

The False Sir Santa Claus

(A Christmas play for Young and Old)
By E. S. Brooks

This play is designed to precede the Christmas tree at a Christmas party. Its action may call for the help of the entire company to assist at the choruses. All the children in the room may, if desired, be massed on the stage, and the chorus of parents may be given by the audience from the seats they occupy, provided they are led by a few ready voices near the piano. No special decoration is needed for the stage. The action should take place near the Christmas tree, which should, if possible, stand behind a curtain, or be screened by the folding-doors, until the end of the masque, when it should be suddenly disclosed with all its blaze and glitter. The "properties" are simple, and none of the costumes need be elaborate, but the setting can be as greatly diversified and elaborated as the inclination facilities of the managers permit. Let the choruses and speaking parts be rendered with spirit. Much of the text can be sung to familiar airs, which will readily suggest themselves to the musical directors.

CHARACTERS:

- Mr. Moneybags (afterward the False Sir Santa Claus). Hard as his dollars, and "down on children."*
- Santa Claus. Positively the Only Original article. No connection whatever with the spurious imitation above.*
- Jack Frost and his Wife. Firm friends of the Only Original.*
- Jack o' Lantern. The pugnacious young page of the False Sir Santa Claus.*
- The Fairy Bountiful. All glitter and spangles.*
- The False Four:*
 - Red Riding-Hood's Wolf.*
 - The Big Bugaboo*
 - The Whooping-Cough Man*
 - The Wandering Jew*
 - Dick*
 - Ethel*
 - Curly-Locks*
- The Chorus of Children.*
- The Chorus of Parents.*

COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES:

Mr. Moneybags: may be a "grown man" or a big boy. May be dressed in street costume at first. When he appears as the False Sir Santa Claus he should wear a full-dress suit of fashionable cut, with opera hat, white mustache and side-whiskers--as great a contrast as possible to the conventional Santa Claus.

Santa Claus: should be made up, as customary, "in fur from his head to his foot, a bundle of toys flung on his back," etc. Another "grown man" or big boy should be selected for this part.

Jack Frost: (boy of fifteen) and his Wife (girl of thirteen). Pretty ice-and-snow suits of white Canton flannel with swan's-down trimming, sprinkled with silver powder. They carry silver wands.

Jack o' Lantern: Agile boy of twelve, in tight-fitting fancy or jester's suit.

The Fairy Bountiful: Girl of sixteen. Fancy white dress, wings, and spangles; silver wand.

Red Riding-Hood's Wolf: Boy of sixteen, in fur robe or coat, with wolf's-head mask, and movable jaws, if possible.

The Big Bugaboo. Tall youth of sixteen or eighteen, with demon's mask or some ugly face. Dressed in close-fitting red suit.

-The Whooping-Cough Man. Boy of Sixteen, doubled and bent, with basket and crook, whitened face, and light clothes.

-The Wandering Jew. Big boy in old black suit, shocking bad hat, and bag full of "old clo'es."

-Dick: A bright boy of fourteen.

-Ethel. A bright girl of twelve.

-Curly-Locks. A pretty girl of six or eight.

SCENE

(As the curtain rises, the children rush in pell-mell, singing)

CHILDREN:

Ho! for us;

Hey! for us;

Please clear the way for us,

Please clear the way for us, lassie and lad.

Here are no weary ones,

Here are no dreary ones,

Christmas has come, and we children are glad;

Christmas has come, and we children are glad.

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS: *(In audience)*

Shout it out! Sing it out! Clear voices ring it out!

Ring out your glee, every lassie and lad.

Under the holly, now, sing and be jolly, now;

Christmas has come and the children are glad!

CHORUS OF CHILDREN:

Hurry all! Scurry all! We're in a flurry all!
We're in a flurry, with happiness mad.
Gaily we sing to you; welcomes we bring to you;
Christmas has come and we children are glad!

(Enter Mr. Moneybags, account-book in hand. He shakes his fist at children.)

MONEYBAGS:

What a rumpus! What a clatter!
Why, whatever is the matter?
All this rout and shout and riot is distracting to
my brain.
You've disturbed my computations
With your singing and gyrations,
And you've mixed my figures up so, I must add
'em all again.

ETHEL: Oh, stupid Mr. Moneybags, where are your senses, pray, sir?

DICK: Why, don't you know--of course you do! --That this is Christmas Day, sir?

CURLY-LOCKS: 'T is Christmas, sir--the children's day!

ETHEL, DICK, & CURLY-LOCKS: *(Shaking their fingers.)* And please to understand--

ALL THE CHILDREN: We're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhere-land.

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS:

Don't scold them, Mr. Moneybags, for, please to
understand,
They're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhere-land.

MONEYBAGS: *(Much disgusted.)*

For what? For whom? For Santa Claus?
'T is past my comprehension
That, in this nineteenth century,
Such foolishness finds mention!
For Santa Claus? No bigger fraud
Has ever yet been planned!
There *isn't* any Santa Claus,
Nor any Somewhere-land!

(Consternation among the children.)

ETHEL: *(Indignantly.)* Oh, wicked Mr. Moneybags, how can you be so cruel!

DICK: *(Pathetically.)* Why, Christmas without Santa Claus is weak as watered gruel!

ETHEL & CURLY-LOCKS: (*Sorrowfully.*) We can't believe you!

DICK: (*Vehemently.*) And we won't!

ETHEL, DICK, AND CURLY-LOCKS: (*With warning finger.*) So please to understand--

ALL THE CHILDREN: (*Vociferously.*) We're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from Somewhere-land.

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS:

They can't believe you, and they won't, for, please to
understand,
They're waiting here for Santa Claus to come from
Somewhere-land.

MONEYBAGS: (*Aside.*) It seems to me it would be wise
To stop the superstition;
To open these young eyes to fact
Would be a useful mission.
So I'll devise a little scheme,
And try it, if I'm able,
To bring these folks to common sense,
And burst this foolish fable.
(*Aloud.*) Well, goodbye, youngsters; now I'm off!
I really cannot stand
This trash you talk of Santa Claus
Who comes from Somewhere-land. (*Exit*)
DICK: (*Turning to children, with uplifted hands.*) No Santa Claus!

CHILDREN: (*Lifting hands in dismay.*) No Santa Claus!

CURLY-LOCKS: (*Tearfully.*) No Santa Claus!

ETHEL: (*To children, hands lifted.*) No Santa Claus!

CHILDREN: (*Lifting hands solemnly.*) No Santa Claus!

ALL: (*In audible tears.*) Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!

ETHEL: (*Spitefully.*) I just believe he's telling fibs.

DICK: (*Surlily.*) Of course!

ETHEL: (*Dejectedly.*) It seems to me this horrid Mr. Moneybags is mean as mean can be!

DICK: (*Decidedly.*) Of course he's fibbing.

CURLY-LOCKS: (*Indignantly.*) Course he is.

ETHEL: He does it just to tease us.

DICK: He's down on children; so, you see, he never wants to please us.

CURLY-LOCKS: *(Anxiously.)* Oh, dear! Why doesn't Santa come?

DICK: Let's wish him here.

CHILDREN: *(Incredulously.)* That's--quirky.

DICK: *(Stoutly.)* 'T ain't! Ethel saved a wish-bone up from last Thanksgiving's turkey.

CHILDREN: All right! Who'll pull it?

ETHEL: *(Producing the wish-bone.)* Dick and I.

DICK: *(Examining it.)* It's dry enough. Say when, boys. Catch hold here, Ethel--wish!

CHILDREN: Now, pull!

(Dick and Ethel snap the wish-bone.)

ETHEL: Dicks' got the lucky end, boys!

CHORUS OF CHILDREN: *(Try, for air, "Nelly Bly.")*
Come to us, come to us, here as we sing;
Come to us, come to us, Christmas bells ring.
Come to us quickly--nor loiter, nor pause;
Come to us, come to us, old Santa Clause!

CHORUS OF INDULGENT PARENTS:
Santa Claus! Santa Claus! Jolly old saint;
Hark to them! Hear to them! List to their plaint.
Broken to the wish-bone! All wistful they stand--
Come to them, Santa Claus, from Somewhere-land!

(A loud clang and clash outside. Enter, with double somersault or long jump, Jack o' Lantern. The children start, amazed.)

JACK O' LANTERN: *(With comic posture.)* Who calls for Santa Claus, I'd like to know?

ETHEL: *(Surveying him curiously.)* We, Mr.--India-rubber!

JACK O' LANTERN: *(Laughing derisively.)* Ho, ho, ho! *(Turns a double somersault, or some other nimble contortion, and, striking a comical attitude, says:)*

With a clash and a clang, and a rattlety-bang
And a bumpity-jump rather risky,
With a jounce and a bounce, Santa Claus I announce!

I'm his page, Jack o' Lantern so frisky.
See where he comes; stand all here close at hand,
Enter! Sir Santa Claus of Somewhereand!

(Enter Moneybags as the False Sir Santa Claus, dressed in full-dress suit, as indicated in costume directions. The children start back, surprised at seeing a person so different from their idea of Santa Claus in dress and appearance. Moneybags surveys them through his eye-glass sourly.)

MONEYBAGS: *(Gruffly.)* Heigh-ho, there, you youngsters! Well, how do you do? H'm--what did you say?

ETHEL: *(Timidly.)* Oh, we only said--oo-oo-oo!

MONEYBAGS: Well, why this surprise? Why this staring and stir?

CURLY-LOCKS: *(Showing him her toy book.)* We looked for *that* kind of Santa Claus, sir.

MONEYBAGS: *(Taking book and examining it critically through eye-glass.)* Hey? What kind? Oh, that! Ah, permit me to look;

Why, Santa Claus, child, doesn't live in a book!

(Reading quickly.)

H'm--"little old driver"--pshaw!--"sleigh full of toys"--

"Down the chimney"--that's nonsense, you know, girls and boys.

(Reading again.)

"He was dressed all in furs, from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

And the stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face--"

Oh, that's nonsense, I say;

I haven't looked that way for many a day!

I dress in the fashion; I'm solemn in speech,

And detest all the folly *that* fable would teach.

I hate to be bothered with children and toys,

And I'm down on this Christmas Day worry and noise.

ETHEL: *(Anxiously.)* And your sleigh?--

DICK: *(Dubiously.)* And your reindeer?--

MONEYBAGS: All sold--long ago. They were quite out of date--too old-fashioned and slow. What with steamships and railways and telegraph wires.

And stores overcrowded with sellers and buyers,
And modern improvements in every land,
There's no use for Santa Claus now--understand? (*Sings. Try for air, "The Campbells are Coming."*)
I'm a thrifty old merchant who lives at the Pole,
A sleep-loving, ease-loving, saving old soul;
I'm healthy and wealthy and wise now, because--
I've done with the nonsense of old Santa Claus!

CHILDREN: (*Singing poutingly.*)
He's a selfish old merchant who lives at the Pole,
A skinflint old miser, as mean as a mole;
But he'll never succeed if he tries to pick flaws
In the joys of the children--this old Santa Claus!

INDIGNANT PARENTS: (*Singing snappishly.*)
He's a heartless old merchant who lives at the Pole;
For his comfort and ease he would barter his soul.
Come away from him, children; don't trust him, because--
He's a fraud and a miser--this old Santa Claus!

MONEYBAGS: (*Bowing low, in mock humility.*) Thanks for your compliments, kind friends, indeed;
I'll not forget your praises;
'T is pleasure rare to hear and heed
Such kind and courtly phrases.
But this I know--you'll soon, with speed,
Give up these Christmas crazes.

DICK: (*Emphatically.*) Well, isn't this dreadful?

ETHEL: (*Tearfully.*) Oh, dear, I could cry!

MONEYBAGS: (*Threateningly.*) You'd better leave that for the "sweet by and by."
If there's one thing I hate, in this bedlam appalling,
It is to hear children a-screaming and squalling.
So, if you attempt it, I know what to do!

CURLY-LOCKS: (*Anxiously.*) Oh, what does he mean?

ETHEL: I don't know.

ALL THE CHILDREN: (*Vociferously.*) Boo-hoo-hoo!
MONEYBAGS: (*Wrathfully.*) What, ho, there! Hallo, there! My trusty police,
These children are cranky--this nonsense must cease.
Come in here, my beauties, these children to tell
Sir Santa Claus knows how to manage them well.

(*Enter the False Four, one by one. Consternation on the part of the children.*)

MONEYBAGS: *(Checking them off as they enter.)* Here's Red Riding-Hood's Wolf! Here's the Big Bugaboo! Here's the Whooping-Cough Man! Here's the Wandering Jew! Aren't they sweet? What's the matter? You quiver and shake so, one would think you were frightened to see you all shake so.

DICK: What horrid, ugly people!

ETHEL: Did you ever, ever see such dreadful folks invited to a lovely Christmas tree?

MONEYBAGS: Speak up, my gentle serving-men, and tell these children, now, what parts you play on Christmas Day--and when and where and how.

RED RIDING-HOOD'S WOLF: *(Snappishly.)* I've great big ears, and I've great big eyes, and I've great big teeth, because--
Oh, yes, you've heard the story before--
Just look at these beautiful jaws! *(opening mouth very wide.)*

THE BIG BUGABOO: *(Solemnly.)* I'm the Big Bugaboo! And I live in the dark,
With my grin and my club. And I wish to remark,
I know all the bad boys, and I'm looking at *you!*
So, don't you forget I'm the Big Bugaboo!

THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN: *(Asthmatically.)* I'm the Whooping-Cough Man, yes, I am--I am--
I'm the Whooping-Cough Man so breezy;
And the bad boys I fill, yes, I will--I will--
With my choke and my strangle so sneezy.
And the little girls, too, yes, I do--I do--
If I find at all uneasy,
Why--I take their breath off
With the cough--the cough.
I'm the Whooping-Cough Man so wheezy!

THE WANDERING JEW: *(Seductively.)* "Old clo'es! Old clo'es! Cash paid for old clo'es!"
I sing through the streets of the city,
And the people they bring every ragged old thing
When they hear the sweet strains of my ditty.
(Impressively.)
But the bad girls and boys, if they make too much noise,
Or if words with their betters they bandy,
Why, I ups with their heels,
And I smothers their squeals
In my bag of "old clo'es" so handy!

(More consternation among the children.)

MONEYBAGS: *(Alluringly.)* They sometimes give boxes at Christmas, you know,
Instead of the stockings and trees.
A nice Christmas box would be jolly to show--
You each shall have one, if you please.

Come, gather around me, and I will explain.

(The children draw near in anticipation.)

MONEYBAGS: My meaning I make very clear:

(Ominously.) If children are cranky, I don't speak again,

But give them--a box on the ear! *(Tries one on Dick, with bewildering effect.)*

(The children retire in dismay, and sing dolefully.)

CHILDREN:

Dismal, doleful children,

Doleful children we;.....

Gone is all our pleasure,

Gone is all our glee.....

Singing turns to sighing;

Day is dark because...

He is such an awful, horrid Santa Claus....

Please to go, please to go because

You're not what we look'd for in old Santa Claus.

CHORUS OF DISTRESSED PARENTS:

Worried, flurried parents, worried parents, we!

Pleasure's sun is clouded, gloomy is our glee.

Christmas ends in crying, hopes are dashed, because--

He is such a horrid, hateful Santa Claus!

Please to go, please to go, please to go, because--

You're not what they looked for in old Santa Claus!

MONEYBAGS:

What! Go? Ah, no; the children want me badly,

If I should leave, I know they'd miss me sadly;

I know they love me, so I'll spare their tears.

THE FALSE FOUR: *(In derisive chorus.)*

What! Go? Ah, no--not while we've strength to stand;

Why, he's Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE: *(Singing behind scenes.)*

Out from the kingdom of ice and of snow,

Rollicking, frolicking, frisking we go;

Rollicking, frolicking, singing in glee;

Oh, who so merry and cheery as we?

Clear rings our song, all the day long,

All the glad Christmas Day, Christmas Day long.

Shout the gay glories of Christmas so grand;

Shout for old Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

(Moneybags and the False Four start in surprise at the sound of this singing, and look at each other anxiously.)

MONEYBAGS: Say, who be these that sing so blithe and free? Quick, Jack o' Lantern, find this out for me!

JACK O' LANTERN: *(Reluctantly.)* Excuse me, I beg; I'm suspicious of dangers, and it ruffles my nerves, sir, to interview strangers.

JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE: *(Singing nearer.)*
Racing and chasing, from sunset to light,
Painting the windows with trceries bright;
Dancing with sunbeams, all sparkle and life,
Oh, who so gay, all the glad day,
All the glad Christmas, the glad Christmas Day?
Shout the gay glories of Christmas so grand;
Shout for old Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

(Jack o' Lantern clutches Moneybags by the arm and drags him to the front.)

JACK O' LANTERN: *(Hurriedly and emphatically.)* Jack Frost and his Wife, sir,

Oh, run for your life, sir!

They'll stir up a strife, sir,

And interview you.

They're Santa Claus folks, sir;

Have done with your jokes, sir!

You'll be pinched and poked, sir--

and frost-bitten, too!

MONEYBAGS: *(Defiantly.)* Pshaw! Who's afraid?

Here on my rights I'll stand!

I am Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

(Enter Jack Frost and his Wife, briskly.)

JACK FROST: How are you, youngsters? Full of fun and life? I am Jack Frost--

HIS WIFE: And I'm his loving wife.

JACK FROST: *(Looking at children anxiously.)* What's the matter? Where are your shouts of glee?

Where's Santa Claus? And where's your Christmas tree?

DICK: *(Ruefully.)* There'll be no tree--

ETHEL: *(Dolefully.)* And Christmas glee is o'er.

CURLY-LOCKS: *(With a great sigh.)* Oh, Mr. Jack! Christmas will come no more.

JACK FROST: Why, who says that, you curly little elf?

CURLY-LOCKS: Oh, don't you know? Old Santa Claus himself!

JACK FROST: *(Looking all around.)* Old Santa here? Where? Not among *that* band!

DICK: *(Pointing to Moneybags.)* There!

MONEYBAGS: *(Pompously.)* I am Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

JACK FROST: You? Well I guess not! You, sir? Oh, no, no! That's a good joke! *You* Santa? Ho, ho, ho!

MONEYBAGS: There, that will do! Be off, now! Scatter! Pack!

JACK'S WIFE: *We* get away? I guess not! Will we, Jack?

JACK FROST: *(Dancing derisively before Moneybags.)* No, not for such a fat old fraud as you! *(Then to children.)* This False Sir Santa Claus is fooling you!

MONEYBAGS: Quick, now, my good policemen, clear them out!
I will not have such vagabonds about.

THE FALSE FOUR: *(Closing around Jack and his Wife.)* Move on, now! Come--move on! You're in the way here!

JACK FROST: *(With hand to ear, sarcastically.)* I'm just a little deaf. What's that you say, here?

THE WHOOPING-COUGH MAN: *(Grasping Jack Frost's arm roughly.)* Move on, I say! *(Jack Frost touches him with his wand.)* Ah!

JACK FROST: *(Slyly.)* Well, now what's the matter?

DICK: *(Touching the Whooping-cough Man, who is motionless as a statue.)* He's frozen stiff!

(Jack Frost suddenly touches the Big Bugaboo with his wand.)

ETHEL: Oh, see there, Dick! Feel him!

DICK: He's frozen, too.

JACK FROST: Jack's magic wand froze the Big Bugaboo!

JACK'S WIFE: They both are frozen up, too stiff to wink;
They'll let us stay here now awhile, I think!

ETHEL: *(Pointing to Moneybags.)* But isn't he Santa Claus?

JACK FROST: He? Bless you, no!

MONEYBAGS: H'm! How will you prove it?

JACK FROST: That's easy to show.

MONEYBAGS: Well, show it!

JACK FROST: I will, sir! I will--don't you fret!

JACK'S WIFE: Oh, False Sir Santa Claus, we'll beat you yet!

MONEYBAGS: *(Snapping his fingers contemptuously.)* What can you do?

JACK FROST: Oh, quite enough, I think;
We'll do enough, I know, to make you shrink.
I'll summon up each fairy, gnome, and elf;
I'll call--I'll call old Santa Claus himself!
I'll tell him--no--for first I'll stop this strife,
Or we will, won't we, dear?-- Jack Frost and his Wife! *(They rush with their magic wands to Red Riding-Hood's Wolf and the Wandering Jew, who are at once frozen to statues and stand stiff and rigid. Jack o' Lantern runs off.)*

DICK: Hey! The Wandering Jew's frozen stiff as a stake!

ETHEL: So's Red Riding-Hood's Wolf! What nice statues they make!

ALL THE CHILDREN: *(Exultantly.)* And now, hip, hurrah! Let Jack go, if he can,
For this horrible, terrible Santa Claus man!

(Jack Frost and his Wife, dancing around Moneybags, pinch and poke him, while he winces and dodges and shivers, and the children jump for joy.)

JACK FROST AND HIS WIFE: *(Try for air, "Grandfather's Clock.")*

We'll nip his nose and tweak his toes;
With cold he'll shake and shiver!
We'll twinge his ears and freeze his tears
Until he'll quake and quiver.
We'll cover him nice with a coat of ice,
While he'll shiver and sneeze and stumble;
No Santa Claus he! A fraud he must be:
He's nothing but glitter and grumble.

MONEYBAGS: *(Aching with cold.)* Br-r-r! Oo-oo-oo! I'm cold! Oh, hold there, hold! Do save me from this ice man! Ah, boo-I freeze! My nose! My knees! Do stop it--there's a nice man!

(Enter Jack o' Lantern hastily, with a stick painted to look like red-hot iron bar.)

JACK O' LANTERN: Here's a red-hot bar I've brought, sir;
Heat will that you--so it ought, sir;
Now I'll try what heat will do, sir. *(Pokes Moneybags with the bar.)*

That's for you! (*Lays it on Jack Frost's back.*)

And that's for you, sir!

MONEYBAGS: (*Jumping with pain, but relieved.*) Ouch! That's better--what a pelting!

JACK FROST: (*Growing limp and drooping as the hot iron thaws him out.*) Wifey, quick! I'm limp and melting!

Come, with magic wand revolving;

Here's your Jacky fast dissolving!

JACK'S WIFE: Courage, Jacky; here I come, dear;

My! You're getting thin and numb, dear.

There! I'll stop this in a thrice, sir. (*Touching Jack o' Lantern with her wand.*)

Jack o' Lantern turn to ice, sir!

(*Jack o' Lantern becomes a frozen statue. Noise of sleigh-bells heard, and then Santa Claus is heard shouting, behind scenes.*)

SANTA CLAUS: (*Outside.*) Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder and Blitzen!

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,

Now, dash away! Dash away! Dash away, all!

(*The children listen, amazed and delighted.*)

CHORUS OF CHILDREN:

(*Try, for air, the "Galop" from "Gustavus."*)

Hark! We hear the jangle, jingle;

Hark! We hear the tangle, tingle;

Hear the jingle and the tingle of the sleigh-bells sweet
and strong.

Welcome, welcome, rings our greeting;

Joyful, joyful, is the meeting;

Sweet the greeting and the meeting, sing the welcome
loud and long.

Jingle, jangle, tingle, tangle,

Christmas joy shall know no pause.

Tangle, tingle, jangle, jingle,

Welcome to you, Santa Claus!

CHORUS OF HAPPY PARENTS:

Jingle, jangle, tingle, tangle,

Christmas joy shall know no pause.

Tangle, tingle, jangle, jingle,

Welcome to you, Santa Claus!

SANTA CLAUS: (*Entering with a rush, shaking snow off.*) Hello! Merry Christmas! I hope I'm on time!

With the rivers I cross and the mountains I climb,

With the roofs that I scale and the chimneys I drop down,

By the day *after* Christmas I'm ready to flop down.
but what if I do get so tired with trotting?
Your joy gives new strength for my planning and plotting.
My reindeer are fleet, and--Hello! What's the matter?
Something's wrong here--or else *I'm* as mad as a hatter!
Why is Mr. Jack Frost, there, so slimsy and droopy?
Who are these funny statues so cold and so croupy?
Why are not all these little folks happy and hearty?
And--well--bless my stars! Who's *that* pompous old party?

MONEYBAGS: (*Advancing.*) I am Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

SANTA CLAUS: (*Quizzing him.*) Ho! Are you? Well, old fellow, here's my hand!
So you're Sir Santa Claus? Well--by the by--
If you are he--why, bless me! Who am I?

MONEYBAGS: (*Loftily.*) I have no doubt, sir, you're some low impostor.

SANTA CLAUS: Well, come, that's friendly! I'll look up the roster.
But, still,--I *think*,--as far as I am able,
I've been old Santa Claus since the days of fable
How is it, little folks? We'll leave to you
To say which is the False one--which the True?

DICK: (*Decidedly.*) Oh, *you're* the true one!

CURLY-LOCKS: Certain sure!

SANTA CLAUS: (*Inquiringly.*) Because?--

ETHEL: We know that *he's* the False Sir Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS: Well, well; that's logic! Then, by your decree,
What shall the sentence of this culprit be?

DICK: (*Vindictively.*) Let's tar and feather him!

ETHEL: And freeze him, too!

SANTA CLAUS: Well, little Curly-locks, and what say you?

CURLY-LOCKS: (*Reflecting.*)
He's been so dreadful naughty, I should say
It's best to make him good again today.
If *we* are good to him, why, don't you see,
He'll have a chance to try and gooder be?

SANTA CLAUS: Why, bless you for a rosy little saint!

You've found the cure that's best for his complaint.
What, Mr. Moneybags, shall your answer be,
Now that you've heard this little maid's decree?
Do you appreciate the magnanimity
Extended you by this small judge in dimity?

MONEYBAGS: *(Dropping humbly on one knee before Curly-Locks.)*

I'm conquered completely, as you may see,
And I bow to your gentle sentence;
And I humbly beg, on my bended knee,
Your pardon--with true repentance.
I have been *such* a horrible, cross old bear,
With never a soul above dollars;
But I promise you now, if my life you spare,
To be one of your happiest scholars.
Hereafter my days shall have more of glee;
With the children I'll frolic and roam, ma'am,
And I'll give one half of my fortune, free,
to the Destitute Children's Home, ma'am.

SANTA CLAUS: *(Clapping him on the back.)* Bravo! Now joy-bells ring out clear and free;
Come with me, children, to the Christmas tree!

(Enter the Fairy Bountiful, with a burst of music. All stand surprised.)

THE FAIRY BOUNTIFUL:

One moment tarry, ere, with wonders sweet,
The tree shall make your Christmas joys complete.
One thing remains: List, while I tell to you
What Fairy Bountiful would have you do.
In the old days, when Valor, Truth, and Right
Would flight the Wrong and conquer wicked Might,
The champion brave his sure reward would see,
And by his king or queen would knighted be;
And, as his shoulders felt the royal blade
Give the glad stroke they called the "accolade,"
These welcome words came, as his guerdon due:
"Rise up, Sir So-and-so, good knight and true!"

Without old Santa Claus, the children's fun
At Christmas-tide could never be begun.
In their glad hearts the champion he'll stand--
Their good old friend, who comes from Somewhere-land.
Let, then, the title that this False one bore
Come to the True, with love in goodly store.
Kneel down, old Santa Claus, while with ready blade
Sweet Curly-locks shall give the "accolade"!

(Santa Claus kneels before Curly-Locks, who touches him lightly on the shoulder with the fairy's wand.)

CURLY-LOCKS: Good knight and true! Dear to the girls and boys,
Friend of their fun and helper in their joys,
Receive this honor from the children's hand.
Rise up, Sir Santa Claus of Somewhere-land!

SANTA CLAUS: *(Rising.)* Thanks, thanks to you, Curly-locks gentle and true;
Thanks all, girls and boys, for this honor from you.
I'll be loyal and leal to your joyous young cause.
Health and wealth to you all! says your friend Santa Claus.

Now, rally all, rally all, rally with me,
Round the wonders and sights of the bright Christmas tree.
Give a cheer and a shout and a chorus because--
We have routed and conquered the False Santa Claus!

(During the chorus that follows, in which the parents should join, the curtain or doors should slowly open and disclose the Christmas tree, around which the children, with Santa Claus at their head, should march as they sing.)

ALL:

When the children are safe in the Land of Nod,
All sleepily snug in their places,
Then over the chimney tops, jolly and odd,
Old Santa Claus rushes and races;
Then ring out and sing out the welcome we give,
Our love he will always command.
Hurrah for Santa Claus! long may he live
At his castle in Somewhere-land;
Hurrah! for Santa Claus! Long may he live
At his castle in Somewhere-land.

While Christmas-tide comes with its laughter and glee,
Our hearts shall keep green as the holly,
If there in the circle with smiles we may see
Old Santa Claus merry and jolly.

Then ring out and sing out the welcome we give,
Our love he will always command.
Hurrah for Santa Claus! long may he live
At his castle in Somewhere-land;
Hurrah! for Santa Claus! Long may he live
At his castle in Somewhere-land.

Then round the glad Christmas tree rally with joy;
Let Love's happy sun shine in gladness.
Sing it out, every girl, sing it out, every boy;

Old Santa Claus banishes sadness.

Then ring out and sing out the welcome we give,
Our love he will always command.
Hurrah for Santa Claus! long may he live
At his castle in Somewhere-land;
Hurrah! for Santa Claus! Long may he live
At his castle in Somewhere-land.

CURTAIN