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# Santa's Rescue

A  
Christmas Play

By  
Elizabeth F. Guptill

Price 25 Cents

*Tuller Meredith  
Co.*

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

# JUVENILE XMAS CANTATAS

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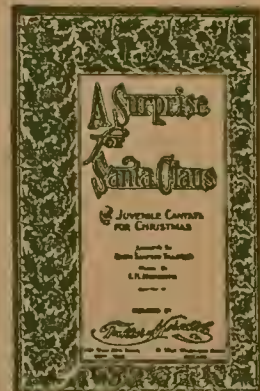
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# SANTA'S RESCUE

A Christmas Play

By

ELIZABETH F. GUPTILL

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*Price 25 Cents*

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# Introduction

No special setting is required for the first scene. The second is at the North Pole. Hang a white curtain, or sheet, for background. Across this drape long cords, from which shorter cords of various lengths depend. These should be dipped in a saturated solution of alum, and then dried, then dipped again, till they look like icicles. A few little hillocks or mounds may be in the background, covered with cotton and snow powder. One, at least, must be firm enough to allow old Zero to sit on it. In the centre of the background stands the North Pole, a veritable pole, covered with white cotton and sprinkled with snow powder. It has a flag of the U. S. floating from the top, the only bit of color in the setting. Wire the flag to make it stand out well.

## Characters

Madeline  
Louise  
Roger  
Ernest

} the children—any age.

The Brownies' Fairy Godmother.

The Witch of the North

Frostina - the Witch's grand-daughter.

Old Zero.

Santa Claus.

Snow Fairies - any number.

Sunbeam Fairies - any number.

5 girls and 4 boys, and any number of Fairies.

## Costumes

**CHILDREN** wear any common clothing, such as they wear to school. The Brownies' Fairy Godmother gives them white mittens, candy bags of netting, through which colored wafers show, and talismans—red hearts, to pin on the left breast.

**FAIRY GODMOTHER** wears a cloak of brown, which hangs loosely from her shoulders, and completely covers her dress. Her hair, which should be brown, hangs down on her shoulders. Her hat, also brown, has a rather wide brim and a tall, pointed crown. This may be made from cardboard, and covered with brown crepe paper. She carries a brown wand. Choose a dark-eyed girl. It would be better to have one with rather brown complexion. She should be small, of course, but may be a bit larger than the fairies, if desired. **SANTA CLAUS** wears the usual costume.

**WITCH** should be a tall, slim girl. As she is "the Witch of the North" she should be all in white. Her costume may be like that of the Fairy Godmother in design, or she may wear a short cape, instead of the long cloak, fringed with icicles.

**FROSTINA** wears a white dress, with a girdle and trimmings of silver tinsel, such as is used for Christmas trees. Her hair, which should be light, is worn flowing, with a fillet of the tinsel.

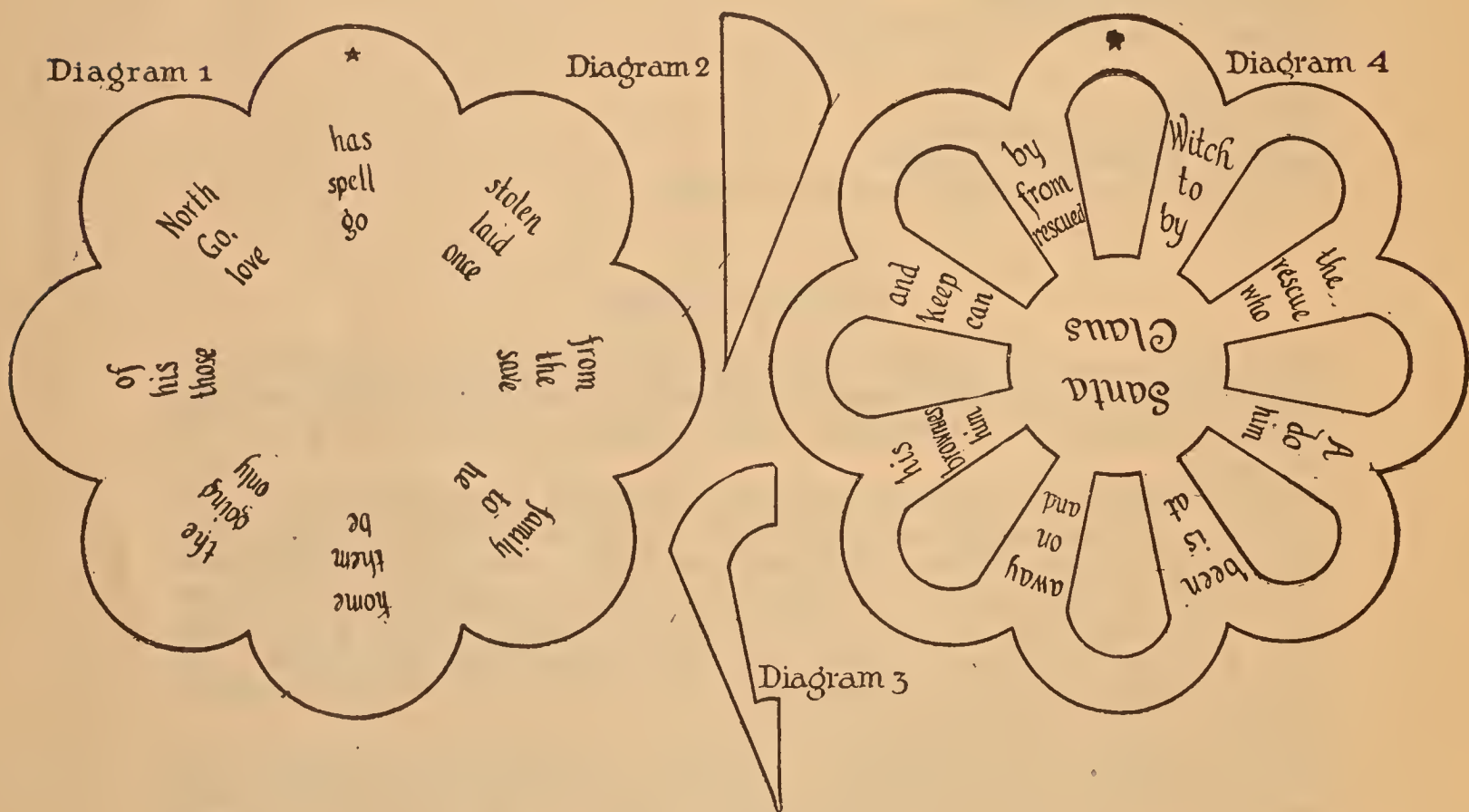
**OLD ZERO** has a long robe of white, belted in by a heavy cord. It should have a pocket. His hair and beard are long and snow-white. From hair, beard, and every possible place about his robe, hang icicles. He has a monster thermometer, of white wood, with the degrees and mercury painted on. Have the zero very plain, and quite high, so the temperature registered may be very much below. Sprinkle lots of snow sparkle on him.

SNOW FAIRIES wear short white dresses, their own will do, sprinkle with snow sparkles. There should be no color about them. If desired, they may have wired wings of crepe paper. They wear little white caps of the paper.

SUNBEAM FAIRIES wear short, full dresses of yellow crepe paper, and little crowns of the paper. Trim the dresses with "rays" made of the paper slit into fine fringe.

Any number may be used, from four to sixteen. If desired, the same children may be the Sunbeam Fairies, by slipping the yellow dresses over the white ones, and changing the head-dress. The white wings will be all right. If different children take the parts, let the Snow Fairies come on again, and join in singing the last song.

The paper the girls find is pink, cut and worded like diagram 1. To cut it, fold a circle into sixteenths, and cut like diagram 2. The boys' paper is blue, cut and worded as in diagram 4. To cut it, fold a circle into sixteenths, and cut as in diagram 3.



By placing the blue on the pink, with the stars coinciding, it will read as Roger reads it first. Turning the wheel to the left one place, makes the different readings, till the right one is reached. The circles may be as large as desired.

# SANTA'S RESCUE

## Scene I.

(No special setting required. Enter Louise and Madeline, walking slowly. They are looking at a round piece of pink paper, which Louise holds.)

*Madeline.* Where were you when you found it, Louise?

*Louise.* Right beneath the big elm. I was walking along, singing softly to myself, and I heard a laugh right above me—such a queer little laugh! I looked up, of course, but I couldn't see a thing, and just then I heard a whisper, "She'll do! Drop it, old fellow!" and this came fluttering down. But I can't read it. It doesn't make any sense at all! See."

(She holds paper out to Madeline, who studies it.)

*Madeline.* What queer writing! N-no, it doesn't seem to mean anything, but of course it does, really. (Reads.) "North, go, once, has, spell, go." That can't be right.

*Louise.* Perhaps it goes round and round. (Reads) "North." That must be the first word, because it has a capital. "North, has stolen from the family home, the"—That sounds all right, but it goes on so queer. "Of go spell laid the to them going his". That can't mean anything!

*Madeline.* What does the inner circle say?

*Louise.* (Reads) "Love go once save he be only those."

*Madeline.* It sounds dreadfully crazy. It looks as though something was stolen which we are to save; but what? Here's "go" and "north." Are we to go north to find it, I wonder?

*Louise.* But how can we find it if we don't know what we are looking for?

*Madeline.* Try it backward.

*Louise.* (Reads) North of the home, family from stolen has, go, his going, them to the laid spell.

*Madeline.* I should think some one had laid a spell on the paper.

*Louise.* It won't make sense any way you read it.

*Madeline.* Here come Roger and Ernest. See, they have a piece of paper, too. (Boys enter.)

*Roger.* Well, well, have you a Chinese puzzle too, Louise?

*Louise.* I've got something I can't make head nor tail of. Where did you get yours? (Boys look at each other.)

*Roger.* If I told you, you'd laugh, and wouldn't believe me.

*Madeline.* The idea! We would believe you.

*Ernest.* Well, where did you get yours, Louise?

*Louise.* Why, I was walking along, singing to myself, and I heard a queer little laugh up in the big elm. Well, I looked, and looked, but I couldn't see a thing.

*Madeline.* She heard something, though.

*Louise.* Yes, some one whispered, "She'll do! Drop it, old fellow!" and this came fluttering down. It doesn't seem to mean anything, though. Now where did you get yours?

*Roger.* I was hurrying through the grove, when some one said, in a funny little voice, "Look down." Of course I did, and found this piece of blue paper right at my feet. I unfolded it—see, it looks like a wheel! and there are words on it.

*Ernest.* It's from Santa Claus, I think, for his name is in the middle, and there's something about a witch, and his brownies, and a rescue.

*Roger.* But we've read it up, and down, and to right, and to left, as well as in a zigzag and it won't make sense.

*Madeline.* Perhaps they belong together.

*Roger.* Bright thought. Perhaps they do. Let's see.

*Ernest.* Here, take my Geography. Lay your blue wheel over Louise's pink circle, and see how it will go then.

(Roger takes the book, Louise lays her circle on it, then Roger proceeds to turn his wheel over it. All look eagerly on.)

*Madeline.* It must be from Santa Claus. There's his name, as plain as can be, in the middle.

*Ernest.* Something's been stolen. Start with that, and see if you can find out what it is.

*Roger.* (Reads) "Has Witch stolen the from a family, been home away."

*Louise.* (Turning wheel and reading) "Has the stolen"—worse still. "Has a stolen been." That won't do either.

*Roger.* Here, this is it, I do believe! "Has been stolen away from his family." That makes sense, all right.

*Madeline.* But what has been stolen? Begin further back.

*Louise.* Perhaps it's a puzzle, and we're to guess what it is that was stolen. Read on and see.

*Roger.* (Reads) "Has been stolen away from his family and home by the Witch of the North." That's all in that row. "Go do spell is laid." That's not right.

*Ernest.* I bet it goes round and round. Try that A with the next line.

*Louise.* (Reads) "A spell is laid on the Brownies to keep them from going to his rescue. Go, do." Why, it's Santa himself that is stolen, I do believe! Read the rest, Roger, quick.

*Roger.* (Reads) "Go, do go at once to save him! He can be rescued only by those who love him." Santa Claus must be meant for the first word, instead of the signature.

*Louise.* And the Brownies brought it. I know that was a Brownie's laugh I heard.

*Roger.* Yes, and I just caught a glimpse of something brown, a rabbit, I thought at the time, slipping away behind a bush, just as I picked mine up.

*Ernest.* We boys must go to the rescue at once, of course.

*Madeline.* You boys! I guess we girls will go, too. Didn't one of the papers fall to Louise? Maybe girls are needed.

*Roger.* It may be dangerous, Madeline. Aren't you afraid?

*Madeline.* I guess I'd help dear old Santa, if I was afraid.

*Ernest.* Well, how shall we go about finding him?

*Roger.* Go North, of course. This says the Witch of the North got him.

*Louise.* Well, perhaps she'll get us, too; but we're going to try to rescue Santa, just the same. Think how much he has done for us!

*Ernest.* Surely we'll go. Let's start at once.

(All go out. The Brownies' Fairy Godmother enters.)

*Fairy Godmother.* I brought the message safely here,  
And they have read and understood;  
Now mine must be the task to guide  
Them safely through the vale and wood.

(Children re-enter.)



*Louise.* We're all ready to start.

*Fairy Godmother.* Ready to start? Oh no, oh no!  
Not ready yet that journey to go.

(Children look around in surprise, but apparently do not see her.)

*Madeline.* Who spoke?

*Roger.* It sounded like my Brownie.

*Madeline.* But where was he?

*Ernest.* Show yourself, Brownie. We will not hurt you, and perhaps you can help us.

*Fairy.* Take off your shoe, take off your shoe,  
If I'm to show myself to you.

*Roger.* Sure thing, sir! Off with 'em! (All remove shoes.)

*Louise.* But I can't see you yet.

*Madeline.* Where are you?

*Fairy.* (Who has been sprinkling something in all the shoes.)  
Put on your shoe, child, put on your shoe,  
If I'm to show myself to you.

*Madeline.* But you just said to take them off!

*Ernest.* Don't argue, Madeline. Do as he says. Why, it isn't he! (He has replaced his shoe. The others do the same, and discover the fairy.)

*Fairy.* No, it isn't he. It's only me.

*Roger.* And who are you, please?

*Fairy.* I'm the Brownies' Fairy Godmother, boy.  
I bring them many a Brownie joy.  
But all of them now are under a spell,  
And Santa is lost—oh, woe to tell!

*Louise.* But what had our shoes to do with seeing you?

*Fairy.* I sprinkled fern-seed in each shoe.  
You'll need it all the journey through.

*Madeline.* Why, of course. We've always known that you must have fern-seed in your shoes if you want to see a fairy! Can you help us find Santa Claus?

*Fairy.* I can guide you on your way,  
As far as Santa's home.  
Beyond, a stronger one holds sway,  
And there I cannot roam.  
Yet take these talismans so fair,  
And from them never part.  
The Witch can do no harm to one  
Who wears one over his heart.

(As she speaks, she pins talisman securely on each child.)

*Fairy.* Who eats these fairy wafers sweet,  
No hunger and no thirst will know,  
And nothing grows in that far land—  
The land of ice and snow.

(As she speaks, she gives each a bag of mosquito netting, like the candy bags often made for Christmas trees. Colored wafers show through.)

*Children.* Oh, thank you, thank you, kind fairy!

*Fairy.* Just one thing more, or you would freeze  
In that far land of ice and snow:  
These fairy mitts will keep you warm  
Wherever you may go.

(She hands them mitts, which they put on.)

*Children.* Thank you, thank you, dear fairy.

*Louise.* I think you must be our Fairy Godmother, as well as the Brownies'.

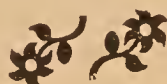
*Madeline.* We'll find a way to free the Brownies from their spell, too.

*Fairy.* When Santa is safe, will the Brownies be free.  
Now you are ready, so come with me.

(All follow her from room. Louise looks back to say.)

*Louise.* We're going to rescue dear old Santa Claus!

(CURTAIN)



# Santa's Rescue

## Scene II.

(At the North Pole. Setting described in introduction. Enter Witch of the North, and dances wildly around.)

*Witch.* I have him! I have him! I have him at last!  
I have him down deep in a dungeon so fast.  
With snow I have covered the trap door so deep,  
My foe in my power I surely will keep.  
There'll be wailing at Christmas, oh joy! oh joy!  
There'll be weeping and wailing from each girl and boy.  
The stockings will hang just as limp as can be,  
And empty will stand every tall Christmas tree.  
The carols, the good-will, the glad Christmas mirth,  
The joy of the season will vanish from earth,  
And I'll fly, on my broomstick, the wailing to hear,  
Oh, that will be music to this wicked ear!

(Catches sight of Frostina, peeping at her.)

Come out here! I see you, Frostina, my dear!  
Now what do you mean, Miss, by snooping round here?

*Frostina.* (Advancing) Oh, let him go, Granny dear! Let the dear old Saint go!

*Witch.* Let him go? I should say so! Why, year after year  
I've been trying to catch that old sinner, my dear.

*Frostina.* He isn't a sinner! He's a dear old saint! Think how good and kind he is!

*Witch.* Exactly so! He's good and kind,  
But that's not suited to my mind.

*Frostina.* And think how badly all the dear little children will feel!

*Witch.* Yes, their weeping and wailing will rise sky-high,  
And I'll join in with laughter. Oh me! Oh my!

(She breaks into a wild peal of laughter.)

*Frostina.* (Seizing her dress.) Oh Granny dear, do please let him go! Don't spoil Christmas for everyone! I can't bear to think of all the disappointed little children. And the babies, Granny! You wouldn't punish the dear babies? Oh Granny, let him go, and shut me up instead! Do, Granny, do!

*Witch.* (Shaking her off.)

Be off, you mongrel! Be off, I say!  
Neither witch nor child are you.  
I cannot bear you in my sight!  
Be off, before I punish you!  
Nay, not a word! Be off, I say!  
I shall keep him there for a year and a day.

(She shakes Frostina, and throws her away from her side. Frostina goes out, weeping silently. Just at the exit, she pauses, and looks toward her grandmother, as if about to speak, but the Witch makes a dart toward her, and she runs out. Witch dances wildly around, then stops, peers this way and that, then calls, loudly.)

*Witch.* Old Zero! Old Zero! Why, where is the man?  
He'll drive me crazy, if any one can.

(Old Zero enters.)

Now where were you, Sir? Had you gone to sleep?  
Is this the kind of a watch you keep?

*Zero.* I was only tramping around a bit, to see that all was right, and to keep myself awake. I'm getting old, Witch, and I have to move slow, but I must move a little or I'd go sound asleep. Three hundred and fifty is old, Witch, old!

*Witch.* Three hundred and fifty old! Indeed,  
I'm over a thousand, man!  
Yet did ever you catch me napping?  
You're free, the moment you can.

*Zero.* What use would freedom be to Old Zero? None of my kin is left now, back in old Salem. And to wander through this frozen land with a heart of ice in my breast— Nay, Witch, freedom would be no use to me now, even if I did catch you napping. By the way, do you ever sleep, really?

*Witch.* Once in every hundred years  
I a short nap take,  
Then for another century  
I am wide awake.

*Zero.* And did anyone ever catch you napping?

*Witch.* Never! Never yet, my man!  
Therein my power lies.  
No one can ever conquer me  
Who sees my open eyes.  
Now stay and guard this spot right well,  
Let no one venture near,  
Or this shall be your punishment—  
No sleep a whole long year.

*Zero.* Indeed, Witch, I always guard it well.

*Witch.* (Pointing to flag.)  
Yet once you slept. Behold that flag!  
The pole had ne'er been found,  
Had you been awake and watchful. (shakes fist at flag.)  
I could cast it to the ground!

*Zero.* (Muttering.) If she could, why don't she?

*Witch.* Nay, even a Witch may not insult that flag, as you well know.  
'Twould bring an army marching o'er my land of ice and snow.  
I want no human creatures here, so, Zero, freeze them out!  
If you keep awake, you'll easily put every one to rout.  
Now I must go, but, Zero man, see that no sleep you take,  
Or I will find some painful way to keep you wide awake.

(She dances wildly around and out. Zero walks around a little, slower and slower, sits down, stretches, yawns, begins to nod, rouses himself with an effort. Rises to feet, draws whistle from his pocket, and blows it. Snow fairies run lightly in.)

*Crystal.* Who called us?

*Zero.* I did. I'm lonesome and sleepy, and I need amusement to keep me awake. We need a big snowstorm, my dears.

*Dot.* Why, so we do. It's almost Christmas.

*Fluff.* And Santa'll need a lot of snow.

*Fleecy.* It shall snow right away. We'll set about it at once.

*Zero.* So do. So do, my dear Snow Fairies.

*Snow Fairies.* (Sing.)

Tune: "Lightly Row."

To<sup>1</sup> and fro, to and fro, now the wee Snow Fairies go,  
 To and fro, to and fro, Fairies of the Snow.  
 Thus we weave the snow-clouds gray,  
 Watch us, as we weave away!  
 To and fro, to and fro, weave the clouds just so.  
 Tossing<sup>2</sup> high, tossing high, toss our webs up to the sky.  
 Tossing high, tossing high, 'gainst the bright blue sky.  
 There<sup>3</sup> a leaden pall the form,  
 Warning of the coming storm,  
 Sailing<sup>4</sup> high, sailing high, hiding all the sky.  
 Flutt'ring<sup>5</sup> so, flutt'ring so, come the tiny flakes of snow.  
 Flutt'ring so, flutt'ring so, down<sup>6</sup> to earth they go.  
 Falling<sup>5</sup> thickly, falling fast, till they reach<sup>6</sup> the earth at last,  
 Flutt'ring<sup>5</sup> so, flutt'ring so, down<sup>6</sup> to earth they go.  
 Dancing<sup>7</sup> here, dancing there, changing<sup>8</sup> partners in the air,  
 Dancing here, dancing there, dancing ev'rywhere.  
 Clad<sup>9</sup> in garments pure and white,  
 Isn't it a pretty sight?  
 Dancing<sup>7</sup> here, dancing there, dancing ev'rywhere.  
 Whirling<sup>10</sup> so, whirling so, whirling when the cold winds blow,  
 Whirling so, whirling so, see the snowflakes go.  
 Piling<sup>11</sup> drifts so high and deep,  
 Covering<sup>12</sup> the hillsides steep,  
 Whirling<sup>10</sup> so, whirling so, when the cold winds blow.  
 Working<sup>13</sup> here, working there, weave a blanket white and fair,  
 Working here, working there, weave a blanket fair.  
 So the earth,<sup>14</sup> on Christmas Day,  
 Ready<sup>15</sup> is for Santa's sleigh,  
 Ting-a-ling,<sup>16</sup> ting-a-ling, how his bells will ring!

(Motions)

1, Fairies form lines facing each other. Pace back and forth, waving hands high, all through first verse. 2, Stand here and there, not in straight lines, during second verse. Motion with both hands, as if tossing something up high, during first and second lines. 3, Bring hands slowly up, as if describing an arch, let them remain an instant, then slowly bring down. This will take to end of fourth line. 4, Hands high, to left, move slowly to right. 5, Raise hands high, bring down with fluttering motion, twinkling fingers, and swaying bodies at same time. 6, Drop lightly down to platform, as low as possible, but remaining on feet, so as to spring up lightly again. Repeat 5 and 6 through verse. 7, Dance lightly here and there, by twos. 8, Change partners and continue. 9, Dance singly, spreading skirts. Last line same as first. This dancing may be a two-step, or simply a light, springing step. 10, Raise hands high, whirl completely around every time they sing the word "whirling." Let them whirl, half to right, and half to left, then the other way, to prevent their getting dizzy. 11, Bring hands up, as if piling drifts. 12, Hands high, together, bring down obliquely, to either side. 13, Hands rather low, wave them from side to side, all the time stepping slowly toward front. 14, Motion downward, with wide, spreading motion. 15, Bring hands back, bow. 16, Right hand high, motion as if ringing bells.

*Zero.* Not this year, Fairies, not this year, nor ever again.

*Fluff.* What's that?

*Zero.* He'll never come again, Fairies. Santa's reign is over.

*Crystal.* How can that be? He isn't mortal, so he can't be dead.

*Dot.* You've got the blues, old Zero. Cheer up.

*Fleecy.* Santa'll come. Don't you worry. He always does, and he always will.

*Zero.* But he won't, my dears, he won't indeed.

*Fluff.* Why not?

*Zero.* The Witch has captured him, my dears—the old Witch of the North.

*Crystal.* Where has she put him?

*Zero.* I do not know, my dears—not I. She has him somewhere, in a deep, dark dungeon, with the doorway hidden and covered with snow. Frostina begged her to let him go, but it was of no use.

*Dot.* But think of all the little children!

*Zero.* She does think of them. She wants them to cry. She wants to hear them.

*Fleecy.* Go hunt for him, Zero, we'll all help you.

*Zero.* I would, gladly, but I may not. She has me enchanted, too, and I can not step outside the bounds she has set for my feet.

*Fluffy.* Well, we're not under her control, and we shall try to save him.

(Enter Witch. Speaks to Fairies, after dancing around.)

*Witch.* Snow, Fairies! Snow hard! I feel in my bones  
That mortals are coming this way.  
Pile the drifts. Pile them high, so they all may be lost.  
They must perish while yet on their way.

*Crystal.* Perhaps they are coming to rescue dear old Santa.

*Dot.* And we want him rescued. You can't count on any help from us, old Witch.

*Witch.* Snow, I say! Pile the drifts up high.  
The mortals must not come through!  
Come, weave your spell at once, I say!  
Do you want me to punish you?

*Fleecy.* You can't punish us. You have no power over the Fairies, you very well know.

*Fluff.* We did send a storm, before we heard the dreadful news, but we're going right away to find the Sunbeam Fairies.

*Crystal.* Yes, they will melt the drifts for us. Santa will be rescued yet, old Witch. You'll see!

*Dot.* Let us go at once.

*All the rest.* Yes, we will.

(All run out. One looks back to say.)

*Dot.* Cheer up, old Zero. We'll save him yet!

*Witch.* The pert little upstarts! Save him, indeed!  
Now Zero man, just you look here.  
If a mortal comes near, freeze him solid at once,  
Or you shan't take a nap for a year.

(Hurries out. Pokes her head in again, to say. "Remember!")

*Zero.* (He picks up a stone, and hammers at his thermometer.) My thermometer's broken. The mercury won't go low enough to freeze them solid. I suppose she'll punish me dreadfully, but I can't help to keep Santa a prisoner. My heart isn't all turned to ice yet. (Listens.) Ha! some one is coming, sure enough.

(The children enter)

*Madeline.* Oh, there it is! That must be the North Pole. See our flag.

*Ernest.* That's it, for sure and certain. Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue!

(All cheer.)

*Witch.* (Appearing.)

What do ye here in the North land?  
And how did ye find the way?  
Stretch out your thermometer, Zero,  
And freeze them at once, I say.

*Zero.* My thermometer's broken. It won't go below zero.

*Witch.* Broken? Then punishment is due.  
Old Zero, 'twill go hard with you.

*Louise.* He couldn't freeze us, any way. We have on magic mittens. We're warm as toast.

*Witch.* Begone at once, or you will see,  
That soon you'll all enchanted be.

*Roger.* You can't enchant us. You can't harm us at all. We wear a magic talisman over our hearts.

(Witch waves arms and screams.)

*Witch.* Well, wander then, in the ice and snow!  
You'll not find Santa, you see,  
And there's nothing to eat up here at the pole,  
So you'll perish with no help from me.

(Goes out, with an eldritch scream.)

*Madeline.* Now what next? Do you know where she has hidden old Santa?

*Zero.* Not I, little maiden. I am chained to a certain area, and must remain there.

*Louise.* I don't see any chains.

*Zero.* They're there, little maid, just the same, and have been for over three hundred years.

*Roger.* Poor man! Can we help you?

*Zero.* Nay, there is no help for me. But rescue the dear old saint, if you can. Here comes the Witch's grand-daughter. Perhaps she can help you.

(Frostina enters.)

*Zero.* Did you find out where she had him?

*Frostina.* Yes, I followed her to the place, but she caught me and beat me dreadfully. He is buried under a mountain of snow.

*Roger.* Where?

*Zero.* Wait. The Snow Fairies have gone to find the Sunbeam Fairies. They'll melt the snow for you.

*Frostina.* Grandmother is sitting right by the dungeon, muttering awful spells.

*Zero.* She cannot harm these children, Frostina. They are under the fairy protection; and you and I are used to it by this time.

*Frostina.* If we can only catch her asleep. Once in a hundred years she takes a short nap, and I think it is about the time, now. At any rate, she yawned, and I never saw her do that before.

*Zero.* Her power lies in being always awake. She told me so. If you catch her asleep, all will be well. Oh, why don't the Sunbeam Fairies hasten?

*Ernest.* Come on, don't wait for them.

*Frostina.* It would be useless to go without them. We could never dig him out.

(Sunbeam Fairies run in.)

*Goldie.* Here we are. We came as swiftly as we could travel.

*Zero.* And you left the Snow Fairies behind?

*Bright Hope.* They can not go as swiftly as we, and besides, we work much better apart.

*Shiny Eyes.* Where shall we begin? Right here?

*Frostina.* No. Come with me. I know just where he is, but there's a lot of snow to melt. But Grandmother is watching right there.

*Cherry.* We can melt the snow faster than she can pile it on. Come on, let us get to work.

*Frostina.* Let me go first, and see if she is still there. Perhaps I can entice her away.

(She passes out. Sunbeam Fairies sing.)

Tune: "Coming Through the Rye"

We will shine our very brightest, flitting to and fro,  
Gladly on this loving errand Sunbeams Fairies go.  
We will rescue dear old Santa from his prison grim,  
When the snowdrifts all are melted, we can rescue him.

*Frostina.* (Rushing in.) Oh, come quickly! Grandmother is really asleep! I don't know how soon she may wake. Come, all of you.

*Zero.* (Taking silver cord from pocket.) Bind her with this frozen cord. She twined it herself, at a temperature of three hundred and thirty-three below zero, and it is the strongest thing here in the frozen North. She intended to bind Santa with it, but she lost it.

(Roger takes it, and all run out but Zero.)

*Zero.* I wish I might go, also; but alas! Here I must remain. However hard I try, my feet never pass the mystic circle she drew around the pole when first she put me here. Well-a-day! 'Twould do old Zero no good, now, even if he could be freed, for all he ever loved have vanished from earth long ago. My heart hasn't all turned to ice yet, though, for I don't want the little children to lose their dear old patron saint. To think of even the Witch of the North daring to capture Santa Claus! I wonder how she did it? And poor little Frostina! 'Twill go hard with her if her grandmother discovers that she helped to rescue the dear old man! If they come back this way, I will appeal to him to get her away, somehow. Hark! I believe they are coming! Can even the fairies have accomplished their task so soon?

(Enter Santa Claus, the children, Frostina and the Sunbeam Fairies. The children and fairies dance gleefully around Santa and Frostina.)

*Frostina.* (Running to Zero.) We got him! We got him, Zero! Grandmother never woke when they bound her with the frozen cord, and they've shut her up in the dungeon where she had dear old Santa hidden. The Snow Fairies are busily covering it again.

*Goldie.* And we'll keep well away this time. She'll have to remain where she is till she gets out by her own power.

*Santa Claus.* She cannot do that. When we caught her asleep her power left her, for in that her power was vested.

*Louise.* But how did she ever get you, Santa? I thought you led a charmed life.

*Santa.* I foolishly left my charm in the pocket of my other trousers, which Mrs. Santa was mending for me. I must hasten back to get it, before any other mishap befall me. But first, whom have we here?



(He turns to Zero, but the Brownies' Fairy Godmother runs in, and up to him. She hands a coin to Santa.)

*Fairy Godmother.* The Brownies are free from the Witch's spell.  
Here! Take your charm, Santa, and keep it well.

*Santa Claus.* Indeed I will. Forgetting it came near being the end of me. Next time I shift my trousers, I'll shift the charm, too. Thanks to you, kind friend, for bringing it.

*Fairy Godmother.* I couldn't have come, if the Witch had not been shut up, so thank the Sunbeam Fairies, and Frostina, and the children, and old Zero, too, instead of me.

*Santa Claus.* Indeed, I thank them all. Now, my friend, who are you?

*Zero.* Only old Zero. I had another name once, but it is so long since that I've forgotten it. I've been here ever since the old witch days in Salem. If the spell is broken, where shall poor old Zero go? I'm too old now to go back to Salem, far too old.

*Santa Claus.* You shall come with me, and be my right hand man. Santa Claus land is the place for you. What do you say? Will you superintend my workshops?

*Zero.* I fear I'm too cold and sleepy to be of much use, I've forgotten what a toy is like.

*Fairy Godmother.* (To Sunbeam Fairies.)  
Shine on him, Sunbeam Fairies!  
Thaw the poor creature out.  
There's a warm heart still within him,  
So put the cold to rout.

(They gather round him, form a circle, raise hands high, then bring them down obliquely toward him. Repeat several times, then dance around him.)

*Shiny Eyes.* He's thawing! He'll soon be all right.

*Madeline.* And I'm going to take Frostina home with me.

*Frostina.* I wish you could, but I can't go.

*Madeline.* Why not, I should like to know?

*Frostina.* There are no witches in your land, now, and no room for any.

*Louise.* But you're not a witch!

*Frostina.* No, I'm neither a witch nor a human. A mongrel, Grandmother used to call me.

*Roger.* But you can't stay here all alone.

*Santa Claus.* And she isn't going to stay here, my boy. She's going with me. Santa Claus Land is a good place for her, and she shall play with my baby, and help Mrs. Santa dress the dolls.

*Ernest.* That will be jolly!

*Frostina.* But I don't know how to play, and I never saw a doll.

*Louise.* You poor little girl!

*Santa Claus.* My boy will teach you to play, fast enough, and Mrs. Santa'll teach you to sew for the dollies. She'll like the dolls, won't she, girls?

*Madeline.* I guess she will. Oh, Frostina! If you dress one for me, put your name on it, so I will know! I'll name her Frostina.

*Santa Claus.* She shall dress you one next year. No time this year. Christmas is upon us, and I am belated. You must all turn to, and hustle to help me.

*Roger.* We children, do you mean?

*Santa Claus.* Yes, all of you! Would you like it?

*Children.* Like it! I guess we would!

*Fairy Godmother.* The sleigh will soon be here. I left orders for it to follow me.

*Boys.* Hooray! Hooray!  
We're going to ride  
In Santa's sleigh!

*Madeline.* So there won't be anyone disappointed at all. Christmas and old Santa are just the same as ever.

(Form in any pretty way, and sing, to audience.)

Tune: "Jingle Bells."

Santa'll come tonight,  
He'll soon be on the way,  
Driving from the North  
In a roomy sleigh,  
Bringing presents fine,  
Goodies, dolls and toys;  
And you'll be sure to have a share  
If you're good girls and boys.

Chorus.

Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way.  
Nowhere else are bells so sweet  
As the ones on Santa's sleigh.  
Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way.  
Now the moon and stars are out,  
And we'll soon be on the way.  
He comes each Christmas Eve,  
And brings along his pack,  
Down the chimney comes  
With it on his back.  
He'll find your waiting socks  
All hanging in a row,  
And quickly he will fill each one  
From top way down to toe.

Chorus

We've rescued Santa dear  
And so we're glad and gay;  
Without him it would be  
A horrid Christmas Day!  
O'er all the whole wide world  
Our Santa Claus is King!  
The sweetest music is the chime  
His merry sleigh-bells ring.

Chorus

(At close of song, bells are heard. The children stop to listen.)

*Louise.* It's coming! The sleigh is coming!

*Roger.* Hurrah for dear old Santa!

(All cheer, then dance merrily around him, while curtain falls.)

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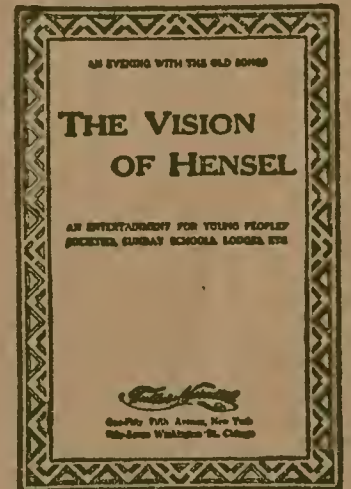
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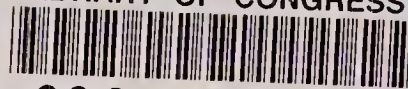
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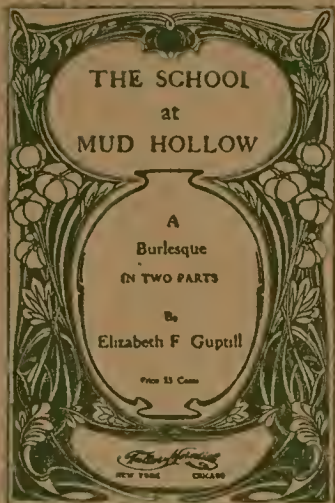
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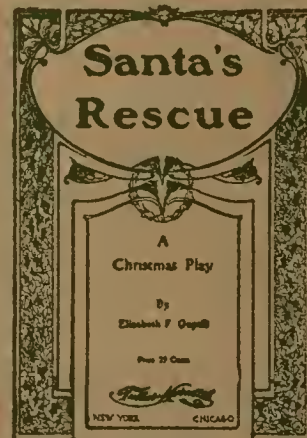
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