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FIVE PLAYS AND FIVE PANTOMIMES



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FIVE PLAYS AND FIVE PANTOMIMES

BY
SIDNEY BALDWIN



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MARY ROSE DONOVAN

The Penn Publishing Company
Philadelphia

1925

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT
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**FIVE PLAYS AND FIVE
PANTOMIMES**

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FOREWORD

THE PLAYS. These little plays are primarily designed to supply the need for children's dramas that may be worked out with out the necessity for long training, elaborate costuming or expensive accessories. The undoubted benefit that a child derives from such plays is too often offset by the nervous wear and tear of long rehearsals and the strain and fret of over much preparation.

It is the aim of this book to develop the small actor's ingenuity and imagination rather than to perfect his capacity for memorizing by repetition. The most radical point of difference between this and other books of children's plays is the substitution of dances where songs have ordinarily been used—simple dances for groups, individual pantomime dances for the separate characters. The superiority of the dance over the song is rapidly becoming recognized by modern child-educators everywhere, since the dance provides a proper outlet for a child's natural energy, increases self-confidence, poise and ease of movement, and encourages self-expression, none of which benefits can be claimed for songs.

These little plays will appeal to the children because in plot and characters they belong to that border country between fact and fancy in which little folk love to wander. No useless tarletan fairies, these with tinsel wings and crowns, but kindly and gentle spirits of familiar things—beings who exist, not merely to flutter and posture like the conventional fairies of old fables, but to do tender services for helpless flowers, to ride the rain-drops to the

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aid of dusty grass or to lift and caress a faded violet's drooping head.

THE PANTOMIMES. A pantomime, a play without words, is the skeleton of an idea that is to be filled out, given body and substance by the interpretation of the performer. As children are quite incapable of fine self-analysis, only simple action is used in children's pantomime. In the five pantomimes in this book the responsibility for the action rests in large part upon the group rather than upon the individual performers; thus, the child who is slow of thought gains confidence and inspiration by the example of his neighbor, and is encouraged to develop a suggestion which he could never have originated by himself.

The child should never for one moment be allowed to forget that his every gesture is an important part of the whole story and that unless his own action be clearly understood by the audience, part of the story will be lost to them. The teacher should remember this point particularly as she will find that the child has a tendency to lessen the action until after repeated rehearsals the meaning of the gesture is lost through carelessness.

Tangible objects give the children a better grasp of the situation. A chair serves as a tree, or as a house. If a book is placed where the flower is supposed to grow the little pantomimist can gather honey much more realistically. The slower child goes to get honey from the blossoms that another child had just left, and finds satisfaction in repeating the action which it could not have created. They should be encouraged to add bits of action that they think suitable. It is much easier to cut down at the last than to build up. The idea should be over-emphasized rather than not brought out enough. It must be constantly urged on the children that the audience will not know what they are doing

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unless every motion means something to the actors themselves.

Pantomimes are simply a series of progressions from one climax to another. These I have, for convenience, called "poses." Every pose should be held while the child counts four, slowly, to himself. This is to give the audience the chance to observe the pose fully, and to understand what is meant by it, because it is the key to what follows. All these climaxes are not of equal importance, but they will soon subordinate themselves naturally if the children have any dramatic instinct at all. If they do not, after three or four rehearsals, catch the idea of the play, then it is advisable not to attempt a pantomime.

When the children thoroughly know the story of the pantomime, let first one and then another tell it over before the dance begins. At a final entertainment, when the dances are given before an audience, one of the children in her own words tells the story. This is much prettier than any set form which could be given. If desired, the child's version may be printed on the program. If this is done the entire performance is given by the children instead of a part of it being a parrot-like repetition of something an older person has written.

THE MUSIC. Instead of special music for the dances in the plays and pantomimes the *tempo* of the movement alone is indicated and the music itself may be chosen from the repertoire of the pianist. All the music should be as simple as possible. Since the pianist may play any good selection with which she is familiar, she can more easily adapt her music to the needs of the dancers and thereby lessen the chances of faltering and stage-fright that sometimes result among the small performers from uncertain and unsympathetic piano accompaniment. After the musical selections have been made it is wise to adhere to the choice, so

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that the children may learn to associate the action with the music. It is also better not to use music which has words that the children know, as fairies and popular songs are not in entire harmony. Phonograph records that are already owned may be used, or others be borrowed, thus cutting down the expense of buying particular records, which might be out of stock. All records are too long for dances of this sort, but the music may be silenced at the proper time.

THE DANCES. The dances in this book, though short, are as long as it is wise to make them. Longer ones with a more involved story lose their clearness, and the interest of both the actor and the audience. Once the idea is mastered, the children can build their own dances, and take great pleasure in planning and improving them. If the teacher desires, the dances may be taught at first as a part of the class-room work. "How would you dance if you were a fairy in the woods?" "How would you ask a fairy to dance with you if you were a butterfly?" It is then a simple matter to combine these dances in the regular pantomime.

As mob scenes on the stage are given more rehearsing than any other part of the play, so the group dances, and especially the pantomime dances must be gone over and over until there is no doubt in the last child's mind just what it is to do, both alone, and in connection with some one else. You are often safe in leaving little points to be decided by one child dancing alone; you are never justified in leaving anything to the judgment of a group. A simple action that almost any of them will perform easily alone, utterly vanishes from their brains when they are acting in concert, and as fear gradually spreads itself through a mob,

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so will forgetfulness grow in a group of children until the whole action is lost, and their gestures turn into meaningless motions while the teacher stands watching the havoc and powerless to prevent it. Rehearse, then, and again rehearse. Go over the action at their seats so they will think it as well as do it.

"James, what do you do first?" "I go and get a pick-axe." "Who else goes and gets a pick-axe when James does?" The hands go up. The teacher scrutinizes them to be sure that they are right. "What happens next?" And so on, until each child can repeat the story without a mistake. After a drilling like this, the teacher may feel reasonably safe. With children it is hard to be perfectly sure what may happen, but if the music is playing a strain which they associate with a certain action, and if their lesson has been well learned, the pantomime will go on unconsciously even after an unexpected interruption. I once saw a group of children playing a pantomime game in the course of which a cat walked out on the stage. The audience laughed; the children looked to see what they were laughing at. They were plainly disconcerted, and the pantomime stopped, but before any older person could spring to the rescue, one of the children said to the others, "Don't stop, don't stop!" and carried the cat off the stage.

I congratulated the teacher on their self control, and she told me that the year before, a similar thing had happened and she had had to drop the curtain after the children had forgotten their entire action. "I made up my mind it wouldn't happen again, if I could help it," she said, "and I have trained these children so that they can do the whole thing backward." She had, for, the interruption removed, the play went on without any lessening of interest.

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THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT



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CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL

SPIRIT OF THE FIR

“ “ “ ELM

“ “ “ BEECH

“ “ “ MAPLE

“ “ “ MOUNTAIN

“ “ “ STREAM

FIRST SHEPHERD

SECOND SHEPHERD

MARCA

FIRST WISE MAN

SECOND “ “

THIRD “ “

ATTENDANTS

VILLAGERS

The simplicity of this little play makes it especially fit for the over-crowded Christmas time. No one character has many lines to learn, and the action is simple. If there is plenty of time, repeated rehearsing will make the performance smoother.

Much more than in a play of the ordinary sort, the effectiveness may be marred by wrong lighting. Two-thirds of the lights should be shaded with royal blue paper, and the remaining third in golden brown. This gives a mysterious air, and at the same time lights up the scene so that the action can be followed. The

stage is to be dark enough to give an air of mystery, which the blue light suggests. It is not necessary to distinguish the features of the children. No light should be left unshaded. The one at the piano may have a lighter brown covering, but, unless it is out of the vision of the audience, the glare should be toned down. Much experimenting with the lights at the same time of day that they are to be used, will prove worth the additional trouble. The Christmas-tree lights on the tree, that glow as the angel steps behind it, are also of subdued colors. If only the regular red, white, and blue strings are available, cover the red and white lights with blue paper. The attendants carry lanterns covered with orange paper barred with black to represent iron. It is the effect of the whole that must be studied.

The most satisfactory way to manage the singing is to group the whole school with the exception of those taking part, in the front of the audience. Teach them the songs, and let them, from the audience, serve as chorus. The Chant of the Angels comes from behind the scenes. None of the other songs lose their impressiveness nor their part in the performance by being sung by the audience, and the audience has the pleasing feeling of being a part of the whole.

The children must be carefully drilled on the singing, however. "Holy Night," and "We Three Kings of Orient Are," should be sung very softly. The two hymns, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" and "Joy to the World" were chosen because they were familiar and can be sung by the audience.

COSTUMES

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

Robe of white. Long sky blue cape. A crown with a star.

SPIRITS' ROBES.

Filmy grey over a heavier grey, or green over grey. Chiffon over silk if possible, though well washed tarletan over cheese cloth will do as a substitute. Spirit of the Birch wears a crown of twigs; Spirit of the Elm, a crown of leaves; Spirit of the Maple a crown of autumn leaves, and Spirit of the Fir, a crown of evergreen. The other spirits are crowned like the Birch, the Elm and the Maple. The Spirit of the Fir alone wears evergreen. Spirit of the Mountain wears a crown or gold rock. Spirit of the Stream wears white, with thread tinsel caught all over her gown, a wreath of it in her hair. She carries a mass of it in her hand.

SHEPHERDS.

Regulation shepherds' costumes. Carry crooks.

WISE MEN.

As gorgeous robes as possible. Draperies may be used for these. The Wise Men should wear gold crowns.

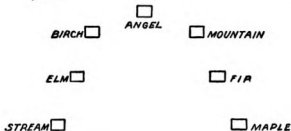
The attendants are dressed less elaborately than their masters, but in the same fashion.

At first sight, the lamb presents more difficulty than all the rest. A very good substitute is made by rolling up a sheet of cotton, shaping the head with a few big stitches, and sewing on four legs made by covering four six-inch pieces of thin wood with cotton. This lamb serves very well, in the dim light. Marca carries him so that the four legs hang down in front of him.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

PRELUDE FIRST

SCENE, *a field, bordered by trees. In the foreground three shepherds lie asleep. Chorus behind scenes sings "Holy Night." As the song comes to its close, the Christmas Angel enters. She stands at center of stage far enough back so that the spirits, when they advance will be in front of her.*



THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

LO, all four winds waft happiness tonight!
 The silent earth lies waiting for the star
 To shine o'er manger mean in Bethlehem.
 And I, the Christmas Angel, come before,
 To call the nature world to give its love
 To Him who comes as Saviour of the world.
 O Spirits of the Mountains, fields and streams,
 I call you forth!

(The Spirits of the Elm, the Beech, the Maple, the Fir, the Mountain, the Stream and as many other tree spirits as

are needed to fill the scene, silently step out from behind the trees.)

SPIRIT OF THE STREAM (*advancing slightly*).

Dear Christmas Angel, has the time then come?

SPIRIT OF THE ROCK.

We long have waited for thee, and thy call.

ANGEL. To-night is born the Christ in Bethlehem.

When shines the star, we there must take our way

To homage pay, and bear our living gifts

That we His children lay before our Lord.

What have ye, Spirits of the Woods and Fields?

ROCK (*kneels*). I bring my store of rock. Deep in my heart

Lie gold and silver. Jewels too I hold.

Men seek them night and day for royal gems.

These do I bring to lay before His feet. (*Rises*)

STREAM. My stream of water pure I bring to Him.

See how it sparkles! Those are sunbeams caught! (*Bows head*).

To Him who is the Giver of all life

I come to homage pay with living gift.

ANGEL. Thy gifts are welcome. But what of the Trees—

Why stand they silent? Spirit of the Birch,

Are thy hands empty on this night of nights? (*Advances*).

SPIRIT OF THE BIRCH.

Dear Christmas Angel, I have naught but twigs

That yet are bare of bud. In three short months

The tender green and white of my new leaves

Would be a fitting gift. But now I stand

With empty hands. I cannot give my all. (*Retires.*)

ANGEL. What cans't thou give, O Spirit of the Elm?

SPIRIT OF THE ELM (*comes down, head bowed*).

In summer, 'neath my boughs, no drop of rain
Nor scorching dart of sun could find a way
To reach the Christ Child as I guarded Him;
But snows and winter winds have conquered me.
I cannot aid Him; I am powerless. (*Retires.*)

ANGEL. And thou, O Maple. Canst thou offer aught?

SPIRIT OF THE MAPLE.

In autumn had'st thou come, I would have made
A royal gift, in scarlet robes and gay.
But now, like all the rest, I answer thee.
Sealed in my twigs I have but promises.

ANGEL. And is there no tree who can offer more?

(*The various spirits about the stage sadly hang their heads and turn away. Only the Spirit of the Fir stands out. He advances.*)

SPIRIT OF THE FIR.

My twigs are ever green, O Christmas One.
My veins feel sap at every time of year.
The Christ Child will I watch the whole year long.
From sun in summer and from winter winds
My sturdy boughs will guard and keep him safe.
The perfume of my twigs shall fill the air
Till he breathes naught but living incense sweet.
Of ever living life I stand the sign.
Dear Angel, is my gift a worthy one?

ANGEL. Great worth indeed, dear Spirit of the Fir.

Thy gift shall be the first laid at His feet.

But Spirits of the Maple, Birch and Elm,
 Be not disconsolate. I give thee joy.
 Thy gifts hold hopes. Give *them* to Him.

(*Turns—looks off*)

Look! See, there shines the Star of Bethlehem!
 We go to pay our homage to the King.
 (*Exeunt Angel first, then Fir. Other trees follow singly.*)

SONG:

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

SCENE ONE

SCENE *brightens. Shepherds awake.*

FIRST SHEPHERD. I dreamed of angels singing wondrous sweet.

(*Listens*)

Still could I think I hear it. (*Wakes other shepherds*).
 Did you dream?

SECOND SHEPHERD (*yawns*).

Now that you speak, it seems as though I did.
 I hope that little Marca wcthed the sheep.

FIRST SHEPHERD. Here comes the boy.

SECOND SHEPHERD (*stands*).

Is anything gone wrong?

MARCA. Oh, see the star! And hark! The angels sing!
 (*First Shepherd stands*)

FIRST SHEPHERD. Did *he* sleep?

MARCIA. No, I watched the grazing flock.
 They all are safe. But over head, the Star,
 A wondrous star, shines over Bethlehem,
 And hosts of angels sang "Good will to men."
 I do not dream.

FIRST SHEPHERD. Could I have seen this too?
 I was asleep. But yet—he has not slept—

SECOND SHEPHERD. The village is astir. And see, who comes!
(looks off, back of stage)

(Enter the Wise Men, with their attendants and a few people of the village who follow them. These are dressed as nearly as possible in historical fashion. The villagers' dress may be copied from any of the historical paintings. The Wise Men are garbed in Oriental colors, and their attendants in quaint robes. The effect should be as gorgeous as possible.)

SECOND SHEPHERD. They wear an Eastern robe. Why come they here?

MARCA. Look, look! They all are pointing at the Star.

FIRST WISE MAN. What place is that upon whose roofs the Star
 Now sheds its glory?

FIRST SHEPHERD. That is Bethlehem.

SECOND WISE MAN. What king dwells there, or noble?—may-
 haps prince?

FIRST SHEPHERD. No king. It is a lowly little place.

SECOND WISE MAN. 'Tis strange! Ho! go unload the tired
 beasts!

Our journey finds its end. Go bring the gold!
 I haste me to this prince whom we have sought.

(Several attendants make obeisance and go out. Marca follows. The Wise Men together.)

VILLAGER. He's mad! There is no prince in Bethlehem.

SECOND VILLAGER. We'll follow on. They strangers be, and odd,

But they bring wondrous things. I saw their beasts
Kneel down in weariness of their great load.

FIRST VILLAGER. They go. *(Wise Men go out.)* Perchance
by following we'll learn

What brings them and their gifts to this small place.

(Attendants and Villagers follow off the stage.)

FIRST SHEPHERD. A king in Bethlehem? There was none there

When we came out at sunset with the sheep.

The road that all must take leads through this field.

And yet—the Wise Men spoke of gifts and gold.

I have no gift, but let us go and see

This king who comes.

MARCA. Oh, Master, see this lamb!

A little new-born lamb I found just now!

FIRST SHEPHERD *(pays no attention)*.

Come Shepherds, let us go. The sheep will graze.

We'll find the prince that dwells in Bethlehem.

(Marca follows last.) (Exeunt.)

MUSIC *(by the audience)*: Joy to the world, the Lord has come!

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

PRELUDE SECOND



SCENE, the interior of a house or barn. The last scene may still be used, however, by adding the manger where lies the Christ Child. A good manger is made by turning a saw horse upside down and covering the sides with rough paper or brown cambric. If it is possible, have an electric light wired inside so that the glow can be seen from the audience. In this case, the covering must be opaque. The chant "Glory to God," is sung behind the scenes.

The Christmas Angel enters and takes her place at the head of the manger. The Spirit of the Fir comes next. He should carry the tree, but since this must be set up and wired for lighting before hand, he brings only the branches. After him the Spirits enter. When all have given their gifts to the Christmas Angel, who places them on the tree, and are in their places around the manger, they make deep obeisance slowly and reverently, and then the Spirits leave the stage. The Christmas Angel steps to the front of the manger and turning to the tree, says:

ANGEL. Though mortal eyes are blinded to your gifts
 And I, the Christmas Angel walk unseen,
 Yet in thy ever green majestic form
 The symbol of the everlasting life

Shines forth that mortal eyes and minds may know
The wonder of that love which guides for aye.

(She steps behind the tree, which at once bursts forth into light.)

"WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE" is sung

(Slowly and solemnly the procession of the Wise Men enters, the Villagers and Shepherds following. Marca comes last, the lamb dangling forgotten.)

(First Wise Man advances to manger kneels; rises.)

FIRST WISE MAN. I kneel before Thee, O Thou little King;
The Saviour of all people, though a babe.
The Star shone overhead a long, long way,
As on we came to find Thee and to give
Our little store of treasure. Gold I bring.
I give Thee homage with a thankful heart
That we are first to give Thee reverence.

(Attendants lay boxes before the manger. Second Wise Man advances. Kneels; rises.)

SECOND WISE MAN. I bring Thee myrrh, to make Thy pathway
sweet

Wherever Thou dost tread in future years. *(Retires. Attendants lay boxes at foot of manger.)*

THIRD WISE MAN *(advances, kneels, rises.)*

THIRD WISE MAN. The frankincense I burn before Thee here
Shall give Thee reverence, O Thou Prince of Peace.
Not perfume nor yet precious stones lack Thou
From we who claim Thee as Our King of Kings. *(Retires)*

(Attendants place smoking incense before the manger. All kneel. Recessional. The Shepherds who have been eagerly watching, go before the manger, and kneel, rising and passing)

out at the end of the processional. As they rise, First Villager speaks.)

FIRST VILLAGER. How queer this is! He is no noble's child!
 Look how the light shines out about his head!
 The Saviour can he be, in manger born?
 Come, let us too pay reverence to the Babe.

(They go forward. Marca, who has been watching, kneels where he stands, His head is bowed and he does not look up till the Villagers have followed the rest. Then, he rises, remembers the lamb under his arm, goes forward, puts the lamb gently in the cradle, and, overcome by his own daring, runs off stage after procession.)

The Christmas Angel comes forward, gathers up the gifts of the Spirits and the Wise Men and with them in her arms comes to the front of stage.)

ANGEL. Giving again the gifts I go from here—

The Christ Child gifts that men and spirits gave.
 You catch a glimpse of me, now here, now there,
 In crowded street or pathway. Then, your hearts
 Are lighter with the thought that I am near.
 The Christmas Spirit, I am called by men.

But in my heart are greater gifts than these.
 The angels sang of them when Christ was born,
 And every Christ-tide they are born anew:
 Good will and peace and love that lasts alway
 I give to you throughout the whole wide world—
 To you whose hearts are sad with many cares,
 To you whose lives are joyous through the years
 I bear the message, beautiful and new
 Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth
 Peace and Good will to Men.

(Angel slowly exits.)

CHRISTMAS EVE



CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHRISTMAS TREE	Boy.
CHRISTMAS ANGEL	Girl.
COTTON	Girl.
TINSEL	Girl.
MISTLETOE	Boy.
HOLLY	Boy.
CHRISTMAS BALLS	Boy.
CORNUCOPIA	Girl.
MARSHMALLOWS	Four small boys.
CHOCOLATE CREAMS	Four boys same size.
POP-CORN	Eight small girls.
CRANBERRIES	Eight small girls, or boys, same size as Pop-corn.
FROST FAIRIES	Eight small girls.
CANDY CANES	Six boys.
CHRISTMAS CANDLES	Six boys.

If a few simple plans are followed, this play will quickly become orderly. The stage represents, as the curtain goes up, the pandemonium that happens when the trimmings of the Christmas tree turn to life. If the stage is big enough to have all the children on it, the Pop-corns and Cranberries, Candy Canes and Christmas Candles will make a brilliant bit of color, mingling with the others, but if space has to be considered, the ones who have no lines may enter just for the dances.

When a character speaks, he is at the front of the stage. There is no one between him and the audience. As he finishes he moves away to give the next speaker his place. A few rehearsals will show the children how easy it is to get out of the way without seeming to do so. There should be a semblance of conversation carried on on the stage constantly, for no one is interested in any one but himself and wanders around as he likes. The arguments are spirited, and do not stop or start with the spoken words.

The dances have been made as simple as possible. A short dance, well done, is much better than more difficult ones that lack the spirit. These are appropriate to the season. Some of them are adaptations of the Old English Christmas dances.

MUSIC

DANCE OF THE CANDLES	Schottish.
DANCE OF THE FROST FAIRIES	Waltz.
DANCE OF THE CANDY CANES AND XMAS CANDLES	Four-four time.
DANCE OF THE POP-CORN AND CRANBERRY	Four-four time, skipping.
DANCE OF THE SIX	Minuet.

COSTUMES

CHRISTMAS TREE.

Dark green Greek costume. Carries staff with fir branches tipping it. Cap of the branches.

CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

Greek dress of white, girded in at waist with tinsel cord. Long

cape of light blue, covering her from shoulders to feet. Elaborate crown on head, surmounted by star.

COTTON.

Dress of white canton flannel with rough side out. Twisted cotton should be used for trimming the neck and sleeves. Skirt is caught up over a white cord, and a twisted coronet of cotton is on her hair.

TINSEL.

White Greek costume, with tinsel trimming; costume heavily falling to feet. Thread tinsel fastened at shoulders and falling loosely to hem of gown. Crown of tinsel with thread tinsel falling through flowing hair.

MISTLETOE.

Blouse of white, trousers of green; one green, one white stocking. Cap made of mistletoe leaves of green cambric with white balls here and there. Carries spray of mistletoe.

HOLLY.

Jester's costume of red and green. Cap trimmed with holly. Carries spray of holly.

CHRISTMAS BALLS.

Boy. Yellow costume to knee, strung all over with the smaller Christmas balls of all colors.

CORNUCOPIA.

Wears dress of grey cheesecloth to look like silver. Carries big silver cornucopia.

MARSHMALLOW.

Costume made by swinging cords of boxes over shoulders. Black arms and legs. Four sides to box. No hats. Square hat boxes covered with white paper are the right size.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.

Round brown boxes. Collar of brown cambric that reaches to edge of box, imitating top of candy. Black arms and legs.

POP-CORN.

White fluffy tarletan dress very full, five or six skirts each shorter than the last. Chains of popcorn worn around neck and crown of pop-corn with strings hanging over the flowing hair. White stockings and shoes.

CRANBERRIES.

Red skirts (or bloomers) and waists made like jumper blouses worn over skirts. Strings of cranberries around neck. Red stockings.

FROST FAIRIES.

Loose white gowns of cheesecloth falling from neck to ankle, and cut in points from the knee down. Big bag of frost hung over right shoulder by tinsel strap and carried on left side. Small crown of silver paper heavily coated with mica. Costume glittering with mica shaken on wet glue spots.

CANDY CANES.

White suits with red stripes running around. Carry big wooden candy cane, striped red and white.

CHRISTMAS CANDLE.

Yellow cap cut to look like a flame. Grey blouse and knickerbockers. Carries pasteboard candle five feet high with flame at top.

CHRISTMAS EVE

(Behind the curtain the clock strikes twelve. All is still for a moment; then, there is the sound of a heavy body falling and a girl's cry of anger. Then, follows a near-deafening lot of cries, and the curtain rises upon the characters running about in confusion. Cotton comes down center, dragging Mistletoe by the shoulder. As characters talk, they come to center. When they finish, they go up stage still pretending to talk. New characters come down.)

COTTON. Now dare you fall on me!

MISTLETOE. It's the fault of those stupid mortals! They hung me so high on the chandelier that I couldn't get down alone. I had to fall on some one. I just chose—

COTTON. The softest one, I suppose. Well, I'm not made to fall on. You've nearly broken my back.

HOLLY. Poor Cotton! Let me rub it for you!

COTTON. Oh, go away! You're too prickly to be comfortable.

HOLLY. At any rate, don't be angry with Mistletoe. He was only going to say he chose the prettiest girl in the room to fall on, when you interrupted him.

COTTON. Were you?

MISTLETOE. Oh—yes.

COTTON. Then, I forgive you. But you're very heavy, just the same.

MISTLETOE. It's all the fault of the mortals. They might have known I couldn't get down!

(Cotton, Mistletoe and Holly go up stage.)

TINSEL (*left center*).

I thought those people would never go to bed! If they had been five minutes longer, we should have lost our hour of revelry.

CANDY CANE I. (*on front left of stage*).

I cannot walk. They broke off half my leg. I've been looking everywhere for it. Now, I'm sure that that was what one of them was eating.

CANDY CANE II. Better that than your head!

CANDY CANE I. Oh, that will go tomorrow when the children come. I want my leg tonight!

(*A crack is heard. Cornucopia rushes forward.*)

CORNUCOPIA (*back center; characters clear space in front of her*).

I knew my side would break. They bent it when they put me on the tree. And now my candy is all gone. (*Cornucopia comes to front left during dance.*)

(*Candy runs out from behind Cornucopia, Marshmallows, Chocolate Drops. Dance. Tableau at end.*)

DANCE OF THE CHRISTMAS CANDLES

MUSIC: SCHOTTISH.

FIRST FIGURE: *Schottish in circle (eight measures).*

SECOND FIGURE: *Turn, schottish in circle opposite way (eight measures).*

THIRD FIGURE: *Chocolates stand still. Marshmallows schottish around circle, weaving in and out around Chocolates, reach partner (four measures). Face partner, all slide right four steps (fifth measure), slide left four times (sixth meas-*

ure); *turn around (seventh measure); and bow (eighth measure).*

FOURTH FIGURE: Chocolates *schottish about Marshmallows. Repeat second half of third figure (eight measures).*

FIFTH FIGURE: *Schottish in circle with partners (four measures); reverse and schottish four measures (fifth to eighth measure).*

SIXTH FIGURE: Chocolates *on outside, schottish around circle four times. Marshmallows on inside, face other way and schottish around circle four measures. Reverse both, which brings them back to partners.*

SEVENTH FIGURE: *Facing partners schottish in and out around circle, Marshmallows going one way, Chocolates the other, and passing first on the inside of the circle and then the outside (weaving step).*

EIGHTH FIGURE: *All schottish off in line.*

TINSEL. Who are those things?

CANE II. (*closing up space*).

Those are candies. Cornucopia here has lost them from her case.

(*Tinsel goes up stage.*)

CORNUCOPIA. I wish my side hadn't broken!

CANDY. Never mind. You will be whole tomorrow, when we are smashed to bits for our contents.

CHRISTMAS BALLS (*coming down center*).

I can just see the rest of me by standing on tiptoe at the window. The biggest mortal stepped backward on my box, and then hastily gathered the broken pieces and took them

out to wait for the ash-man. I wonder how he'd enjoy Christmas Day if half of him were thrown out! (*Goes back to window.*)

POP-CORN (*right center*).

You're not half as badly off as we are. How would you like to be shaken over a hot fire till you burst in agony? And then after that, to have your heart pierced with a sharp needle? More than half my companions disappeared in the process, vanishing down throats! I don't think it is a Merry Christmas!

CRANBERRY (*with Pop-corn*).

I sympathize with Pop-corn. I was not roasted, but I was strung, and hanging by a thread *is not* pleasant!

CHOCOLATE DROP (*front, left side*).

I'm sweeter than you are!

MARSHMALLOW. You're not. I'm pure sugar.

CHOCOLATE. The children like me better.

MARSHMALLOW. They do not.

(*Chocolate and Marshmallow fight.*)

CORNUCOPIA. Come, Come; this will never do! I shall put you back in the case if you behave so!

(*Cotton and Tinsel come down, center front.*)

TINSEL (*to Cotton*). You are not very pretty, Cotton, all dead white as you are. Now, my glitter is much more effective!

(*Mistletoe and Holly draw near to listen.*)

COTTON. I am pretty. Mistletoe called me so just now!

TINSEL (*sarcastically*).

Oh!—Mistletoe!

MISTLETOE. Yes, I did, Tinsel. That is, to be exact, Holly said I was going to say so. And I ought to be a good judge of beauty. I see enough of it at Holiday time.

TINSEL. Oh! Then, if you are such a judge, which of us two should hang higher on the tree? Those stupid mortals have put a bit of cotton on the top-most limb—and that is *my* place.

COTTON. It is not. I belong there.

MISTLETOE. But why quarrel? You have no power to get up there now!

TINSEL. No, but it would relieve the slight if it were acknowledged that it is my place.

COTTON. It is *not* your place!

CHRISTMAS TREE (*coming down center—all fall back*).

Come come! what is this quarrel?

COTTON. Tinsel says that she should be higher on your boughs than I am. I, who represent the snow which weighs down your branches in the winter! Nothing could be higher than that!

TINSEL. But I am the Frost—

CHORUS OF FROST FAIRIES (*scattered through crowd*).

No, no! you are not!

1st FROST FAIRY. We are the Frost Fairies, (*coming forward*),
we who come in green boxes labelled Diamond Dust.
We are the frost, Tinsel.

TINSEL. (*discomfited*).

True; I had forgotten you who never get higher than the floor. Your fingers are too weak to cling to the tree, and

you fall off. But I—I, who am the water, sparkling from top toe in my frozen splendor, hold so fast that the needles leave the boughs sooner than I.

COTTON (*sarcastically*).

But I who am still the snow, while Tinsel changes from frost to water, I am in my rightful place, o'ertopping her. Am I not, O Tree?

CHRISTMAS CANDLES. You! Oh ho! We can make way with you in a second. But a touch of our flaming wick to your dress, and Lady Tinsel would reign supreme. Oh! Ho! (*waves candle*).

(*Cotton shrinks. Tinsel stands her ground as candle approaches.*)

TINSEL. You can not harm me, Christmas Candle. Come as close as you like! I can hold my own!

CHRISTMAS CANDLE. Shall we burn up Cotton, Lady Tinsel? It will take but a spark. Oh Ho!

COTTON. Keep your distance, sir! If there be talk of burning, the Christmas Tree, himself, could not stand against your mischief. Burning is no test.

TINSEL. (*To Cotton*): You are not beautiful! See how I sparkle in the candle-light!

(*Turns to show costume. Candle holds candle near.*)

FROST FAIRIES. Lady Cotton shall sparkle too! We will help her. She shall outshine you!

(*Dance with Cotton in center. Fairies weave about her, showering her with Diamond Dust. At end, she gets up and preens herself.*)

DANCE OF THE FROST FAIRIES

WALTZ

FIRST FIGURE: Fairies waltz in circle. (Sixteen measures).

SECOND FIGURE: Fairies kneel, waving arms in air, coaxing the Frost down out of the air to their bags. (Sixteen measures.)

THIRD FIGURE: Half the Frost Fairies hold bags open. Other half strip the frost off their arms, where it has settled, and put it in the others' bag (four measures). Then they hold their bags and the others put in the frost they have gathered (fifth to eighth measures).

Repeat (eight measures).

FOURTH FIGURE: Four of the Fairies waltz forward twice, (third to sixth measures); stand in center of circle, and powder Cotton from their bags; waltz back twice (eight measures) Second group waltz forward; repeat (sixteen measures).

FIFTH FIGURE: Cotton walks around circle, proudly looking at herself. She stops before each Fairy who curtsies as she pauses, and then she adds a bit more frost. (About fourteen measures). As she finishes the circle, the Fairies, pleased at their work, clap their hands softly, and breaking the circle, at once run off in the crowd.

CHRISTMAS CANDLE (to Cane).

Keep your distance, or I'll melt you!

CANE. You! Pooh! it would take a stronger flame than you can give—(blows at flame). Why, I could put you out! (Cane and Candle glare).

CHRISTMAS TREE (at the sound of his voice, all movement stops).

By my faith! this is a pretty way to spend our one hour of life! Quarreling and fault-finding over trifles! Who is strongest! Who shall be highest!

(Cotton and Tinsel kneel, imploring him to choose one of them.)

Up with you! This is no time to argue. Where is the Christmas Angel? Is not her place above all others?

(Frost Fairies usher in Christmas Angel who stands with Christmas Tree in center.)

CHRISTMAS ANGEL. My friends, have we forgotten the Christmas Spirit we represent? Why spend in quarreling our one hour when we may serve each other. Cotton, give me of your store! Tinsel, of yours! There! now I make a wreath of both twined, and on my head both of you are highest. Come, now—it is Christmas! Be friends! We've wasted so much time that there is hardly any left for dancing.

(Cotton and Tinsel take hands. Then Holly and Mistletoe join them.)

DANCE OF THE CANDY CANES AND THE XMAS CANDLES

MUSIC, four-four time.



FIRST FIGURE: *Two lines. Canes on one side. Candles on the other; lines face. Step right (one), cross left foot behind (two), step right (three) and hop (four), bringing left foot up in front of right foot, as the hop is taken. Repeat left (second measure); repeat whole six times.*

SECOND FIGURE: *Face front. Step on right foot (one), hop on right foot (two), step on left foot (three), hop on left foot (four). (First measure).*

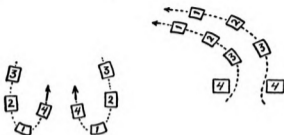
Repeat this step for eight measures, the leader turning outside of his line and leading back to the back of the line. The First Candy Cane, and the First Christmas Candle cross their cane and candle, and the others pass through this arch, coming down to place.



THIRD FIGURE: *Repeat first figure with boys in new positions.*

FOURTH FIGURE: *Repeat second figure.*

Continue repeating this until the last couple is leading. These, instead of forming arch, turn in, and lead up the middle, and they form the arch the other way, so that the boys go off stage through the arch, the fourth couple following last.



POP-CORN AND CRANBERRY DANCE

MUSIC, four-four time.

FIRST FIGURE: Cotton and Pop-corn and Cranberries skip in, a line from each side of the stage. They skip down center in partners; turn and skip around sides, then to center. This should take eight measures. If the stage is small, the time will have to be rearranged. (Eight measures.)

SECOND FIGURE: They skip down in single file, Pop-corn leading, Cranberries falling in behind their partner. Pop-corn leads the long line into a circle around the stage. If there are too many measures for the first figure, the first and second may be combined, so that the end of the second figure will find them in a circle.

THIRD FIGURE: Cranberries stand still. Pop-corns walk to the center (one measure); join hands and slide four times to right (second measure); slide four times to left (third measure); walk back (fourth measure). Pop-corns stand still, Cranberries go to center; repeat action (fifth to eighth measures).

FOURTH FIGURE: Cranberries make the circle into a square and sit cross-legged. They sway their bodies from right to left all together, imitating the popper as it shakes over the fire.

The Pop-corns in the middle crouch, and at the first count of each measure, one Pop-corn at a time, leaps up, and crouches again, as Pop-corns do when they burst. Only one girl jumps for each of the first three measures. For the fourth and fifth measure two jump, one on the first, and one on the third count. In the sixth and seventh measures three pop on the first three measures, and on the eighth, the Pop-corns all pop and run to their places in the line.

This action is very effective. The children must bob up and down suddenly, so that they are ready to bob again. The Cranberries, being the popper, must keep their motion steady.

FIFTH FIGURE: Pop-corns sit in circle and bow forward and back Cranberries in a long line wind in and out the center of the circle, running two steps and turning two out of every measure, to imitate the rolling of cranberries in a bowl. In the meantime, a ball of red cord is passed from hand to hand of the Pop-corns, and on the eighth measure the Cranberries run to their place between two Pop-corns, and take their place on the cord (eight measures).

SIXTH FIGURE: All skip off, holding the red cord close to their waists, as though they were strung on it.

DANCE OF THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL, THE CHRISTMAS TREE, COTTON AND MISTLETOE, HOLLY AND TINSEL.

MUSIC—Minuet music. Minuet step used all through.

FORMATION: Christmas Tree and Angel in center at back. Holly

and Cotton on right of stage, Mistletoe and Tinsel on left.



FIRST FIGURE: *With minuet step, step right, tap with left toe twice (one measure); step left, tap with right toe twice, starting with the outside foot the partners advance toward center of stage, the Christmas Tree and the Christmas Angel going straight forward, the other two couples coming sidewise forward. They advance for six measures; on the seventh they face their partner and he makes a sweeping low bow, while the lady bends low in a curtsey (two measures).*

SECOND FIGURE: *Partners face each other. Joining right hands high, they step on the right foot, and tap the left twice, looking at each other. Step on left foot advancing to partner's place, tap right twice. These steps are very small and six are taken before the opposite place is reached. The last two measures are taken up by the bow and curtsey.*

THIRD FIGURE: *Return to place, same step.*

FOURTH FIGURE: *Form a circle. The Christmas Tree crosses right hand with Cotton, the Christmas Angel with Mistletoe, and Holly with Tinsel.*

With right hands they advance around this circle, letting go, and bowing directly across circle to partner on last two measures (eight measures).



FIFTH FIGURE: *Forming circle with left hands in center, they repeat step (eight measures).*

SIXTH FIGURE: *Holly and Cotton face Mistletoe and Tinsel. Christmas Angel faces Christmas Tree. For six measures Holly and Mistletoe and the Christmas Angel turn their partners in the center, finishing in two lines. They bow low on last two measures.*

They all face up stage, back to audience, Holly and Cotton are behind the Christmas Angel; Tinsel and Mistletoe behind the Christmas Tree. The Tree and the Christmas Angel lead off with step up stage, and before the bow the bell strikes, and the curtain falls quickly, as the last steps of the minuet sound on the stage.

(Clock, at end, strikes one.)

QUICK CURTAIN

(Curtain rises again, showing real tree trimmed.)

MARJORIE'S GARDEN



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT
URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARJORIE	girl of ten.
THE FAIRY OF THE GARDEN	girl of twelve or fourteen.
SUN	boy of ten.
RAIN	boy of ten.
WEST WIND	boy of ten.
SOUTH WIND	girl of ten.
CLOUDS	girls of seven.
FLOWERS	girls of seven to nine.

MUSIC

A soft, dreamy melody for South Wind's dance.

A more spirited dance for Rain.

COSTUMES

MARJORIE.

Little girl's dress, not too elaborate.

THE FAIRY OF THE GARDEN.

Trailing gown of delicate blue, pink or lavender. Carries a long flower wand, and wears a crown of tiny flowers.

SUN.

Bright yellow costume. Halo or rays around his head. Quiver on back filled with yellow paper darts.

RAIN.

All grey, with long deep-fringed sleeves, and waist fringed to knees. Wears bag of raindrops. No cap.

WEST WIND.

Suit of dark green.

SOUTH WIND.

Dress of white floating stuff, flowers caught here and there, and flowers in her long hair.

CLOUDS.

Grey dresses or suits with long grey scarves.

BUTTERFLY.

Light yellow, with long gorgeous wings stenciled with a copy of butterfly spots.

FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN.

Costumes simulating the flowers they represent. They may be all of one kind or may differ.

MARJORIE'S GARDEN

SCENE, *a garden.* *All along the side stand a double row of flowers. These have drooping heads.*

(Enter Marjorie with a watering can.)

MARJORIE. Oh, my poor pretty flowers. I do wish that the hot sun wouldn't shine so brightly. I am so afraid you will die before the rain can save you. I'll give you all the water I can carry, but I am afraid that it won't be enough.

(Holds water over flowers, going to fill can between each two. When she has gone over all of them, she stands back and watches them anxiously, but they do not revive.)

MARJORIE. I do wish I knew what to do for them.

(She stoops down and pats the ground at their feet. Enter the Fairy of the Garden.)

FAIRY OF THE GARDEN. What are you doing there?

MARJORIE. (*Curtseying*). If you please, my poor flowers are all dying, and I have been trying to make them feel better. I thought perhaps there might be some worms or bugs that were eating them.

FAIRY. No, I do not believe that that is the reason they look so badly. Let me see if I can find out. (*Goes to each flower whispers and listens for an answer*).

MARJORIE (*to first flower*). Who is that lovely person?

ROSE. That is the Fairy of the Garden. She is often here when the mortals have gone to sleep.

MARJORIE. I never saw her before.

ROSE. That is because you are not here at night. She is sorry for us, and I think she has come to help you take care of us.

MARJORIE. Oh, I do hope she will. I should so hate to have you go away. (*Curtseying to Fairy*). Do you know what is the matter now?

FAIRY (*soberly*). Yes, I know, and I am afraid that nothing can be done. The flowers are fading because the sun is so hot that they cannot breathe well.

MARJORIE. And cannot you help them?

FAIRY. The Sun is too powerful. Besides he is an enemy of mine. Every summer he and I fight over my flowers. I want them to stay here as long as they can, and he delights in burning them up as fast as possible.

MARJORIE. Oh, my poor, poor flowers. (*Goes up to them. Suddenly the flowers shrink away.*) Why, what is the matter?

FAIRY (*agitatedly*). The Sun! See, here comes the Sun himself!

(*Enter Sun, very proudly. Without noticing either Marjorie or the Fairy, who stand watching him, he strides over to the bed, and lays his hand on the shoulder of one of the flowers.*)

SUN. Come away, little flower, come with me. You have been here quite long enough. I want to burn you up. (*Flower shrinks*). Oh, you need not turn to your companions. By this time tomorrow they will be gone too. I have let you live too long already.

MARJORIE (*running to him and shielding her face with one arm, tries to push him away from the flower, but stops, as if he were too hot for her*). Go away, Sun. You shall not burn up all my flowers. (*Though she is not able to touch him, nevertheless he is so astonished that he lets the flower go, and retreats to the center of the stage*).

SUN. And who are you, pray?

MARJORIE. I am Marjorie, the little girl who owns this garden, and you shall not have my flowers. (*Turns to Fairy*). Oh, Fairy, make him go away. He is too hot. I cannot touch him.

FAIRY. He is too powerful for me, too, dear child. I am afraid we must let the poor flowers go.

(*Flowers stretch out their arms pleadingly toward Marjorie.*)

MARJORIE. No, no! I will not! I won't let him have them!
(*She runs in front of the garden bed, and stays between Sun and the flowers, shielding her face, but preventing Sun from getting near the bed. Sun astonished makes several*

attempts but is driven back. He does not want to touch Marjorie, but is determined to get the flowers.)

MARJORIE. Go away, Sun, go away! You'll have to burn me to pieces before you can get by.

FAIRY. He will not dare burn you badly, Marjorie, but he can hurt you if you are not careful. You can not keep him away long.

MARJORIE. I will not go away till he has gone.

SUN. Well, who would have believed that I should find such a state here. I cannot stay here all day for those silly flowers. I must go and get some more to burn tonight for my sunset. A pretty pass if there should be no after-glow, just because a silly girl tries to keep me from her paltry garden. I am going, but I shall be back, and then, Mistress Marjorie, I may have to hurt you, but not one flower shall you have left by sunset. (*Sun goes out angrily*).

MARJORIE. (*Wiping her face vigorously*). Well, I'm glad he has gone. My, but he was hot! Why can't you keep him away, dear Fairy?

FAIRY. I am not strong enough. There is only one person who can do that. That is Rain. The two are deadly enemies, and when one has once gotten a hold on the earth, there are many battles before the other can drive him away, for he grows stronger each day. Rain has not yet tried to conquer Sun, and I am afraid he will come too late.

MARJORIE. And can you do nothing for my poor garden?

FAIRY. Nothing that would really help them. Perhaps South Wind and West Wind could cool them a little, now that Sun is out of the way. I will ask them.

(Enter a butterfly. Goes to Rose.)

BUTTERFLY. Have you honey for me, sweet Rose?

ROSE. Dear Butterfly, I and my companions are nearly perished. We have no honey, for the hot Sun has taken away all our strength.

BUTTERFLY. Poor Rose. I am sorry for you. *(Turns to fly back, but Fairy stops him.)*

FAIRY. Butterfly, have you met South Wind, or West Wind, as you worked today?

BUTTERFLY. Yes, West Wind, I passed just now. South Wind should be by here soon, to give the parched fields a little help. Do you want them, Fairy?

FAIRY. Yes, I want them to help me aid this garden. Sun threatens to burn it up by sunset, and I thought if we made the air a little cooler for them they could breathe.

BUTTERFLY. Here is West Wind. Now I will find the South Wind. *(Flies off.)*

(West Wind crosses stage.)

FAIRY. Well met, West Wind.

WEST WIND. *(Stopping)*. Well met, Fairy of the Garden. Can I do anything for you?

FAIRY. Hot Sun threatens to carry off these flowers as fuel for his fires. Could you not cool their flushed faces a little for them?

(West Wind looks at them critically, then shakes his head.)

WEST WIND. My breath would be too strong for them. One puff, and their petals would lie at your feet. That is a task for my sister, South Wind, who should be here presently. If I can do more for you, you need only ask.

FAIRY. (*Sadly*). No, West Wind. I thank you, but I cannot help them.

WEST WIND. If Rain were here—

FAIRY. But Rain has not ruled for many days, and Sun is too strong for him. Marjorie's flowers must die before sunset.

MAJORIE. (*Running to the garden*). No, no! At any rate, you are not dead yet, and South Wind will come and sing you a lullaby, and you can sleep, and perhaps we can keep that horrid Sun away, after all.

(*Enter South Wind. Bows before Fairy.*)

SOUTH WIND. Butterfly told me you were waiting here for me.

MARJORIE. (*Seizing her by the hand and dragging her over to the flowers.*) Yes, South Wind. See, my poor flowers are all dying under that horrid Sun. Don't you think you can help them?

SOUTH WIND. Without Rain, no one can help them very much. But I will fan their hot cheeks, and whisper a lullaby to them, and perhaps they will fall asleep.

(*Marjorie and the Fairy stand at left side of stage. South Wind, in center, facing garden sways sideways gently at first to soft music, then bending more and more, but going slower and slower. The flowers nod their heads. South Wind dances over behind the flowers. Repeats motions.*)

Then she waves hands over flowers' heads standing back of them, occasionally laying her finger on lips, to insure perfect quiet. When the last flower head has fallen forward, South Wind slips from one to the other whispering in each flower ear. Then she tiptoes away toward the Fairy and Marjorie, and watches the flower bed from where she stands before she speaks.)

SOUTH WIND. There, they are all fast asleep, and will sleep for a long time. They are very tired, those flowers.

FAIRY. Yes, Sun has made up his mind he is going to have them. Marjorie drove him away, but he will come back, and take them.

SOUTH WIND. Sun is coming here? Then I must go away. He and I are not friends at all. He makes the air so hot that I cannot breathe, and then he laughs at me. Marjorie is very brave to dare to stand against him. I have done all I could for you, dear Fairy. You will let me go now?

FAIRY. Yes, South Wind, run away.

MARJORIE. Thank you so much, South Wind, for putting the flowers to sleep.

SOUTH WIND. I will come and put them to sleep tomorrow, if Sun does not take them away tonight. (South Wind goes out).

MAJORIE. Sun shall not have them. He *might* be kind.
(Enter Sun. He goes straight for the garden, but Marjorie gets in the way.)

SUN. (*Angrily*). What, you here yet! I told you before, I mean to have those flowers. Now, if you do not go, I shall

have to hurt you. (Marjorie *does not move; he darts toward her.*)

FAIRY. Take care, Sun! You know what will happen to you, if you hurt a mortal!

SUN. I do not mean to hurt this mortal, but she need not get in my way.

MARJORIE. (*Still shielding her face.*) You are dreadfully hot, but you shall not burn my flowers!

(*There is a battle between Marjorie and Sun. Twice he tries to get at the garden, and twice she gets in his way. He does not dare touch her, but tries to get past her. Each time he retreats, to make a new start. She does not advance toward him, but stands defiant, ready to block his path. The third time, he gets by her, and seizes one of the flowers. Her cries awake the rest of the flowers, who shrink away from the spectacle of one of their number in the grasp of the Sun.*)

MARJORIE. (*Holding flower's other arm.*) Let my flower go! You shall not have her!

(*Sun starts to drag flower away but drops her, at sight of Rain who enters here. Flower falls to her knees; Marjorie drags her back to the garden, and plants her. She is so busy patting the earth around her feet, that she does not see the entrance of Rain.*)

SUN. How dare you come here! (*Sun and Rain glare; Rain comes down toward front.*)

MARJORIE. (*Clapping her hands, and running toward Rain.*) Oh, how good of you to come! You will help my poor flowers.

FAIRY. (*Dragging her back.*) Come away, Marjorie. You must not interfere. This will be a battle between two deadly enemies.

(*Battle between Sun and Rain. Sun starts to run Rain off the stage, but Rain dodges. Sun has, for ammunition, yellow paper darts, which he uses sparingly, whenever he has a chance. Rain has a bag full of tiny, round balls, peas, pith-balls or clay. They fight, slowly, never touching each other, always trying to see if one cannot drive the other off the stage. Once Rain is driven away, and Sun starts for the garden, but Rain returns and he forces him to fight again. Finally, however, he forces Rain to the front of the stage. Rain has used all his ammunition, and has no other resource, and Sun slowly approaches him. Suddenly, from the back, rush in the Clouds. They surround Sun, waving their scarfs in front of his eyes till he is blinded, and turns dizzily around. Then they surround him in confusion, pulling him this way, pulling him that, blinding his eyes with a scarf, tying his hands, and finally pulling him off the stage utterly routed.*)

West Wind hovers around the edge of the group, urging them on, blowing them now here, now there. As Rain follows Sun off in triumph, West Wind turns to the Fairy.

WEST WIND. I found Rain and sent him here to try his skill with Sun. Fearing that Sun would conquer, I brought along the first clouds I found, and they did good service.

FAIRY. They did indeed, West Wind. Marjorie's flowers have reason to thank you.

(*Enter Rain.*)

RAIN. There'll be no sunset tonight, I promise you. Sun is so

tangled up in those clouds that it will be long e're he finds his way out. And now, Fairy, how can I serve you. To you and to West Wind, I owe my success.

MARJORIE. Oh, please, good Rain, please help my flowers. They are so thirsty! Sun has nearly scorched them!

RAIN. Ho, ho, clouds! Give me more rain drops!

The Clouds enter, each bringing a handful of rain drops which they put in his bag. Rain dances about the stage, throwing handfuls of raindrops here and there. Then he stands in front of the flowers and gives them showers, skipping around the stage between every two or three handfuls. The flowers begin to straighten up, then to look happy, and at last, under the influence of the rain they begin to sway gently their arms and bodies as the curtain goes down.

MOTHER NATURE'S TRUMPETER



1875

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DAFFODIL	A girl, from ten to twelve years. A good dancer.
NATURE	A larger girl.
SUN	A girl or boy from nine to twelve.
RAIN	A girl same size as Sun.
WOOD-ELVES	A number of boys from seven to nine.
VIOLETS	Girls from ten to twelve.
SWEET PEAS	Girls from ten to twelve.
APPLE BLOSSOMS	Girls from seven to nine.

MUSIC

DANCE OF DAFFODIL.

Some melody soft, yet joyous. This cannot be played too low.

DAFFODIL'S CALL.

A chord of three or five notes, like a bugle call, which harmonizes with the dance, and can be recognized as a separate strain. The same chord is used always.

DANCE OF THE VIOLETS.

Waltz.

DANCE OF THE APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Polka.

DANCE OF THE WOOD-ELVES.

Spirited music, suited to elves.

DANCE OF THE SWEET PEAS.

Waltz.

ENSEMBLE DANCE.

Two-four time, skipping.

COSTUMES**DAFFODIL.**

Dress of very soft, green material. Waist falling in points from belt to hem of skirt. Yellow hat, shaped like daffodil, with the opening for face.

NATURE.

Dress of leaf green. Long brown cloak, and brown mob cap
White hair.

SUN.

Yellow dress. Yellow paper rays on head. Carries yellow paper darts.

RAIN.

Grey dress, loose hair. Grey veil.

WOOD-ELF.

Grey bloomers and jumper waist. Leaves sewed or stenciled on edge. Caps of leaves, green stockings.

VIOLETS.

Five purple petals on green skirts. Purple waists. Purple caps made of five wired petals, violets shaped. Green stem on top of cap. They carry long garlands of leaves.

SWEET PEAS.

Pastel shades of cheesecloth. One piece dresses. Long green scarves over shoulders. Sweet pea bonnets to match dresses. Green stockings.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Very fluffy pink tarletan dresses, pink stockings. Brown capes to cover them all up.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE PLAY.

The most important accessories in this play are the trumpet for Daffodil and the brown seeds which the elves sow, and from which the flowers spring.

If nothing better offers, an oblong piece of paper may be rolled up and fastened, the edges being trimmed into shape for the trumpet. A trumpet from the ten cent store is a much more graceful shape, however, and may be covered with paper to hide garish coloring. The outside covering may be of corn shucks, bark, leaves or brown paper, or any substance that can be removed little by little. It should not be entirely removed until the trumpet is ready to be blown for the third time.

The sweet pea seeds are made by crossing two children's hoops at right angles, and covering three of the sides with brown paper. The fourth side, which is left open, is used as door by the little girl. She hides behind the elves as they bring the seed in, and steps into the opening, being sure that none of her dress shows from the front. If the seeds are to be used for several performances, two sides may be strengthened with tape, and covered with cambric, the third side alone being of paper.

At the proper time, the flower simply breaks through the paper and comes out. The elves carry away the seeds at once.

The dias for Nature may be made by putting a chair over a platform and covering the whole thing with a big square of inconspicuous stuff. A green couch cover will do.

Any boy knows how to make the paper darts of Sun. They are folded to a point at one end.

MOTHER NATURE'S TRUMPETER

SCENE—*Under the forests in early spring. At the right front is a dias for Mother Nature. Daffodil, the trumpeter, enters at upper right of stage. She crosses running to lower left of stage, and waits. A Wood-elf pops out in front of her.*

DAFFODIL. Are the violets ready?

WOOD-ELF. The violets are quite ready, Daffodil.

DAFFODIL. Good! Let them await the signal.

(She bounds across the stage to right corner. Second Wood-elf appears.)

DAFFODIL. Where are those lazy apple blossoms?

SECOND WOOD-ELF. They have all finished prinking, at last.

DAFFODIL. Tell them I am going ahead very soon.

SECOND WOOD-ELF. Yes, Daffodil.

(Daffodil dances. Pantomime trumpet dances. Music: some soft, sweet air, or waltz.)

(She stands quite still on the center of the stage, thinking deeply (pose; hold for eight counts). The object of this is to think the call which she must use for the flowers. The body is absolutely at rest. The expression is not fretful or peevish. Care must be taken to make the conception a big thing, not a little thing. Suddenly, as the call is played, sounding over the music which accompanies the dancing, the thought flashes into Daffodil's mind, and is shown by the expression of the face and body. Her next idea is "How shall I make the sound heard?" She tried to whistle it, but she cannot make a noise. This is shown by her expression of disappointment (pose). Then she tries calling it, holding her hands about her mouth.

This also is a failure (pose). She thinks, and then gets the idea of a trumpet, to blow it with, putting her hands up as though she were blowing a trumpet. Her next idea is that she must find something to make it out of. She goes about the stage, picking up bits of wood here and there, and trying them by breaking them between her hands. If possible, these should be real pieces. If they are too big to break, she may discard them for some other reason. At last, her eye lights on a piece of wood that will do. This lies on the ground toward the audience, but off at the side. She pounces on it with joy. Instead of wood, it is the made trumpet, covered with brown paper, with bark, or with anything else to disguise it. She takes it back to the center and eagerly fashions it by stripping off the bark and shaping it as a clay jar is shaped. She tries to blow it, fails, and continues to try to shape it. She tries again, and fails, and shapes it still more. The third time it blows, not the call, but just one note which sounds over the music, and joyously she goes about the stage blowing that note, which should harmonize with the music. She returns to the center, and blows the call twice (pose between calls). Then she runs over to the upper left entrance and standing facing off, blows the call again. Immediately, Mother Nature enters.

(Mother Nature goes down to her seat, while Daffodil blows the call again off the wings, and then dances off. At once the Violets enter in groups of five).

VIOLET DANCE. *Music, waltz.*

FIRST FIGURE: *From their entrance, in groups of five, they waltz directly to places, swaying in place till the eighth measure is finished.*

SECOND FIGURE: *Girls clasp hands in circle.*

Step right, swing left, letting bodies sway and holding hands high (one measure). Step left, swing right (second measure); repeat for six measures. (8 measures in all).

THIRD FIGURE: *Waltz around circle, hands held high and swaying (eight measures).*

FOURTH FIGURE: *One girl steps to the middle, kneels, taking the ends of two garlands in each hand. Her own she holds drooping from both hands. Others hold other end of garland. (This is the formation, no time is taken for it.) The four on the outside waltz toward center, beginning with outside foot, once forward, winding themselves up in the garland. Step and swing six times.*

FIFTH FIGURE: *Girls waltz twice returning, step swing six times in place.*

SIXTH FIGURE: *Center girl rises, waltzes backward two steps, holding garlands; step swing six times. The four others waltz in and out, eight measures, braiding garlands in front of her. They will need no directions for this. If the garlands are watched, and braided by walking a few times, the dancers will know exactly the way to go.*

SEVENTH FIGURE: *Center girls drive other four off waltzing. The two in the center lead, the two others stay at sides with one hand forward almost on the shoulder of the girl in front of her, and the other hand back on the hand of the driver, girl facing out. This keeps the group formation.*

EIGHTH FIGURE: *Girls dance around edge of stage in this*

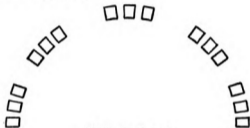
fashion, dancing off so that the stage is clear at the end of the music.

(Daffodil enters.)

DAFFODIL. They are well on their way by now. And here comes the Apple Blossoms.

(Apple Blossoms come running in in threes, each three attended by a Wood-elf. They are in semicircle around the stage, in threes.)

APPLE BLOSSOM DANCE.



(Polka, in threes.)

FIRST FIGURE: *Right hands to center, heel and toe polka four times around circle. (Four measures).*

SECOND FIGURE: *Left hands to center, polka four times around circle (four measures).*

THIRD FIGURE: *Threes face forward (in semicircle of entire group) heel and toe polka four times forward (four measures).*

FOURTH FIGURE: *Heel and toe polka backward four times (four measures).*

FIFTH FIGURE: *In circle, of threes heel and toe polka round four times (four measures).*

SIXTH FIGURE: *Reverse heel and toe polka (four measures).*

SEVENTH FIGURE: *Apple Blossoms stand in circle, wave arm as though swayed by wind (four measures).*

EIGHTH FIGURE: *Apple Blossoms drop to knees still swaying arms slower and slower; finally they fall over in sleep, as music comes to close.*

Elves come out, shake them, they get up and each elf offers his group three brown capes, which they put on, covering up their pink dresses.

MOTHER NATURE. That is right. Look out for those delicate dresses before you come out from your brown buds.

(Apple Blossoms run off each attended still by elf.)

FIRST WOOD-ELF. Dear Nature, the grass has gone ahead. They are so used to growing that by this time, they can't help themselves.

MOTHER NATURE. Oh, the grass can take care of itself. But who comes next?

DAFFODIL (*laughing*). The sweet peas, but they are frightened. They say that it is all very well for the Violets and the Apple Blossoms. They've gone up so much they ought to be used to it. But they don't know what is going to happen, and they're afraid.

MOTHER NATURE. Silly things! Bring them in, and you—Wood-elves—show them! There's nothing to be afraid of.

(Wood-elves bring in Sweet Peas, who hang back and huddle in a group at the foot of Nature's seat.)

In pantomime, the elves dig the ground and rake it hurrying back and forth for the tools, and keeping very busy. This goes on for sixteen measures. Then they go off and bring in three sweet pea seeds, big brown balls, inside of which a Sweet pea is hiding. They bring these in with a good deal of trouble, and before they get them planted to their liking, sixteen more measures have gone by. Then Sun, dances in, feels each brown ball, knocks on it to see if anything is inside, throws a lot of paper darts on each one, and dances about the stage. He sees Rain enter and dances off. Rain dances all around the stage, shaking her grey veil as she goes. As she passes the Sweet Peas and the Wood-elves who are watching, they dodge for fear of getting wet. She waves her veil over each of the balls. Sun re-enters and tries to drive Rain away. She makes many attempts to get at the balls again, but he makes her go, and dashes off after her.

Then, the music changes to a waltz, and from the three balls the three Sweet Peas burst out.

During the introduction they stand, rubbing their eyes, looking about them.

FIRST FIGURE: *They waltz forward eight measures.*

SECOND FIGURE: *Joining hands, the two on the outside turn in place under the raised arms of the middle one, two measures are given to the turning. Step, swing, two measures. This is repeated four times.*

THIRD FIGURE: *The two on the side step and swing, joining hands around the one in the center. She turns around with two waltz steps, hands held high and steps and swings twice.*

This is repeated three times, the ones on the side repeating their step and swing.

FOURTH FIGURE: *The two on the side waltz around each side of the room to the center of the back. The center one goes down to meet them. She takes their hands and together they waltz up to the dias of Nature and make a low bow. This will take about sixteen measures.*

Sweet Peas, who are watching, clap their hands.

NATURE. Was that hard? You have only to grow, and my two helpers, Sun and Rain (*they come forward*) will help you.

(Sweet Peas dance off with Sun and Rain in center.)

NATURE. Daffodil, are the rest of the flowers ready?

DAFFODIL. Quite ready.

NATURE. Then we must not delay longer. Sound the call!

(Daffodil blows the call. Then dances off the stage before Nature who walks off slowly. The call sounds again, fainter.)

SCENE II

(Before the curtain rises the call sounds.)

(The call sounds again off stage. It is Midsummer Day. The Violets are sleeping in little groups by the side of the stage. The Sweet Peas come stealing in in a group.)

FIRST SWEET PEA. I'm sure that was the call. Yet no one back in the garden heard it, and no one here is stirring.

SECOND SWEET PEA. Are these the woods. I like them better than a garden. I wish we grew here.

FIRST SWEET PEA. We may dance here, at any rate. I have

learned many new ways from the wind. Come, let us dance. That was not the call.

SWEET PEAS DANCE

FIRST FIGURE: *In long line across stage they waltz forward (eight measures).*

SECOND FIGURE: *The line separates in the middle, and half the Sweet Peas face to right, and half to left. They waltz eight measures and meet in a line at the back.*

THIRD FIGURE: *Sweet Peas waltz up to front of the stage two by two. (Eight measures.)*

FOURTH FIGURE: *Face each other in two lines. Step and swing, holding hands, twice right, first. (First and second measure); waltz backward twice (third and fourth measure); turn around with three waltz steps (fifth, sixth and seventh measures); pat hands back of head, throw body back, weight on left foot and pose, one measure. (Eight measures.)*

FIFTH FIGURE: *Face partner, waltz forward twice, meeting partner. Join hands, step and swing twice; then pass partner on right, waltzing twice and turning around with waltz step twice (eight measures).*

SIXTH FIGURE: *Face partner, waltz forward twice, join hands and step and swing twice, waltz around partner into place still holding hands, and step and swing twice. (Eight measures.)*

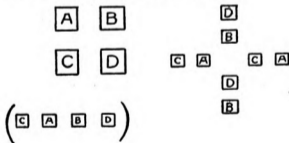
SEVENTH FIGURE: *Waltz forward and leaving partner, pass to right and left in single line, waltzing around and meeting partner at back of stage. (Eight measures.)*

EIGHTH FIGURE: *Dancers waltz forward in single line, which leader leads into single circle. (Eight measures.) They join hands as if to continue the dance, when music changes and they break up in confusion, and huddle together at entrance, as the Wood-elves come running in.*

FIRST WOOD-ELF. The call has sounded twice, and yet there's not a flower here. Violets! Apple Blossoms! Where are you? (Violets, *yawn, and get up.*) You sleepy things! We've come to take you back again. (Apple Blossoms *come running in.*) Come, flowers all, let's frolic.

DANCE BY ALL THE FLOWERS AND WOOD-ELVES.
MUSIC—*Two step.*

If there are an equal number of Violets, Apple Blossoms, Sweet Peas and Wood-elves, one of each goes into a square. If not, they are divided by kinds into fours.



FIRST FIGURE: *Skip one way eight times, with right hands across center.*

SECOND FIGURE: *With left hands across center, skip other way eight times.*

THIRD FIGURE: *A and B go up to C and D with two marching steps (one two) A bows to C, and B bows to D (three four) C bows to A and D bows to B (one two) and joining A and B they all walk back two steps. The four are now standing in a straight line (two measures).*

FOURTH FIGURE: *With the nearest group of fours. The first figure is repeated with partners. C and A are partners and B and D. They face right, and the A of one group crosses hands with B on the other side, and gives her other hand to her partner. B does the same with A and D.*

FIFTH FIGURE: *Second figure is repeated.*



SIXTH FIGURE: *C, A, B, and D of one group take two walking steps which bring them in front of C, A, B, and D of the other group. As in the third figure, one line bows, the other line*

returns the bow, and D and B of the line that bowed last go to the side of the others, C and A joining the other side, and they all take two steps, (turning if necessary) to bring them facing another line.

SEVENTH FIGURE: *All the dancers join in one big ring. If there are too many, two rings, or even three may be made, each big enough to surround the one inside without pulling. They dance one way for eight steps, then turn the other way. If there are inner rings, the inner and the outer go in opposite directions. They dance eight steps the other way, and begin to dance in the first direction again when the music stops and the call sounds loudly. At once those nearest the opening break away, and they go off, quickly, but quietly, the Wood-elves last, looking around for any lost one. A pretty bit of pantomime may be given here if one little Violet, sleeps under a big leaf, missing all the fun, and a Wood-elf finds her and wakes her, after all the flowers have gone. She gets up, rubs her eyes dazedly, and at last runs hastily after the others, the last Wood-elf following. The stage is clear. From far in the distance comes the faint sound of the call.*

THE ENCHANTED GATE



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CAST OF CHARACTERS

PRINCE THARDOF.

THE KING, his father.

THE ELF-KING.

HOLDUN } elves.

LOTA }

KNOTAIRE, a noble.

FROG.

THE PRINCESS.

FIRST NOBLE.

COSTUMES

The Prince, the Princess and the King and Nobles wear costumes copied from and illustrations of fairy tales.

The Elf King wears a brown earth color suit, and has a long brown cape hung from his shoulders edged with gold. He wears a crown of gold nuggets.

Holdun and Lota, the elves, are dressed in regular elves costume, all brown, with pointed cap.

Frog wears tight green costume. If possible he should wear tights. The head need not be attempted if it seems too difficult, but a frog's marking should be copied.

PROPERTIES

A scarf and cap of the Princess.

Flowers for her to weave.

The Book, a very big one, and as old as possible.

Emblem on chain for frog.

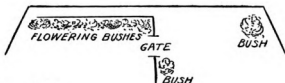
Caramels are substituted for the slugs the frog eats.

DIRECTIONS

Bushes may be cut off close to their roots and used for the stage setting of this little play. Those in Elfland have paper flowers and leaves stuck on them. Those on the outside are bare. There should be one bush set on the side of the gate next the audience so that the Prince may crouch behind it, and still be in full view of the audience, though partly hidden from the stage.

The wall is high enough so that the actors cannot see over it. It may be made of cambric stretched on a frame, or brown paper, or cardboard and outlined to represent uneven stones. It would be well to have it made in parts, so that as the nobles enter with the King they can push it over. The Gate must be solid, also, but must swing easily. It should be hung with clanking chains that are rattled every time the gate is moved, until the Princess opens it, when it swings easily, nearly noiselessly. Some arrangement should be made so that the frog may leap over the gate. A chair hidden in the bushes may serve, or a series of steps on the gate itself, if it is strong enough to bear his weight. Or, if it cannot be arranged he might open the gate, and slip through, though the other way is better.

THE ENCHANTED GATE



SCENE. *A lane.*

Across the middle of the stage, set end to the audience is a gate. One foot of wall is on the side toward the audience. On the other side, the wall makes a corner. Outside, the place is bare. The bushes around the entrances have neither leaves nor flowers. Within, the bushes are thick with blossoms, the wall is covered with vines, and the whole place is beautiful.

On one of the bare bushes a scarf is caught.

Enter Prince Thardof, carrying the cap of the Princess.

PRINCE. She came this way; I know she came this way. Here is her cap which dropped along the path. (*Sees scarf*) —And this (*takes it and examines it*) this is her scarf she wore to-day.

(*Calls*)

What ho, hallo! Hallo in there, hallo!

(*Tries gate; shakes it. Elf tiptoes out of woods on inside of gate. Without coming to gate, peers out to see who is there; looks for a minute and then runs back. Prince waits impatiently to have him come.*)

Hallo, come here (*calls after him*) I want to speak to you!
He does not heed me! Let me in, I say!

(Shakes gate again. Elf comes out again, runs into wood, returns with second Elf and they stand there looking at him.)

Come here and open for me. Do you hear?

LOTA *(the first elf)* to HOLDUN, *(the second)*.

He's asking us to open it for him.

HOLDUN *(chuckling)*. He wants to come in where the Princess is!

THARDOP. The Princess! Then she is here! She is found!

Open this gate I tell you! Will you not?

Then I'll climb over it, or pull it down!

(Attempts to climb over it, but fails. Then, he shakes it violently. Elves attend to the garden, paying no attention to him. The Elf King enters.)

ELF-KING *(to Elves, angrily. The Elves are afraid of him.)*

What means this noise? How dare you touch the gate?

LOTA. We have not touched it, master.

HOLDUN. (No, not we!)

'Tis he who tries to break the lock and hinge

Because the gate swings not at his command.

(Elf King strides toward gate where Prince is still striving.)

ELF-KING. What would you, sirrah! Stop that deafening din!

THARDOP. You call *me* sirrah? Who dares call me that!

ELF-KING. Who dares to fumble at my gateway here. I'll have no trespassing upon my ground!

THARDOP. Your ground! My ground! My father is the king.

This country is his kingdom. Turn this lock!

Some one has coaxed the Princess from her play,

And I am here to find her. Let me in!

ELF-KING. Wait, not so fast. I am the ruler here.

Go ask your father if this land is his.

If he says aye, tell him to prove it here.

If he can say to me, 'Give back the maid,

And I pay homage,' wide the gate will swing.

PRINCE. Then she is safe. The Princess is unharmed!

Oh, I will go to find him. He will come.

You shall not hold her in your horrid place.

The palace grounds are gay with flowers sweet;

This place is bare and ugly. She will grieve

If left for long where she has never been.

You tempted her to wander by your tricks.

She always was too trusting. I will go! (*turns*)

(*Enter the King, his father, and his retinue.*)

KING. Have you learned of the Princess, O my son?

The heralds that we sent have failed us all.

None find a trace of her.

PRINCE (*eagerly*).

Oh, I have found

See here—her cap,—her scarf! She came this way!

She is in there, but why I do not know.

Tell him to open to us this locked gate!

ELF-KING. Yes, tell me, King! Command the lock be turned.

The Prince, your son, says you rule all this land.

I wait your signal. Will you say it me?

(*The King turns away, silent. The Prince stands looking at him, wonderingly. The nobles of the retinue draw closer to comment on the situation, and the Elf King stands in front of his gate, arms folded, defiant.*)

FIRST NOBLE. The King is silent. Why does he not speak?

KNOTHAIRE. He cannot! Long ago, the story goes,
 This place was free from all the elfish band
 Until the King, once—heedless—made a pact
 That he should give—for certain worthless work
 The elves could do—this land, and never rule
 Again this bit of kingdom. Ever since
 There has been strife.

FIRST NOBLE. But can our King n'er gain
 His royal rule? Must this barred gate stand here?
 That mocks him when he stops in front of it?

KNOTHAIRE. I do not know. I think there is a charm
 That must be broken. But 'tis long ago.
 My grandsire told the story. Hush! the King!
(They draw back to position as the King turns.)

KING. I must submit. Here, I am powerless.
 This gate will never yield its lock to me. *(Turns to
 gate.)*
 But this I ask you, not as royalty—
 But as a searcher who has lost his heart,
 For such the little maiden was to me
 And would have been still more if she had stayed.
 I pray you tell me, is the Princess there?

ELF-KING. Since you do not command, and since your son
 Though yet impetuous, is daring brave
 To save his trials, I will answer you.
 Now listen!

*(The stage is very still as the King and his followers strain
 their ears to listen. From the elf woods comes the sound
 of the Princess' voice. No words can be heard. No one
 moves till the song stops.)*

PRINCE. Her voice; it is the Princess—and she sings!
She is not happy! No, she cannot be!
Why, she has none of us to play with her!
How can she sing!

KING. Hush, son. You do not know.
The elfin ways. A trick that may have been.

(The court listens again, and the song grows softer.)

ELF-KING. No trick, O King. The Princess wanders here.
We have her safe, and she shall not be harmed.
She is our princess and we hold her dear,
And she shall rule us, when she older grows.

PRINCE. No! No! My Princess shall not be your queen!
She came from far to us to learn our ways.
Oh, tell him, Father! We must have her back!

KING. O Elf King, though I know you do not hold
Our ways and customs more than thistledown
Which you may waft on any passing wind,
Still I beseech you. She is still so young
Naught does she know but flowers and blue skies,
And when our Prince, my son—our royal heir—
Had grown to man's estate, she was to be—

PRINCE. *(Breaking in)*: 'She is to be' say, rather!
(I will not)

No, never! give her up! Here will I stay.
That gate must open some time. I will wait,
And when it does, I'll find my little maid.
For she will grieve if she is left alone.
This place is barren. She has naught to do.

ELF-KING. You see your own side. Ours is beautiful.

But still, to ease your minds, the gate shall swing,
For one brief moment, while you look on us.

(Prince prepares to dash in, but is held back by an unseen force, with which he struggles. The gate swings inward toward Elfland, then swings back, and clangs shut.)

FIRST NOBLE. There flowers grow, and I saw butterflies.
How different from this place. The palace yard
Is not so blossoming, or not so wide.

KING. Come, my son. You may not linger here.
Our princess we have lost. You must not grieve.

PRINCE. Is there no way to rescue her? No way?

KING. No way. The elves have done their scheming well.
Back to the palace drear to mourn for her!

(The men stand in line while the King passes out. The Prince also bows, and while his father's back is turned, goes to the end of the line. Knothaire steps out of his place, and the line goes on without him. As the Prince looks back at the gate, Knothaire approaches him.)

KNOTHAIRE. Your Highness, I think there is yet a way.
Before my grandsire died, he often talked
Of olden tales in which these elves played parts.
He babbled of a charm which power had
To break the elfin spell and give the land
Back to the Kingdom it was taken from.
In some old book turned yellow, whose thin leaves
Are breaking with the weight of many years
Might not some mention of this charm be made?

PRINCE. In truth there might be. I will go and search,
And you, good Knothaire, stay you here and watch.

When I have found it, I will come again.

(*Prince goes out running.*)

KNOTHAIRE. Stay here—and watch! I love the Princess well:
But this place I like not. I'll hide me here
Lest any of the elves should come this way. (*Hides behind bushes that grow by wall in front of gate.*)

(*Elves come out of forest, and listen. Go toward gate and listen. Tiptoe to gate and listen. Knothaire hears them, but makes no sound.*)

HOLDUN. (*under his breath*). Is any body there? (*Listens. Then calls louder*). Ho! mortals! Gone! Gone! Gone! All! Poor things! See how the gate swings now! (*Swing gate open and shut several times, enjoying their prank. Elf King comes in, unperceived by them. Watches them; strides forward angrily.*)

ELF-KING. What! mischiefs! Dare ye tamper with the gate?
(*Elves shrink away.*)

Off! Off! before I turn you into bats!

(*Elves shriek and run. King tries gate and makes sure it is shut.*)

This gate must have a keeper! Ho, Sir Frog!

(*Frog comes out of wood.*)

You will stay here and guard this gate for me.

Your legs are long; you can step over it.

Look you, I give to you this royal sign (*gives emblem on chain*).

No one but you or I must touch this gate.

(*King goes out. Frog sits down by gate, gloomily. Enter*

Princess wandering out of wood, her arms filled with flowers.)

PRINCESS. What lovely flowers. I may pick them all.
Yet here I have enough. I'll let them grow.
Now, I'll make garlands for my hair and dress.

(Sits down; weaves flowers.)

I need more green! *(Sees Frog)* I pray you, Master Frog,
Get me some leaves from off the bushes there.

FROG. I cannot, Princess. I must guard the gate.

PRINCESS. Oh, dear! I've strewn my flowers all around.
Can you not leave the gate, good Master Frog?

(Frog shakes head. Princess gathers flowers in her dress; goes over and gets her leaves. Comes back and sits down under the wall, in front of gate. She weaves her garlands, humming as she works.)

Prince enters from other side. He brings a huge book.)

PRINCE. I have found it. I have found the charm.
It is so simple, yet so very hard—

(reads)

"IF MORTAL MAID MAY OPEN GATE TO
MAN,
THEN ELVES MUST FLEE TO 'SCAPE THE
KINGLY BAN."

So says the book—'tis old, but very clear.
Look you! *(he shows book—they read it).*

KNOTHAIRE. The Princess sits in there. I heard her come:
And you may hear her humming if you will.

(Prince listens. Says slowly.)

"If mortal maid"—the Princess mortal is—

"May open gate to man"—to you, or me.

(Suddenly, as the truth burst on him.)

My father has the land! Is there no lock?

KNOTHAIRE. I know not. Now, a frog is keeping guard.

If we could tempt him hither! Listen!

PRINCE. Hush!

(In pantomime, Knothaire shows Prince the best place to hide on the other side of the wall from the Princess. Prince crouches there.)

PRINCESS. What gate is that which you may never leave?

FROG. The gate by which you came to Elfland.

PRINCESS. I came? I have forgotten that. It seems
As though I've been here always, though I dreamed
Of palace courtyards, and of—

PRINCE. *(Princess dear!)*

FROG. What's that?

PRINCESS. *(Naught but a frequent dream of mine.)*
It seems as though I could remember more—
Just now I thought there was a prince who played—
(muses)

It is not clear. Why must you watch that gate?

FROG. I do not know. I do not like the task.
There, in the woods, are flies, and juicy slugs.
They do not come here.

PRINCESS. Then why do you stay?

FROG. The Elf King told me to.

KNOTHAIRE.

I have a plan.

Stay close beside the wall, and do not speak,—
Not even if you hear your playmate's voice.

(*goes to gate*)

What gate is this which bars the traveller's way?

FROG. (*Standing up. Looking over gate.*)

Who are you, and what do you want in here?

KNOTHAIRE. In there? Why should I want to go in there?

What is in there? I wandered on this way,

And here I find a wall all damp and wet

Where flies and slugs clink. (*picks them off*). See how
big they are!

FROG (*looks on his side of the wall for them*).

Flies? And slugs? There are none over here!

Give some to me!

KNOTHAIRE. There, then—and there—and there—(*giving them
to him*)

Why do you not come over on this side?

The gate is fast and you can watch from here?

FROG. (*to himself*) The royal emblem—and I must not stir!

But one cannot eat jewels. Flies and slugs!

Can you not get me more, and give them me?

KNOTHAIRE. Why yes, but I will gather for you, too.

You shall stay close beside your stupid gate

While in the forest I find dozens more.

FROG. I will come, then. (*Jumps over.*) I can go back as quick.

Come gather them.

PRINCE. My Princess, can you hear?

FROG. Who is that, and what says he? (*Prepares to jump
back.*) Back I go!

KNOTHAIRE (*detaining him*). Oh, no, he is a wanderer. Oft
he sits

For hours singing songs and chanting lays.

He is not harmful. See, these slugs are big!

(*Frog eats.*)

(*Princess, busy weaving half listens, dropping her work slowly as Prince talks.*)

PRINCE. My Princess, can you hear? I pray you think
How you and I—it was but yesterday—
Were playing in the courtyard in the sun.
You said, "When I am queen, I will do thus!"
Do you remember?

PRINCESS. Am I dreaming now?

PRINCE. Will you come back to courtyard games again.
You are enchanted in the Elf-King's thrall.
Break off the spell that binds your memory;
Swing in the gate—

FROG. "The gate!" What says he now?

KNOTHAIRE. Oh, he but dreams. Shall I go in the wood?
The slugs are thick.

FROG. Would your friend guard the gate?

KNOTHAIRE. Aye, that he would.

FROG. Then I will go with you.
I will return.

PRINCE. Oh, Princess, try the gate!

PRINCESS. It seems as though I hear a voice I know.
There are no people here. Who can it be?

PRINCE. The gate, quick, quick, before the Frog returns.

PRINCESS. The Frog. He guards this gate. Why, where is he?

(Elves start out of woods.)

I'll see if it will open for my touch.

(Elves run in front of gate.)

HOLDUN. No, Princess, no! You cannot touch the gate!

(to Lota)

Go to the King, and tell him Frog has gone.

PRINCESS (sighing).

Oh, well, it was another dream I had.

I have forgotten now. Look! See my wreath!

Would you like one? I will not give you this,

But yonder in the forest is a heap

Of flowers that I left to gather these.

If you will bring them, I will twine you one.

(She goes back and sits down. Elf hesitates.)

HOLDUN. She has forgot her dreams. I will go fast.

The garlands are so pretty when I dance.

(Runs into forest.)

(Princess gets up and runs to gate.)

PRINCESS. Come gate! I swing you open. Open wide!

I do not believe that it was all a dream. (Opens gate.)

(Prince rushes in; falls on one knee before the Princess.)

PRINCE. Oh, Princess dear! Have you forgot us now?

Forgot the castle and my father's hall?

The throne room where we play? Oh, come with me!

PRINCESS. Why, no! How could I not remember these!

How far we are from home! How do we go?

(Enter Elf King.)

ELF-KING. The gate is open. Who are you who dare
To enter the Elf Kingdom?

PRINCE. I may dare
All things, for now the gate is opened wide.
"If mortal maid may open gate to man
Then elves must flee, to 'scape the Kingly ban."
This is my father's land, and you shall go.
(*Enter Knothaire and Frog. Frog slinks to side of
Prince.*)
Here is the book in which the charm is writ.
And here the seal, sealed with a mark like this.
(*Lifts seal from Frog's neck.*)

ELF-KING (*furiously, to Frog*).
You dared to leave the gate! You shall be turned—

PRINCE. You shall with me come back to castle yard,
Where all the slugs that you can eat are hid
In moss-grown walls. And you (*to Elf-king*) sirrah, shall
pay
Your forfeit to the Princess! Then, depart
Forever far from here. (*Listens.*) My father speaks!
(*Enter King on outside.*)

KING. Hallo! where is my son! Hallo! I fear
His rashness will lead him to try to gain
The Princess. Ho! where is my son, the Prince?

FIRST NOBLE. Within the charmed ground—within the gate.

PRINCE (*to Knothaire*).
Conduct my father hither. (*To Elf-king.*) Bring the
gold!

(Elf-king goes out, followed by Elves.)

The charm is broken. Here the Princess stands.
The gate is fallen, and the wall falls fast.
The Elf-king will pay forfeit e'er he leaves
Your Kingdom unmolested.

KING. 'Tis well done.

(The Elves bring bags of gold and lay at the feet of the Princess. The Elf-king enters and stands waiting before the King.)

PRINCESS. My garlands all are withered.

PRINCE. Do not care—
There are more flowers in the courtyard walls.
Come, let us go for them.

ELF-KING. You have the gold.

KING. Then, go at once, and never more return.
(Elf-king goes off across stage, followed by Elves, sadly.)

PRINCE. Oh King, my father, we have found the maid
Who wandered from us. Let us spread the news,
And orders give that all a feast may hold.

KING. It shall be done. And Princess sweet, I pray
Leave not the palace on another day!
Take her, my son! Let all the people know!
To hold the court rejoicing we will go.
The Elves are banished and the land is free.
The maid returns with us! Let feasting be!

THE CHRISTMAS ELVES



1868

1868

CHARACTERS

BOY	}	8 to 10.
GIRL		
MOTHER		Older girl.
SANTA		Older boy.
DOLLS		soldiers
		girls } 7 to 9.
SANDMAN		Older boy.
ELVES		7 to 9.

MUSIC

FIRST LULLABY	to Sandman's entrance.
SECOND LULLABY	for Sandman—to Dolls.
MARCH	for Dolls.
THIRD LULLABY	for Children.
SKIP	for Elves.

COSTUMES

BOY.

Pajamas with red border—red bed slippers. Carries candle-stick. Lighted candle if possible.

GIRL.

Night-gown—red slippers—red hair ribbon. Carries doll and candle-stick.

MOTHER.

Dark house dress.

SANTA.

Usual costume.

DOLLS.

White dresses, red sashes (cambric) red bows on hair—red stockings.

SOLDIERS.

Military clothes. Cap and sword would be sufficient. The dolls must be very stiff-legged.

SANDMAN.

Brown doublet and knickerbockers—long feather in small brown cap. Bag on hip—brown stockings. Pointed tips to shoes if possible.

ELVES.

Red bloomers, green pinafore jerkins, red stockings. Belt of red. Small red pointed cap with sprig of holly in it and paper bell on end—larger paper bell on belt.

(If the dolls are to be elves, the girls may wear red skirts over their dresses. The waists would be alike for girls or boys.)

DIRECTIONS

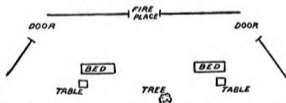
This pantomime may be very naturally done. The game of tag at the beginning must be spirited. The children go constantly from one part of the stage to the other. The boy never really catches the girl, but only follows her trying to get her, so she need not wait for his move, but must lead. The mother's part of the pantomime has nothing unusual in it. She should be at all times dignified.

The Sandman dance, like all the rest of the pantomime dances, must be constantly rehearsed. If it can be done often in front of a new audience who point out the first place the meaning is not clear, the dance will be more effective. It is very easy to suit the music to the steps, omitting or rearranging a little.

The dolls' dance, and the first entrance of the elves are as simple as form dances can be made. The children find no trouble in fitting the motions to the music. It is harder for small children to keep stiff than an older person realizes, and these dances were made short for that reason.

Every elf, in the last part, must have his own work to do. Some bring in the presents, some fill the stockings, some trim the tree. But every one must know just what he does, and just when he does it, and this order should never be changed in rehearsing unless it is final, else there will be moments when only one child is moving and others, a bit later, when there will be a mad scramble.

THE CHRISTMAS ELVES



SETTING—A nursery—two beds, two tables, fire-place in center back. Back of fireplace hung with thick, full black curtain—divided in center to make entrance.

MUSIC—Lullaby. (This is played while the action goes on. The children do not keep time.)

Two children, boy and girl, run in, boy chasing girl. Both carry candlesticks. Girl dodges behind her bed—Boy tries to catch her, till he hears Mother coming; then he hides behind bed.

Mother enters—children jump out at her as she comes down center. The children dance about her, then run to fireplace and hang up stockings. Girl finishes first, runs back to bed, tucks dolls in, crawls to foot of bed, where mother stands, kisses her and gets under the covers. Meanwhile boy crawls under bed. Mother looks for him under up stage side; he crawls out down stage. She shakes her head and counts ten by holding up one finger at a time. He scrambles into bed.

Mother puts out light. Boy sits up. Mother pushes him down—puts out girl's light, leaves room.

MUSIC CHANGES. Sandman enters through the fireplace—

SANDMAN'S DANCE

MUSIC, Lullaby.

Sandman enters room through fireplace. He puts head in, and looks all around him first to see if every one has gone. He walks on tiptoe, very much exaggerated. Stopping twice on the way to look all about him, particularly behind, he goes to girl's bed, looks at her, stands with finger on lip (pose). Goes to boy's bed, suddenly hides behind the head of boy's bed, as if in fear of being seen. Looks at boy (pose). Tiptoes to one door, listens there, hand behind ear (pose).

Skips over to the other door, listens there, (pose). Throws handful of sand out door, skips to center of the room, stands at foot of girl's bed, throws sand over girl, turns to boy, throws sand over boy. Then skips around room, throwing sand all about. Goes to center of room, turns bag upside down to show that it is empty, and goes out backward through the fireplace, finger on lips.

As he goes out, the music changes, and the dolls enter. The toy soldiers enter from the boy's door, the dolls from the girl's. All the dolls movements are stiff.

FIRST FIGURE. *The dolls march in circle around beds, (eight measures).*

SECOND FIGURE: *They reverse direction, jump on both feet twice (one measure), and take four steps. (Second measure.) Repeat for six measures.*

THIRD FIGURE: *Reverse direction, whirl twice, taking care that each line whirls in the same direction, (one measure); walk four steps. (2nd measure). Repeat for six measures.*

FOURTH FIGURE: *From the circle they run forward and make a straight line down the center, meeting partner. Those at the foots of the beds will only move a little. Those at the head of the bed will separate, half of them running to the front and half of them to the back of the bed, keeping the line formation. When they are in a line they all bow together. This takes four measures. Then, giving partner both hands, they slide out the fireplace, quickly, (four measures).*

LULLABY. *Children sit up in bed—rub eyes, get out of bed and run to fireplace. Look in fireplace. Disappointed—cry. Mother enters. Children pull her to center front. Ex-*

plain what they dreamed. Dance as dolls danced. Point to fireplace.

MOTHER *points to bed. Children run to bed and get in.*

Mother *tucks up.*

Sleigh bells outside. Children listen. Mother pretends not to hear—children lie down. Mother leaves room—sleighbells. Children sit up, shake heads. Lie down. Sleighbells. Children sleep.

SCHOTTISH. *Santa peers through fireplace. Enters. Elves enter in two lines. Prance around bed. Santa goes to girl's bed—writes list. To boy's bed—repeat. Hands one list to leader of each side as elves go out.*

Elves return, bringing packages, tree, etc. Some trim tree, others fill stockings. When work is finished, they leap to back of room.

Elves exeunt—through fireplace—Santa first, or hold tableau as curtain falls.

THE INDIAN CAMP,



CHARACTERS

MONOTÓNA

The daughter of the Chief

WANÓBA

The Chief.

THE RUNNER

INDIAN MEN

INDIAN WOMEN

DIRECTIONS

This pantomime is valuable when taken up in connection with history work, because from their studies of Indian life the children can supply much of the action themselves. The children should be encouraged to review their knowledge of an Indian camp before the story of the pantomime is told them at all. Those games outlined here may serve as suggestions to the teacher. The children who propose certain actions may be given that part of the work to carry out, for while their ideas will not be definite enough to use, it is better to elaborate from them, than to take up an entirely new set.

This is ideally adapted for outdoor work. The children who build the fire must be taught to make it of light twigs that will soon burn down into coals. The fire is used only as a symbol, and no cooking is really done with it. Also, there is less danger from a small fire. Indoors, the fire is laid but not lighted, though the actions go on about it just the same.

There must be implements for all the action, real bowls for the grinding of meal, real jars for the carrying of water, real bows and

arrows, real baskets, etc. If utensils cannot be obtained that look like Indian ware, they may be shaped out of clay, and colored with paints. These articles will not bear rough handling, but will do very well, for one performance.

No instruction need be given for the costuming, as most children have Indian suits, and these may be copied out of khaki, or brown cambric for the rest. The runner from the other camp should wear a different suit or color.

This pantomime might well serve as the finishing entertainment of a year's work, in which the children make their own costumes, fashion their own bows and arrows and pottery, and weave their own baskets. However, it can be given with much less preparation.

The tents can be made of canvas, or simply of saplings tied at the top, in the form of an Indian Tepee. Brown paper may cover them if nothing better offers. There should be enough tents to hold all the actors, but if this is impossible, some of them may come from the sides, as if there were more tents out of sight.

As large a space as possible is left in the center.

THE INDIAN CAMP

SCENE, *early morning. The wigwams stand about the stage, their openings toward the center of the circle. From the one nearest the audience on the right hand side, steals out Monotóna, the daughter of Wanóba, the Chief. She goes to the center back of stage, and facing the east (or the right of stage) stands motionless (pose) with her hand over her eyes, waiting for the rising of the sun. At last she sees it coming up, and gives the ceremony of greeting. She holds*

both hands straight above her head, as high as they will go (pose); then slowly lowers them to the side straight out from the shoulder, palms up (pose) brings them around to the front, palms still up (pose). Then she drops them, and goes back to the tent.

The warriors come out, bound for an early morning hunt. As they step out from the tent opening, they at once face the east, and give the ceremony of greeting, not together, but as they come, without paying any attention to each other. Then they prepare for the hunt. They take down their bows from the side of the tent, where they hang, and try them to be sure that the strings are strong. One or two shoot a trial arrow into the sky. When all is ready, the Chief steps from the wigwam. They stand still while he gives the ceremony of greeting and then behind him, go off in the forest, single file.

As they go, the women come out. They do not greet the sun, but go at once about the daily duties. These are portioned off, so that each knows just what she is to do. Some of them go for water. At one side stands a big jar, made by covering the sides of a small hogshead with brown paper, and coloring it in imitation of the pottery. Some of the women carry water in smaller jars to fill this. Some of them build the fire, pretending to light it by twirling a stick in a grooved stone, or by blowing the ashes till they flame up. If matches are used they must be handled as inconspicuously as possible. Some grind the meal between stones, and go for the water which the others have brought in, to wash it. Outdoors the washing can be done, but inside it must only be suggested. When the meal is ground and moistened, it is spread on flat

stones before the fire. The fire burning, one woman stays to watch it and the others go for short excursions into the wood bringing back a few sticks each time. It is to be impressed on the children that they are not to leave the stage for long.

Some of the women bring out the papooses in their papoose cradles, and hang them on the trees, or the sides of the tent. These places should be prepared beforehand.

When the work is all done, the women fall to work at their manual work, baskets, bead work, pottery, etc. At no time must the stage be lacking motion, however. Now, one crosses to fill a cup to moisten her clay. Now, another goes into her tent for more raffa. A good bit of action would be to have a smaller child tip over the mother's bead box and be reproved for it, while the mother tries to pick up the beads.

Suddenly, they all look off. The warriors are coming home. The women put their work away and stand at the back of the stage, out of the warriors' way, waiting for them.

First comes the Chief, who goes directly to the entrance of his tepee, and stands there, arms folded, viewing the scene. Next, come two of the warriors bearing a litter on which, under heaps of green leaves they carry the body of the deer which they have shot. This is so covered as not to be visible at all. After them, follow the rest of the band. One Indian goes to the tom-tom (which may be a drum, with its bright colors concealed) which two of the women have carried to a place directly in front of the litter, in the center of the circle. He sits cross-legged before it, and waits till the warriors are all in a circle around him. Then he commences to beat the tom-tom.

The real Indian dance is simply varying forms of rhythm.

This dance may be made as complex as your tom-tom player can beat and your boys follow. Beginning with a slow beat for every step, he may quicken it till the men are springing. They vary their movement by turning around where they stand at about every eight steps. The best rhythm is one accented beat, followed by three unaccented, but from this beginning any number of developments may be made. The same step (a step, hop on right foot, step, hop on left foot to four counts) gives quite a different effect when it is danced to the following beats. (1) One accented followed by three unaccented. (2) One accented followed by one unaccented. (3) One accented followed by two unaccented. (Generally they will give two hops to this measure.) (4) Two accented, followed by two unaccented. (5) Two accented followed by one accented. A little practise will show you the best use in your case.

The dance does not last long, because the men are tired from hunting. One by one they throw themselves out of the circle and on to the ground. When there are only six or eight left, the Chief steps forward, and the dancing stops.

The Chief's daughter brings a pile of skins from the tent for her father to sit on. Two of the men carry off the litter into the forest, and some of the women follow to prepare the deer for food.

The men sit quietly, until suddenly at the back, an Indian not of their tribe appears. He is a runner from a friendly tribe, come to give and to get gifts. The Chief rises, raises his right arm and hand high in the air as the runner comes down before him. The runner raises his arm in reply. This is the "friend" sign. Then he offers the Chief his present, a fine

fur, a big bowl of berries, or anything else that is fitting. The Chief summons his daughter, who stands by his side, and points to the tent. She goes in, brings out a piece of bead work which she gives to the Chief. He gives it to the runner. Then he walks to the head of the circle and sits down, motioning the runner to sit at his right hand. The rest of the band complete the circle.

His daughter, without being told, has brought from the tent the peace pipe. She seems to light it with a coal from the fire, and hands it to her father. He takes a whiff or two, and then hands it to the runner; from him it goes around the circle.

While this is going on, the women who went out to attend to deer bring in jars which they set on the fire. These are tended by some one of them.

When the peace pipe has gone the rounds, the Chief hands it to his daughter who stands waiting. She takes it into the tent. He rises, and faces the runner who has also risen. Giving the sign of "friend" again, the runner starts off stopping at the place where he entered and giving the sign for the last time.

If it is desired here, Indian games may be introduced. The circle rises and goes back to its former places, the Chief sitting on his heap of skins. A bow and arrow contest, a race, in which the two competing leave the stage, and return, one a trifle before the other, (or if it is given outdoors, a real race which may be watched by the audience), a stone-throwing contest, or anything else appropriate that the boys themselves may suggest. At the end of these, or at the departure of the runner, the women get their bowls and fill them from the big

bowl by the fire. They serve the men, waiting in a group at the back of the stage till they have finished. Monotóna serves her father, but she fills another bowl and hides it around the side of her tent, in full view of the audience.

But the day is coming to a close. When the men lay down their bowls, the Chief rises and walks to the front of the stage, facing left. He makes the sign of ceremony of farewell to the sun, which is the same as the ceremony of greeting, except that the palms are turned downward. Then he walks to the entrance of his hut. The women steal into their tents. The men go to the openings of them, turning before they go in, and making the "friend" sign to the Chief who stands immovable. As the last man goes in, except one, the Chief returns the sign and goes in. Monotóna, who has been hiding around the side of the wigwam, peers around the edge at the man who is left, who is sentinel. Picking up the bowl she had hidden, she goes over to him and offers it as he stands motionless, arms folded, in the exact center of the stage. He takes and drinks it, giving the bowl back to her. With one look back at him, just before she is out of sight, she goes into her tent. The sentinel tests his bow and arrows, and going to the center of the back, sits down cross-legged back to the audience, to keep watch while the others sleep.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FROST.



100 - 100
100 - 100

CHARACTERS

JACK FROST	A slender girl about ten years.
SUMMER	An older girl.
AUTUMN	An older girl.
DAISIES	Twelve girls, seven to nine years.
ROSES	Twelve girls ten to twelve years.
GOLDENRODS	Twelve girls about twelve years.
ELVES	From eight to sixteen boys, seven to nine years.

COSTUMES

JACK FROST.

Dress of canton flannel, knee length and cut in six points. From each point hangs a tiny glass icicle. Over the shoulders a bertha hangs with icicle tipped points and the arms are bare. All over the dress hangs thread tinsel, and from a crown of tinsel and icicles the threads hang through her loose hair. On her left hip she carries a big bag of frost, which she throws in the dance. White shoes and stockings.

SUMMER.

Dress of white, falling from neck to hem, and held in with a loose flower band around the waist. A crown of flowers on her flowing hair. She carries an armful of flowers.

AUTUMN.

Dress of dark brown, slashed from ankle to knee. Loose waist

falling over skirt, and slashed from waist to knee, semi-Indian style. Autumn leaves in her hair, and caught here and there on her dress. Large armful of leaves. Brown shoes and stockings.

DAISIES.

Dresses of green, not too full. Big hats with yellow crowns and daisy petal brims.

ROSES.

Dresses of green, like the daisies. Big rose hats.

GOLDENROD.

Dress of green. Bonnet of tiny curled yellow petals put solid all over it. This bonnet frames the face closely and falls down in back to waist to give the effect of the length of the flower. They carry long wands with leaves growing from them.

ELVES.

Jumpers and bloomers of dark green, with here and there an elf dressed all in yellow or all in red. They wear little tight caps. These have had autumn leaves on them. They carry branches and bunches of autumn leaves in one hand, and pots of paint, covered with red or yellow, and big paint brushes in the other.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FROST

SCENE: *A garden. At the back stands a throne, decked with green vines. On this, Summer is sitting, with her flowers grouped about her. As the curtain rises, twelve Daisies run on. Six from each side.*

DAISY DANCE

TIME: four-four skip.

FIRST FIGURE: *From entrance Daisies skip in circle 8 measures.*

SECOND FIGURE: *Face partner in circle. Slide two steps o right (first measure); (this brings six Daisies in the center of the circle, and six outside); turn around (second measure) with hands on hips turn body and bow to left and right (third measure); turn around (fourth measure); skip to partners' place, around and back to own, without stopping (fifth and sixth measures); slide to steps left back to place in circle (seventh measure) and turn around (eighth measure).*

THIRD FIGURE: *All face center. Six Daisies skip four times to center (first measure); take hands, skip toward right four times (second measure); skip left four times; (third measure) skip back to place. Partners skip left in outside circle eight times; skip right eight times. Repeat changing places, eight measures.*

FOURTH FIGURE: *Face partner. Repeat the second figure, sliding to left.*

FIFTH FIGURE: *Repeat third figure.*

SIXTH FIGURE: *Six Daisies stand in place. Their partners skip in and out, completing circle in four measures. First Daisies skip, second stand still (eight measures).*

SEVENTH FIGURE: *Repeat sixth figure.*

EIGHTH FIGURE: *In partners Daisies skip around circle. As they reach their own places, the circle breaks and they run to the foot of the Queen's throne, and sit down as the music finishes.*

At close of dance, Summer rises from her seat, comes down center and looks off stage. As if she sees Autumn there, she veils her face; then beckons her Roses, who group themselves

for dance. Summer steps back; Daisies gather around the throne.

DANCE. Waltz music.

PARTNERS. Roses, with garland, go forward till they stand in squares.



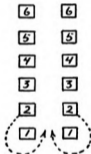
FIRST FIGURE: Face with right hand in center. Step right, posing body forward on right foot, raising garland in right hand (*flying Mercury position*) (one two three) (one measure). Step back on left, pointing right in front, right hand across in front of waist (second measure). Waltz twice, beginning with right foot (third and fourth measure); step right, swing left (fifth measure); step left swing right (sixth measure). Repeat (seventh and eighth measures). This brings the Rose one quarter of the way around the circle. Repeat four times, which brings Rose back to place.

SECOND FIGURE: All face forward. Number twos waltz forward twice starting with right foot (first and second measure) step right, swing left (third measure); step left swing right

(fourth measure); repeat step and swing four times fifth to eighth measures. Number ones step right and swing left (first measure); repeat step and swing three times second to fourth measures); waltz backward twice beginning with right foot (fifth and sixth measures); step and swing twice beginning right foot (seventh and eighth measures).

GOLDENROD DANCE

FIRST FIGURE: *In two lines of six girls each, they move toward the front of the stage with step right, point left, step left, point right.*

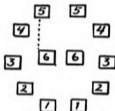


Repeat six times.

SECOND FIGURE: *Dancers face each other. The leaders on the ends advance with same step once with each foot. They hold up their wands and cross them, making an arch. The rest of the line advance, coming down front turning and going under the arch. The second couple take their places directly beside the first, up stage, the third beside the second,*

and so on till all six have passed. The sixth couple have passed under the arch made by the other five. This takes sixteen steps.

THIRD FIGURE: *When all are in their places, the sixth couple step forward and the ten other girls move directly out into a circle, stepping backward with same step point. At the same time, they swing their wands in toward the circle. Each center girl holds five wands in her outside hand. This takes eight steps.*



Number twos pass on the inside of number ones, and on the outside going back.

Repeat this step, with number ones advancing and number twos retreating.

Repeat from the first of the second measure.

FOURTH FIGURE: *Dancers face with left hand in center.*

Step left, posing body forward on left foot (as in first figure) (one measure); step back on right, pointing left foot in front, swinging garland in left hand across body (second measure); waltz twice beginning with the right foot (third and fourth measures); step right, swing left and repeat three times (fifth to eighth measures).

Repeat three times, each time advancing a quarter way around the square.

FIFTH FIGURE: *Repeat second figure.*

As dance is nearing the close, Summer looks down the pathway and hastily gathering her daisies about her departs. A few of these, as the dance ends, run to Roses and try to pull them away. The Roses stop, turn to look and, frightened, run off the stage, just as the Autumn elves run on. These carry pots which are supposed to contain yellow and red paint and big brushes. They chase the flowers, brandishing their paint brushes, and rub these over one or two of the last flowers. When all the flowers have disappeared, they go to work to transform the scenery. They carry bunches of autumn leaves, which they put on the bushes. Some of them pull down the summer vines and put up autumn ones. This is done in such a manner that it appears that the Elves are turning the green ones, not taking them down and putting others in its place. This work goes on busily, till all the scene has an autumn tinge and then one Elf looks off, runs to his companions, pointing off. These turn and look off, pointing and nodding to each other, showing in pantomime that some one is coming. They run to the very edge of the scenery, and sit cross-legged around the scene, while Autumn and her attendants come in.

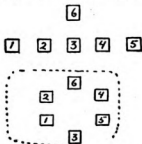
Autumn comes in ahead of the attendants. She walks to the center of the throne, and takes her seat, while the Golden-rods follow, standing in two lines each side of the throne. The chief of the Elves brings up a heap of autumn leaves for her inspection, and shows her (in pantomime) that they have finished their work. Autumn slowly looks around, then nods

approval, and the Elf retires. Then, the Goldenrod form a semicircle, in front of the throne and kneel, with hands outstretched as if asking a favor. Autumn bows her head as if granting it. The Goldenrod bend their heads in obeisance and then rise.

SIXTH FIGURE: In circle, ten girls step point eight times, facing right. Center girls turn as their wands turn.

SEVENTH FIGURE: Ten girls turn left and come back to places.

EIGHTH FIGURE: The two center girls each go to a position behind the center girl of the five whose wands she holds. At



the same time, the ten girls form in two straight lines of five girls, facing the audience. They carry their own wands. From the line formation the three center girls on each side step forward so that their final position is in a small circle with the center girl nearest the audience and the girl who held the wands opposite her.

The circle is big enough so that there is plenty of room around them for Jack Frost.

At close of Goldenrod dance, Jack Frost runs to center

back of stage. He bows low before Autumn. At sight of him, the Elves one by one creep away off the stage. As he begins his dance, the Goldenrod begin to wither. First their heads droop on their shoulders, then their shoulders sag, then they slowly fall to their knees, then sit down, and finally they fall full length, as dignifiedly giving the idea of wilting.

JACK FROST DANCE

ELF MUSIC—Bright, rhythmic.

She skips around the stage, paying no attention to flowers. At center back, she sees them and comes down to investigate. By the time her dance begins they have fallen flat, and she goes around each one, shaking her head sorrowfully, holding out her hands as if to beg them to get up and dance with her. Then, she begins her dance again, but not as joyously as before. She breaks it off after a few bars, and goes back to look at them again. Then she stands in the center and calls down the frost from the air. This gesture is made with the arms between the waist and shoulder, palms up, waving the arms sidewise, and gathering the frost in. Then, she scatters the frost from her bag, on the sleeping flowers. At first, she is sad, but gradually she forgets that she killed them, and only remembers the joy of her work, so as she finishes frosting the last one she is skipping. Then, she skips about the stage again, in and out among the flowers, scattering the whole world with frost. She gives the throne of Autumn, who has slipped away at the beginning of the dance, a generous shower, and then springing up, stands, on the seat of the chair, if possible, if not straight in front of it, and flinging two big handfuls of frost straight overhead, she stands with her hands in the air while the frost settles about her.

THE QUEST OF THE BUTTERFLY



CHARACTERS

BIG BUTTERFLY	Girl of twelve.
SECOND BIG BUTTERFLY	Girl of twelve.
12 to 24 FAIRIES	Girls from 10 to 12 years.
12 to 24 WOOD-ELVES	Boys or girls from 10 to 12.
12 to 24 BUTTERFLIES	Girls from 7 to 10 years.

MUSIC

For the Fairies' dance till the entrance of the Wood-elves—Waltz.

For the Wood-elves—Skipping Tune four-four time.

For the Butterflies—two-four or six-eight time. Smooth music.

COSTUMES

BUTTERFLY.

White cheesecloth, stenciled around the edges like butterfly spots. Soft wings fasten in the back, and reach to the fingers where they are held by threads. The two big butterflies have gorgeous wings. The rest of the flock are less elaborate.

FAIRIES.

Pastel shades of tarletan over white, or dainty colors, pink over lavender, lavender over blue, etc. Flowers around the neck and sleeves and worn in the hair, also flowers dotting the dress.

WOOD-ELVES.

Green bloomers and green jerkins trimmed with autumn leaves. Tight green cap, edged with leaves.

DIRECTIONS

One needs at least twelve each of fairies, wood-elves and butterflies. It is best to use girls for the entire pantomime. (Boys of this age do not lend themselves well to fairy plays.) As many more as the stage will hold can be used. If there are a large number of fairies, divide them into groups of three, treating each group as a person. If there are only twelve, each fairy acts alone.

These fairies dance, not in a line, but directly to their place in the circle from the point she enters. If possible, not more than three fairies come from the same place. They are to dance toward the center from the outside with as little previous planning evident as possible.

No child must cross the center of the circle, because that would break the magic. Different modes of dancing may be taken up by the teacher, who explains that all fairies do not dance alike, because the fairies do not feel alike. Some of them hop, some twirl, some skip, some run. The only thing they do not do is *walk*.

When each fairy, (or group of fairies) reaches the stage she stops to be sure she has heard music after all. Putting her hand behind her ear she listens. This is not done in entire unison. Any gesture like this will for convenience be called a "pose," and every pose is to be held long enough for "one, two, three, four" to be counted slowly. Each pose is meant to convey a distinct idea to the audience, and must be held long enough for them to see the position and recognize its meaning.

After listening, the fairies dance on around the magic ring. Encircling it three times, they join hands and dance around

it once more to weld it more tightly, when a butterfly enters.

The *Butterfly's* steps are very tiny, and her arms keep the big wings constantly in motion, unless she is discouraged or just waiting, when her wings drop. She imitates floating as well as possible.

At the entrance of the *Butterfly*, the fairies stop dancing. She approaches one of them, and stands with her wings full spread (pose). This is her way of asking them to dance with her. The fairy (or group of fairies) shake their heads, shake their shoulders and turn their backs, watching what is going on over their shoulders.

The *Butterfly* tries them all, going, not from one straight around the circle, but from one to another as she chooses, always assuming the pose. As she gives her invitation to the last one, who refuses her as the others did, one fairy leaves her place, and flying around the circle, whispers in each fairy's ear. As she passes, that fairy drops down, with her face in her arm, pretending to be asleep, but watching under her upraised arm to see what will happen now.

The *Butterfly*, astonished, and not understanding what has happened, flies around each fairy, peering at her. While she is near the fairy pretends to be asleep, and the other fairies watch.

But, when they see that the intruder does not intend to go away, they spring up and try to form the magic ring again. But they are so annoyed by the approaches of the *Butterfly*, that whenever she starts to come near a fairy, that fairy dances straight out of the circle and off into the woods.

While the *Butterfly* stands thinking, a crowd of woodelves come skipping in in groups of threes. Without paying any

attention to her, they frolic, and through she tries her best, she cannot make them notice her.

THE WOOD-ELVES' DANCE is as follows:

In groups of three.

Skip eight times, which brings them into the circle from the outside.

Skip in circle one way eight times.

Skip in circle other way eight times.

In circle of six, no time being given to change.

Skip in circle of six eight times one way.

Skip in circle of six eight times other way.

Skip in circle of all eight times one way.

Skip in circle of all eight times other way.

Sit cross-legged

Face in twos and clap as follows, no time being given to take position:

Hands on knees, (one), hands together, (two), hands on partners, (three, four,).

Repeat.

Hands on knees, (one), hands together, (two), right hand on partner's right, (three), together (four) left hand on partner's left (one), together, (two) on knees, (three, four).

Repeat this with same partner, then turn back to back, and play twice with new partner, no time given for change of partners. Link arms with new partner and skip off into wood. (This is simply "Bean Porridge Hot" clapped to counting.)

All this time the *Butterfly* has been going from one to another, trying to get in the skipping circles, trying to clap with them, first here and then there, and when they disappear,

she hides her face in her wing, not waking up till she is touched.

Then the butterflies fly, with tiny steps, (but without shuffling) and long sweeps of their wings. Then run the whole length of the stage, then turn and wind back again, twice before they make a circle about her. Then the circle runs forward to center and touches the *Butterfly*, then runs back and stands in circle taking tiny steps in place and moving their wings while they wait for her to decide whether she will play with them.

The *Butterfly* looks up and goes to one of the other butterflies. She stretches her wings out as far as they will go, and shakes her head for the butterfly she dances with must be as big as she is. She measures all the butterflies, but none of them are big enough. The first butterfly, seeing this, flies off, and the rest of the butterflies gather honey from the flowers on the sides of the stage, crossing very often, and turning from one flower to another, so that they keep moving.

The first butterfly returns with a butterfly who is as big as the other, and the big butterfly goes to meet her, and leads her to the center, while the little butterflies go to their places in the circle. He measures her wings which are as long as his. Then the two fly off at the head of a long stream of happy butterflies.

THE QUEST OF THE BUTTERFLY

The stage is clear at the opening with flowers on the sides, but at the sound of music, the fairies dance out from behind the trees. First stopping to be sure that they heard the music, they form the fairy ring. They encircle this three

times when a butterfly, who has been flying by, and who wishes to dance with them enters the ring. At once the dancing stops, while they wait for her to go away, because, they, being fairies, do not dance with any other folk. She asks first one, then another to dance, by raising her wings high and standing perfectly still in front of her, but, though some of them try to get their neighbors to dance with her, by gently pushing them forward, they all refuse, and wait till she goes away before they continue. But the *Butterfly* is rather stupid, and cannot see why she is left alone. One of the fairies has a brilliant idea. "If we pretend we are asleep, perhaps she will go away." So she flies around the circle, whispering her thought to each, and as she passes, they drop down. The *Butterfly* cannot understand it, because a moment ago they were up and dancing, and she curiously goes around to each fairy, peeping at her, as she lies asleep. They are very still while she looks at them, but as she passes on, they watch her from beneath their eyelids hoping that she will go away.

But the *Butterfly* is persistent. The fairies were dancing before, and they will dance again. She will wait. So she stands patiently in the center of the ring, and the fairies, seeing that they cannot get rid of her, jump up and attempt to dance, but as she constantly gets in their way, they at last, as she approaches first one, then the other, fly away to the woods, leaving her alone.

By this time the wood-elves have heard the music. They romp through their dance, paying not the slightest attention to the *Butterfly*, who tries her best to play with them. When they too disappear in the forest, the *Butterfly* is so sad that she hides her face.

Meanwhile a flock of butterflies, on their search for honey come to this open space. They fly in long lines up and down until their leader sees the lonely *Butterfly*. Then they make a ring about her, and touching her remind her that they will dance with her. She looks up, and recognises her own kind, but they are all too small for her to dance with. She carefully measures each spread of wing with her own, but none is big enough. But the first *Butterfly*, finding that none of his flock will do, flies off. Until his return the butterflies flit from one bush and one flower to another gathering honey. He returns followed by a bigger butterfly. The *Butterfly* sees at once that she is the same size, and they lead the flock off in a merry flight.

THE GROWTH OF THE FLOWERS



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CHARACTERS

FROM TWELVE TO TWENTY WOOD-
ELVES

A THIRD AS MANY FLOWERS AS
ELVES

AS MANY FLOWER FAIRIES AS
FLOWERS

SUN

RAIN

EAST WIND

WEST WIND

SOUTH WIND

NORTH WIND

Eight to ten.

Girls from six to eight.

From ten to twelve.

Girls of twelve.

Girl same size.

Girls of twelve.

MUSIC

Light quick music for the wood-elves, a skipping tune. This goes on through Sun and Rain's pantomime.

The music changes to a waltz as the flower fairies enter. This lasts till the end, unless the pianist wishes to introduce new themes for the winds.

COSTUMES

WOOD-ELVES.

Green jumpers and blouses. They carry either a rake, a hoe or a spade.

FLOWERS.

Dresses of pastel shades. Long brown cloaks that cover them. Square of brown cambric over their heads when they enter.

FLOWER FAIRIES.

Dresses of leaf green, with flowers in their hair and here and there on their dresses.

SUN.

Yellow dress, with halo and darts in quiver.

RAIN.

Grey dress with long grey veil that is caught on head and comes down to tips of arms.

WINDS.

Grey floating dresses, with scarfs of different colors.

SOUTH WIND. White scarf with flowers caught on it.

WEST WIND. Grey scarf.

EAST WIND. Blue scarf.

NORTH WIND. Black scarf.

The elves prepare the ground for the seeds, and plant the seeds. Sun and Rain do their part toward making them grow, and the flower fairies come in to take care that they learn their lessons well. They show them how to meet the advances of the winds which will blow on them, and finally, having taught the flowers their lessons, dance away, leaving the flowers gaily nodding and waving in the breeze.

THE GROWTH OF THE FLOWERS

The space is clear.

From the surrounding trees, the elves steal, in groups of three. They are going to plant the flowers, but first they must make the ground their own, by making the magic ring and dancing on it. They are very much afraid at first, and look over their shoulders and run nearly back to the woods many times but finally they get their hands all joined and prance around the ring. Then their fear drops away, for nobody can drive them away now.

After they have circled the ring once, they separate in groups of three. From these groups one of them runs off stage, bringing back a pickaxe. With this, he gravely pretends to cut a hole while the other two watch, and advise him by showing him how. He takes two or three strokes, and then watches one or the other of his companions, while they show him how they would do it. When he has finished, the other two get down and look at the ground critically, to see if it suits them. One of the elves takes the pickaxe, and does a little bit that he doesn't think quite well done, while the other runs off stage, returning with a spade.

This action takes up sixteen measures of the music, and must be enlarged on until the action flows smoothly. The pantomime is repeated with the spade, the elves occasionally getting in a dumb show argument as to the best way of doing the work—an argument which is only spirited, and not in the least cross or impatient. This, like the other, occupies sixteen measures. Finally, the third elf runs off, coming back with a rake.

His work suits neither of the two others, and they endeavor to take the rake away from him. He, facing the audience rakes straight in front of him. They, standing at either side,

think the raking should be done straight in front of them. At last he runs them away from his work, and goes back to finish. They return, but do not attempt to interfere again.

When he is done, which also takes sixteen measures of the music, the other two pick up their implements, which they have laid down to teach him how to rake, and prance around their own piece of work. Then they go, still in groups, to the other work, and intimate by signs, that the others have not worked as well as they have. This is not done as a separate movement, for they only pause on their way out. They leave the stage, and return, bringing the seeds, which they carefully place on their own spot. Then they run away. This is all done in the fourth figure of sixteen measures.

The seeds are the flowers, dressed in flower dresses, with green stockings and shoes. Over this they wear a brown cape long enough to cover the dresses, and over their heads they wear a brown cambric square, so that their faces and dresses are hidden. Two elves walk between the flower and the audience so that the flower is not seen until the elves run away, and then they are only a little heap of brown with a brown hump on top. The flowers sit crouched over.

Sun enters, looking around. She is delighted when she sees the flowers, and goes over to them, looking at each one, very carefully. She dances in and out, showering them with yellow darts to represent sunbeams. She goes to each one especially, and waves her hands over it. Then she skips around the stage again, and goes off.

Rain enters very softly and quietly. She has a long grey veil which she waves over each seed. Then she waves it around the stage dancing in and out, as Sun did, but while Sun

was joyous, she is more dignified and quiet. With a last wave of her cloud toward the stage, she leaves the stage going backward and waving her cloud as she goes.

The Flower Fairies enter. They dance in and out, joining hands, dance in twos and threes around the seeds, three of them dancing around one seed, then dancing over to another. At last they break up and dance, each fairy directly to her own flower.

They stoop down, and pull off the square over the flower head. The flower has her head in her lap, her face down, and her hands under her chin. The Flower Fairy stoops down and whispers in one ear (pose). She gets all the way up, and then stoops down and whispers in the other ear (pose). Then she stands quietly behind the flowers, while they very slowly raise their heads, and their arms, bringing them up like growing leaves. When their arms are in the air, the fairies dance around and sit down in front of them, but a little to the side, so that the audience sees the front, the flowers and the side back of the fairy.

South Wind comes in, and the Flower Fairies wave their arms just a bit, in the air, to his soft breezes. The flowers do not do this, but just watch. Then West Wind comes, and the Flower Fairies wave harder, bending from their waists. Then East Wind comes, and the cutting blast reaches them, the Flower Fairies cower, their heads buried in their arms, to escape the blasts.

Then North Wind comes, and the Flower Fairies freeze, falling on their sides.

This is repeated, and the second time the flowers go through their lesson, the fairies also repeating it. Again, it is repeated,

but the third time the Flower Fairies take their places behind their flower and only watch.

After the North Wind has gone out for the last time, the fairies dance around to the front of their flowers, and giving them their hands, help them to their feet. Then they dance before them and the flowers imitate their dancing. As soon as each flower is dancing alone, the Flower Fairies dance away into the forest, and leave the flowers swaying and dancing where they have grown.

THE END





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FIVE PLAYS AND FIVE PANTOMIMES

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SIDNEY BALDWIN



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