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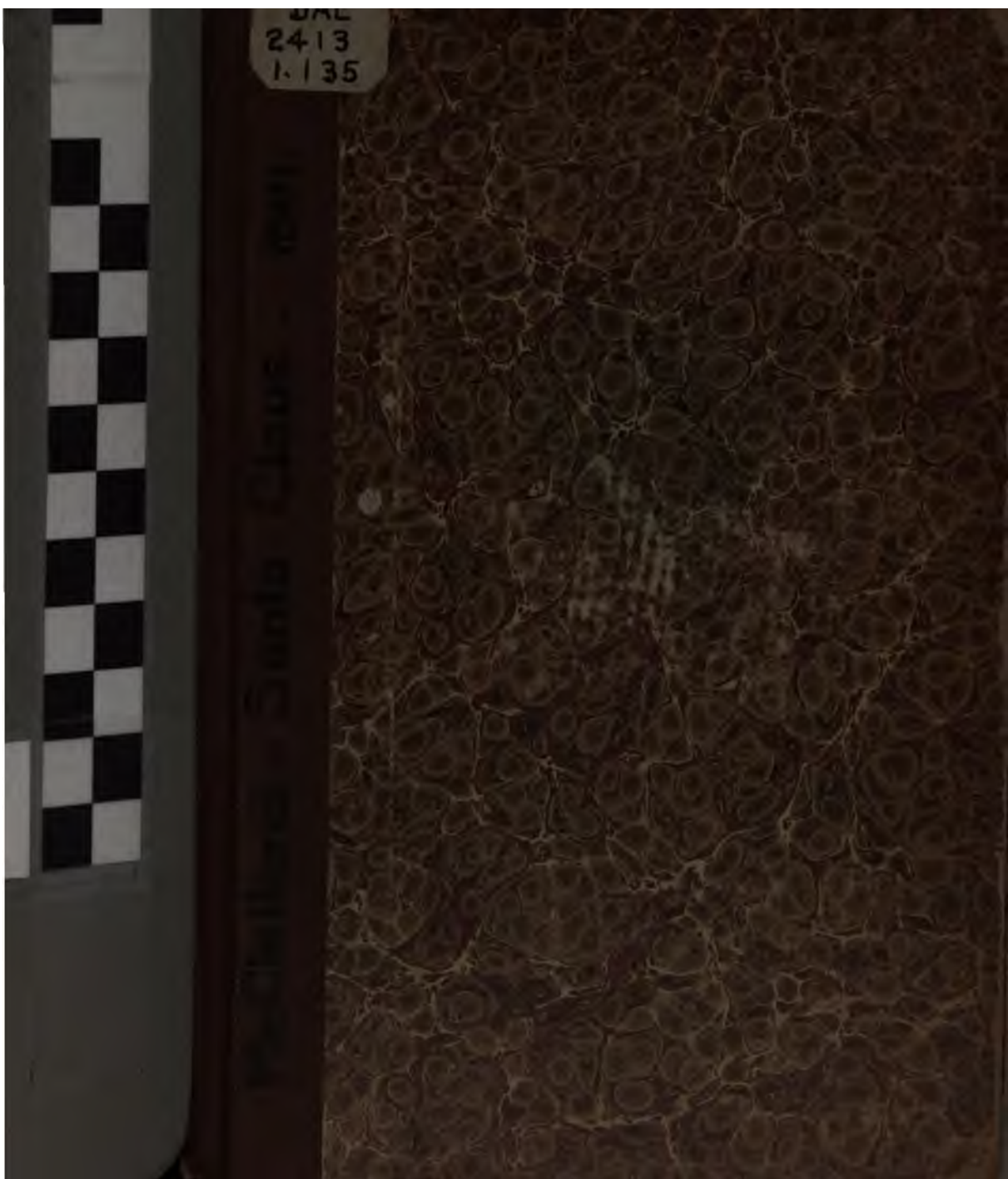
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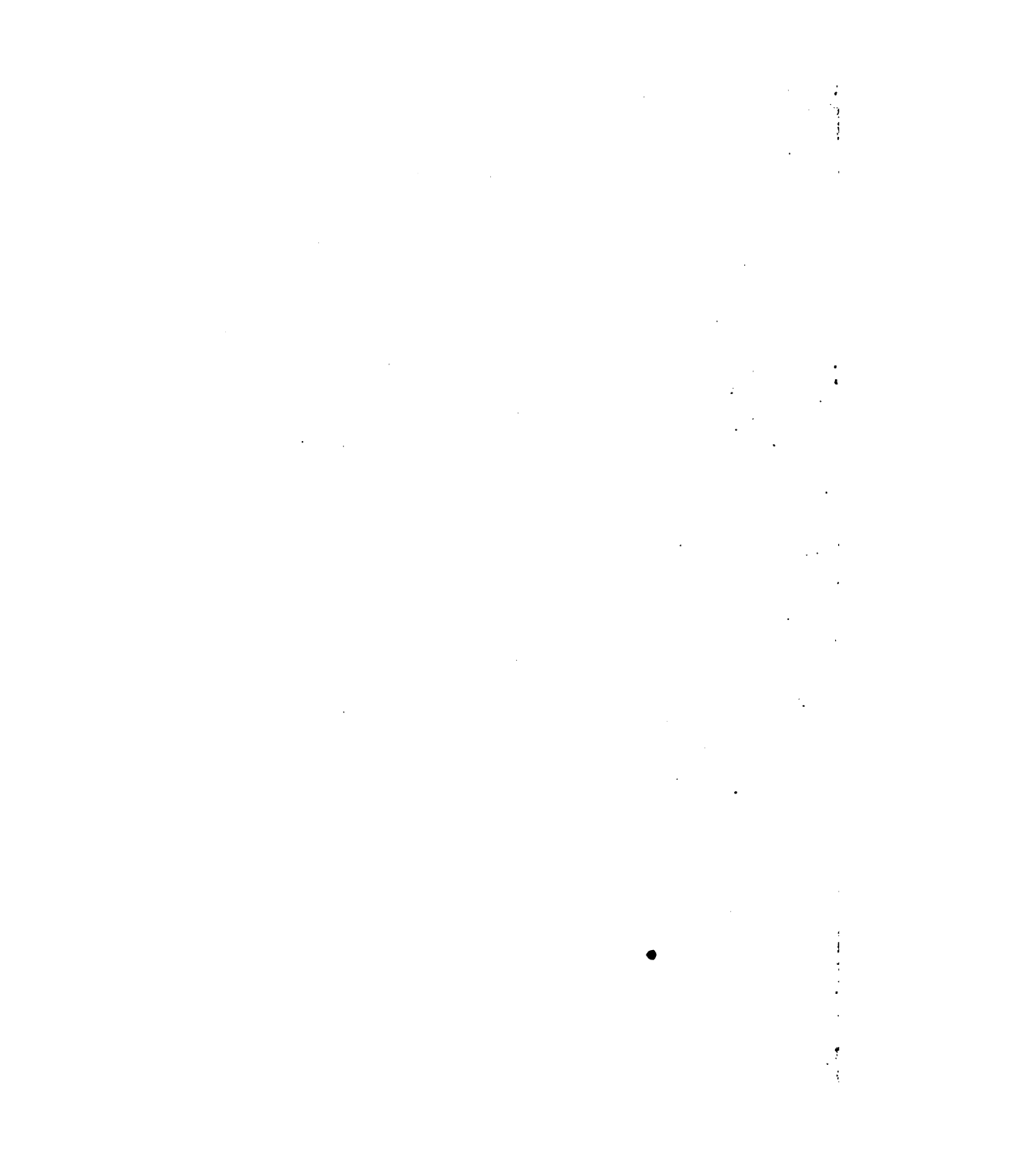
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(CLASS OF 1876)

DECEMBER 3, 1920



NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

SANTA CLAUS



NEW OPERETTAS FOR CHILDREN.

EDITH'S DREAM.

An Operetta for Children.

Words by MARGARET FEZANDIÉ and EDGAR MORETTE.

Music by EUGÈNE FEZANDIÉ, Jr.

Eleven characters, girls and boys, or all girls, as preferred; ten or more additional for chorus. Scenery unnecessary; costumes, pretty and fanciful, but easily arranged at home. This admirable little piece is printed complete with music. It is very tuneful and gracefully musical, and is strongly recommended for private theatricals or for schools. It is particularly well suited for the latter use, as it deals philosophically with the question of youthful study, inculcating, however, an excellent moral.

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Price 50 cents.

CONTENTS.

A Glimpse of the Brownies. A Musical Sketch for Children. Any number of boys.

Market Day. An Operetta for Young People. Seven speaking parts and chorus.

Queen Flora's Day Dream. An Operetta for Children. Six speaking parts and chorus.

The Hoating Party. A Musical Sketch for Little Children. Thirty boys and girls.

Six Little Grandmas. A Musical Pantomime for very Little Children. Six very little girls.

Jimmy Crow. A Recitation for a Little Girl.

A House in the Moon. A Recitation for a Child.

SANTA CLAUS

A Monologue

By J. L. McClelland

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO
1901

PROPERTIES

The usual Christmas tree and the usual dress for Santa Claus, with very large watch and chain.

A box about five or six feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high, covered with cloth or paper, and ornamented to suit fancy. The box is surmounted by a hopper with opening wide enough to allow a man to sink through.

The box should be well back on the platform, with its side to the audience. One end should be connected with a covered door giving secret admission to box from another room, or from outside of building. The other end of the box should have a round opening large enough for a child of eight or ten years to crawl through. The box must be furnished with a crank, the turning of which creates a loud clattering noise by means of a ratchet or cog-wheel with a thin, tough hickory spring board working against the cogs on the inside of the box. Two piles of bricks, or of short pieces of two-inch lumber may be used on the inside, underneath the hopper, for the person to stand on who is to sink through and disappear—to be ground up. As he sways from side to side, lifting his feet alternately, bricks are removed, one at a time, by the secret assistant, and thus he gradually descends into the box while Santa turns the crank. When his feet rest on the floor, he will crouch gradually. Santa Claus may cause his final disappearance by pressing down his head.

A robe or cloth must be thrown over the machine to hide it from the audience until Santa Claus is ready to use it.



Santa Claus

The Christmas tree being ready, a loud voice is heard at an outside door, with jingling of bells. SANTA CLAUS enters and makes his way through the audience to the front.

SANTA CLAUS (*speaks*).

Glad to see you, my children,
Fathers and mothers and all.
Glad to see you so happy—
Pleased to make you a call.

My! What bright little faces!
O, what merry blue eyes!
But I see thousands of children,
So this isn't any surprise.

And you have often seen Santa —
I'm quite an old "chestnut," you know.
I live 'way up in the Arctic,
And wallow about in the snow.

I always eat for my breakfast
Twelve icicles fried in a pan.
For dinner, I swallow a snow-drift,
Mixed with a bushel of bran.

You see I am fat and hearty,
I seldom have colic or sorrow—
But O, my dears, how it grieves me
To think of your colics to-morrow!

My horse is only a reindeer,
'Bout twice the size of a calf.
My sleigh—O that's so funny
'Twould make you holler and laugh!

It's just piled full of candies,
 And nuts and pop-corn too ; —
 The kids of the North don't like 'em,
 And so I bring them to you !

Of rattles and noisy playthings
 There's several tons, I should say,
 And the reindeer puffed and panted
 As it tugged at the loaded sleigh.

I intended some gifts for an urchin
 Who spied me as I rushed by,
 But he yelled out : " Go it, old Frost Nose !"
 Shall I give him the things ? Not I !

I don't like impudent children.
 If all the girls and boys
 Would only be kind and respectful,
 I'd bring them plenty of toys.

A fine thing to own is a reindeer,
 And so is a top and a ball ;
 But a boy, polite and manly,
 Is away ahead of them all.

Ah, me !
 Here's a tree,
 Bright and gay as it can be,
 Wreaths of snow around it twining,
 Tiny sparkling stars are shining.
 Branches bending to the floor,
 With a hundred gifts or more.

Nuts and candy
 Nice and handy !
 O, my children, it's a dandy !
 In your lifetime did you ever
 See a sight so brave and clever !
 Gifts in plenty now in sight.
 Aren't you glad you came to-night ?
 Give your parents some applause,
 Most of all praise Santa Claus !

That's me !
 Don't you see,
 I'm as glad as I can be
 Just to think I have the money
 To make you all so gay and funny.

Now wait !
 It's getting late. (*Looks at watch.*)
 Bless me! nearly half-past eight !
 Now you want your Christmas toys—
 Like to please the girls and boys !

(*Goes to tree and takes down packages.*)

Is little Minnie Mason ¹ handy?
 Here's a bag of fancy candy.
 Here's a gift for Mary Brown ;
 Mr. Smith will take it down
 What fun !
 Here's a gun ! (*Points it at a boy.*)
 Shoot the boy and see him run !
 This, for Mr. Lowell's son.
 But O, say !

I can't delay !
 For me to give these things away,
 Would take all night and half the day !

I must have help !
 Who'll volunteer ?
 Merry Christmas doesn't last
 The whole round year !
 So, my friends, I say,
 I must haste away,
 Santa can't do everything,
 So lend a hand, I pray.

(*A TALL MAN comes up from the audience.*)

Now here's a man might please a king.
 You'd think he might do anything.
 But he's too big !

He's too tall !
 To carry merry Christmas gifts,
 I'd rather have him small !

¹ Substitute local names in place of those above given.

Now how shall I manage,
 And what shall I do?
 I'm awfully bothered,
 But that's nothing new
 I have little trials
 And troubles like you!

Now up in the land
 Where the beautiful snow,
 Envelops the meadows
 And freezes your toe,
 I'd settle this thing
 In a jiffy, you know.

I'd call in a dozen
 Most exquisite fairies,
 With eyes shining bright
 Like plump little berries,
 And coats just as white
 As the milk from your dairies.

And then there's another
 Strange thing I would do;
 If one were too large,
 Why, I'd chop him in two!

Now that's just it!
 Though he's not fit,
 He's plenty big enough for three,—
 And that's the way it's going to be!

Three little Santa Clauses,
 All robed in white!
 Three little Santa Clauses
 We'll have to-night!

Chop him up and grind him up,
 And make him into pie!
 Three little Santa Clauses
 Make of him shall I.

(Repeat these four lines a second time with much spirit and action. SANTA CLAUS now uncovers the machine.)

SANTA CLAUS. Now, my good friend, will you do me the favor to climb up, nimbly, to the summit of my beautiful new machine?

TALL MAN. What for?

SANTA CLAUS. I want to grind you up and make little Santa Clauses of you.

TALL MAN. Will it hurt?

SANTA CLAUS. Not a bit. You'll just think you are going fast asleep. O you may cry out a little, and groan in your dreams, but that's nothing—that's natural. Come along. Don't keep us all waiting! Don't you see the children are in a hurry? Look! they're getting restless and the babies are about to cry!

TALL MAN. All right, Mr. Santa Claus, anything to please the children! But what will my wife say?

SANTA CLAUS. Never mind your wife—there are plenty more young men! I'll send her a lock of your hair. Come now, business before pleasure!

TALL MAN. All right. (*Climbs up and stands in hopper of machine.*) Good-bye, everybody!

(At first throws kisses while SANTA CLAUS begins to turn the crank. Later, the TALL MAN, as he sinks down, show signs of pain, and makes outcry, groaning and crying out very loud at the last, when he has completely disappeared within the box. Meantime, SANTA CLAUS grinds vigorously, sometimes sitting, at other times standing, keeping at work for some time after the groans have ceased to be heard from the box. Then he stops and examines and raps on the box uneasily, turns again, stops and examines. Stands back and strikes an attitude.)

SANTA CLAUS.

A terrible old machine is that!
 Tom Jones contrived it, I'll bet my hat!
 It ate up the man all right; but I fear,
 The Santa Claus children will never appear!
 Now what if it wasted that kind, good man!
 If it has, I will smash the concern with my hand.

(SANTA CLAUS examines the machine again, gives it a turn, and pronounces it "all right." By this time the three children are in the box and ready to come out at the re-

quired time. After turning the crank rapidly for a minute or two, SANTA CLAUS stops, faces the audience, and repeats the following.)

Lickety split, you'll see him run !
Now there's going to be lots of fun !
Open your eyes for here goes one !

(Turns about and gives twelve turns of the crank, four to correspond with the jingle and measure of each line. During this noise, the FIRST CHILD crawls out of the box and runs across the platform and stands partly hidden by the Christmas tree.

SANTA CLAUS *(stops and repeats).*

Hickety, kickety, kangaroo !
This is the way I grind them through !
Open your eyes for here goes two !

(Turns the crank as before, but this time the child doesn't come. SANTA is much surprised. Looks in the place of exit and cries out "stuck !" Takes a broom handle and stirs through the hopper, then seizes the crank and turns wildly, repeating the last rhyme at the same time. This succeeds in bringing out the SECOND CHILD who takes his place beside the first. SANTA CLAUS stops and repeats the following, keeping time with hands and feet.)

Hippity hop to the Christmas tree,
See if there isn't a gift for thee !
Open your eyes for here goes three !

(Turns while THIRD CHILD runs out.)

Now my task is nearly done.
Seems to me we've had some fun.
Hope you all shall live to see
Many a gorgeous Christmas tree.

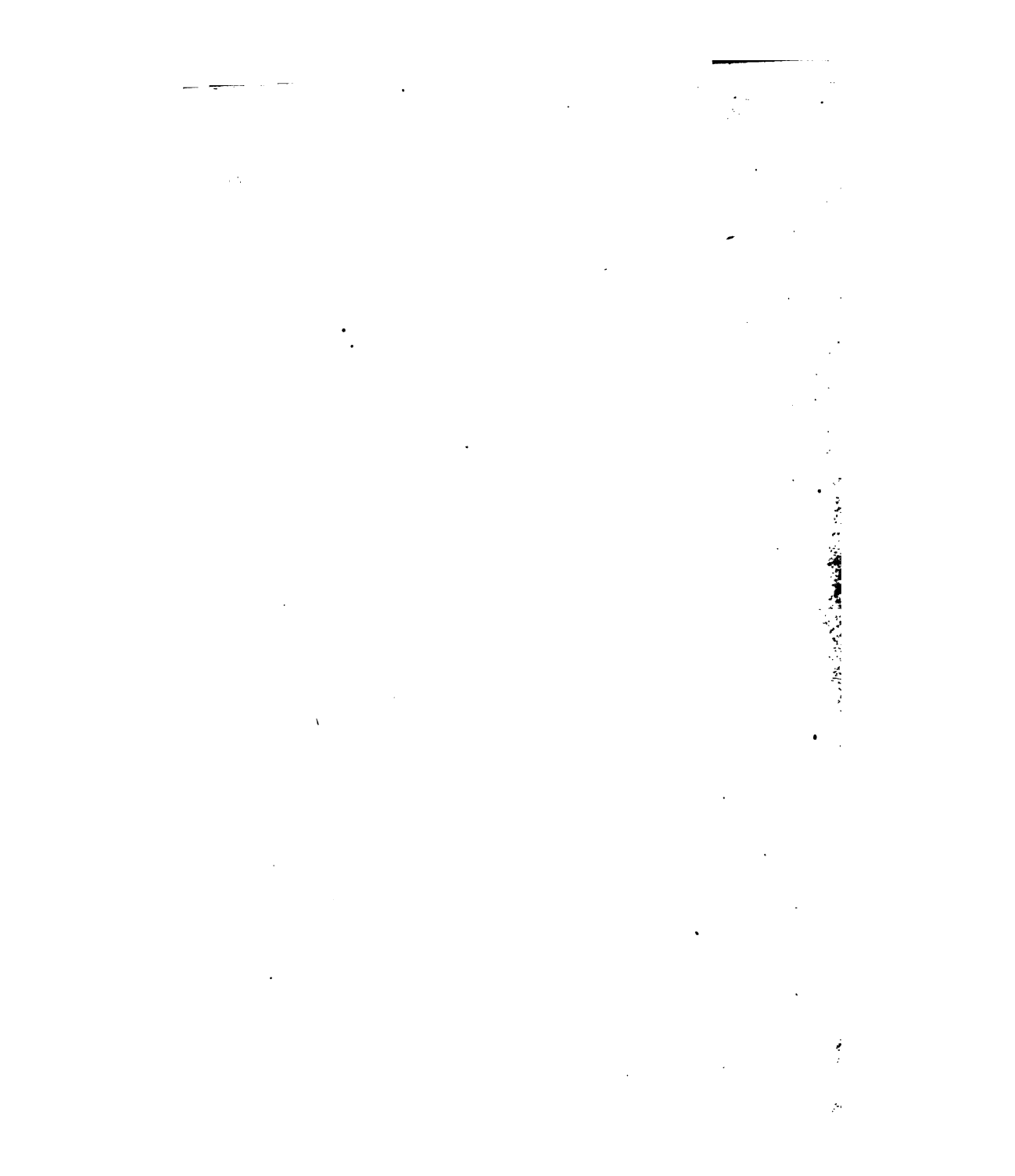
(Sound of bells is heard.)

Now I hear the merry jingle
Of the bells upon the sleigh—
There are other worthy children,
I must leave you and away.

Little Fairies, give the boys
Presents from my Christmas tree
Give the babies lots of toys,
And kiss the pretty girls for me.

(Speaking to the children.)

Good-bye.—You must try
To be good till you and I
Meet again in next December,—*(Moving away.)*
Don't forget the good!—Remember!
(Moving towards the door.) December,
Remember,
December,
Remember. [*Exit.*



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