

MAMIE : How little it takes to please a child ! I often wish I were a little child again, and believed that Santa Claus is a real person, as I used to. Really, I almost believe in him now. But I must go and finish dressing Dotty's doll, now that she is in bed. She would be so disappointed not to find one in her stocking in the morning.

(Exit Mamie.)

ACT II.

(For this act the stage should be made to look like a street. Children can be easily dressed to look like persons doing Christmas shopping, with bundles in their hands ; they pass to and fro on the stage as if hurrying home. Have this scene a brisk one, representing the pleasant hustle of Christmas, with old and young, in all sorts of dress—a little ragged and grotesque will not do any harm if wisely managed. Dot is found lying half asleep on one side of the stage, hareheaded, and curled up beside the wall, which could represent a building. " Jack," a hoy sixteen years old, is dressed in a blue sailor costume, with a broad collar, and a nautical cap. The temperament of this hoy should be jocose, full of good cheer, and he should carry himself in a jaunty, sailor-like way.)

(Enter JACK, whistling, " A Life on the Ocean Wave." Notices a child asleep on the doorsteps of a house, and stops.)

Hello ! What's this ! Shiver my timbers, if it isn't a little girl shipwrecked here on this bleak coast, this stormy night. *(Looks at her steadily, touches, and wakens her.)* Hello, Sis ! wake up, and tell me yer name.

CHILD *(Half awake)* : My name is Dotty.

JACK : Yes, but haven't yer another name ?

DOT : Papa calls me his precious.

JACK : Who is yer papa ? What's his name ?

DOT : His name is papa.

JACK : But his other name. Isn't it Mr. ——— something ?