

THE origin of the Christmas tree is not known. It may have some connection with the great tree Yggdrasil of Scandinavian mythology, or it may be a survival of the pine trees of the Roman Saturnalia, which were decorated with images of Bacchus. The custom may be of even greater antiquity, as the ancient Egyptians decorated their houses at the winter festival with branches of the date-palm, which they regarded as a symbol both of immortality and of the heavens. In mediæval times there was a tradition of holiness investing an illuminated tree. As a regular institution, the Christmas tree can be traced back to about 1600, when it suddenly appeared at Strasburg, Germany. For almost two hundred years it was continued along the Rhine, when about 1800 it suddenly spread all over Germany and in a few years was used all over the world. Scandinavian, French and German legends attribute the origin of the Christmas tree to various noted persons.

Christmas in New England

THE celebration of Christmas is comparatively recent in New England. The Puritans looked upon the celebration as pagan. Then, too, it was a festival of the Roman Catholic Church, to which the Puritans were bitterly opposed. In 1621 Governor Bradford punished some young men for not working on Christmas, and in 1659 the General Court of Massachusetts forbade any observance of the day. This was repealed in 1681, but the old Puritans bitterly fought the repeal and their protest continued until the early years of the nineteenth century. Although the celebration of Christmas became general in New England long before, many of the old Puritans refused to have anything to do with the festivities and would not allow their families to participate. Early in the nineteenth century, however, the last traces of this opposition vanished.

Christmas in the South

CHRISTMAS down South begins much like Fourth of July up North. It starts at midnight, or even before; and all day long firecrackers are going off in the streets of every city, town, and village of the South, from Virginia to Louisiana. Brass bands add to the jollity, while to see companies of soldiers parade up and down the street is not an unusual sight. Otherwise, except for the jingle of sleigh-bells and the presence of Jack Frost, a Christmas in the South is not unlike that in the North.

Saint Nicholas

SAINT NICHOLAS is the patron saint of children, poor maidens, sailors and travelers, and his popularity knows no bounds. He is the chief patron saint of Russia. Very few historical facts appear in connection with him. This leaves a wide scope for the imagination to play.

The legend has it that he was the son of very wealthy parents and from whom he inherited great riches. They were very proud of him, and he gave them great happiness by his acts of loving kindness. In some way Saint Nicholas had the power of knowing where were those who deserved

help, and when he found them he was delighted to bestow upon them his gifts.

The story is told of a certain nobleman of Panthera who had at one time been possessed of great wealth, but he had misfortune and had become so poor that his three beautiful daughters were about to go to the streets to beg for food.

Saint Nicholas had determined to help this family, and he was very much perplexed how to give the relief so that he would not be known. He chose a very dark night, and went to the home of the nobleman. As he looked about he saw a small window opened through which he dropped the purse filled with three golden apples. The gift was so timely that it saved the daughters from disgrace and also gave them a dowry. Presently they were happily married.

When the nobleman finally found that the giver was Saint Nicholas, he said, "O Nicholas, Servant of God! Why do you seek to hide thyself!"

Nicholas smiled upon him and together they rejoiced. The nobleman was pleased to know that the giver was good Saint Nicholas, and Saint Nicholas was happy to give in order that the nobleman and his daughters might be relieved of their heavy burden of poverty.

Saint Nicholas demanded that the secret should be kept and the nobleman told no man.

So from this Pagan story we are told lies the origin of our Christian celebration of an unknown giver and a happy and grateful recipient. The secret way in which the gift was given is still thought to be a most beautiful way.

Saint Nicholas' birthday is December 16th.

DRILLS

PANTOMIMES TABLEAUX

SANTA CLAUS DRILL

MARIE IRISH

FOR FIVE BOYS OF THE PRIMARY GRADES

COSTUMES

NORTH AMERICAN SANTA CLAUS: Bright red cap, dark coat that comes about to knees, trimmed with strip of red down front and around bottom, red sash around waist, red leggings (can be made of red cloth like coat is trimmed with) and white whiskers—of rope or paper cut very fine. Should have coat stuffed in front to give fat appearance.

SOUTH AMERICAN: White hair and whiskers, a large felt hat turned up at one side and ornamented with long plume of bright tissue paper, bright stockings, slippers, bright sash around waist, tied at side, knee trousers with bright trimming down outside seams, and a cape that comes to waist or little below.

AFRICAN: Face and hands blacked with burnt cork, wig made by sewing curled hair onto a circular piece of black cloth and drawing up with elastic cord, a large light-colored straw hat, a white jacket (a barber's jacket can be borrowed and stuffed where too large), light trousers and no stockings, sandals or slippers. Carry large fan.



ASIATIC SANTA: White cloth wound around head for a turban, white hair and whiskers, no stockings, sandals or slippers, a sheet draped on for a robe, tied around waist with yellow sash.

EUROPEAN: Same as North American, except the trimming is blue instead of red.

MUSIC: Can be given with or without march music.

NORTH AMERICAN Santa comes on alone at left corner of back, passes down left side, across front of stage, up right side, across to center of back, down center to front, where he stops and looks around, then goes over to right corner of front and looks off at side, shading his eyes with hand, then goes across to left corner and gazes off that side and comes back to center of front. Here he pulls out a large watch and looks at, then says:

I'm expecting some friends here to meet me—
Where in the world can the slow fellows be?

The Asiatic and African Santas now enter at left corner of front walking single file, come to center, bow very low to North American, then pass behind him and stand in line on other side. European and South American then come on at right corner of front, bow as the others did, pass behind the other three and form in line at left side, thus making a line of five abreast.

NORTH AMERICAN SANTA [*says*]:

Well, 'tis time you came; you'd feel pretty bad
If you kept me waiting till I got mad.

ALL [*in concert*]:

We are the Santas who bring Christmas toys,
And all sorts of things to good girls and boys.

NORTH AMERICAN:

What? Did you think one Santa could do
All the Christmas work and ever get through?

AFRICAN [*points to NORTH AMERICAN SANTA*]:

He's the boss and we carry out his plans;
I'm from Africa, where folks carry fans.

[*Fans himself vigorously.*]

SOUTH AMERICAN :

Down in South America is where I live,
And children like well the presents I give.

EUROPEAN :

In Europe to visit the Russian and Swede,
And all of the rest, keeps me busy indeed.

ASIATIC :

I am from Asia, where boys and girls, I fear,
Don't think as much of Santa Claus as you do here.
[Wipes eyes on corner of sheet.]

NORTH AMERICAN :

The United States children just *love* me ;
They think I'm the nicest fellow they ever did see !
[Laughs.]

North American Santa Claus leads up center of stage, two from the right follow, then two from left, march single file, to center of back, across to right corner of back, diagonal line to center of front, then in diagonal line to left corner of back and form in line, five abreast, across back of stage. Here they speak :

ALL [*waving hands*] :

Five jolly old Santas are we, ho, ho !
We've gifts for good children, but for bad ones—*no!*
[Stamp foot and slap hands together.]

EUROPEAN [*speaks as all march to front, five abreast*] :

With our load of toys we come Christmas eve,
And children are happy, you better believe.
[Halt at front.]

AFRICAN :

We tip-toe so still we ne'er make a sound
And nobody guesses when we are around.
[As he finishes speaking all turn to right and march around in a small circle, on tip-toe, very softly, and come back to places.]

SOUTH AMERICAN:

We listen perchance some watchers to hear,

[*All put hand to ear, listening.*]

And carefully look to be sure no one's near.

[*All look around very cautiously.*]

ASIATIC SANTA:

Then to the stockings, fill them up good and tight,

Wish the folks "Merry Christmas" and vanish from sight.

[*All bow and wave right hand at children, then turn to left, pass quickly to left corner, up left side, across back of stage, and off, marching with long strides, on tip-toe.*]

CHRISTMAS BELLS

MARIE IRISH

FOR EIGHT, TWELVE OR SIXTEEN GIRLS OF THE PRIMARY GRADES

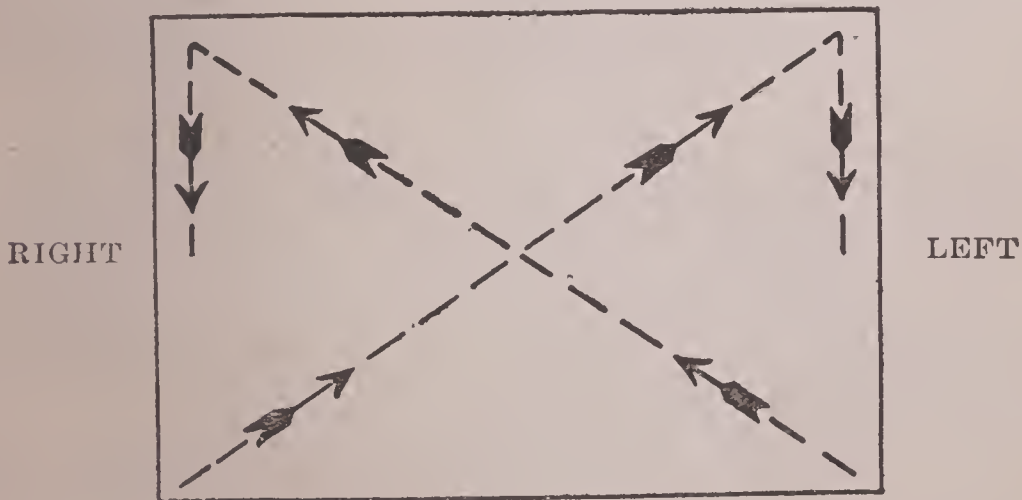
COSTUMES

DRESS in white and tie the hair with red ribbons. Buy the fancy red paper bells used for Christmas decoration or cut bells about 12 inches long from red cardboard. Get red cheese cloth, allowing a strip about one-fourth of a yard wide to each girl and long enough to fasten in middle at center of the breast and reach just past the finger tips of each hand. Shir this strip up to about three inches wide in the center and fasten one bell on at the shirring; then shir the ends up to three-inch width and fasten a bell at either end. Pin the bell fastened at center of strip at the center of the breast, and hold an end of the strip just above other bells in either hand.

MUSIC: A march.

GIRLS enter in two files, one at either corner of back of stage, and march to center of back, where first girl from the left steps in line behind first girl on right, second girl from left steps behind second girl from right, etc., thus forming a single file down center of stage. At center of front of stage first girl turns to right, second to left, third to right, etc.; pass to corners and up sides of stage, meeting at center of back, where they form couples and march down the center of stage. As the girls come onto stage they let hands hang at arm's

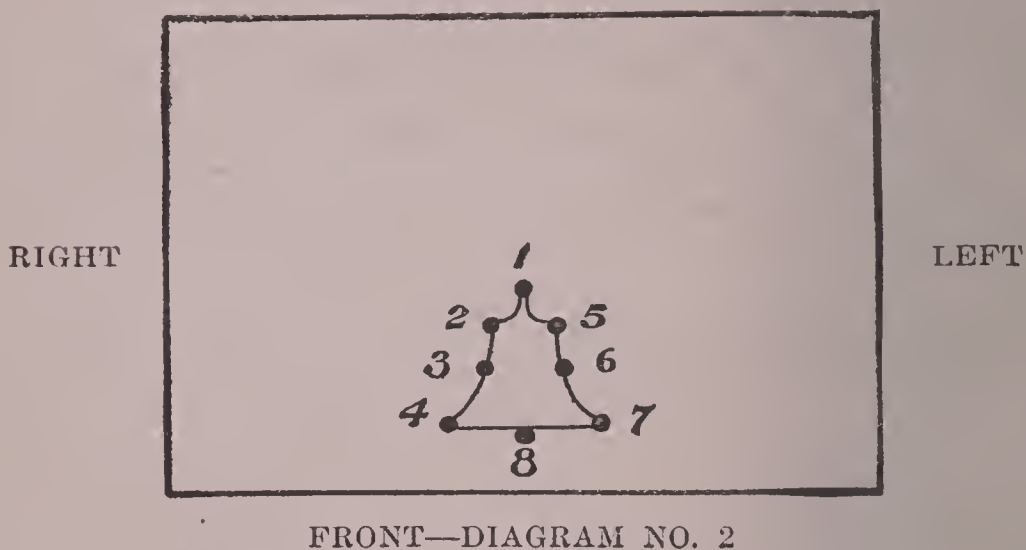
length at sides, but as they come down center each one raises her hands, arms length, and holds bells up obliquely from shoulders. As they come down center in couples each couple joins inside hands as they raise bells—that is, hold hands so they touch. At the center of front first couple goes to right, second to left, third to right, etc., pass to corners, up sides of stage, meet at center of back and form fours. As they march down the center to front in fours those on first line hold hands out, arm's length, straight out from shoulders to the sides. If only eight take part those of second line hold bells up arm's length, obliquely from shoulders, but if twelve take part those of second line hold bells out at sides about level with top of head, while the last line [or last two lines if sixteen take part] hold bells up high. As they reach front of stage the girls who were leaders on entering at beginning of march lead again, one going to right corner of front and other to left corner of front. The other girls follow on same leader's line and in same order as when entering. Files march as shown in diagram No. 1. In crossing at center of stage first girl from the right goes in front of first girl from the left, second girl from right in front of second girl from left, etc.



FRONT—DIAGRAM NO. 1

As lines come to center of sides those from left pass across to center of right side and down to corner of front, while those

from right pass across to center of left side and down to left corner of front. During this march and that in diagram No. 1 the girls march with hands hanging at sides. As they come to center of front they take positions to form a bell, leader of line from the right taking the position of No. 1, the girls on her line taking places on right half of bell; the girls from other line take positions on left side of bell, the leader taking place No. 5. If more than eight take part in the drill, keep same shape of bell, but fill in extra ones on the sides and along the front. As they form the bell each girl faces front of stage. Take positions according to diagram No. 2.



When all are in place the girl in position No. 1 asks:
 What is the music that I hear,
 Pealing forth so sweet and clear?

OTHER GIRLS [*in concert, raising bells and waving hands from side to side as if ringing bells*]:

'Tis the ringing of the bells you hear,
 Pealing forth their notes of merry cheer.

[*Drop hands at sides.*]

No. 1:

Can you tell me the reason why they
 Are ringing and ringing in such merry way?

OTHER GIRLS [*raising hands and ringing bells as before*]:
 They are ringing for the Christmas day,
 When cheer abounds and joy holds sway.

[*Drop hands.*]

No. 1:

And what is the message that they bring
 As thus so joyously they ring?

OTHER GIRLS [*ringing bells as before*]:

These words they ring again and again,
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

[*Drop hands at sides.*]

A chorus of voices now sings the following stanza and the girls hold bells as described below. If given at school the stanza can be sung by all other pupils, sitting in their seats, or can be sung by chorus back of scenes.

Tune: WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING*

Sweetly the bells of Christmas

Extend hands out, arm's length, at either side of body, on line with the shoulders.

Ring forth their notes of cheer,

Bring hands together until they almost touch out in front of body, then move back to position out at sides.

Bidding us all be merry,

Incline head forward, bring hands up out in front of and above top of head, the arms curved, hands almost meeting, bells side by side, face smiling and peeping through circle formed by arms.

Christmas day is near.

Place one hand in front of either shoulder so it brings the three bells in a group together.

Let ev'ry heart be joyful,

Hands extended out, arm's length, toward the audience.

* IN FOUNTAIN SONG BOOK, No. 4, price 10 cents.

Drive care and sorrow 'way;

With a quick motion move both hands over so as to point off at right of stage.

While merry bells are ringing

Raise hands above head and wave as if ringing bells.

Keep the Christmas day.

Step forward with right foot, hold bells up and out toward front of stage, body inclined forward, face smiling.

No. 1 now leads up center of stage, others form in line, single file; pass to center of back and then off stage.

CHRISTMAS STAR DRILL AND SONG

MARIE IRISH

FOR TEN GIRLS OF THE INTERMEDIATE GRADES

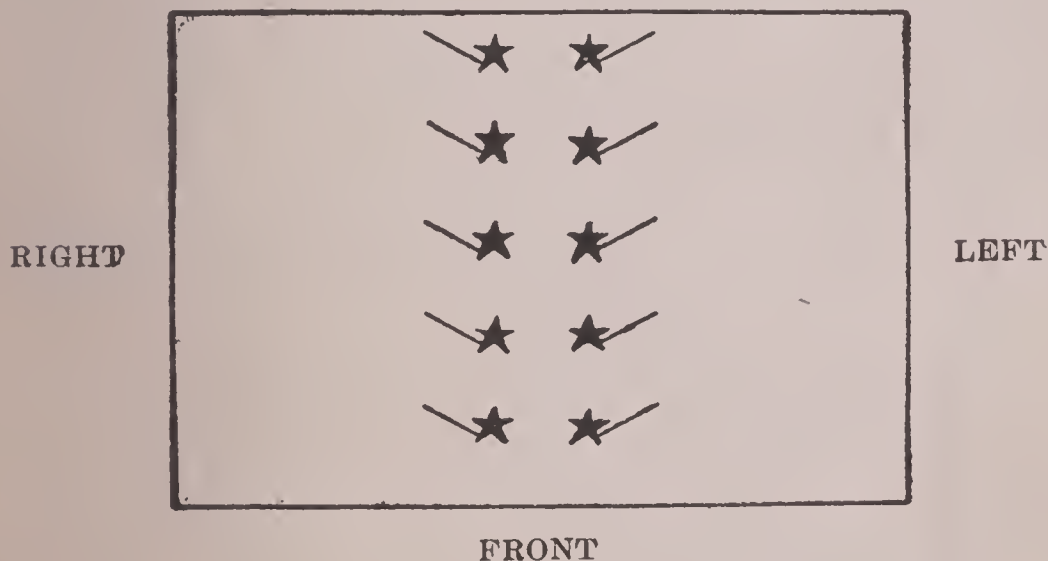
COSTUMES

WHITE dresses, green cheese cloth sashes, tied at side, white crowns with gilt star in center. Each girl carries a wand wound with green cheese cloth, on the end of which is a gilt star at least ten inches across. Star must be covered with gilt on both sides. Instead of stars being fastened to end of wand each one is fastened to a piece of heavy wire and the wire fastened to end of wand and in this way the stars move slightly as they are carried.

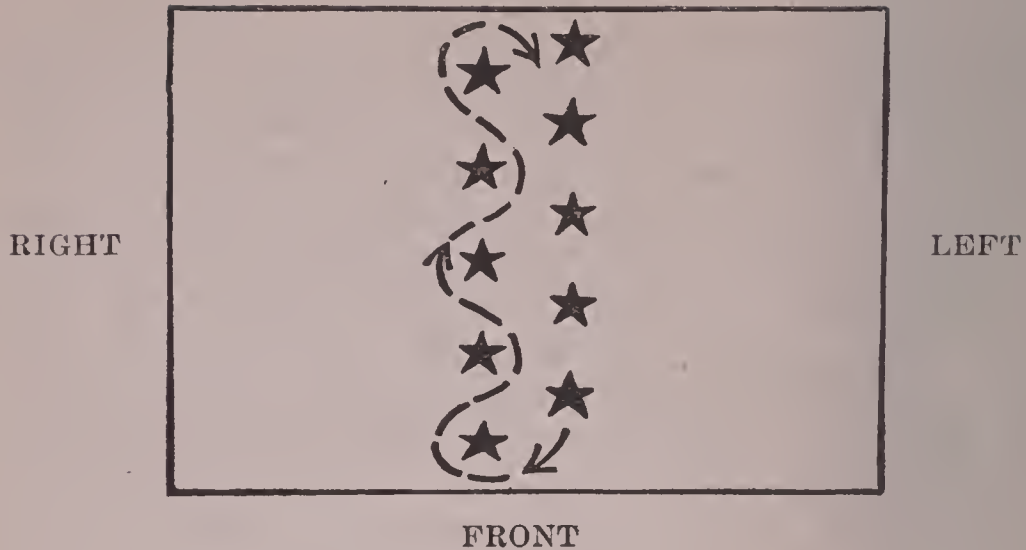
MUSIC: A march with well-marked four-four time.

ENTER in two files, five girls in each, one at back and other at front corner of right side of stage. File at the back marches to center of back, in diagonal line to center of left side, then in a diagonal line to center of front, while the file entering at front goes to center of front, in diagonal line to center of right side, then in diagonal line to center of back of stage. One file is now at center of back—or rather the leader is—while leader of other file is at center of front. Lines pass to center and halt, forming couples, standing about two feet

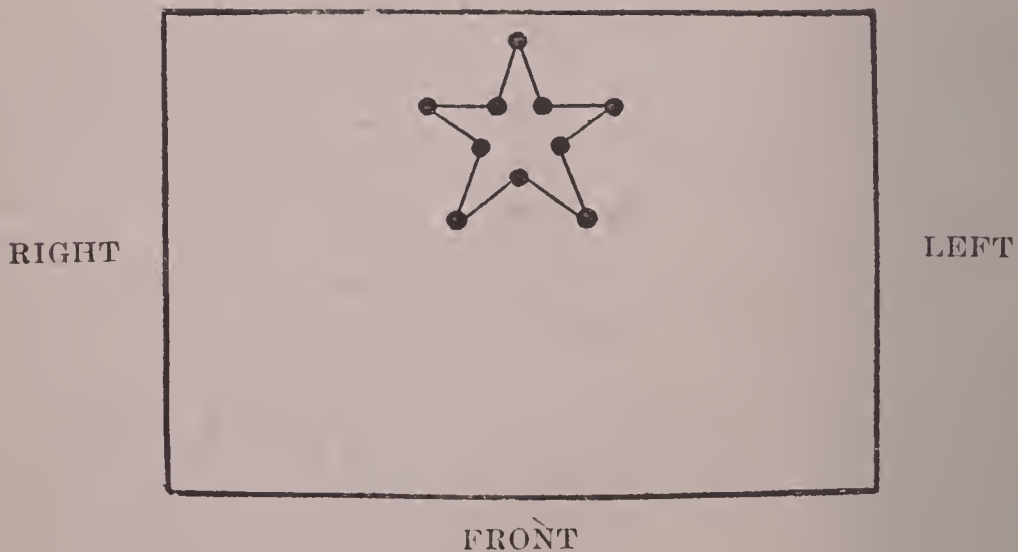
apart, one of each couple facing the back of stage and other the front. As they halt they raise wands and the two of each couple cross them and hold during several measures of music. For signals it is well for the teacher—or whoever drills the girls—to give two claps with the hands, just loud enough for them to hear. The first clap is “attention,” and on the second, which follows in a few seconds, all turn for next movement. At a signal, lines turn so as to face each other and each couple holds wands so they are rather close together and vertical. Girls nearest back of stage hold wands high and each preceding couple holds them a little lower so that all the stars show. At a signal, those on right-hand line (as they face audience) move ahead and face right side of stage, while others face left side. Those facing right hold their stars up toward right side of stage and the others hold them raised toward left side, standing thus:



At a signal, still standing as shown in diagram, those on the left turn so as to face the right and all hold wands raised with stars pointing up to right side of stage. Then at a signal both lines turn to face left side of stage and stand with wands raised and pointing to the left. At signal all now face front of stage and the girl at front of left line leads girls of that line, passing in and out among girls of right-hand line, and bringing her line back to place, thus:



When left line has reached places the girl at front of right line leads her file the same way, in and out left line, and back to places. Then each girl on the left line steps in behind corresponding girl on other line so as to form a single file down center of stage. They pass in single file to right corner of front, up right side, across to center of back and then stand to form a five-point star, thus:



When they have taken places in the star the music changes to song, and they sing the words as given on the following page, meanwhile continuing the drills, as indicated.

Tune: MY BONNIE IS OVER THE OCEAN*

1. The glad bells of Christmas are ringing,
 As stars shed their light from on high,
 [*All raise wands, holding stars up high.*]
 And as they once shone on Judea,
 They still keep their watch in the sky.

Chorus:

Shining, shining,

[*Each girl holds wand up and out to left side of stage.*]

Twinkling and shining on high;

[*Hold wand out at right side of stage.*]

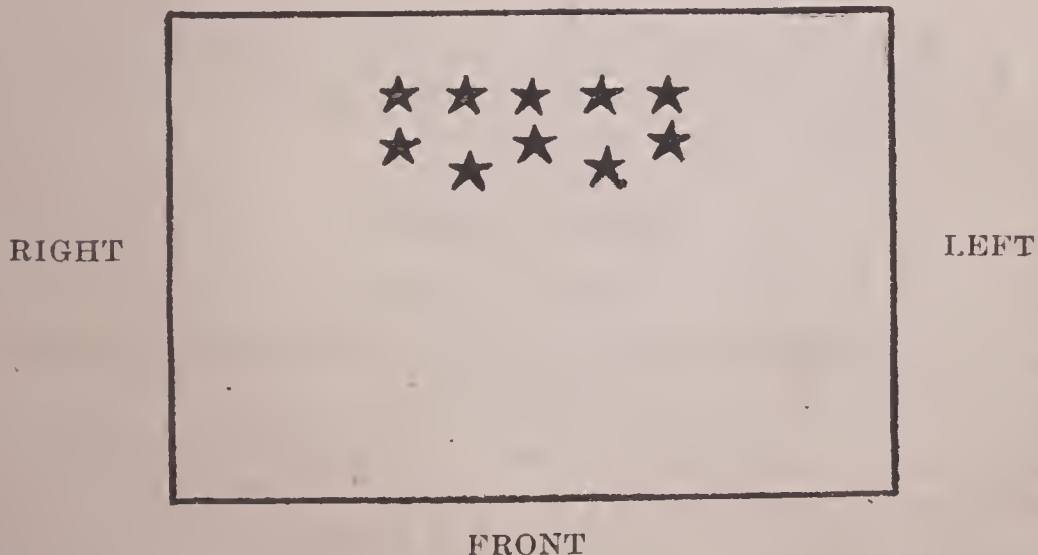
Shining, shining,

[*All step forward with right foot and hold wands up and out toward front of stage.*]

Smiling on us from the sky.

[*Bring right foot back to position and holding wand so star comes up above head, each girl looks up directly at star.*]

At the beginning of the second stanza the five girls nearest front of stage kneel and the other five stand behind them with wands raised and held out toward front of stage. Those who kneel bow heads and look down in fright, hands at sides, stars resting on floor. All take position as shown in diagram.



* IN PAT'S PICK, price 50 cents.

They keep these positions while singing second stanza, then at close those kneeling rise and all step back to positions in star and give the chorus as before.

2. The shepherds were filled with amazement,
And bowed in great fright on the hill,
And stars shone as angels appearing
Sang songs of sweet peace and good-will.

As they begin the third stanza the girls form in a circle and each one rests her left hand upon the right shoulder of the girl at her left, the stars held down at sides. At beginning of third line stars are held over hearts and at beginning of the las' line each girl raises her star, holding it up high.

3. To-day as the spirit of Christmas
Encircles the world with its love,
And brightens each heart with its message,
The stars still keep watch from above.

For the last chorus form in two lines, five on a line, and give the movements same as before. Then holding wands up with stars raised high, march down to front of stage five abreast, march music having been resumed. At front of stage those on first line turn to right and pass to right corner of front and up right side, while others turn to left and pass up left side. Meet at center of back and come down center of stage in couples, each couple with stars raised and wands crossed. At front turn to right and pass from stage.

NOTE: It usually is a good plan to make a chalk mark where each one is to stand in making the star, then the girls take their places easily and without the effort of looking around at the others to see if they are right distance apart, etc.

HOLLY DRILL

MARIE IRISH

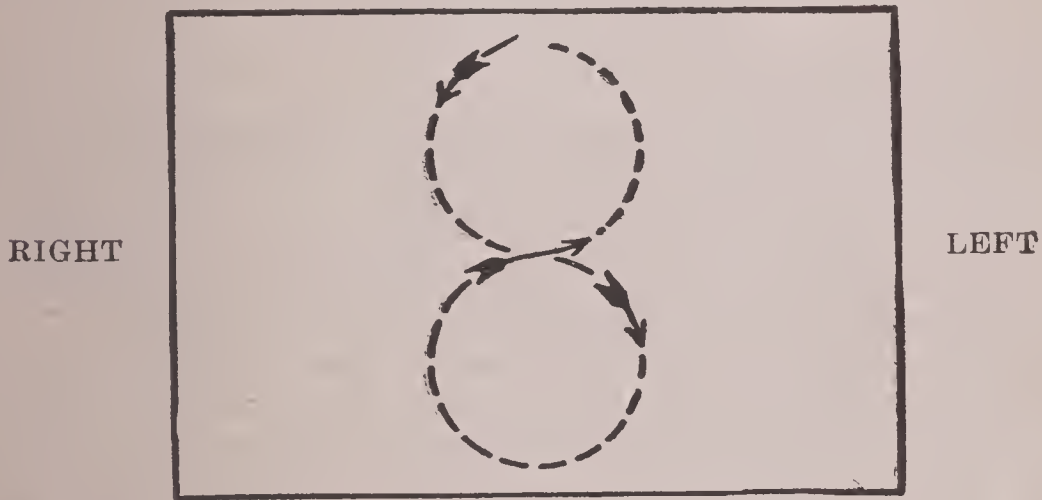
FOR TWELVE GIRLS OF THE INTERMEDIATE OR GRAMMAR GRADES
COSTUMES

WHITE dresses trimmed with green. If it can be secured get the green paper ropes sold at Christmas time for festoons and sew a row of it around each skirt several inches from the bottom and put it around the sleeves. Or else get green crepe paper and sew on a band of it, stretching out the lower edge to make it ruffle. Wear a bunch

of holly in the hair and each girl carries a wreath made of holly. In making wreaths cut a good pasteboard foundation and cover each side with green paper, then sew holly onto each side of the pasteboard so each side of the wreath will be pretty. By covering with green paper or green cloth first, less holly need be used.

MUSIC: A good march.

GIRLS enter in single file at back of stage, each carrying her wreath in the right hand, letting upper edge of wreath rest against the left shoulder. Pass to center of back and from there march as in diagram No. 1. As the line crosses at center of stage No. 1 goes in front of No. 7, No. 2 in front of No. 8, etc.

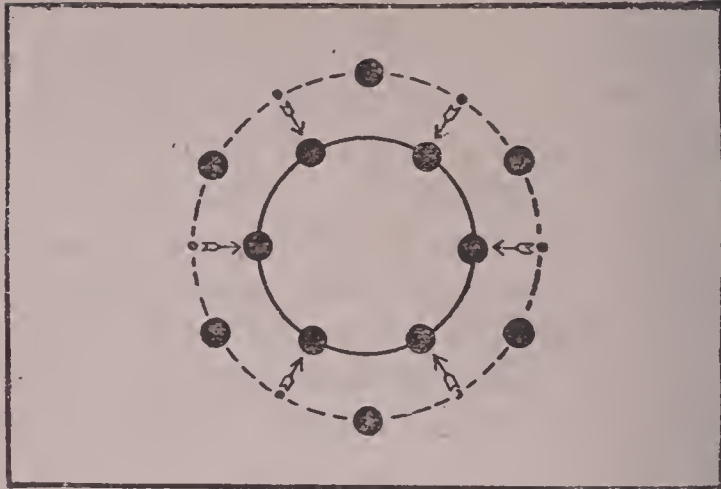


FRONT—DIAGRAM NO. 1

As the leader comes again to center of back she leads the line so as to form a circle at center of stage and all halt, facing in. Then every other one in the circle steps forward and these form a second circle inside of the first, as shown in diagram No. 2.

When all are in position in two circles each girl raises her wreath, holding it up obliquely from right shoulder, and those on inside pass twice around in a circle, rotating from right to left while those on outside circle pass around twice, rotating from left to right. Those on inner circle having smaller circle to march around must take shorter steps than those on outside. As the circles revolve the girls raise wreaths and hold them above heads with right hands. When they have

RIGHT



LEFT

FRONT—DIAGRAM NO. 2

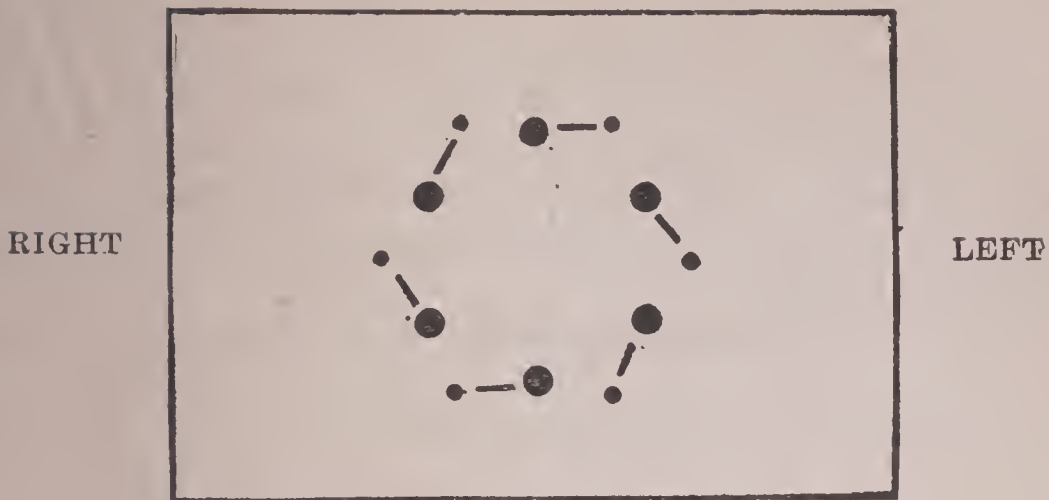
passed around in circle twice all halt, and those on inner circle pass in and out around larger circle until each girl is standing in her place again in large circle,—that is, the last girl on the line will only pass behind the girl marked “A” and stop beside her; the next to last girl will pass back of “A” and in front of next girl and stop beside her. When all are in position in large circle, wreaths held down at right side, all turn around and face out. The girls who remained in outer circle when two circles were formed now step forward with the left foot and kneel upon the right knee, holding wreaths with both hands out in front of body. The girls who remain standing hold their wreaths above heads of those kneeling. For marching in and out use diagram No. 3 and for kneeling use diagram No. 4.

RIGHT



LEFT

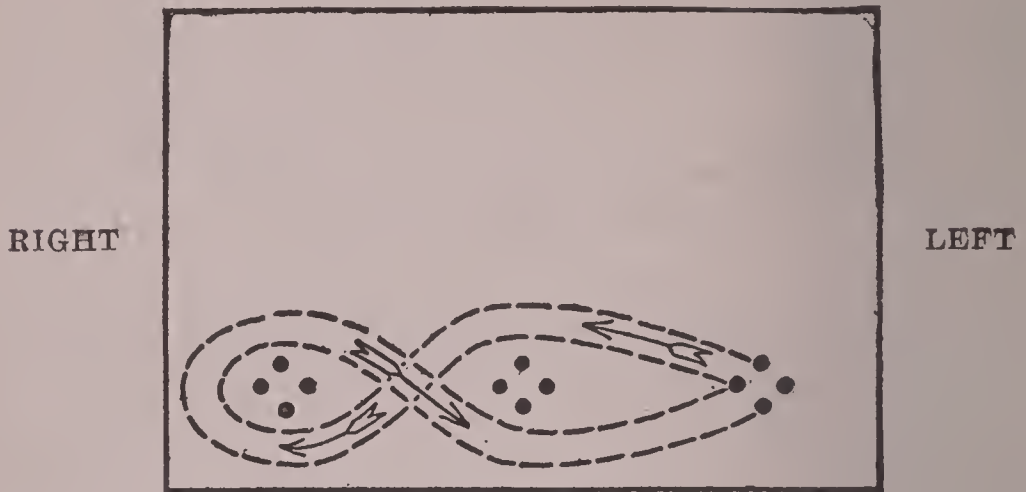
FRONT—DIAGRAM NO. 3



FRONT—DIAGRAM NO. 4

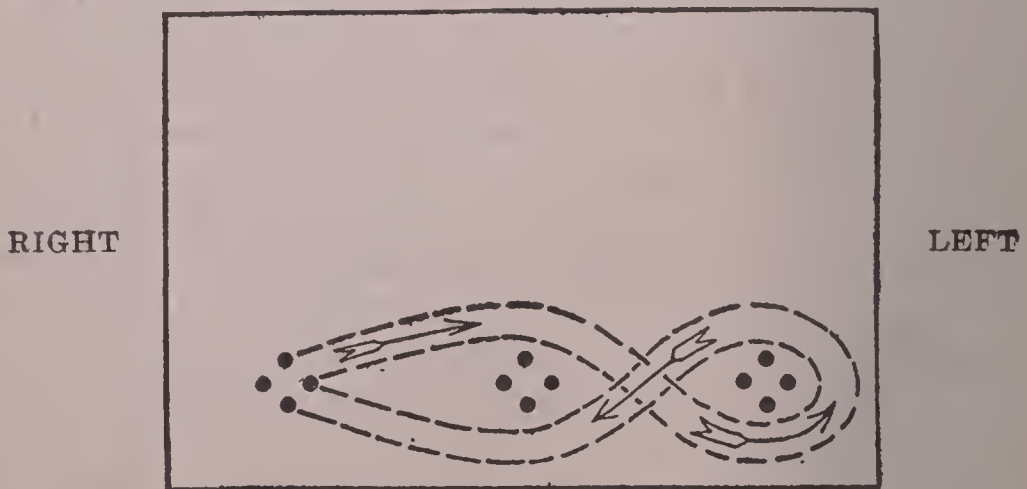
The straight marks out from dots in diagram 4 indicate direction in which girls who are standing hold wreaths. At a signal those who are kneeling rise and, turning, face in; and those who were standing kneel on right knee, holding wreaths in front of them while the girls standing hold wreaths over the heads of the others. At a signal those who are kneeling rise, all step into circle in original places and hold wreaths against left shoulder as on entering. Girl who led in forming large circle again leads to center of back of stage, across to left corner, the other girls following in original order in single file, down to center of front in diagonal line, then to right corner of back in diagonal line, and all form in line across back of stage, twelve abreast. When in position all raise wreaths with right hand, holding them up and out obliquely to the right, step forward with the right foot, body inclined forward, and hold that position long enough to count twelve. Then bring wreath down to center of breast and hold it with both hands, step forward with left foot, body inclined forward, and hold that position long enough to count twelve. Next raise wreath in left hand, holding it up and out obliquely to the left, step forward with right foot and hold position as before. Then raise wreath, holding it with both hands above top of head, step forward with left foot and hold position, and lastly step forward with right foot, holding wreath with both hands in front of face, body inclined for-

ward and face looking through wreath. In taking the five steps forward try to take steps of such length as will bring the line from the back up to front of stage so that as they step forward the last time the line will be at—or near—the front. Practice until the stepping forward and the accompanying movements can be made together with clock-like regularity and precision.



FRONT—DIAGRAM NO. 5

The four girls nearest the left of stage stand up together and form a circle, facing in, standing quite close together, each girl holding her wreath in right hand and placing left hand upon shoulder of girl at her left. The four girls next in line form a circle in same way at the center of front of

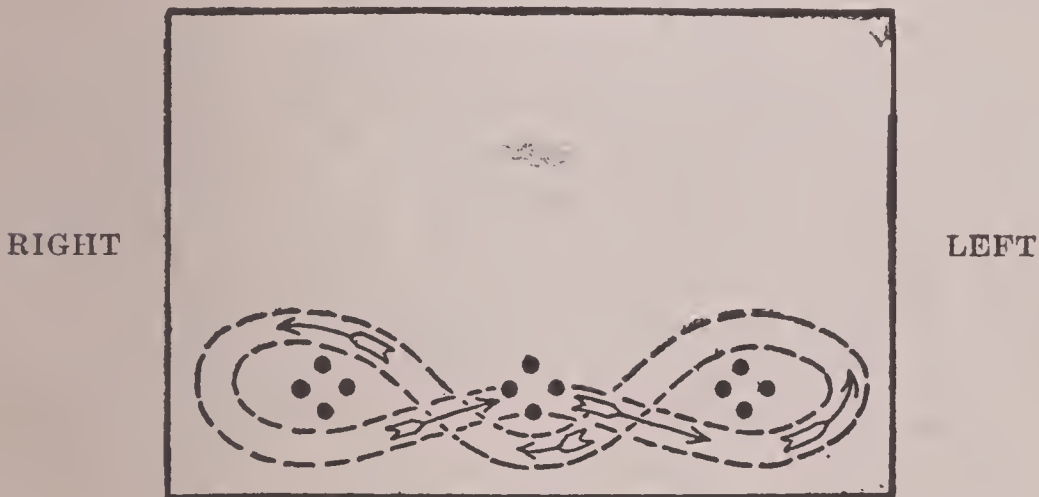


FRONT—DIAGRAM NO. 6

stage and the other four form a circle at right side. The circles stand as shown in diagram No. 5. When all are in places those in circle at left raise wreaths, holding them up with right hands, keep same position, and all move slowly as shown in diagram 5, and come back to places, dropping wreaths down to side as they halt again.

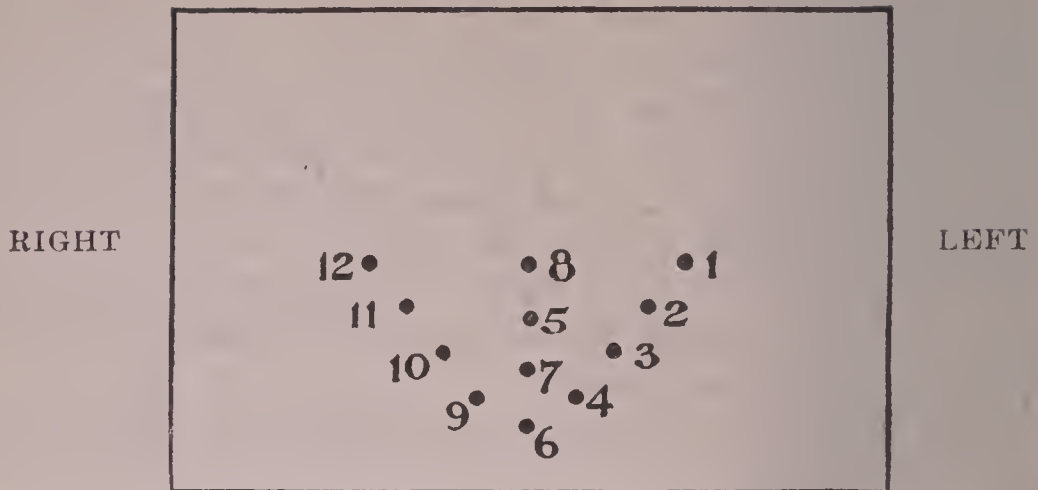
Then those in circle at right of stage move as shown in diagram No. 6, holding wreaths up with right hands as they march, and return to places.

Next the circle at center raises wreaths and passes according to diagram No. 7.



FRONT—DIAGRAM NO. 7

The girl who was original leader of the line, being at left side of stage, now leads up left side of stage, each girl falling into the file in her original place in line. March up to left corner of back, across back of stage, holding wreaths against left shoulders with right hands. Pass down to center of right side, then march across stage to center of left side, where the leader halts, and they form a line, twelve abreast, across stage. Face front of stage. Beginning with the leader at left side, let each girl take her number in order, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. Then one at a time steps forward and takes place shown by her number in diagram No. 8. They go out in following order—6, 7, 5, 8, 4, 9, 3, 10, 2, 11, 1, 12.



FRONT—DIAGRAM NO. 8

No. 6 kneels and holds wreath with both hands in front of breast. No. 7 stands just back of No. 6 and holds her wreath just above head of No. 6. No. 5 stands back of No. 7, holding her wreath just above No. 7's head. No. 8 stands back of No. 5 and holds her wreath with both hands straight up above her own head. Nos. 4 and 9 kneel and hold wreaths as No. 6 does. Nos. 3 and 10 stand and hold wreaths just above heads of 4 and 9. Nos. 2 and 11 stand, holding wreaths over heads of 3 and 10. Nos. 1 and 12 hold wreaths up high above their own heads. Take places quickly, and when all are in position recite in concert:

Beautiful holly, shining and bright,
 Emblem of gladness and cheer;
 When the holly comes with its berries red
 We know that Christmas is near.

If used in the evening and it can be done, throw a bright light* upon the scene as girls speak, giving a tableau effect. Those who are kneeling rise, No. 6 leads and others fall in line, march up side of stage and off.

* TABLEAU LIGHT is to be had in the following colors: Red, Green, Blue, Gold, and White. It is put up in quarter-pound cans, each of one color, and may be had from the publishers of this book for per can, 30 cents; two for 55 cents; or four for \$1.00, prepaid.

POINSETTIA MARCH AND DRILL

MARIE IRISH

FOR TWELVE GIRLS OF THE HIGHER GRADES

COSTUMES

IF IT can be arranged have girls wear bright red dresses—cheese cloth or cambric—with tiny red caps. If they cannot get red dresses then wear white with red trimmings and red caps. Each girl carries a red cloth cut to represent the red leaves of the poinsettia.



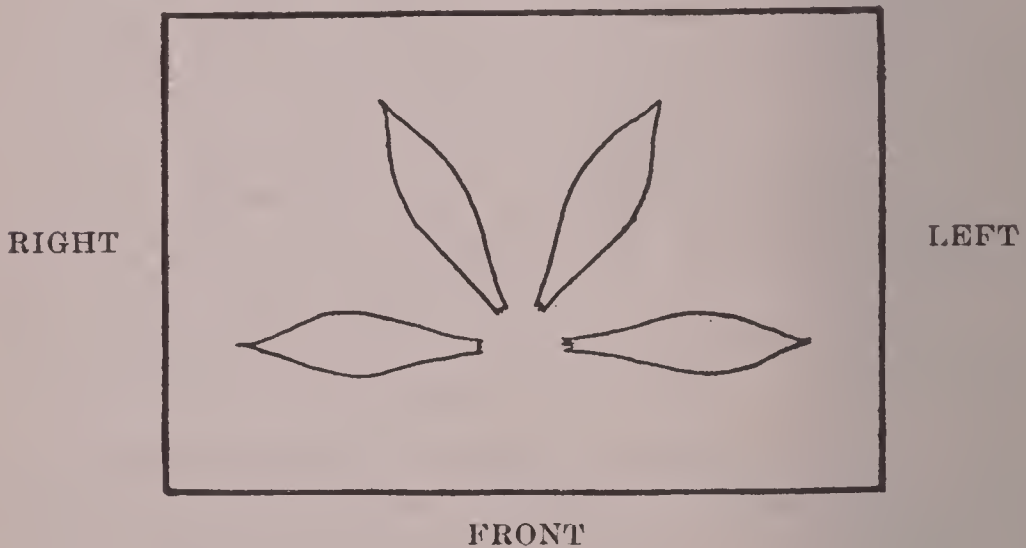
THE POINSETTIA

The leaves are made double and lined with paper so they will not be too limp. They should be a little less than a yard long and about eight inches wide, pleated up narrow at one end. At the gathered end hold leaf by the end, but at the pointed end hold lightly with the hand grasping merely the back layer of cloth so as to keep hand back of leaf and not rumple the front surface.

MUSIC: A lively march.

GIRLS enter in two lines, six each, single file, at right and left corners of front. Left side of stage is to the left as marchers face audience, right side to the right. Those on left side hold the flower end of leaf,—that is, the gathered end that is supposed to fasten to the flower,—in the left hand at center of breast and other end in right hand straight out at

right side; those on right side hold flower end in right hand at center of breast, other end in left hand out at left side. Pass up sides of stage and meet at center of back of stage, where first girl from left goes in front of first from right, second from left in front of second from right, etc., thus crossing lines. Form couples and march down center to front of stage, where outside hands are dropped at sides and leaves are held pointing down, inside hands remaining at center of breast. First couple goes to right, second to left, third to right, etc., pass to corners, up the sides and meet in fours at center of back. As fours are formed the two inside girls raise pointed end of leaf and hold pointing up obliquely to side of stage, girl on right pointing to right, other to left, the two girls on outside holding pointed end of leaf straight out at side, position of four leaves being thus:



It will be necessary to make quick changes at times in shifting hands from one end of leaf to other, but by practice it can be easily done. For instance the left hand is at center of breast holding flower end, right hand holding pointed end—drop right hand so leaf is hanging straight down, bring right hand up quickly and take flower end at center of breast, then drop left hand, catch pointed end of leaf and raise it at left side. Always keep pointed end to the outside, and keep same side of leaf always facing audience.

The fours march down center of stage until first line is about three feet from front, then lines halt, the outside girl on each side of second four steps forward and takes outside place on front line, making six on the line; the four girls on last line step forward two to each side and stand beside two left on second line, thus making six on that line. As they come into lines at front drop hands with pointed ends of leaves, then those on front line hold left hand at center of breast, and pointed end in right hand, those on back line hold right hand at center of breast and left hand with pointed end. Those on front line raise right hands and step forward with right foot obliquely to right, while those on back line step forward with left foot obliquely toward left, raising left hands up obliquely to left side of stage. Make the movement on "one" count ten, then come back to position on twelve. Shift hands and then those on front line step forward with left foot, and left hand raised, while back line steps forward with right foot and right hand raised, holding as before, then coming back to position. Then those on front line hold left hand at center of breast, right hand raised arm's length above head, leaf coming in front of face, then move right hand down slowly, describing a semicircle, until it is hanging at right side; at same time those on back line hold right hand at center of breast, left above head, and then move left hand out and down until it is hanging at left side.

Those on front line face right side of stage, other line the left, march to corners, up sides (the hands with pointed ends of leaves hanging down at sides), meet at center of back and form couples, girl on right side placing her left hand on top of her head, right hand holding pointed end of leaf down and out to right side, while girl on left puts right hand on top of her head, left one holding end of leaf down and out to left. At center of front, first couple goes to right, second to left, third to right, etc.; pass to corners, up sides and at center of back form fours, still holding leaves as just described, and march down toward front in fours, halting when three or four feet from front. First four stop at center of stage, then four halt at right, a little nearer front than first four, last four pass and halt at left, in line with

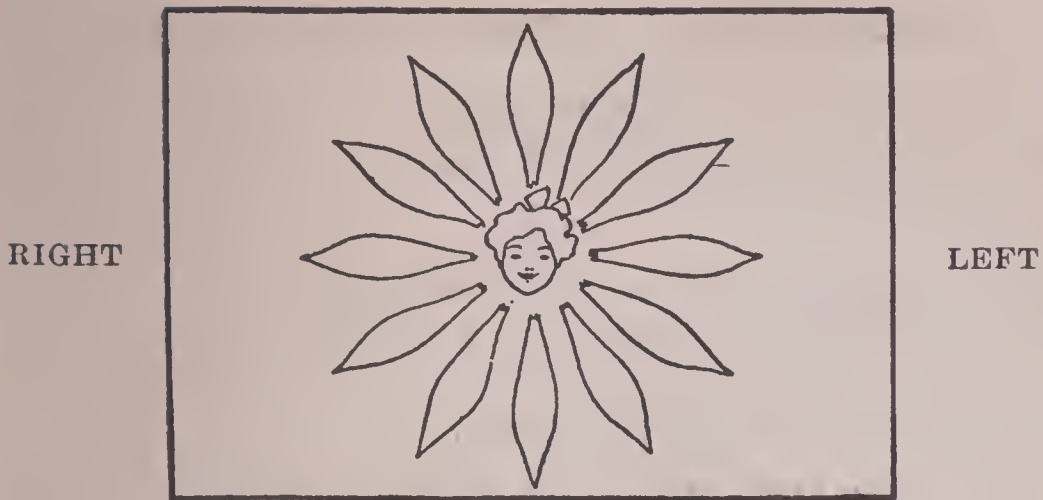
those at right. Each group of four kneels and holds leaves thus:



The two inside girls of each four should be close together, their leaves pointing obliquely up; other two girls put hand holding the flower end of leaf at center of breast of girl each stands beside (beside that girl's hand). Hold during several measures of music, then rise and each four step up together into a small circle, and circle twice around, with right hand resting on top of head, left hand holding pointed end of leaf straight out, left hand being on level with top of head. Then all face opposite way and circle twice around in other direction, right hand on head, left hand down and out somewhat from side.

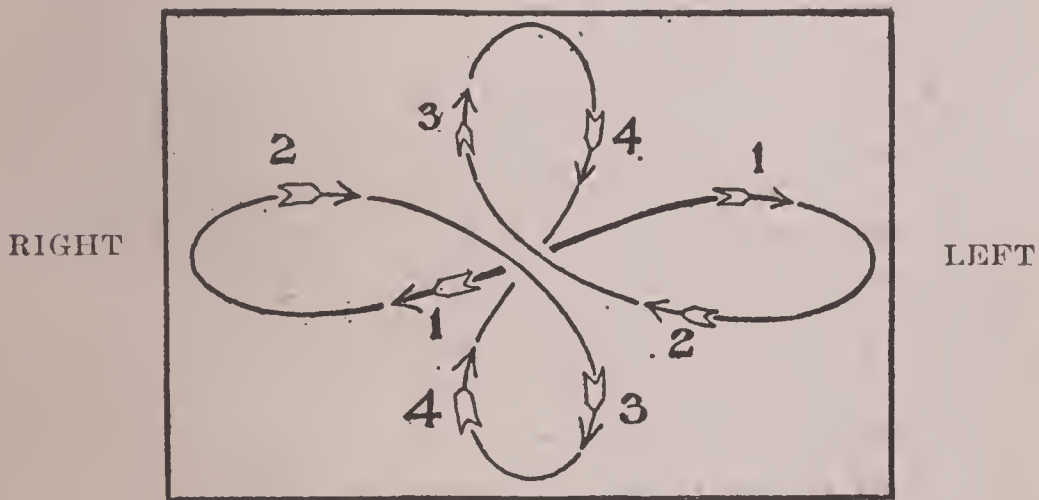
Then drop hands and two outside circles move toward the center and all form in one large circle, and when in places march once around in a circle with right hand on head and left straight out at side, then face in opposite direction and circle around once with left hand down at side.

Then at center of stage form a group of twelve, four girls kneeling, the others standing and holding leaves to form the flower. The face of one girl should be chosen as the flower and all the hands should circle around this face. With practice it will be possible to form an effective poinsettia. (See illustration at top of next page.)



THE COMPLETED POINSETTIA

Hold this position, then rise and take position in two lines, as on entering, and starting from center of stage, lines march according to following diagram, holding right hand on top of head, and left hand out, on level with top of head:



FRONT

As they come back to center again, take places quickly and form the poinsettia again, as before, this time, if possible, throwing light upon scene for a tableau. Keep position as curtain drops.

PANTOMIME: SANTA'S MISTAKE

MARIE IRISH

THE lines are read by some one off stage and acted by a little girl.

Part I

A happy little girl her stocking hung
Comes onto stage with a stocking in her hand.

Firmly on the wall one Christmas eve,
Fastens the stocking upon the wall.

Her small head filled with many pleasant thoughts
Of the gifts she hoped old Santa Claus would leave.
When she gets stocking hung up she stands looking at it, her hands clasped in delight, her face smiling.

Samantha was this little lady's name,
Which was so hard that it became the rule
To call her Sammie, and Sammie she
Was called by all her friends at home and school.
"For fear old Santa Claus may not know whose
This stocking is, I'll pin on it my name,"
Samantha said; "and dear Saint Nick will see
'Tis Sammie's, when he comes to fill the same."

On "for fear" she goes to side of stage and gets a card on which "Sammie" is printed in large letters. This she carefully fastens to the wall above her stocking, finishing as the words "fill the same" are read. Pantomime should be practiced until reading and action coincide.

And then the little maiden hurried off,
Yawning as she rubbed her sleepy eyes,
She yawns and rubs her eyes.

And went to bed to dream about the dolls
Hurries from the stage.

She'd find within her stocking when she'd arise.

Part II

CURTAIN is pulled together at close of Part I and when drawn again reveals the stocking with pair of suspenders sticking out of top, a gun and a bat leaning against the wall and a football hanging on nail by stocking.

*Next morning early Sammie hastened in,
Anxious her Christmas treasures to behold;*
Little girl comes in and stands gazing at stocking.

But oh, dear, oh! Whatever did she see?
Throws up hands in amazement.

*Her horror at the sight cannot be told.
A DREADFUL gun! A bat! A football large,
Some bright suspenders and a locomotive toy—
Poor Sammie sobbed and wailed, "Old Santa Claus*
She covers face with her hands and pretends to sob.

Thought from my name that I must be a BOY!"
Goes from stage weeping.

PANTOMIMED SONGS

MARIE IRISH

Christmas Secrets

TO BE acted out by four or more children, primary grades, as it is sung by a chorus of voices off the stage. Children come on and stand in line at front of stage.

Tune: AULD LANG SYNE

1. *'Tis almost Christmas and my head*
Put right hand against side of head, hold during next line.

Is filled with secrets, oh!

I'm sure it must be swelled a bit,

Put both hands up by sides of head but not touching, outlining a large head.

So many things I know.

CHORUS:

For mother dear I have a cup,

Put right hand up to mouth as if drinking from cup.

For brother Ned a drum;

Beat with both hands upon imaginary drum.

For baby Belle a rattle red,

Move right hand as if shaking a rattle.

For Nell some chewing gum.

Make mouth go as if hard at chewing gum.

2. *And such a time I've had to hide*
Shake head sadly.

My secrets all away
In boxes underneath my bed,

Bend forward and move both hands forward with a quick movement as if pushing a box under the bed.

To wait till Christmas day.

CHORUS:

For papa I've a handkerchief,
Wipe nose back and forth with the right hand.

A book for Uncle Joe;

Hold both hands together and incline head as if reading from them.

For grandma a spectacle case.

Put thumb and second finger of each hand together, hold up in front of eyes and look through.

A horn for Sue to blow.

Double hands up and hold one in front of other out from mouth as if blowing a horn.

3. *Quite carefully I guard my lips,*
Place finger upon lips.

And think what I shall say,

Left hand against head, eyes cast down as if thinking.

Lest some my secrets shall get out

Put right hand upon lips and then move forward with long sweep.

Before 'tis Christmas day.

Chorus same as after first stanza.

4. *Now don't you tell a word I've said,*
Shake finger of right hand at audience.

But keep your lips quite mum;

Forefinger of right hand against lips.

My head's so full of secrets that

Both hands up by sides of head but not touching.

I WISH Christmas would come.

Bring hands together at center of breast, smiling gladly.

Chorus same as after second stanza.

Merry Christmas Time

FOR any number of intermediate grade children, each carrying a bunch of holly. To the music of the chorus of "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the boys are marching" the children march around stage and form in straight lines—half on either side—across center of stage, facing front. The words can be sung by the children or they can be sung by a chorus of voices off stage and the motions given by the children on stage.

Tune: TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

1. *In the sky the stars look down,
Shining softly from on high,*

Hold holly in right hand, raise it arm's length, obliquely toward right of stage, eyes looking up at holly.

While the Christmas bells are ringing sweet and clear;
Move right hand with holly back and forth, up and out in front of body as if ringing a bell.

*And the earth is full of joy
As the happy moments fly,*

Both hands extended straight out in front of body, then moved to the sides till straight out from either side of body, and dropped at sides on "fly."

And our hearts are filled with love and Christmas cheer.
Hands out at sides, then brought together over heart, face wreathed in smiles.

CHORUS:

Ring, ring, ring, the bells are ringing,
Right hand moved back and forth in front of body as if ringing bell.

Come, ye children, and be gay;
Step forward with right foot, hold holly out toward audience in an inviting manner, face smiling.

Christmas comes but once a year,
Still standing with right foot forward, drop right hand at side, raise left hand and point with the forefinger to audience.

Make it welcome while it's here,
Bring right foot back to position, extend holly toward audience and make a low bow, as foot is brought back.

And be merry, merry, merry Christmas day.

Those of front line come together and form circle at right side of stage, those of back line form a circle at left side of stage, join hands,—that is, each one takes hold of right wrist of the one at his left with the left hand,—raise hands and march once around in a circle, moving gaily, then come back to places in lines, the music of the chorus being repeated to give them time to get back in line. If the song is given without musical accompaniment then the last line of chorus can be sung twice, same tune being used each time.

2. *When the boys and girls are tucked*

In their beds all fast asleep,

Rest head on right hand, close eyes and relax body.

And the stockings have been hung up with great care;
Those on right side of center of stage point with right hand toward right side of stage, while the others point to the left with left hand.

Softly will old Santa come,

Step forward softly, with right foot.

Cautiously around will peep,

Look from side to side in cautious manner.

Then fill up the stockings he finds waiting there.

Hold left hand out in front of body, then bring right hand, with the holly, down upon the left hand, bring right hand back to side of body as if getting something, then place it again upon left hand as if putting something on left hand.

Chorus same as before.

A Christmas Reconciliation

TO BE acted by a girl and two boys, advanced grades, as the words are read by some one off stage.

SCENE I

GIRL, dressed like a woman of middle age, stands to the right and somewhat back of the boys. The latter one, dressed as a man of middle age, and the other as a boy of about eighteen,

stand facing each other at center of stage, both looking very angry. These lines are read:

Your deeds are more than I can stand,

Father points with right hand to the young man.

Your words insulting, as you know;

With forefinger pointing, shakes right hand, still extended, at the boy.

If you don't come to time at once,

Father straightens up, advances right foot somewhat and folds arms upon his breast; son glares angrily at him, hands in pockets.

I tell you plainly—you can go!

Father brings hands together with a slap, then points off at side of stage. As the line finishes the young man strides across to side of stage and snatches up a hat, slams it on his head, goes over to his mother, who stands with head bowed and hands over face as if weeping, puts his arm around her, and bends forward to whisper good-bye, then hurries from stage. As curtain goes down father stands shaking fist after him and mother weeps.

SCENE II

Father and mother sit in easy chairs, facing each other, the mother reading a Bible. As reading begins, mother looks up from book and motions with right hand toward father.

Oh, Edward, it is Christmas eve,

And the world is full of joy;

But my heart is burdened with sorrow,

Puts hand over heart and shakes head sadly.

For I long to see my boy.

Clasps her hands upon her Bible and looks into distance.

Oh, won't you, won't you forgive him,

And ask him to come home?

Bends forward eagerly, and stretches out her hands pleadingly to her husband. He shakes head "no" and motions for her to be still.

We cannot enjoy our Christmas

Mother motions around room with hand, eyes following hand.

While our son afar doth roam.

Mother motions off into distance with right hand, then wipes eyes as if weeping; father still shakes head angrily.

A chorus of voices off stage then sings softly the following lines to the tune of DOXOLOGY. * The father and mother listen eagerly. Just after the singing begins the son enters and stands unnoticed, during the singing, at side of stage.

*Praise God and to Him glory give,
Good-will to men the angels sing;
Let all the earth be filled with peace,
And love abound, for Christ is King.*

At the close of singing the son comes forward. Lines are read:

Oh, father, the Christmas-time doth teach
He kneels in front of his father with hand upon father's knee.

*That we must love our fellow-man;
So I've come back to ask you to*

Extends both hands out toward father.

Love and forgive me if you can.

Father rises quickly, helping son to rise, shakes his hand warmly; the mother clasps hands in joy and steps forward with outstretched hands. Son stands with one arm around her as curtain goes down.

CHRISTMAS TABLEAUX

MARIE IRISH

The Spirit of Christmas Time

A PRETTY little girl, nicely dressed, stands at center of stage, holding two beautiful dolls, at which she gazes lovingly. A little to the right and back of her stands a poorly dressed girl who watches the other one very sadly. Throw a bright light upon the scene as some one off the stage reads:

*Dear little Bessie, with smile so bright,
Hugs her new dolls with greatest delight;
Santa Claus hung them upon the tree—
The two dearest dolls you ever did see.*

*IN GOLDEN GLEES, price 35 cents.

Bessie has tended them all the day,
And loves them more than she can say.

[*Bessie turns and sees other girl.*]

Dear little Bessie, merry and glad,
Sees poor Nancy Lee looking quite sad,
For Santa brought HER no dolls at all,
And she'd love one though it were homely and small.

[*Bessie steps back, smiling, and lays one doll in Nancy's arms.*]

"Take one of mine," cried Bessie, "please do!
I'll be happier if you have one, too";
So each little girl has a dolly dear,
And each heart is filled with Christmas cheer.

Watching for Santa Claus

AT CENTER of back, standing so it divides the stage into two parts, is a screen, on one side of which two little stockings hang against the wall; on the other side sit two little children. They have on long white night-gowns, and sit close together with heads slightly bowed forward and touching, their eyes closed as if fast asleep.

Under the Mistletoe .

FROM the ceiling suspend a bunch of mistletoe—if the real thing can not be secured it can be made from paper. Below the mistletoe stand a little girl and boy. The girl holds a dolly in one arm and has a finger of other hand in her mouth. She is half turned from the boy and glances at him shyly from the corner of her eye. He stands awkwardly with ankles twisted, and twists his trousers bashfully with one hand. He looks up at the mistletoe and then longingly at the girl, but does not dare to kiss her. After waiting a minute the girl points her finger at him in scorn and goes pouting off stage.

A Christmas Dream

AT CENTER of stage a small boy sits in a large chair. On the wall at back of stage hang a long stocking filled with switches of various lengths and sizes, having at least ten. They are stuck only part way into stocking so that the ends protrude. In front of this stocking hang a curtain—a sheet on a piece

of wire—in such manner that it can be pulled to one side and reveal the stocking without anybody going onto stage—two strings, one near top and the other part way down side of curtain, fastened at one side, will pull it easily. Light is thrown on stage as lines are read by some one off stage:

'Twas the day before Christmas, and Peter Brown
 Had been the naughtiest boy in the town;
 And his mother declared it would serve him quite right
 If Santa Claus brought him no presents that night.
 So Peter decided to stay up and see
 Just what his luck with the good Saint would be;
 But weary with watching his tired eyelids close,
 And Peter slips off to the land of repose.
 Then he dreamed that Santa Claus softly came in
 And said, "Whew! this boy has been acting like sin,
 So I'll fill his stocking up to the brim"—

[*The curtain is drawn away revealing a stocking.*]
 And nothing but SWITCHES did Santa give him!

Christmas

A YOUNG lady in a trailing gown of white trimmed with bands of green cloth stands before a background of black. Her hair is flowing and she wears a white crown on which is a gilt star. She stands with one foot slightly advanced. Her left hand is held somewhat higher than top of her head and out a little to the front, and holds a wreath of holly. Her right hand is held lower than the left and out farther to the front, and holds a long stocking filled with various packages—a dolly at the top with its head peeping out. She looks smilingly at audience as the following lines are read:

Along toward the last of the days
 Of the very last month of the year
 Comes Christmas, and fills each heart
 With love and good-will and glad cheer.
 With holly and brightness and mirth,
 With stockings o'erflowing with toys,
 Dear Christmas is surely the queen
 Best loved by the girls and the boys.



JOS. C. SINDELAR

A UNIQUE LIVING PICTURE SHOW FOR ALMOST ANY NUMBER
OF CHARACTERS

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DESCRIPTION

EACH character or group of characters is supposed to represent a page from the Christmas number of a somewhat model, and we believe, as also will be found, a quite interesting and even literary "magazine." If properly carried out, the entertainment will be found a charming and unique treat, as page by page of the magazine is unfolded to the view of the audience. The advertising pages can be greatly enlarged upon, and if the "magazine" is given with the financial end in view, a neat sum can be raised by having real

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articles visible on the stage. Local business men would no doubt be willing to pay for the advertisement as though it actually appeared in some magazine or paper.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT

CONSTRUCT a frame about five feet wide by seven and one-half feet high. This may be elaborate or simple as desired. It may be made of branches of trees, which perhaps would be the least expensive in rural districts, or a carpenter may be employed to erect a more elaborate frame, which may then be gilded. The gilt frame produces a better effect. Hang dark green or black draperies across center of stage, from right to left. In front of this, at center, place the frame. Attach another curtain, preferably red (although any contrasting color will do) to the back of frame. The green draperies are to be made in two parts, coming together at center, so that characters can pass from rear of stage to frame and withdraw again without the necessity of raising or lowering the stage-curtain each time. Have a cord attachment to red drapery so that this may be drawn to one side and back again from right or left wing of the stage.

If preferred the frame, as well as the stage, may be decorated with holly, poinsettia or mistletoe, and a red bell may be placed at center top. Some one may announce the "pictures" as they are given and a little before the "frame-curtain" is drawn to a side; or programs may be distributed before the performance (with the contents printed thereon), giving the various scenes in their order; or the titles may be thrown on a screen by a stereopticon.

The living characters stand inside of the great frame, changing expression, attitude and position to suit the action of the narrative.

Cover: The Herald Angel

AFTER announcing the title, the frame-curtain is drawn and the first picture is exposed to view. It is the Herald Angel, holding a long bugle, from which hangs a pennant with the words "A Living Christmas Magazine" on it. Or should this appear inappropriate, the pennant may be hung down from the top of frame. (See frontispiece illustration.*)

*THIS costume is not difficult to arrange, and although very simple, it is striking and picturesque. The robe is to be of white material, loosely clinging to the body. The lines can easily be made graceful. A little difficulty may be found with the wings, but these are not hard to prepare. The frame is made of wire, and this is covered with white gauze. The wings may be made as large as desired, though they ought to be kept somewhat in proportion to size of figure. Fasten them around the waist by a belt underneath the white robe.

While this picture is being shown, the following verse is read by some one unseen at back or side of stage, in a clear voice, loud enough to be heard by all. During this recitation let the piano be played very softly in running chords that resolve into the key of a Christmas carol, which is taken up and sung by the entire school at the end of the poem.

Hark ye! hear the bugle [*sounds of a bugle*], sounding far
away,
'Tis the Herald Angel's greeting to Christmas day.

So

Sing, Christmas bells! [*Sound of bells.*]
Say to the earth this is the morn
Whereon our Saviour-King is born;
Sing [*bells*] to all men—the bond, the free,
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
The little child that sports in glee,
The aged folk that tottering go,—
Proclaim the morn
That Christ is born
That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, angel host!
Sing of the stars that God has placed
Above the manger in the East.
Sing of the glories of the night
The Virgin's sweet humility,
The Babe with kingly robes bedight,—
Sing to all men where'er they be
This Christmas morn,
For Christ is born,
That saveth them and saveth me!

—CHRISTMAS HYMN—*Eugene Field*

Here follows the Christmas carol, sung by the entire school, or if given on a stage by a chorus behind the scenes.

Frontispiece: The Love-Knot

THIS picture is supposed to represent the heroine of a love story. A good-looking and winsome young lady should be given the part. She should wear a bonnet and have her fair flowing. A white dress would perhaps suit the occasion best.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied her raven ringlets in.
 But not alone in the silken snare
 Did she catch her lovely floating hair;
 For, tying her bonnet under chin,
 She tied a young man's heart within.

—*Nora Perry*

The Children's Page: The Ruggles—from The Birds' Christmas Carol

THIS group is quite familiar and needs little description. Mother Ruggles stands to one side, small children are seen sitting on floor looking up at her, the larger children standing near by. The reader (representing the Mother in conversation) reads all lines except the one, "All we've got ter do's go eat!" which is said by one of the boys. *

No, I vow I won't lick ye Christmas day, if yer drive me crazy; but speak up smart, now, 'n' say whether yer'd ruther give Jim Cullen half yer candy or go bare-legged ter the party?

That's a lady! Now, you young ones that ain't doin' nothin', play all yer want ter before noontime, for after ye git through eatin' at twelve o'clock me'n' Sarah Maud 's goin' ter give yer sech a washin' 'n' combin' 'n' dressin' as yer never had before 'n' never will agin likely, 'n' then I'm goin' to set yer down 'n' give yer two solid hours' trainin' in manners; 'n' 't won't be no foolin' neither.

All we've got ter do 's go eat! (grumbled Peter).

* SEE THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, for illustrations, etc. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.

Well, that's enough, there's more'n one way of eatin', let me tell yer, 'n' you've got a heap ter learn about it, Peter Ruggles. Land sakes, I wish you children could see the way *I* was fetched up to eat. I never took a meal o' vittles in the kitchen before I married Ruggles; but yer can't keep up that style with nine young ones 'n' yer Pa always off ter sea.

The Funny Page: Keep Your Smile Pinned On!

THIS part should be taken by a large boy, dressed humorously. No special costume is required, though that of a jester would, perhaps, be found most appropriate. Aside from the full, wide, humorous smile on his countenance, pin a large drawing of a jester's funny face on the left side of the boy's coat, where a badge is usually worn, and underneath picture have words: "Smile On!"

Keep your smile pinned on!
 Keep your smile pinned on!
 It may give another cheer;
 It may soothe another's fear;
 It may help another fight
 If your smile's on tight.

—*Anonymous*

As it's give' me to perceive,
 I most certin'y believe
 When a man's jest glad plum through,
 God's pleased with him, same as you.

—*James Whitcomb Riley*

The Literary Page: Scrooge—from Dickens' A Christmas Carol

SITTING on a high stool, almost directly facing front, we see Scrooge, the "tight-fisted hand at the grindstone." He is dressed in a rusty black suit: slim trousers, swallow-tail coat, high cut waistcoat. He wears a high standing collar, open in front, and black bow tie, gray wig (hair fairly long). In

his left hand he holds a block of paper and in his right a goose-quill pen. A monster scowl on his face completes the picture: a picture of a "grouch." If we have not made ourselves plain, look about you, and model the "picture" after some one in your own community, meanwhile thanking God that such personages are in the minority.

"What else can I be, when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas-time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? 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!"

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with glad-some looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

The Short-Story Page: 'Spacially Jim

A "PICTURE" of a trim-looking old lady, dressed in black and wearing spectacles, cap, etc. She is knitting, and as the words are read, assumes the different attitudes. (This part may be rendered by a "giggley" girl attired in grotesque costume, if a humorous program is the aim.)

I wus mighty good-lookin' when I was young,
 Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
 With fellers a courtin' me Sunday nights,
 'Spacially Jim!

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
 Chipper an' han'som,' an' trim,
 But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,
 'Späcially Jim!

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
 An' I wouldn't take stock in *him!*
 But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
 'Späcially Jim!

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'
 ('Späcially Jim!)
 I made up my mind I'd settle down
 An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church—
 'Twas crowded full to the brim;
 'Twas the only way to git rid of 'em all—
 'Späcially Jim!

The Good-Advice Page: Felicitating Pa

A REAL, good-natured, mischievous and humorous-looking boy should be given this part: one that can assume the various attitudes of the story-teller relating of his pa's early days; the not altogether unsophisticated lad regarding his knowledge of Santa Claus; the kind-hearted and benevolent chap, glad that his father in living with "our fambly" is being better taken care of than during his childhood days. If the correct poses are taken, the "picture" will prove one of the best.

My pa says when he was a boy,
 W'y, all he'd get was just one toy—
 A jumpin' jack, or pop-gun, when
 'T 'uz Chris'mas-time where he live' then.
 He never looked for any more—
 He didn't 'spect a whole toy store!

My pa he says 'at in those days
 Folks did things dif'rent, anyways.
 He says he never got a stack
 O' candy—more'n he could pack.
 Two sticks o' candy's all he got—
 An' he'd think that was a lot.

My pa he says when he's a child
 Folks didn't all try to go wild
 An' make their children think they'd get
 Enough to run their pas in debt.
 O' course, it wasn't from their pas
 But always come from Santy Claus.

He tells me that I should be glad
 I don't have Chris'mas like he had—
 He says there's lots he was denied
 But he learned to be satisfied;
 He never dreamed, he says, that boys
 Should have a whole room full of toys.

I tell my pa I'm awful sad
 About th' hard times that he had,
 But that he's relly lucky now—
 He's in our fambly, anyhow,
 An' that he shouldn't raise a fuss
 But be real glad he lives with us!

The Advertising Pages: No. 1, Uneeda Biscuit

ALTHOUGH we have taken "Uneeda Biscuit" and "Old Dutch Cleanser" for our subjects, there is an almost endless number of good subjects, into which local aspects may enter, if desired, as previously mentioned. A costume of Uneeda Biscuit may easily be arranged by stripping the covers from the boxes and either sewing or pasting them together. A pleasing and taking effect on the advertising pages is obtained by

costuming a number of smaller children in same costume as the first figure and have them go through certain evolutions, fancy or humorous marches, at close of the tableau.

Uneeda biscuit, uneeda clothes,
Uneeda stockings, uneeda hose.
Uneeda husband, uneeda wife,
But first of all, uneeda life.

Uneeda water, uneeda air,
Uneeda sunshine, uneeda hair.
Uneeda nothing else but milk
With Uneeda biscuit, "fine as silk."

No. 2, Old Dutch Cleanser

COSTUME after illustration as found in magazine, newspaper, or on billboard.

Said the Cleanser to the dirt:
"Don't you know you mar the earth?
Go scrub its toes,
And wash its nose,
Shine its boots and clean its hair
And be quick, Dirt, or beware."

To the Cleanser Dirt replied:
"Go chase yourself, as ad-
vertised;
I, Dirt, came first,
You flirt, are curst
By my cousins ev'rywhere,
Your big stick is little scare."



No. 3, Mark This Man

THIS makes a fine close for the advertising pages, and is often a satisfaction to the business men whose advertisements appear on the stage, where the entertainment is given for profit. The "picture" represents a grave with tombstone (a painted

board), facing audience and bearing inscription in large black letters: "Here lies a chump who wouldn't advertise."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
 Who never to himself hath said,
 "My trade of late is getting bad,
 I'll try another muslin ad."
 If such there be, go mark him well;
 For him, no bank account shall swell;
 No angel watch the golden stair
 To welcome home a millionaire.
 The man who never asks for trade
 By local sign and oft displayed,
 Cares more for rest than worldly gain,
 And patronage but gives him pain.
 Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound
 Disturb his solitude profound;
 Here let him live in calm repose
 Unsought except by men he owes.
 And when he dies go plant him deep
 That naught may break his dreamless sleep;
 When no rude clamor may dispel
 The quiet that he loves so well.
 And that the world may know its loss,
 Place on his grave a wreath of moss;
 And on a stone above "Here lies
 A chump who wouldn't advertise."

—*M. L. Corey*

The Last Cover Page: Good Night

THIS may be posed by any number of little boys and girls in night-clothes, while words of A CHRISTMAS WELCOME* (as given on following page), or some other suitable song are being sung behind the scenes. Or, if it is desired to distribute

* MUSIC in SONGS IN SEASON. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

gifts after the entertainment, Santa Claus may be substituted, and a Santa Claus song sung instead.


Solo:

God bless you all, both great and small,
A welcome party;
Since Christmas comes but once a year,
Oh, make it hearty.


To every lad and lassie
Who travels far and near,
I wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year!

Chorus:

To every lad and lassie
Who travels far and near
We wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year!



Popular Entertainment Books



ALL THE HOLIDAYS. By Clara J. Denton. Contains 34 dialogues, exercises, and plays, and 36 recitations for all occasions and all grades. 201 pages. Price, 30 cents.

BAXTER'S CHOICE DIALOGUES. Ten short, spicy dialogues for old and young. 64 pages. Price, 15 cents.

CASTLE'S SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS. The best all-round books of recitations, dialogues, tableaux, charades and drills for all grades. Four books published, each having over 200 pages. Price, each 30 cents.

DICKERMAN'S DRILLS AND MARCHES. Seventeen new drills and exercises for the lower grades. Music and many illustrations. 86 pages. Price, 30 cents.

FAVORITE SONG PANTOMIMES. By Marie Irish. A collection of twenty-six of our old and favorite songs arranged with full directions for pantomiming. Frontispiece illustration. 112 pages. Price, 30 cents.


THE NORMAL DIALOGUE BOOK. Humorous dialogues, tableaux, charades, shadow scenes and pantomimes for school exhibitions. Thirty-one selections in all. 181 pages. Price, 30 cents.

THANKSGIVING ENTERTAINMENTS. Contains 77 recitations, 12 dialogues and exercises, 2 acrostics, 3 drills, 10 songs, 12 tableaux, and 32 quotations. For all grades. 144 pages. Price, 25 cents.

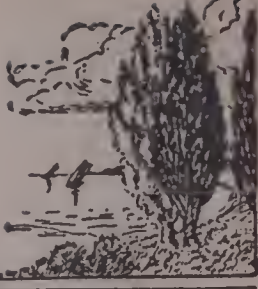
CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS. Has 72 recitations, 11 dialogues and exercises, 2 acrostics, 3 drills, 8 songs, 4 tableaux, and 33 quotations. 160 pages. Price, 25 cents.

THIRTY NEW CHRISTMAS DIALOGUES AND PLAYS. New, original, bright and clever Christmas dialogues and plays for children of all ages. 175 pages. Price, 30 cents.

THE NEW CHRISTMAS BOOK. By Jos. C. Sindelar. This is a companion volume to the author's Christmas Celebrations, of which over 30,000 copies have been sold within about three years. Almost wholly original, introducing many unique and novel entertainments. 160 pages. Price, 30 cents.



Music Books for Teachers and Schools



CAN'T BE BEATEN SONG COLLECTION. Contains twenty-five of the purest and sweetest melodies to be found anywhere. 32 large pages. Paper. Price, 6 cents; per dozen, 60 cents.

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WEAVER'S SCHOOL SONGS. A new and choice collection of songs for school use, together with a few old favorite airs and sacred hymns. 72 large pages. Paper. Price, 15 cents; per dozen, \$1.50.

THE PRIMARY SONG BOOK. By Laura R. Smith and T. B. Weaver. Contains seventy-two new and delightful songs for primary and intermediate grades and for ungraded schools, all of which have been tested and found good by actual use. Several little drills and easy motion songs are included in the list. 96 large pages. Boards. Price, 30 cents; per dozen, \$3.00. Paper, 20 cents; per dozen, \$2.35.


MUSICAL GEMS. By Chas. L. Moore and others. A graded course in vocal music for rural and village schools. It contains easy lessons and drills; practice exercises; the elements of music explained and illustrated, etc., and 75 original and selected songs that are truly gems. 128 large pages. Boards. Price, 30 cents; per dozen, \$3.00.

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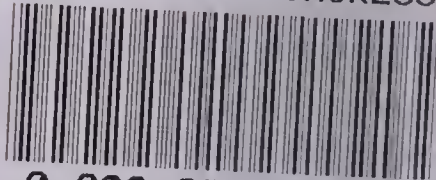
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