

THE MAGIC PEN.

(An Operetta for the Children.)

BY E. S. BROOKS,
Author of "The Land of Nod."

CHARACTERS.

The Lord of the Magic Pen.
Mr. Fact, and Prince Fable:—His Councilors.
Fancy Bright, and High Desire:—Petitioners on behalf of the children.
Columbus, Joan of Arc, and Washington:—Followers of Fact.
Jack the Giant-Killer, Cinderella, and Robinson Crusoe:—Followers of Fable.
The Gnome Man. Puck, the Pen's Messenger.
The Herald from Gnome Man's Land.
Dolly, Dot, and Dick:—The children's delegates.
The Musical Frolics. The Page of the Pen.
The Standard-Bearer. The Elephant Driver.
The Elephant.

Half of this operetta is given in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, so that all who wish to study it for representation may take up the first part of it now. The concluding portion will be given next month, in ample time for preparation for the holidays.

NOTES.

The design of this operetta is to suggest that under all its song and show lurks a meaning, to the effect that children's stories, to be effective, must combine all the elements of interest and fancy, of fact and fable. The costumes here set down can be added to or departed from according to facilities at hand or the taste of the managers. The construction and management of the mechanical effects introduced, viz., the Elephant and the Gnome Man, are known to all, and can be undertaken by supple and willing young men. The full effect of the presentation will be found to lie in the strength and training of the Chorus of Frolics, which should be as large as practicable (not less than six; and fifteen if possible), in the accuracy of movement, and in the proper attention to stage arrangements and details. The bell accompaniment to the choruses, the proper construction of the Gnome Man (or dwarf), the elephant and his car, and the artistic arrangements of the tableaux, require most care, but the result will amply repay the labor expended.

COSTUMES AND ACCESSORIES.

The Lord of the Pen. Student's gown of black silk; blouse of cardinal, black velvet, and gold. Under-graduate's cap, such as is worn in English colleges, surmounted with imitation quill-pen in silver; gray beard, scepter, cardinal stockings, and slippers.

HAT OF "HIGH
DESIRE."

Tyrolean hat. Black, gold, and cardinal court dress; cloak of same.

The Page of the Pen. Cardinal blouse and short cloak, with silver braid; skull cap, same colors; cardinal stockings. He bears the Magic Pen on a large cushion of black or crimson.



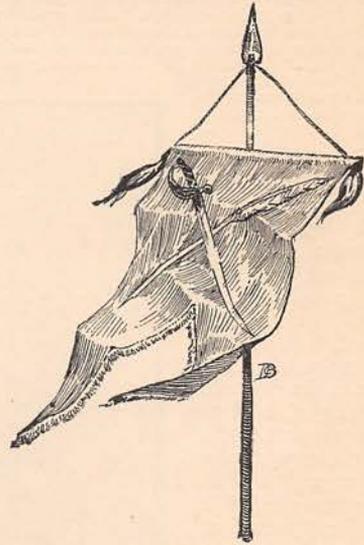
CUSHION AND MAGIC PEN.

Columbus. Underdress of lavender silesia, puffed sleeves; overdress: purple, trimmed with gold braid; lavender stockings; som-

brero, with lavender or white plumes. (See picture on any five-dollar greenback.)

Joan of Arc. See picture in Tuckey's Joan of Arc (Putnam, publisher); short purple dress, purple cap, with white plumes; armor of silver and gold.

George Washington. Continental suit (see picture in Lossing's



THE BANNER.

Field-Book of the Revolution; sword; blue coat, buff trimmings; buff pants, lace ruffles; three-cornered cap, black stockings, buckles on shoes.

Jack the Giant-Killer. Blouse of green and buff, red sash, long gray stockings, cap, with red plume; sword and bugle.



GNOME MAN'S CAP.

Cinderella. Fancy ball-dress of white tarletan, with gold stars and bands; train; veil; band for hair.



THINKING-CAP.

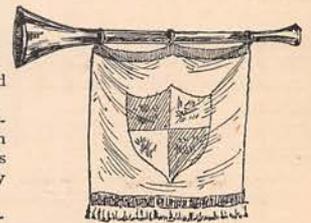
Robinson Crusoe. Brownish Canton flannel blouse or frock, the rough side out, sleeveless; pointed cap of same; gray leggins, strapped across above the knee; belt, with pistol; stuffed or imitation parrot on shoulder; gun.

The Standard-Bearer. Tight-fitting suit of cream-white, with bands of gold and cardinal put on, military style; cream-white stockings; buckles; fatigue cap of same, with cardinal and gold bands.

Dolly, Dot, and Dick. Ordinary children's dress, with ulsters over coats, and hats or caps on. They each carry a toy balloon.

Puck. Dressed as a "District messenger-boy."

The Frolics. Fifteen little girls dressed in white tarletan, as nearly alike as possible; gauze wings, white stockings, white shoes; each with chime of bells.



HERALD'S TRUMPET.

The Elephant Driver. Moorish dress, white blouse, turban; half-bare arms, bracelets; large gold circlets in ears.

The Elephant, constructed as in engraving, p. 156, "Art of Amusing," or as shown in "John Spooner's Great Human Menagerie," ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1875.

The Gnome Man, as in illustration, pp. 94 and 95, "Art of Amusing." His dress is of dark blue, pale blue, and silver; Phrygian cap of same.

The Book Car. Platform fitting over a good-sized child's wagon, so arranged that it can be drawn by the two boys who represent the elephant; the back made in imitation of a book-cover.

The Throne and Drapery. Canopy draped with green and silver,

with trimmings of crimson and gold; background, maroon; chair, same.

The Gnome Man's Alcove. A curtained dais, which may be set in a recess; drape with Turkey red.

Other Properties. The banner should be cardinal, with the device of a quill pen in silver crossing a broken sword, in gold, and is lined with pale blue. Three toy balloons for Dot, Dolly, and Dick. Two thinking-caps, like polo caps; one of crimson and gold, and one of blue and silver.

The Herald. Brown blouse and cloak trimmed with red, blue, and gold braid; skull-cap, with same colors; trumpet of cardinal and gold, and blue and silver drapery.

THE OPERETTA.

SCENE.—Court of the Lord of the Magic Pen. Throne—empty. Enter the FROLICS, singing:

Music by Anthony Reiff.*

This Symphony before each verse.
Allegretto.

Legatiss.
S: mf

S: mp
1. Here and there, here and there, Thro' the spring day's
2. Where they play, thro' the day, Race we, chase we,
Fine S:
mp

Fine.

verdure fair; Here and there, here and there, Thro' the balmy
bright and gay; Where they play, thro' the day, There we dart a-

Fine. p

summer air. Chasing show'rs 'midst the flowers, Thro' the
cross their way. Blithe and free, Frolics we,—Childhood's
Frolics,

summer hours, Troop we all..... to the call
blithe and free; Sing-ing slow soft and low,

Of the chil-dren blithe and small, Chasing show'rs,
To the Mag-ic Pen we go. Blithe and free,

'midst the flow'rs, Thro' the pleasant summer hours, Troop we
Frolics we,—Childhood's Frolics, blithe and free, Singing slow,

to the call Of the children blithe and small.
soft and low, To the Magic Pen we go.

CODA after
S: last verse.
Fine.
D. C. pp.

* Copyright, 1881, by Anthony Reiff.

Enter FANCY BRIGHT and HIGH DESIRE. BOTH SPEAK:
 We're Fancy Bright and High Desire!
 Reaching, ever, high and higher,
 Ours the hands that never tire,
 Ours the feet that climb—
 As we build for childish pleasure
 All the joys that children treasure,
 As we set to childish measure
 Life's sweet morning-chime.

They who take are ever yearning,
 Still for new delights are burning;
 So we hasten,—turning, turning,
 From the homes of men,
 On the mighty Master calling,
 For some childish tale entralling,
 From the store that's ever falling
 From the Magic Pen.

Chorus of FROLICS, with bell accompaniment :
 Music by Anthony Reiff.*

The musical score is arranged in two columns. The left column contains piano accompaniment for the vocal parts, while the right column contains the vocal lines. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The piano accompaniment includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures (2/4), dynamics (mp, f), and performance instructions like 'Ped. BELLS.*' and 'L.H. R.H.'. The vocal lines include lyrics and performance directions for 'GIRLS' and 'BOYS'. The lyrics are: 'jingle. Tingle, tangle, tingle, ring the bells, Jingle, jangle, jingle, tingle, Jingle, jangle, jingle, ring the bells, Jingle, jangle, jingle. Tingle, tangle, tangle, jingle, jangle, jingle, Thus we call our Master with our bells. Jingle, Jangle, Jingle, jangle, Thus we call, Thus we call our Mas-ter with our'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, often with a bell-like timbre indicated by the 'Ped. BELLS.*' instruction.

* Copyright, 1881, by Anthony Reiff.

bells, Thus we call, Thus we call our Master with our

bells. Jingle, jingle, jingle, Jingle, jingle, jingle, Merry
tr. tr. tr.

BELLS, till end of Voice part.

bells. BELLS. *Sva*.....
pp Ped. BELLS.

hail! Prince of the thoughts of men! Hail! hail! hail!

Lord of the Magic Pen! hail! hail!

hail! hail!

Lord of the Magic Pen! Hail!

FANCY BRIGHT and HIGH DESIRE, together:

O Master of the Magic Pen,
Great Wizard of the Brain,
Come—as we voice our wishes here!
Come—mighty Master; quick—appear!
Nor let us call in vain:
Now, as we lift our song again,
Come—Master of the Magic Pen!

Chorus of FROLICS, as before.

ENTER MASTER OF THE MAGIC PEN, seated on his book-chariot, drawn by elephant in charge of elephant driver. The MASTER is preceded by the STANDARD-BEARER, and followed by the PAGE OF THE PEN (who bears the Pen on a velvet cushion), and by MR. FACT and PRINCE FABLE. FROLICS salute with chorus, as follows:

Music by Anthony Reiff.*

Maestoso.

Hail! hail! hail! Prince of the thoughts of men!

Hail! hail! hail! Lord of the Magic Pen! Hail! hail!

MASTER:

Who is it calls?

FANCY BRIGHT and HIGH DESIRE:

We, gracious Master!—
Fancy Bright and High Desire.
To thee we haste

(Thought flies not faster),
And for thy boundless aid aspire;

Kneel before him.

And bending low,
Before thy feet,
With joy and love
Our sovereign greet.

MASTER descends from car and ascends the throne; standing before it, says to DRIVER:

Lead off the car.
But wait without until I call, and then
Bear me to other fields afar,
Where countless labors waiting are
Still for the Magic Pen.

DRIVER salams low and leads off elephant-car. STANDARD-BEARER and PAGE stand at foot of throne; FACT and FABLE stand higher, at right and left of MASTER.

MASTER, from the throne, standing:

I'm the Lord of the wonderful Magic Pen;
I'm the Master of every Tongue,
And my stories old for the children I've told,
Since the days when the earth was young.

Far back, far back, in the misty years,
In the young world's morning glory,
My Magic Pen for the children then
Traced many a wondrous story.

And the ages came and the ages fled;
But still has my Pen kept going,
And the children small love the stories all
That fast from the Pen are flowing.

And so, Fancy Bright and High Desire,
You shall have what to give I am able—
With the aid of the Pen and my Councilmen—
My servitors—Fact and Fable.

Seats himself.

FANCY:

I'm Fancy Bright!

HIGH DESIRE:

I'm High Desire!

FANCY:

Mine are the schemings,

HIGH DESIRE:

Mine the fire,

BOTH:

That still with thought,
Mount high and higher
In every childish brain.

FANCY:

And the children,
Ever yearning,
Now for something
New, are burning.

HIGH DESIRE:

Some new story,
Wonder-turning,
Ask they now again.

BOTH, kneeling at foot of throne:

Mighty Master,
Give us, give us
Something grand that shall outlive us,
That shall stir the hearts of men.
Then should Fancy
And Desire
Never more to lead aspire;
This might lift the children higher
By the mighty Magic Pen.

MASTER:

What ho, my trusty page!
Give quick, give free,
The Magic Pen.

PAGE, kneeling, presents the pen.

Now Fact, now Fable,
Come to me,
And say what shall
This story be,
To touch the children's ken!
Quick, Page,
The thinking-caps for both.

PAGE presents caps to FACT and FABLE.

MASTER continues:

Think Fact—think Fable.
Be not loath
To guide the Magic Pen.

FACT and FABLE place the thinking-caps on their heads, fold their arms, and pace slowly up and down the stage, lost in thought, while the FROLICS sing very soft and low this chorus:

Music by Anthony Reiff.*

Moderato con Misterioso.

Legatiss. pp

Sotto Voce.

Hush! hush! hush! Still all noise and rush,

Let no sound be heard; Think! think! think!

Let no mortal wink, Silence, bee and bird.

*Ped. pp **

Hush! hush! hush! Hush! hush! hush!

As we think a-gain; Hush! hush! hush!

As we think a-gain; Hush! For the Magic
 Pen, For the Mag-ic Pen, For the Mag-ic
 Pen.

Mr. FACT, removing cap and bowing to the throne:

I am plain Mr. Fact, always ready to act
 In the service of sense or of reason;
 Let, O Master, the Pen, for the children of men,
 Give but *facts*—which are always in season;
 For the truth is the truth! and a lie is a lie!
 Howsoever in jewels you dress it;
 If my speech is too plain, I regret—but in vain
 Can I seek for soft words to express it.
 Let the little ones know that their duties below
 They must do just as conscience impels them;
 Let them read every day only *facts*, I should say,
 In the stories that History tells them.

Bows and steps aside to the right.

PRINCE FABLE, removing cap and bowing to throne:

No, Master, no! oh, write not so,
 Lest dull and dry thy stories wither;
 Bring joy and light, and pictures bright,
 And day-dreams tripping hither, thither.
 Let elf and fay the livelong day,
 Hold fast and rapt the childish fancies;
 While far and near, on childish ear,
 Fall only sounds of songs and dances.
 Age travels fast, youth soon is past.
 Let then the Pen, O Master, lighten
 The children's hour; thou hast the power
 Closed ears to ope, dull eyes to brighten.
 Let Mr. Fact, who knows not tact
 But simple sense, teach rule and table;
 The wondrous tale will more avail
 Than dull, dry facts—thus counsels Fable.

Bows and steps aside to the left.

MASTER, rising:

“Who shall decide when doctors disagree?”
 Thus, the Pen tells me, an old poet said—
 If so confusing must your counsels be,
 We might as well go home and get to bed;

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Nothing the children could obtain to-night—
 You are both wrong, and yet, you both are right.
 Your thinking-caps put on! seek further speech!—
 Or, stay! that sooner we the end may reach,—
 Ho, Fact and Fable, summon quickly here
 Some of the tales you'd send the children dear.

FACT and FABLE, both:

Lift, Frolics all, the song and call,
 And bid our thoughts appear.
 Come, stories old, so often told,
 Come to the Master here.

Chorus of FROLICS:

N. B.—The singers in this chorus should have bells, and shake them gently at each note they sing, like sleigh bells; these should be shaken loudly at each of the three notes in the closing symphony, marked Ding, Dong, Bell!

Allegretto Moderato.
Delicately.

Tinkling, tinkling, swelling, falling, Hear our mystic
 bell-notes calling, Calling softly, call-ing slow-ly.
 While the children, loft - y, low-ly, Still are watching,
rall...... *a tempo.*
 still are waiting For our stories worth re - lat-ing.
mf

Come, then, come to Fact and Fable; Come, then, come from

nook and gable; Song and sto-ry, haste ye, when

Summoned to the Mag-ic Pen.
Ding, Dong, Bell!

Enter, right, JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, CINDERELLA, and ROBINSON CRUSOE. They cross to PRINCE FABLE and bow to him. FABLE presents them before the throne.

Mighty Master—these *my* stories,
Age-enshrined in childish glories,
Jack the Giant-Killer, bold!

JACK bows to throne.

Cinderella, never old!

CINDERELLA bows to throne.

Crusoe, from his island-hold!

CRUSOE bows to throne.

Trooping here from field and fen,
Take them, Master of the Pen!

MASTER:

You are welcome, Fables all,
To the great Pen's council-hall.

PRINCE FABLE and his followers step aside. Then enter, left, COLUMBUS, JOAN OF ARC, and GEORGE WASHINGTON. They cross to MR. FACT and bow to him. FACT presents them before the throne:

These, the followers of Fact;
Golden deed and glorious act,
Each one here has known;
Take, oh take them, Master mine,
See in each a truth divine,
Bending at thy throne.
Great Columbus, ne'er afraid!

COLUMBUS bows to throne.

Fair Joan, the soldier-maid!

JOAN bows to throne.

Washington, the patriot staid!

WASHINGTON bows to throne.

Take them for thine own!

MASTER:

Hail, glorious Facts! the Magic Pen
Records your virtues yet again.

FROLICS in chorus, speaking:

Valiant Facts and gleaming Fables,
Trooping here from nooks and gables,
You are welcome, welcome when
Summoned by the Magic Pen.
By each tinkling, tankling bell,
Speak, we charge you, fair and well;
Stories children love to hear,
Tell now to our Master dear.

The followers of FACT and FABLE stand alternately before the MASTER and speak their lines, saluting him both before and after speaking.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, with spirit. (Let the "*tra-lil-la*" be in imitation of the notes of a bugle):

Where castles gleam, and banners stream
By hill, and sea, and river;
Where helmets flash, and chargers dash,
And bright swords clash and shiver,
I scour the land on every hand,
My bugle sounds: *tra-lil-la!*
My arm is strong; loud rings my song;
I am Jack the Giant-Killer!

From Dover's boats to John O'Groat's,
From east to western waters,
I ride in might, with armor bright,
Beloved of England's daughters.
And still my song rings loud and long,
My bugle sounds: *tra-lil-la!*
I fear no fray, come night or day,
I am Jack the Giant-Killer!

With courage bright, I've faced in fight
A score of monstrous giants;
By pluck and art I played my part,
And gave them hot defiance.
They're met—they're slain! and o'er the plain,
My bugle sounds: *tra-lil-la!*
My arm is strong, loud rings my song—
I am Jack the Giant-Killer.

MASTER:

Hail, mighty Jack! thy deeds so bold
The Pen has told for centuries back.

Jack steps back.

JOAN OF ARC:

Is there aught, O mighty Master,
In the fairy tales of yore,
Can surpass *my* wondrous story,
Told the children o'er and o'er?

A simple maid of France,
My dream-eyes saw in trance
How king and country should be saved by me;
My hand should bear the lance,
My plume lead war's advance,
My life-blood, pledged to France,
Should set my country free.

So, not a whit dismayed,
Nor once set sore afraid,
By jeer or laugh, by insult, threat, or frown;
In armor all arrayed,
A simple soldier-maid,
I led the cavalcade,
And gave my land renown.

Up from the dust and mire,
I raised my country higher,
And crowned my king, victorious o'er his foes.
Mine not to rest nor tire
Till Right o'er Might aspire,
Nor did I dread the fire
That 'round me wrapped and rose.

By my story, mighty Master,
I would show to girl and boy,
Still may come—by faith and patience—
Victory, glory, peace, and joy.

MASTER:

Brave-hearted girl, full well I heed
How, in your country's direst need,
Your faith so strong gave victory then,
As well records the Magic Pen.

ROBINSON CRUSOE:

JOAN steps back.

Never yet, O mighty Master,
Was there boy in boyish days,
But his heart beat fast and faster
As he listened in amaze
To my deeds of pluck and daring,
Shipwrecked on the stormy main—
How I struggled, nothing sparing
Till I reached the land again.
How I built my island fortress;
How I lived from day to day;
How I builded boats, and fashioned
Useful things in wood and clay.
Still my cats, and goats, and parrot,
Still my dog and gun so sure,
Still Man Friday, happy savage,
In boy-hearts shall long endure.
Restless eyes and breathless longing
Tell how strong the story's strain,
As the fancies, rushing, thronging,
Crowd the busy, boyish brain.

MASTER:

Heigh-ho! Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
While your story lives, all boys will do so.
But for pluck and for push still may boys and may men
Profit well by the story you give to the Pen.

COLUMBUS:

CRUSOE steps back.

On Genoa's walls the sunlight falls,
On Spain's fair fields of glory;
And high and proud their legends crowd
The page of ancient story.
But, Master mine, not Genoa's line
Nor knights of Spain were able
To find, like me, across the sea,
Realms only known in fable.

One summer day I sailed away
Across the western waters,
To where the breeze o'er sunset seas
Fans dusky sons and daughters.
In doubt and pain I sailed from Spain,
But backward soon returning,
Gave joy serene to king and queen—

A new world, worth the earning!
Mine were the hands that gave the lands,
Mine all the praise and glory;
And, teaching still the worth of will,
I live in childish story.

MASTER:

And still, Columbus, shall your deeds again,
For worlds new-told, live by the Magic Pen.

COLUMBUS steps back.

CINDERELLA:

Low in the meadows the daisies are springing,
Lowly the violets hide 'neath the grass;
High in the heavens the rainbow is swinging,
Light o'er the hill-tops the bright sunbeams pass.

Patient and helpful, in silence and cinders,
Never complaining, nor moaning her lot;
Slaving, herself, while no pleasure she hinders,
Work—her day's portion; at night—her hard cot.
Hark! with a crash vanish kitchen and hearth-stone;
Pumpkins are coaches—mice horses—rats men;
Gorgeous in laces and jewels the maid shone;
Come palace, come ball-room; come prince, joy,—
and then—
Naught but once more cinders, hearth, and—a slipper
Humbleness, drudgery, patience, and thought!
Then—the shoe fits the fair feet of the tripper,
Then the prince finds the *one* maiden he sought.

Low in the meadows the daisies were springing,
Lowly the violets hid 'neath the grass;
Now both wreath the bride's crown, while bells
madly ringing
Proclaim Cinderella a princess at last.

MASTER:

Cinderella, Cinderella! Shall I ever, lass, forget
The glory of your story, that the Pen is writing yet?

CINDERELLA steps aside.

GEORGE WASHINGTON:

Truth is mighty, truth is noble;
This my text, O Master mine;
This the story to the children
I would utter, line on line.

The hurrying years have rolled away,
And turned a century's score,
Since—captain of the patriot host—
I fought at Freedom's fore.
Years earlier, when a happy lad
On fair Virginia's plains,
I spoke the truth in spite of wrong,
In spite of error's pains.
My father's joy was blest reward
For truth so fairly spoken,
And from that day this rule I kept—
"Let not your word be broken."
Whatever now of great renown
My name and fame surroundeth,
Whatever glow of honest worth
In my life-work aboundeth,
To this firm rule is doubly due—
This rule, to youth appealing:
"Speak truth; stand firm for simple right;
Avoid all double-dealing!"

MASTER:

Still, noble Washington, to teach
To all the sons of men,
Thy precepts,—to time's farthest reach,
In every land, in every speech,—
Shall flow the Magic Pen.

WASHINGTON steps aside.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE MAGIC PEN.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

(Continued from the November Number.)

After a moment of deep thought, the MASTER continues:

Where all speak well, 't is hard to tell
 Just which advice to take.
 Come, Fancy Bright! Come, High Desire!
 What choice now shall we make?
 Come, Fact! come, Fable! Counsel now!
 From all these stories gleaming,
 Can you not say which way—which way
 Your special choice is leaning?
 What? Not a word? Why, that 's absurd!
 I 'm ready to receive it—

Pause.

Now, by the Pen, I have it, then—
 We 'll to the children leave it!

ALL, eagerly:

Yes—to the children leave it.

MASTER:

What ho! my Puck, my sprightly Puck,
 Come hither to thy master.
 Now hasten, hasten, merry Puck,
 Come—faster, faster, faster!

PUCK, as a messenger-boy, running in breathless:

Hail, Master of the Magic Pen!
 What would you now with Puck again?

MASTER:

Haste thee, Puck, to earth now go,
 To some happy home below,
 With children in it.
 Bring me three—all joy and mirth,—

PUCK:

I 'll put a girdle round the earth,
 In half a minute.

Exit, running.

FROLICS, chorus; sing only the first two stanzas:

Allegretto.

1. Come, children, come, by
 2. Come, children, come, your
 3. Come, children, come, your

hill and vale, The Sun - lamp still is burn-ing;
 rud-dy health Than gold... is ... rich-er treasure;
 eyes so bright Can read... where sag-es pon-der;

Seek ye, then, seek ye, then, Seek ye, then, the
 Seek ye, then, seek ye, then, Seek ye, then, the
 Seek ye, then, seek ye, then, Seek ye, then, the

Mag-ic Pen. Quick come, for, quick re-turn-ing,
 Mag-ic Pen. Here, .. wait-ing for your pleasure,
 Mag-ic Pen. 'Tis... here! no far-ther wander,

Quick come, for, quick re-turn-ing, Children, come,
 Here, .. wait-ing for thy pleasure, Children, etc.
 'Tis... here! no far-ther wander, Children, etc.

children, come, children, children, come...



PUCK, reëntering in haste :

I came back by the moon,
Not a moment too soon ;
The children are coming
By special balloon.

CHORUS OF FROLICS, third stanza :

During this chorus the CHILDREN enter, on the Elephant-car, with a toy balloon tied to the waist of each. DRIVER salams. The CHILDREN stand amazed, and jump down from car. DRIVER leads off elephant.

CHILDREN, to Master :

We are Dolly, Dot, and Dick !
What you want us for ?
Please to tell us pretty quick,
What you want us for !

They look around in wonder.

Oh ! what lots of pretty things !
Little girls with birdies' wings,
Lots of folks — and boys — and kings ! —
What you want us for ?

MASTER :

Children dear,
Welcome here,
To our council-hall !
Whence — you know —
Stories flow
For the children all.
Tell me, then —
For the Pen
Some new tale would write —
What shall be
Told by me
Through the Pen to-night ?

Stories nice,
In a trice,
Here may be expressed.
Can you find,
In your mind,
Which you like the best ?

CHILDREN :

We like 'em big — we like 'em small,
But *most* we like — the *best* of all —
The kind our mamma tells.

MASTER :

And what are they ?

CHILDREN :

Why, what we *say* !
The kind our mamma tells.

MASTER :

But what *does* she tell, children dear ?

CHILDREN, checking them off on their fingers :

Why — fairy, Bible, true, and queer ;
That's what our mamma tells.

FACT, quickly :

Then they 're fact !

FABLE :

Well, and fable !

MASTER :

Yes, they 're both !
I 'm unable
To decide what the Pen shall write yet ;
For the children, I find,
To *no* merits are blind —
As they like any kind they can get.

Reënter PUCK, who says :

O Master, a herald from Gnome Man's Land
Craves leave to present you his sovereigns' command.

MASTER :

Let the herald appear.

PUCK, ushering in the herald :

Master mine — he is here.

HERALD :

There are forty kings in the Gnome Man's Land —
Forty kings with their crowns of gold ;
And not a king of the kingly band
Is over twelve years old.

There are forty queens in the Gnome Man's Land —
Forty queens in their jewels fine ;
And not a queen of the queenly band
Has passed the age of nine.

And the forty kings, and the forty queens,
In Gnome Man's Land hear all day long
The stories told by the Gnome Man old,
As he sits in that royal throng.

And the forty kings, and the forty queens,
Know your trouble, O Master great,
And they bid me say that the Gnome Man gray
Can set the matter straight.

So the forty kings, and the forty queens,
Send him here to your council-hall ;
Bid the Gnome Man tell what he knows so well, —
The needs of the children small.

General Chorus of Welcome :

Tempo Marziale.



Hail ! hail ! hail !



Welcome to the hap-py day ; Hail ! hail ! hail ! To the



gnome man gray. Hail! hail! hail!

Welcome to the happy day; Hail! hail! hail! To the

gnome man gray. From the kings and the queens over

field and glen, He is com- ing to coun- sel the

Mag- ic Pen.

MASTER, rising joyfully:
 Gay are the joys of Christmas;
 Thanksgiving's feasts are gay;
 But the ringing chime of the Gnome Man's rhyme
 Marks the children's fairest day.

Curtain parts at rear and discloses the GNOME MAN on elevated dais. All form in open half-circle before him. GNOME MAN:

In storm and shine,
 In cloud and sun,
 O Master mine,
 Life's course is run.

 And shine and cloud,
 And sun and storm,
 Are all allowed
 Life's course to form.

All colors blend
 For rainbow hues,
 All forces send
 The morning dews.

So, Master great,
 The childish mind,
 In *all* you state,
 May pleasure find.

Not Fact alone
 Can counsel give,
 Dry as a bone;
 May Fable live.

Fable and Fact
 Should mingled be;
 Both counteract,
 Yet both agree.

Let both be dressed
 In colors gay;
 Tints mix the best
 That varying lay.

All things have worth,
 All joys are bright;
 Give children mirth—
 Good-night—good-night!

MASTER, to GNOME MAN:

Thanks, Gnome Man gray,
 Thy counsel sage
 Shall be my gauge,
 For tale or lay.

GNOME MAN disappears,

MASTER continues, to all the others:

"Black spirits and white,
 Red spirits and gray,
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 You that mingle may."

Mingling Chorus. FROLICS, STORIES, and all the characters join in this chorus, marching and countermarching in effective figures, the design being to represent the mixing of fact and fable in the children's stories.

Moderato.

Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle, Mix! mix! mix!

Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, Thus we fix,...

May we thus be a - ble good to see.

Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle, Mix! mix! mix!

Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle, Only then,

Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, Thus we fix:

Brightest joys may jin - gle, 'Round the Pen, 'Round the

All the blending glo - ries, gold and gray,

Pen, Mingle, mingle, on - ly then, Mingle, mingle,

Of the children's sto-ries grave and gay,

on - ly then, Brightest joy may jingle, 'Round the

Mingling fact and fa - ble fast and free,

Pen, 'Round a - bout the Pen, 'Round a - bout the

Pen ; Brightest joys may jingle, jingle, 'Round about the

Then ho! fill the little folks' magazines,
Load the presses with stories again,
And salute the world with our flag unfurled —
The flag of the Magic Pen!

Grand salute: all characters marching abreast, or in two files, to front of stage — standard in center. Colors are dipped to audience; then countermarch to throne. Salute the MASTER. Elephant-car enters, and all the characters (excepting the children) march off in procession, singing the Chorus.

Pen, 'Round about the Pen, 'Round about the

Moderato. semplice.
pp Fall and flow,.... Fall and flow, With the

Pen ; Brightest joys may jingle, jingle, 'Round about the

Mag - ic Pen we go, Bear - ing joy to high and

Pen, 'Round about the Pen, 'Round about the Pen.

low, Bear - ing stories, Bright with glories, Bright with

MASTER, rising :

The spirit moves!
From gaze of men
Bear off the Pen;
The spirit moves!

PAGE OF PEN presents cushion, kneeling at throne. The MASTER deposits the Pen on the cushion, and the PAGE bears it off.

MASTER:

I'm the lord of the wonderful Magic Pen,
I'm the master of every tongue,
And my stories old for the children I've told,
Since the days when the earth was young.

So, while Fact and Fable both agree
To color my stories all,
And my Magic Pen writes the thoughts of men
For the children large and small,

I will rule with my scepter the teeming brain,
No monarch more mighty than I;
And the warm hearts glow as the ages go,
With the thoughts that can never die.

pleasure's inventories, Bright with pleasure's in-ven-

to - ries; Fall and flow,.... Fall and flow, With the



Meantime, the children stand amazed until the procession passes off. Then walking slowly to front of stage, they look at each other and say:

DOLLY:

My, my, my!

DOT:

Did you ever!

DICK:

No, I never!

ALL:

Why, why, why!

Then, suddenly remembering, they start after the retreating procession, saying:

ALL:

Oh! here! say! you forgot us!

Reënter PUCK.

PUCK:

Come with me;
I'll agree
Safe at home
You soon shall be.

CHILDREN, to PUCK:

All right!

To audience:

Good-night!

To one another:

Now we'll wait for the stories bright.

All lock arms and run off with PUCK.

END.



A CHRISTMAS-GIFT IN THE OLDEN TIME.