



MARTHA

THE
MAGICAL
MOUNTAIN



BY
A RACE

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Gift of
Mrs. Daniel D. Luckenbill

MISSIONARY MARIONETTE PLAYS

MARTHA RACE

THE PILGRIM PRESS

BOSTON

CHICAGO

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DIV.

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Mrs. Daniel D. Luckenbill

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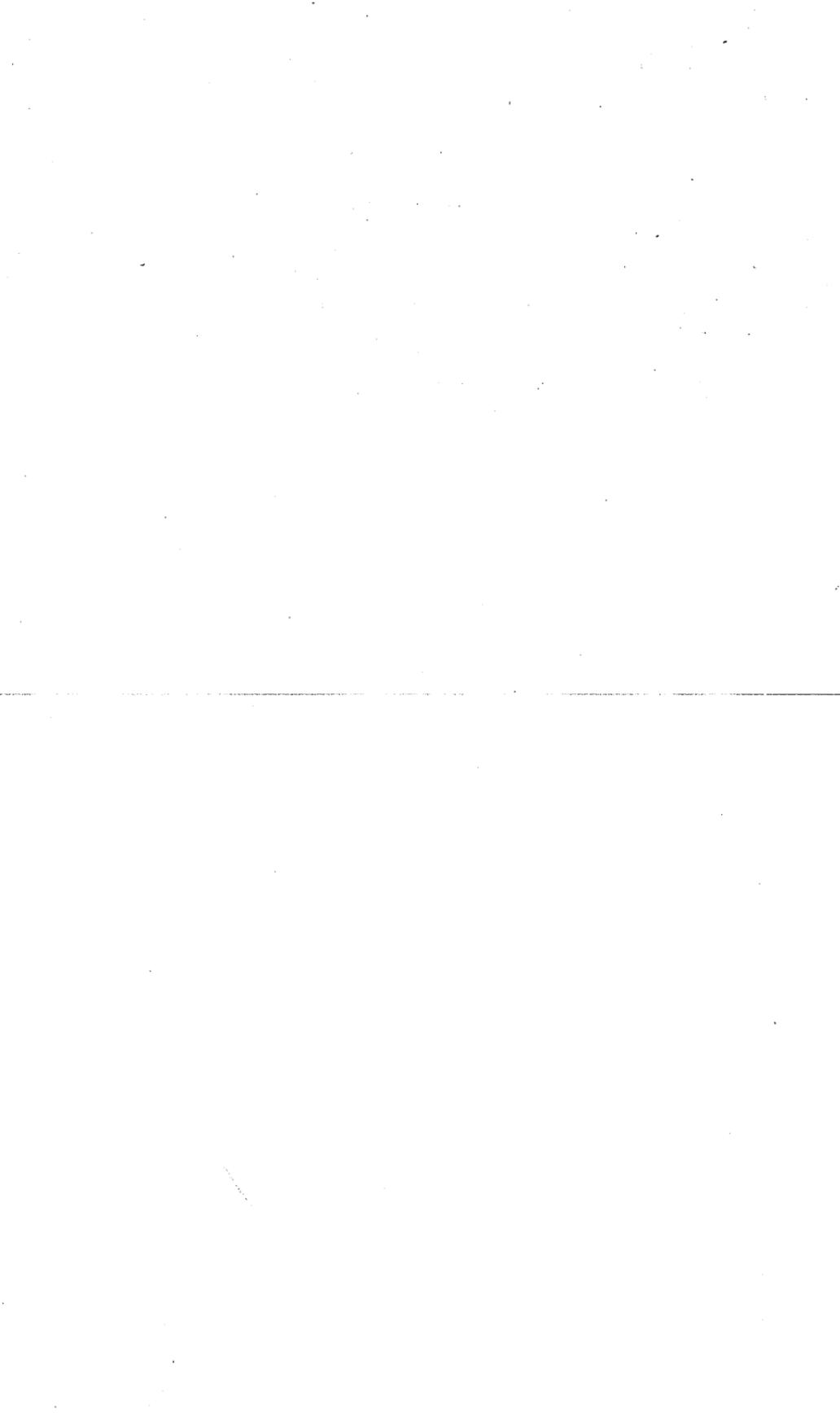
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378

1911



MAGIC INCENSE

(*Indian*)

THE THEATER

A box-like framework is used carpeted with a strip of green linoleum, and closed in front with curtains that may be drawn at will. Footlights are tiny bulbs placed on a projecting strip in front, and shielded by another strip. Removable crosspieces of wood are placed at the top with lines of small nails projecting straight up, so that the rings attached to the marionettes may be slipped over them. (See pages 4 and 6.) The stage and figures described are of the simplest type. The portable stage and the larger puppets described in connection with the Chinese play may be substituted. If this is done, the figure of Kim, wearing only a loin-cloth, could be made of oil-cloth, like the Igorrote figures in the Philippine play.

SCENERY

This is of light-weight cardboard, tacked to light strips of wood at the top, which are long enough to allow the ends to rest on the side framework. For home scene use wall-paper pasted on the cardboard. The two outdoor scenes are mostly blue sky, with palm trees and shrubbery cut from paper and lightly attached. The hospital back-drop is of cream white paper. The length of the theater should permit the setting of all these simple scenes before the first curtain is raised. As one scene is concluded, the back-drop and the furniture, if any, should be removed, leaving the next set in readiness.

FURNISHINGS AND PROPERTIES

Scene 1. Two cushions as far front as possible are all that are absolutely essential, though there may also be the usual furniture of a hall or living-room, if preferred. An incense burner is in plain view throughout the play, lighted before the curtain goes up. A small bell for doorbell and telephone.

Scene 2. No properties needed.

Scene 3. Shrubby and a well made of a paper carton, its diameter sufficiently large to permit the lowering of the boy within it. It is cut down to about three inches in height in front, and to almost nothing in the rear. Sloping, irregular sides of torn cardboard are added, and the whole is painted green. Stretcher made of rough twigs with bark showing and strong white cloth, with threads and rings attached to support it, as in the case of the dolls.

Scene 4. Table, chair and cot or bed, all white. Tiny cups or goblets from a doll's tea-set on the table.

Scene 5. Same as Scene 1.

THE CHARACTERS**Americans**

Mrs. White
 Mrs. Black
 Dr. Green
 Miss Rose, nurse

Natives of India

A Maharajah
 Maharajah's wife
 Maharajah's son, Chundra
 An ayah
 Kim
 Kim's sister

The dolls may be found in a ten-cent store, those representing Americans having china heads and jointed bodies of cloth, the others being made of pink celluloid, washed over with light brown thin oil paint, the hair painted black. Chundra should be jointed but the others may have circular dress weights attached to the feet, allowing them to stand upright with the greatest ease. To the head of each doll attach a strong thread (dyed a light blue-gray) long enough to reach to the top framework of the theater, and tie the end of each thread to a small curtain ring. Slip these rings over the fingers of those manipulating the dolls, while in action, and over the small nails in the framework or top of scenery when the characters are standing or sitting during a scene. When the characters are offstage, slip the rings over nails at the back or sides of the theater.

COSTUMES

Mrs. Black and Mrs. White are in afternoon costume. The doctor wears white duck trousers and coat, white sun helmet, black necktie and black shoes. He may be given a black mustache, with ink. In his hand (attached by thread) he carries a medicine-case made of a small match-box, enameled black. The nurse is in uniform. The high-caste family are in rich silks, the man's large turban being adorned with a glittering aigrette. The ayah wears a sari of dark blue with dark red border. Kim has only a white loin-cloth, with white strip over left shoulder. His sister, in a skimpy white garment, should be as much like the pictures of poor Hindu children as possible.

THE ACTION

Children find it quite easy to manipulate the dolls and to make the action coincide with the reading, with a little practice. It is necessary that they become familiar with the story and the action, but the number of rehearsals required for a marionette play will be fewer than those needed for a play in which the lines are memorized. They should learn to move the characters smoothly, not jerkily, and keep the feet on the ground. When more proficient, they may attach cords to the hands of the dolls, and practise the making of gestures.

THE READERS

Adults may assist in this part of the work, or all parts may be given to boys and girls with strong, clear enunciation. A good light, and low, comfortable

chairs in a semicircle back of the little theater (if voices can be heard from this position) are needed. A director who watches the action closely can give signals and cues to the readers and prevent their getting ahead of or behind the action. Many of the parts may be doubled, so that not as many readers will be needed as there are characters.

With a few changes, this play might also be produced by living actors.

SCENE 1

The American home of Mrs. White. As the curtain rises, Mrs. White is entering from the left (of the performers). The doorbell rings. She crosses to the right and greets Mrs. Black, as the latter enters.

MRS. WHITE: Good afternoon, Mrs. Black. I am glad you came, for I was wondering how I should pass the afternoon. I have nothing special to do, and I am tired of reading.

MRS. BLACK: That's just why I came; I was tired sitting around at home. Suppose we go for a drive, after a while? My car is out of the garage.

MRS. WHITE: Fine! I think it will do us both good to get out. In the meanwhile, until it is cooler, we might sit out on the porch. I think you will find these cushions quite comfortable.

They sit on cushions, placed on opposite sides of the stage, if it is narrow, or near together, if space permits. The incense burner, lighted, is in sight.

MRS. WHITE: We might stop at a tea-room somewhere, and fill up part of the afternoon very pleasantly. (*Telephone rings.*) Excuse me while I answer. (*She rises, and goes out of sight at left where voice is heard.*) This is 4976. Mrs. White speaking.—Oh, yes, Mrs. Brown, how do you do?—No, to tell the truth, I had not remembered it.—What is the program?—Oh, indeed, a missionary is to speak?—Er, —really, I'd love to come, but I don't see how I can. Wait a minute, please. (*She reenters the room.*) Mrs. Brown wants me to come to the missionary tea at her home. I had forgotten it.

MRS. BLACK: So had I.

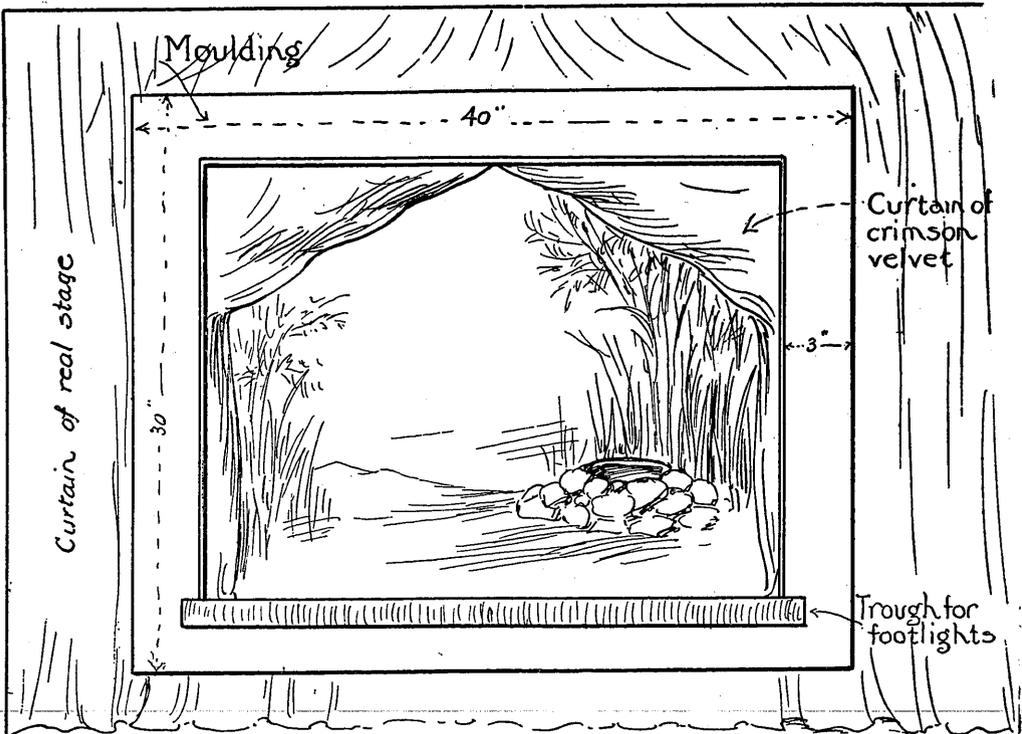
MRS. WHITE: Do you care to go?

MRS. BLACK: What is the program? Do you know?

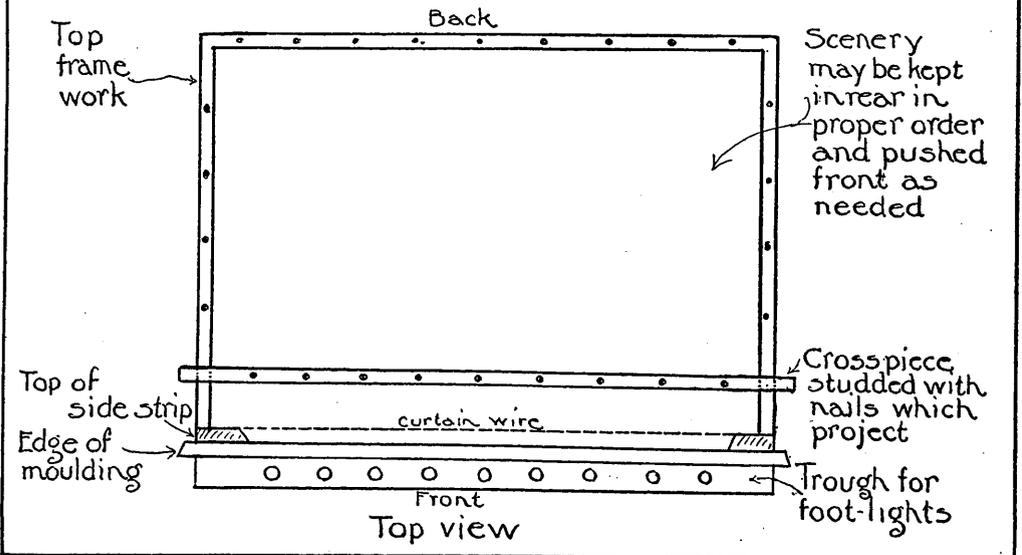
MRS. WHITE: A missionary who has just returned from India is to tell about our medical missions there. I am not crazy about going, but if you—

MRS. BLACK: Mercy, no! I have troubles of my own. I prefer not to hear about disease, and starvation, and mothers throwing their babies into the Ganges, and all that! I think it is my duty to keep my mind as full of cheerful thoughts as I can.

MRS. WHITE (*returns to telephone, and speaks off-stage*): I am sorry, Mrs. Brown, but I'm afraid I can't come this afternoon. I am very busy. I wish I had known about it earlier in the day.—Oh, yes, I mean I wish I had remembered it earlier.—Thank you, I am sorry, too. I hope you will have a pleasant meeting. Good-bye. (*She enters, and resumes her seat.*)



Front of theater. Placed on box close to front of real stage: Curtains drawn about it. Setting shown: Scene at well. [Natural bamboo used] Small curtains of crimson velvet. Frame is of 3" brown picture moulding with narrow gilt inside. Beaver or other wall board may be used instead.



HOW TO MAKE A THEATER FOR MARIONETTES

MRS. BLACK: Do you know, I think the British government should take better care of those people in India, and not expect us to help them. Really, one cannot go anywhere, nowadays, without being asked to give to some cause or other, and I, for one, am getting heartily tired of it. Seriously, I sometimes wonder if these foreign missionaries accomplish much lasting good, after all.

MRS. WHITE: I don't know. It must be terribly expensive to keep so many in the foreign fields. I am not sure that I believe in foreign missions, either. It seems to me that we need all our workers and all our money to meet conditions here at home. The daily papers show that we have a frightful state of affairs in our own country, and I am too good an American not to say "America first!"

MRS. BLACK: I feel exactly as you do, Mrs. White. If I were sure that foreign missions should come first, I would give more, but there are so many demands here at home. My children are all in Sunday school, you know, and there, as well as in the church, the cry is "Money, money!" all the time. It seems to me that all these ignorant foreign people want of us is our money, or what money can buy, and that when they have been fed and clothed, and have gotten out of us all that they can, they go right back to their old ways.

MRS. BLACK: Your aunt gives a good deal to missions, doesn't she?

MRS. WHITE: Oh, yes! And that reminds me—she has just returned from a trip around the world, and brought me some of the loveliest things! I have a screen from Japan, a wonderful vase from China, and this incense-burner from India. Do you notice the fragrance? The incense is the kind used in temples.

MRS. BLACK: Indeed, I have noticed it. In fact, I believe it has made me a bit sleepy. Of course, it may be only imaginary.

MRS. WHITE: Perhaps that is what is the matter with me. I am positively stupid and drowsy. But it is not disagreeable, is it?

MRS. BLACK: Not at all. In fact, I rather like it. Let's sit still a minute or two, and see if the incense really has an unusual effect.

They relax in their chairs, as if falling asleep, and remain in that position until Scene 4 is concluded. Curtain falls on Scene 1. Back-drop and any furniture used is removed. The incense burner remains through the play.

SCENE 2

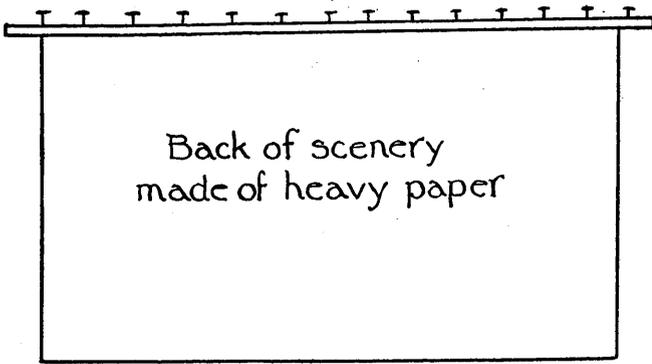
A roadway in India, the effect being produced entirely by the back-drop. As the curtain rises, Kim is entering from the right front corner, and Dr. Green from the left rear corner, each approaching the center. As they meet, Kim is allowed to drop forward until his face almost touches the ground, then brought back to an upright position.

DR. GREEN: Well, Kim, how are you today?

KIM: Salaam, sahib. I am very well.

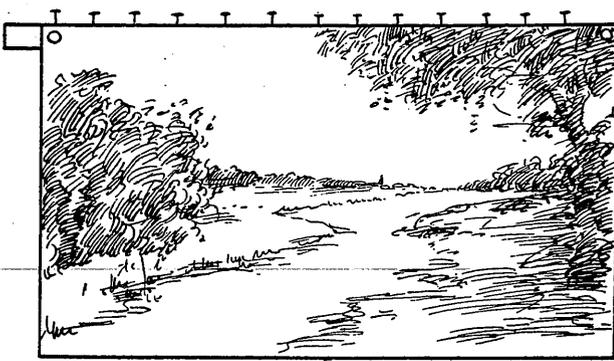
DR. GREEN: Do you remember any of the words I taught you yesterday?

KIM: I do, sahib-doctor. I can say "American Mission School." I say, "God, the Father" and "Jesus" and "Kim wants to go to school." (*Delightedly.*) Kim goes to school tomorrow. Father says so.



Large tacks
or small
nails

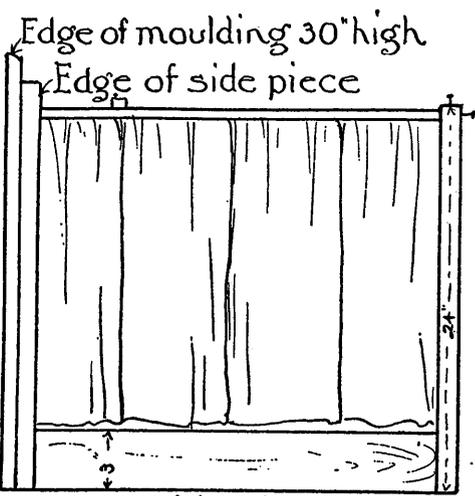
Back of scenery
made of heavy paper



Thumb tack

Wooden
strip

Front of
scenery

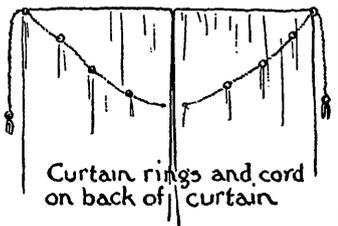


Edge of moulding 30" high

Edge of side piece

Trough
for
footlights

Side view



Curtain rings and cord
on back of curtain

Curtain of light-weight
dark green material
with at least three
openings. Dolls are
slipped through
when necessary

Entire floor covered with
dark green linoleum or painted

DR. GREEN: Good! You have been a very good messenger boy, but I should rather have you in school. And, Kim, you must bring all the boys and girls you can.

KIM: I can bring only boys in my caste.

DR. GREEN: But I want you to bring both boys and girls, Kim. We teach girls, too.

KIM: Why? Girls have no souls. The gods do not love girls as they do boys. It brings ill fortune if a girl learns to read.

DR. GREEN: The God I tell you about loves girls, and we love girls. Did you not see the lady who came all the way from America to teach the girls in our school? You said, the first day I talked with you, that my God would not love you because you are of low caste, but you now believe that he does, do you not, Kim?

KIM: The sahib-doctor speaks truth.

DR. GREEN: Then you must believe that God loves every one. Now, Kim, here are some more words I want you to learn, so you can teach them to the other boys, and to the girls. Listen, and say the words after me: "God is love."

KIM: "God—is—love."

DR. GREEN: Now, remember, and tell the others what I told you about Jesus, who died for all the people of the world. Come early to school tomorrow, Kim.

KIM: I come, sahib-doctor.

DR. GREEN: Then good-bye, Kim.

KIM: Salaam. (*Bends low, as before.*)

Each passes off the stage, the doctor at right front, Kim at left rear. The curtain falls and the back-drop is removed.

SCENE 3

The curtain rises, disclosing another scene in India. Near the back-drop, a little to left of center, is a well surrounded by irregular foliage. Trees may be of paper, attached to the back-drop, or of small green branches. Kim and his small sister are seen toward the right.

KIM: Yes, I am telling you the truth. The Jesus-man told me that I must bring as many children as I can to the school tomorrow. So you must go!

GIRL: Girls don't go to school.

KIM: But I tell you, again and again, that the sahib-doctor, the one I call the Jesus-man, told me that his God loves girls as well as boys, and I have promised to tell everybody about it. Now, you must learn some truth-words before you go. Say just what I say.

GIRL: I don't want to learn. It is of no use for me to learn.

KIM: Even if you don't want to learn, and even if it is of no use for you to learn, you have got to learn! Say what I say, after me. "God is love." Say it!

GIRL: "God—is—love."

KIM: "Jesus loves me." Say it!

GIRL: "Jesus loves me."

KIM: And he told me that his God loves us who are of low caste as well as he does that Brahmin boy coming to the well, now, with his ayah.

GIRL: He speaks not truth, then. Let us run and hide. We must not remain near a Brahmin child and pollute the air he breathes. (*Starts off.*)

KIM: Come back! The doctor says that Jesus loves us, and we will stay.

They stand watching Chundra approaching from the left, followed by his ayah. Chundra starts toward the well.

AYAH: Do not go too near, little master. There is danger. Come away!

Chundra continues his approach, leans over the edge of the well, and finally falls in. The nurse comes nearer. Kim and his sister remain in their positions.

AYAH: He has fallen in! What shall I do? I know his father will have me killed, and it was not my fault. I warned him. (*Turns to Kim.*) The little rajah has fallen into the well. Run quickly, and tell his people!

Kim goes off left, hurriedly. The child's mother enters. Kim follows.

MOTHER (*approaching the well*): Oh, that our gods would help us! Where can we find aid?

KIM: I can get him out, noble lady. I am strong.

MOTHER: You? How dare you suggest such a thing? You, a miserable wretch of low caste, touch the body of a noble Brahmin child? Never, never!

KIM (*looks in well*): He has caught a root, and is clinging to it, but he will drown if he is not soon rescued.

MOTHER: Then let him drown! Rather would I have him die a thousand deaths than be touched by your little finger, for that would destroy his chance of heaven. Oh, my son, my little son!

KIM: See, his father comes!

The father enters hurriedly from the left, and approaches the well.

MOTHER: Thank the gods that you have come in time! Our son is in the well; get him out quickly, for we have no other aid.

The father leans over the well. The boy is drawn out and allowed to lie upon the ground.

FATHER: I think his leg is broken. We must get him to the holy man as soon as possible. But it is a long journey, and he will suffer greatly.

KIM: I know an American sahib-doctor, who is of high caste. Perhaps he will come. He is not far away. Let me bring him!

MOTHER: You say he is of high caste?

KIM: He is a king's son. He is more than that; he calls his God his Father.

FATHER: Ah! then he is also a holy man. And he is near?

KIM: Very near.

FATHER: Then hasten and bring him to us.

Kim hurries off, right. Returns, after a short pause, with Dr. Green.

DR. GREEN: Kim tells me that I may be of assistance to you.

FATHER: My son has fallen into this wayside well and broken his leg, I fear. We are far from our home, being on our annual journey to the sacred river. While resting in the shade of yonder grove, the boy walked about with his ayah, and now lies suffering. Our holy man is far from us, so we cannot ask him to offer prayers to the gods for our son. This boy tells me that you are the son of a king.

DR. GREEN: I told him that. But my Father is a heavenly King. He does not dwell on earth among men.

FATHER: Then he is a god, and you are a holy man indeed. You may help my son then, and I will pay you well.

DR. GREEN: We will discuss that later. At present I must examine the child, and see what is to be done. (*He kneels beside the boy, his back to the audience.*) It is just as you thought. His leg is broken. Kim, help me a minute here, while I set the bone. (*Kim begins to move.*)

FATHER: No! He cannot come near my son! Stand back, boy!

DR. GREEN: Then you must assist me. Bring me a couple of sticks for splints.

The father moves to rear corner, and leans over. The two small sticks lying there, tied together and attached to a thread that is fastened at the top of the back-drop, are lifted and moved with him as he returns to the doctor; then they are dropped beside him. The father and the doctor both bend over the boy a moment, then rise.

DR. GREEN: We must get him to the hospital.

MOTHER: But can you not pray for him here?

DR. GREEN: I can do that anywhere. But at the hospital I can do more than that. I can give him the advantage of what the greatest scientists of the world have learned of the treatment of wounds and of disease. The people of my religion, believing that it is God's wish that we help your country and all other countries, have sent this aid to you. But we must hasten and make a stretcher, that the boy may be carried in comfort. I need some stout, thick cloth, and some poles.

The doctor, the father and the mother go off, left. They return with the stretcher, which is supported by cords and rings, and moved between the two men. It is dropped to the ground, and the boy is lifted upon it. Then the curtain falls, and the back-drop and well are removed. Some practice, and an extra pair of hands, will enable the stretcher to be carried off, at right front, with the doctor in front and the father behind, if this ending of the scene is preferred.

SCENE 4

A sign reading A MONTH LATER is displayed in front of the curtain before it rises. The scene is in the mission hospital. Chundra, the injured boy, is seen in a small white cot or bed. A nurse in uniform stands near. Beside the bed is a table, and on the opposite side is a chair.

NURSE: You look happy this morning, Chundra.

CHUNDRA: I am happy, Miss Rose. I am getting well, and my father and mother are coming to see me! Soon I shall be going home. But I shall be sorry to leave you and the doctor, you have been so good to me all these weeks. This is the happiest place I have seen in all my life.

NURSE: You are a very fortunate boy, Chundra. Did you know it?

CHUNDRA: Yes. I am glad the gods did not make me like Kim.

NURSE: Why?

CHUNDRA: Because he is so poor, and of low caste.

NURSE: And yet Kim is happy, very happy, Chundra. He has something that you have not, after all.

CHUNDRA: How can that be? What has Kim that I, the son of a Maharajah, have not?

NURSE: He has love in his heart. He knows that God the Father loves him, and he believes that he can please God, and show his own love, by doing good to others.

CHUNDRA: Is that why he brought the sahib-doctor to me?

NURSE: Yes, and for the same reason the doctor, the other nurses, the teachers and I myself are here in India—to help you and all the other boys and girls, and men and women, whom we can reach. We bring you the love in our hearts, and the love in the hearts of the men and women and boys and girls in America who gave money that we might come.

CHUNDRA:—I never heard of anything so strange!—Our gods are not like your God. They would not be pleased if we made a nice place like this for every one, even those of low caste. They would not want us to teach and to nurse these people. They want us to give to them instead. Tell me, Miss Rose, how do you get this love of God?

NURSE: Do you remember the stories of Jesus that you have been told here in the hospital?

CHUNDRA: Yes, I remember them.

NURSE: They told you of what he has done for you, and when you remember them does not your heart feel soft and loving toward him, as it does toward your father? When a person does a great many good things for us, are we not apt to love that person?

CHUNDRA: Yes. Kim calls the doctor the Jesus-man, and Kim loves the doctor.

NURSE: How do you feel about the doctor?

CHUNDRA: I believe I love the doctor, too, Miss Rose!

NURSE: Why?

CHUNDRA: Because he made me well, and has been so good and kind to me.

NURSE: Then don't you see, Chundra? It is just as I said. When you think of what Jesus has done for you, don't you love him?

CHUNDRA (*after a pause*): Yes—I do!

NURSE: Then you will prove it.

CHUNDRA: How?

NURSE: Think of Kim. He has nothing in his life to make of him a successful man. You have everything. He loves God. You love God. God loves

both. Those who love God are his children. Since you and Kim are God's children, are you not brothers?

CHUNDRA: Brothers? A Brahmin and a pariah?

NURSE: Yes. Jesus told his disciples that One is our Father, and that all are brethren.

CHUNDRA: Then, if Kim and I are brothers, Kim must have more of the things that I have. I must not scorn him, but pity him—

NURSE: And love him!

The doctor enters, and approaches the bed, from the right.

DR. GREEN: Well, Chundra, you are getting along so well that I am going to give you a great treat. Your father and mother are coming right in, instead of waiting until later in the day. Show them how well and how happy you are, my boy!

CHUNDRA: I will, doctor.

The parents enter, from the right, and approach the bed.

FATHER: My son, we are truly pleased that you are soon to be at home again. I do not know how we can ever repay this kind doctor and the nurses for what they have done for you.

CHUNDRA: We cannot repay them, father, for they have done what cannot be paid for, but I know how we can help them.

FATHER: How?

MOTHER: Tell us, my son, and we will do it gladly.

CHUNDRA: We can give them money to help them take care of people who cannot pay for their treatment, and—

FATHER: We will do that, of course. I shall give a large sum.

CHUNDRA: There is something more. We can take care of Kim, and let him be my brother.

PARENTS: *Your brother!*

CHUNDRA: Yes! My dear parents, I now have the love of Jesus in my heart. It has come since I learned of what he has done for me, and while I watched the doctor and the nurses and the teachers here at the mission, and found that they have something that I had not. Even Kim has something I did not have. Now I want to do something for Jesus, and he has said that by helping others we help him. When we get home I am going to read to you from the Book the doctor gave me, and tell you all that I have learned about God.

FATHER: But, my son, we might help Kim, and still not look upon him as your brother, your equal.

CHUNDRA: Father, Kim's father and mother have died since I was hurt. There was a dreadful sickness that killed many in his village. He has no home, no education. I want him to have both. I want him to learn how to be a "Jesus-man," too, and preach to the people of India. If he had not brought the doctor to me I might not have lived, and I should not have known about God.

FATHER: My son, you have made a strange request—that a boy of low caste be given an education. But I will consider it.

CHUNDRA: Father, in all my life you have not denied a request of mine, and I want this more than I ever wanted a thing before. I believe you will do what I ask, when you hear what God has done for you.

NURSE: Kim has come. Do you want to see him? He is at the door.

CHUNDRA: Oh, yes! Come in, Kim! (*Kim enters, but does not approach.*) Come nearer. (*Kim does not move.*) Come on, Kim, your caste does not matter, now that I have the love of God in my heart. Kim, did you know that we are brothers?

The curtain falls

SCENE 5

The home of Mrs. White. Mrs. White and Mrs. Black are asleep on cushions as curtain rises. They awake.

MRS. WHITE: Why, Mrs. Black, I believe I have been asleep and dreaming. I apologize!

MRS. BLACK: You need not apologize. I have been dreaming, too, and my dream seemed very real. I thought I was in India, and I saw children by the roadside—

MRS. WHITE: And I thought I was in India, and I saw a medical missionary and a little Hindu boy—

MRS. BLACK: And I saw a little Brahmin fall into a well. He was rescued—

MRS. WHITE: And the little pariah brought the missionary—

MRS. BLACK: And the boy was taken to the mission hospital, where he recovered, and—

MRS. WHITE: And became a Christian!

MRS. BLACK: And asked his parents to adopt the little pariah and educate him as a native preacher, when his mother had not permitted the low-caste boy to rescue her son when he fell into the well!

MRS. WHITE: Isn't all this strange? I don't know what to think!

MRS. BLACK: Nor I. But—I cannot think as I did before.

MRS. WHITE: My friend, we do need more missionaries in our own country, to make us see that the children of God throughout the world are brothers and sisters, and that no corner of the globe should be left untaught, without the gospel of Christ, without the benefit of modern science and education. We are citizens not only of America but of the world! I have changed my mind about foreign missions, Mrs. Black!

MRS. BLACK: So have I. Do you suppose it is too late for us to hear at least a portion of the missionary's message this afternoon?

MRS. WHITE: No, there is time enough. Wait until I get my hat.

Mrs. White rises and starts for the door. Mrs. Black rises also and calls, very distinctly and impressively, after her.

MRS. BLACK: Don't forget your purse!

Final curtain

THE LITTLE BOY THAT LIVED IN THE LANE

(*Chinese*)

THE STAGE

The stage for this or for any marionette play may be one of the following types: (1) A large, well-built stage such as is used by professional producers and described in books written by them; (2) A small, simply made stage, constructed and used by amateurs in home and in church school, described in "Magic Incense"; (3) A folding stage, comparatively light in weight and easily transported, described in this article; (4) Last, and simplest of all, an improvised theater for use in small rooms, made of a packing box, with top and front removed, a curtain across the front, floor covered with green and walls with blue. The scenery, the furniture and the puppets may be as attractively made for this as for any stage. The making of stage and all accessories might be considered a project for the older classes.

A FOLDING STAGE

This is planned to provide a stage that can be used in a large room, easily transported, and stored in limited space. It may be used out-of-doors, and in rooms lacking means of concealing the performers.

The construction is simple. The framework is similar to that of a three-fold screen, built of one-by-two stock, with lapped corner joints, covered with wall-board or heavy cloth. The panels are six feet high. The center panel is forty-eight inches wide; the side panels are twenty-four inches wide, and fold toward the front.

The opening for the stage is thirty by forty-two inches, and is in the center panel, located eighteen inches (or more, as decided by those using the stage) from the bottom of the panel. It is outlined in front by a three-inch molding or a painted border.

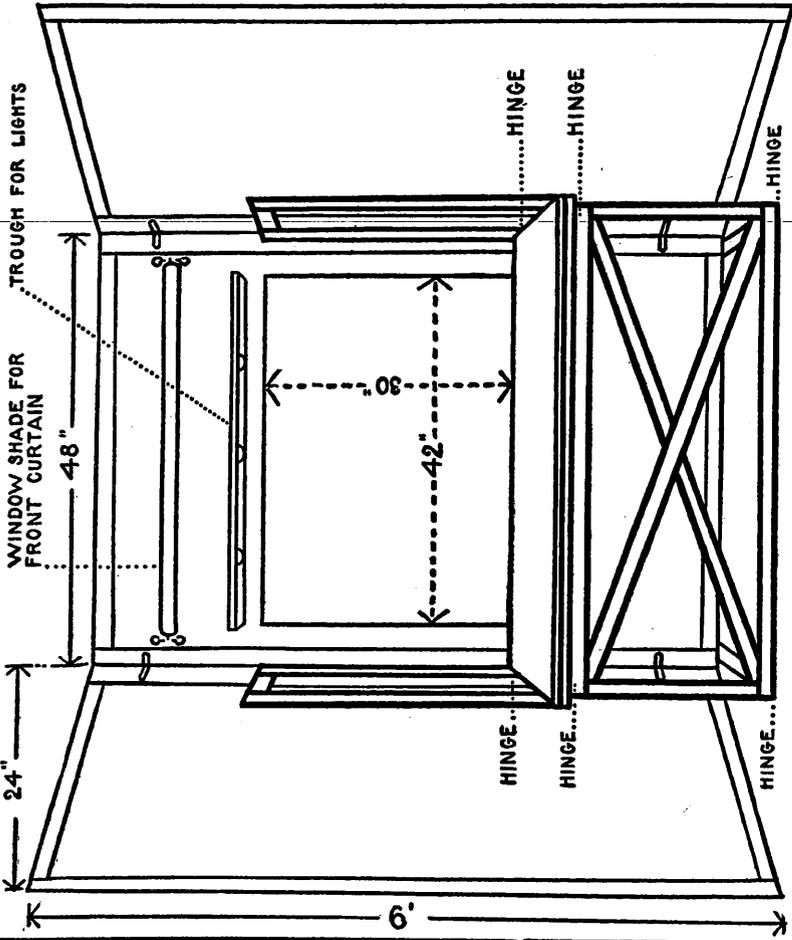
The front curtain is made of a window-shade and attachments. The back and side curtains of sky blue are on a skeleton frame.

There are two removable troughs, one for footlights, one overhead. Use plain cleat receptacles and bung-hole lights, three in each trough.

The stage floor is merely a drop-shelf hinged to the center panel and supported by cross-braced legs. It is painted green. Its dimensions are thirty by forty-eight inches, and it folds upward.

In setting up the stage, these are the steps:

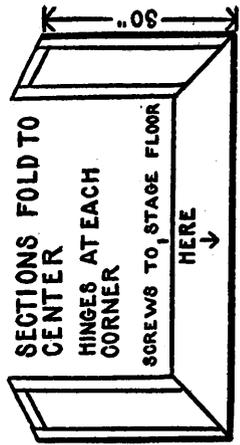
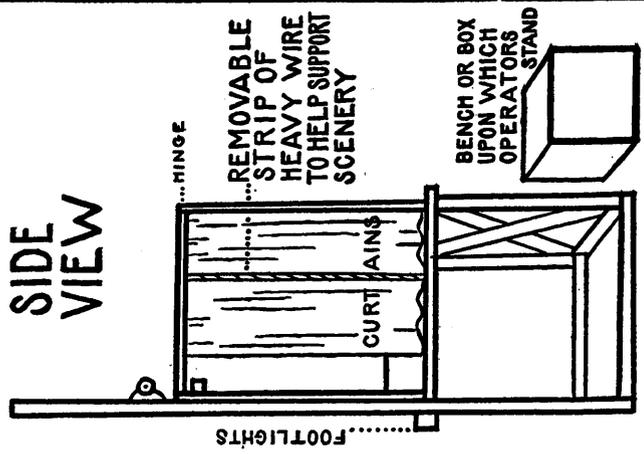
1. Open screen; place in position.
2. Lower stage floor to rest on cross-braced legs hinged to back.



REAR VIEW

Shelf 30" x 48". Height of shelf from floor 18" or more as needed. Shelf is hinged to fold upward. Bracing frame work folds under shelf. Side panels hinged to fold toward front.

SIDE VIEW



SKELETON FRAME

3. Attach the skeleton frame, and adjust back and side curtains.
4. Place scenery and furniture for first act.
5. Attach light-troughs in front and overhead.

Have all operators in position, with puppets ready to appear. Turn on lights, and raise front curtain.

THE SCENERY

A back and side curtain of blue has two openings in each side.

The scenery may be painted on beaver-board braced easel-fashion in the back, and tied to supports on each side.

In the street scene there is a wall, supposedly of gray-green bricks, with the lane indicated by short pieces leading off at an oblique angle. Back of the wall, close to the blue, is seen the top of a pagoda with red roofs. The floor is covered with paper marked off with crayon to indicate cobblestones. There are some stones near the wall to serve as seats.

In the second set a small box is lined to represent the cave, and in front of that is the paper representation of tumbled stones and bricks. The pagoda shows at the extreme left and rear. Inside the cave there is only a piece of cloth to suggest matting, a little bowl from a doll's tea-set, and a broken basket or similar object.

The third set is a box-set effect of beaver-board. The walls are marked to suggest large, irregular blocks of dried mud, of which the house is supposedly built. The window is painted and attached to left wall. On the rear wall is a banner of red paper with inscription in black. Box tops provide a foundation for the brick platform, with red and yellow paper for the fire. The bird-cages are of stiff paper. The stool is of small twigs, suggesting bamboo. The floor is covered with brown wrapping-paper. A blue light adds to this scene.

THE CHARACTERS

Chen, pronounced Chun, the little boy.

Ah-Po, pronounced as spelled, the bird vender.

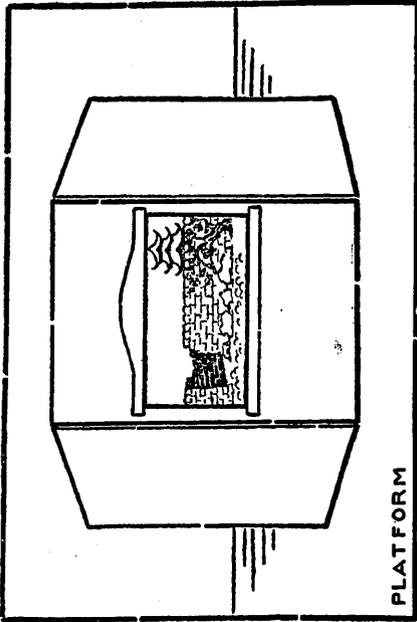
Mai Yu, pronounced May-Yee, the Biblewoman.

Shu Min, pronounced Shoo Min, the girl.

Ai Jan, pronounced I Ran, }
Lan Yu, pronounced Lan Yee, } the boys.

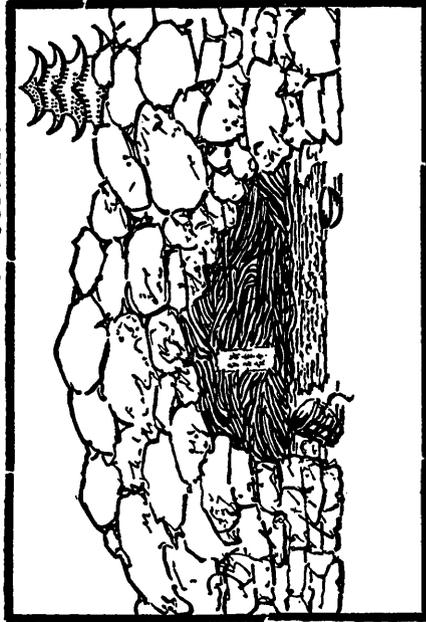
These puppets may be improvised from dolls, as described in "Magic Incense," or, in some cases, dolls with Chinese faces and costumes may be purchased. The making and painting of cloth figures, or the modeling of heads, hands and feet to attach to cloth bodies, may be a part of the project. It is best to have jointed arms and legs, that the characters may walk and make gestures. Usually the character supposed to speak is moving body or hands, while the others are motionless, indicating more plainly to the audience who is speaking.

No better guide for attractive costumes can be found than in the pictures of Chinese children by Gertrude A. Kay, in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, August, 1923, May and August, 1924, for those who have access to the files. In old copies of

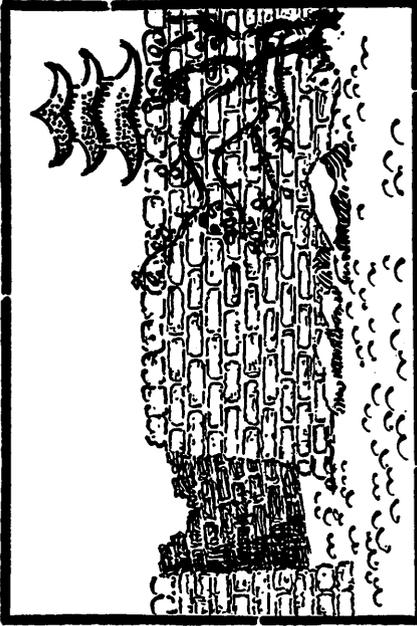


PLATFORM

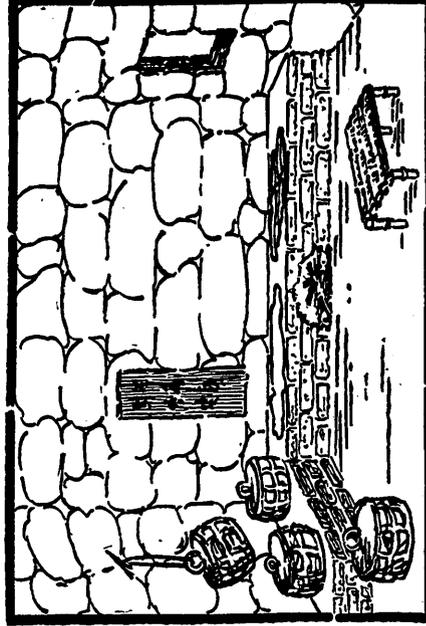
FRONT VIEW OF PORTABLE THEATER
STAGE SET FOR SCENE 1



AT THE END OF THE LANE
SCENES 3 AND 4



STREET • SCENES 1 AND 2



HOUSE OF BIRD-VENDER • SCENE 5 •• Made of
paper-lined box • Window painted and pasted on • Other bird-cages
and dishes may be added • Small boxes at side and rear •••••

World Outlook are some good Chinese pictures, and *The National Geographic Magazine* has had some.

The figure of Ah-Po and patterns for his costume are given here. Mai Yu may wear a three-quarters length tunic of white, flaring somewhat at the bottom over wide, straight blue trousers. Her Bible may be made of stiff paper, the edges of pages gilded, the pages having tiny imitations of Chinese characters, the cover black with gold letters.

Shu Min should wear a short jacket and trousers.

The boys' costumes are similar, with skirts in addition. Chen's clothes should be faded.

CONSTRUCTION OF SIMPLIFIED MARIONETTES

The successive steps:

1. Saw bodies, arms, legs and controls from thin wood with coping saw. Cigar boxes may be used. The size of controls needs to be increased for the small figures.

2. Model the heads of putty, permodello or clay, mixed with liquid glue. Putty does not dry quickly, but stands hard usage. The feet may be modeled or painted, as preferred.

3. When the heads are dry give them a coat of shellac, unless using an enamel that does not require it.

4. Paint everything except controls and feet with flesh-color enamel made by mixing white, yellow and a little red, with perhaps a touch of brown for the old man. More than one coat is needed for hands and heads. The sides of the feet are black, except in the case of the girl's, which are blue with rose-and-white design. The ankles, the tops and the bottoms of the feet are white. The controls should be distinguished by different colors or conspicuous marks, and "Front" and "Top" marked on each. The arms and legs will be easier to paint if strung on a cord.

5. When the heads are quite dry paint the details—the eyes, hair, lips, brows and cheeks.

6. Tie legs and arms to bodies with strong thread or twine. After passing the cord through a hole in the body section, tie a knot before passing through the arm or leg. See that the movement is free. The arms must be held at right angles to the body. If the legs are inclined to twist about when attached, strips of adhesive plaster, back and front, will keep the toes pointing forward. The feet of the smaller figures may need to be weighted with lead.

7. Dress the figures.

8. Add a beard to the old man and pigtails to the children. The beard is of white sewing-silk wrapped about the fingers, one end of the coil carefully glued to the face, the other end cut and trimmed. The pigtails are of covered wire, twisted, one end inserted into the head with a boring motion. The wire is painted black. Little bows of colored thread are added.

9. Mold bird from clay, papier-maché, or absorbent cotton dipped in enamel and dried before modeling and adding finishing touches. Fasten bird in cage to old man's hand.

10. String the figures to the controls with waxed thread. After getting the cord from the top of the head to the rear end of the control the right length, and suspending the figure so that it will hang free, with arms and legs straight, the other strings may be adjusted with little trouble. The small figures work better by fastening the cord to back of neck, instead of top of head, and putting none at waist. Modeling the heads:

Run a wire through the hole in the projecting point above the neck of the body section, and leave a twisted loop, the end of which is to extend above the completed head and receive the supporting cord. The heads of the adult figures are about two-and-a-half inches high; of the children, two inches.

Place a ball of clay upon this projecting point and wire and mold it into the head shape, bringing some of the clay well down over the neck in back and front. If modeling tools are not at hand, orange wood sticks, toothpicks, small files and such implements will be satisfactory.

The features of a character-part figure, such as the bird vender, may be somewhat exaggerated. His color, also, is darker than that of the children. The little boy has more pink in his skin than the others.

If the feet are modeled, a small loop of wire or a paper clip may be inserted, the loop extending at the toe.

The action:

To "walk" a figure, the control is grasped in the hand, the back and front kept level, the sides raised and lowered alternately. This will give motion to the hands as well as to the feet. Most operators forget, at first, to keep the front end of the control level with the back; as soon as it is raised the feet fly up.

To make a figure sit, see that the feet are on the floor, then raise the front end of the control, and lower the body. Then the arms may be raised alternately by raising and lowering the sides of the control, or one hand may be made to gesture by pulling its string with the operator's disengaged hand. The hand of the bird vender holding the cage may be made to swing around in front of him by this means, as he sits by the wall and calls, "Who will buy?"

Bowing, kneeling, running and dancing may be accomplished after practice.

When one figure is supposed to speak, the other figures usually keep motionless. The speaking figure gestures or keeps in motion during the entire speech.

THE PLAY

Reader:

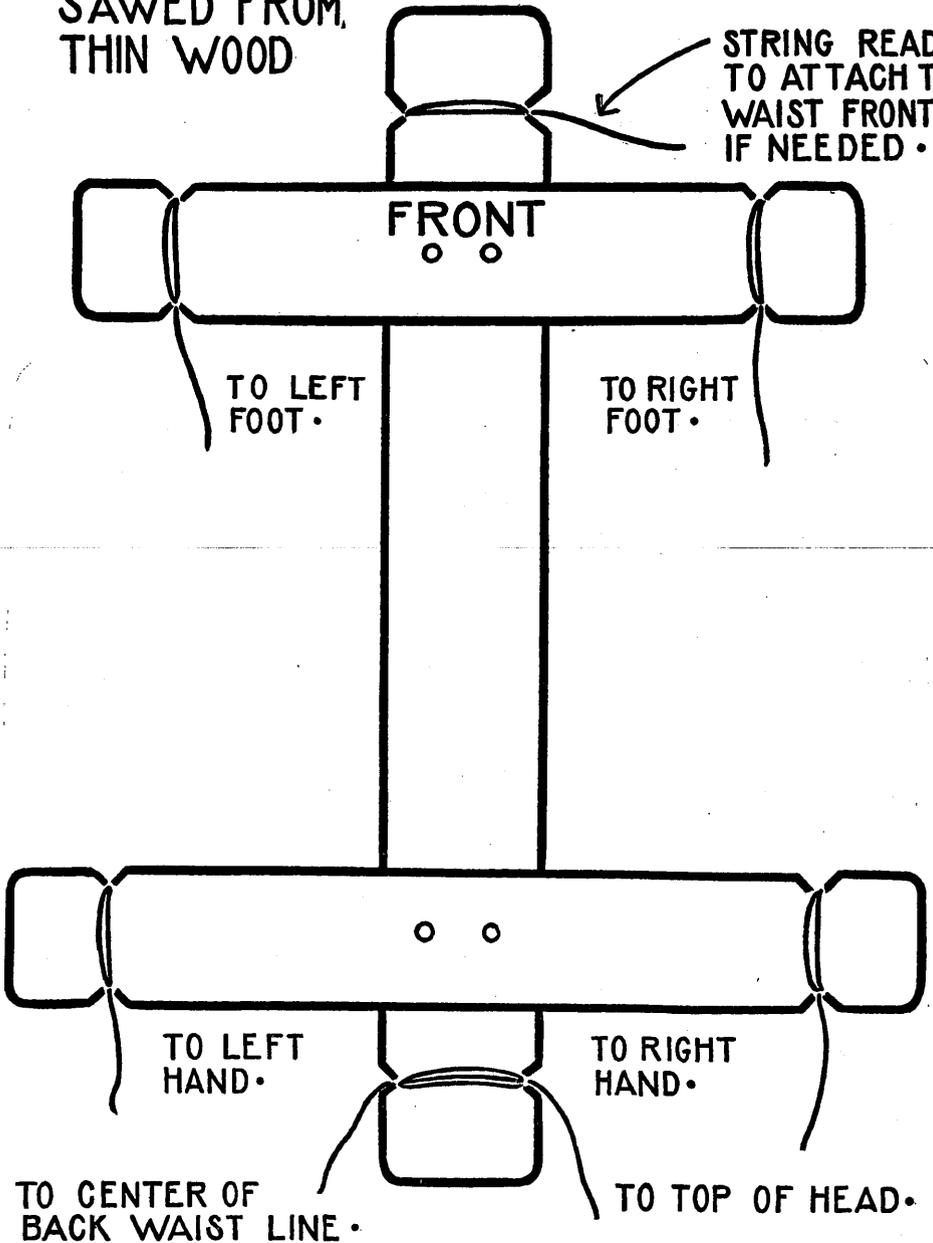
There are many rivers in the land of China. They carry water from the brooks and the little springs on the hillsides down to where the sea is waiting. Sometimes, when the rain has fallen all day long and throughout the night, week after week, the little rivers cannot hurry fast enough to where the big rivers are, and the water flows over the banks. It covers the fields and the roadways. It creeps along the streets and into the houses. The people say, "The gods are angry with us, and have sent a flood."

A flood had come to Shensi. In the night the fathers and mothers waked the children, bundled them up, and hurried to the hills. At first the roads were crowded

PATTERN FOR CONTROL

SAWED FROM,
THIN WOOD

STRING READY
TO ATTACH TO
WAIST FRONT
IF NEEDED.



(*He counts, beginning with Lan Yu.*) “Cut—off—the—head—of—the—old—white—hen—, and—she—will—nev—er—peck—you!”

Shu Min clapped her hands. “I’m not out! I’m not out! You are, Lan Yu! Begin your tale.”

But Lan Yu’s wits were wandering. He could not think of a story to tell. As they sat waiting, a shy little figure was seen at the corner of the lane. (*Chen is peeking around the corner.*) The thoughtless boys sprang to their feet, crying, “Go away, wild boy, we do not want you. No one wants you, little wild boy! Yi, yi, yi-yi-yi!” The little boy vanished.

“Begin your story, Lan Yu,” Shu Min begged.

“Give me a little time. I am all out of breath.” And Lan Yu sat beside the wall. (*He sits.*)

Then the children heard a voice, often heard before, always welcome to their ears. “Listen; Ah-Po, the bird-seller, has come back!”

A voice is heard, off-stage. “Buy, buy, who will buy? Buy my pretty birds, pretty singing birds! Who will buy—e-e-e-e?” *Ah-Po enters from the left, and the children jump up and surround him.*

“We have missed you many weeks, Ah-Po. We have not seen you since the flood came in the night. We feared that you were drowned or hurt. Where have you been?”

THE BIRD-VENDER’S CALL

The musical notation consists of two staves. The first staff is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter). Below the staff is the lyrics: "Buy, buy, who will buy? Buy my pretty birds, pretty singing birds?". The second staff is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter). Below the staff is the lyrics: "Who will buy? Who will buy? Buy - uy - uy - uy - eeeee!".

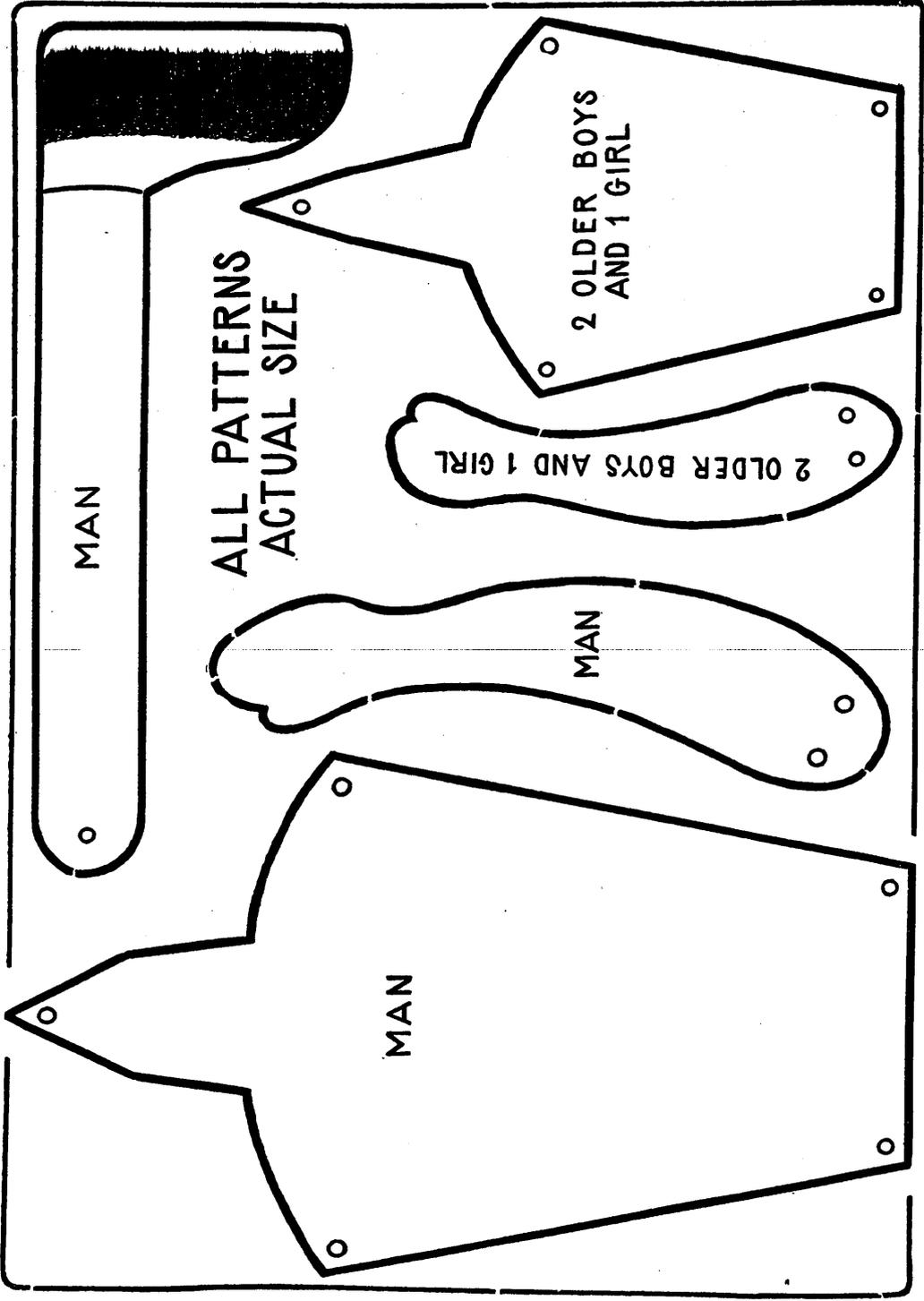
Ah-Po, whom the children remembered selling his birds on the streets, as long as they could remember anything, was pleased at their welcome.

“Can it be true that you have missed old Ah-Po?” he asked. “Ah-Po is happy to be with you again, although he knows that by tomorrow you will be tormenting him with your tricks.”

But Shu Min protested. “Ah, no, Ah-Po, we will never, never tease you again!” And the boys promised, “We will share our sweetmeats with you!” and, “We will bring customers for your birds!”

“Thank you, little friends. You know there is a saying that ‘A kind word warms the heart for three winters?’”

“Ah-Po, you know so many wise sayings and so many fables. Please tell us one!”



MAN

ALL PATTERNS
ACTUAL SIZE

2 OLDER BOYS
AND 1 GIRL

2 OLDER BOYS AND 1 GIRL

MAN

MAN

"Yes, tell us a story!"

"Come, sit by the wall, where it is warm. Those passing can see your birds here as well as anywhere!"

The children begged until the old man did as they asked.

THE LOST BALL

Yen-foh and Ming-en were playing ball together. Their ball bounced well on the stones of the little courtyard; but it did not always bounce straight, especially when it fell in a crack or hit the edge of the pavement. Once it bounced into a hole in the side of one of the wooden pillars that supported the house. Both the boys tried to reach it, but their arms were not long enough, for the pillar was rotten inside, and the ball had gone down too far.

Little Ming-en sat down on the stone bench and cried. "My precious ball, my precious ball!" he sobbed. "My uncle gave it to me and he has gone far away to the capital. How can I ever have another?"

"Wait a minute," called Yen-foh; "I think I know how to get it."

Ming-en lifted his tear-stained face and watched Yen-foh, who was crossing the court carrying a wooden dipper full of water. He poured it into the hole and then ran back to the water jar to refill his dipper. After he made the trip several times, he said, "Now, Ming-en, put your hand in the hole and see what you find."

Ming-en was surprised and beside himself with happiness when he put in his hand and pulled out the ball, which was floating on the top of the water.

As Ah-Po ended his story, he saw a wistful face peering from the lane, a face that made him think of some shy little creature of the woods, too interested to run, too timid to come near.

Chen has been listening to the story, seen occasionally by the audience, quickly disappearing each time.

"Who is that?" asked the old man.

The children told him with emphatic gestures, "That is the wild boy, who lives in the lane. He came with the flood. No one knows him. He has no parents. The gods must be very angry with him. Our fathers and mothers tell us we must not play with him."

Now, the bird-seller was a kindly man, and loved children. "Some day I am going to talk with that boy, and see what he has done to make the gods so angry. Today I am late, and must sell my birds."

"Good-bye, Ah-Po," said the children. "We thank you for the story, and will look for you again tomorrow." Away they went, to homes and midday meal.

Ah-Po sits still, crying his wares. "Buy, buy, buy my pretty birds."

The curtain falls

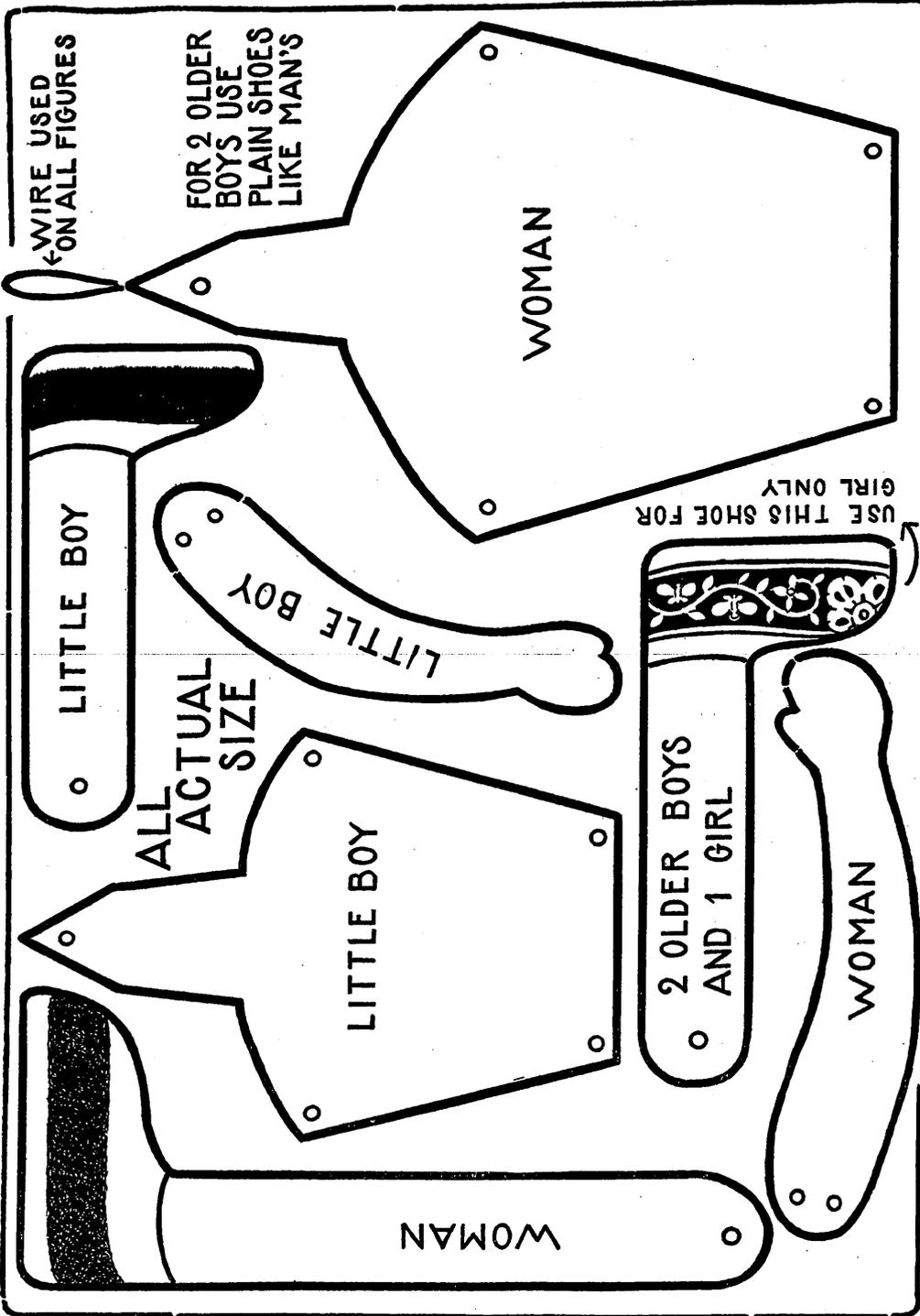
SCENE 2

(The same)

Reader:

Mai Yu, who, like the children, was glad to see the old man again, came by on her daily rounds. (*She enters from the right, and approaches Ah-Po.*)

"I am glad to see you again, Ah-Po. I have missed you and your birds, and



wondered if you had been lost in the flood. This bright morning seems brighter still, now that you are in your old place!"

"The kind greetings I hear, as I go about, make it seem one of the brightest of days, Mai Yu," replied the bird-seller.

"How did you escape the flood?"

"I hurried away before nightfall when I saw the rising waters, and was safe with my son in his orchard on the hillside. I was unharmed, but the waters carried away my little house."

"I am sorry. Do you need help, Ah-Po?"

"Only customers to buy my birds. Can you send some to me?"

"Surely. At the mission they will be glad to have a bird for the sick children they are caring for, and I am going from house to house later in the day, and will tell all I see of your return."

"Mai Yu, you surely do not mean the mission of the foreigners?"

"I do, Ah-Po. I have been with them many months. When the flood came they hurried down from the hills to the river, where the need was greatest, and ever since have been helping those who lost their homes and their health."

"I cannot understand. You are with *them*?"

"They are my friends. I believe in them. I believe in their God. This is their book, that tells of him, in our language. I can read it. I love it. I teach it. They call me now, not 'Mai Yu, the serving-woman,' but 'Mai Yu, the Bible-woman.'"

"The foreigners have bewitched you, Mai Yu!"

Mai Yu was very earnest in her response. "Ah-Po, you have lived many years. You have seen many things. The people call you wise. Have you seen any for the sake of our gods, leave their homes, cross the sea, live among strangers working for them day and night, giving food and clothing to the needy, caring for the sick, teaching the children, comforting those in trouble? The Christians do it, not for money, but to please their God, their heavenly Father. Is not a God of love greater than a god of fear? What have our gods done for us, Ah-Po?"

"It is true that I am old," said the man sadly. "I am weary of saying prayers that are not answered, of giving worship that comes not from the heart. A God of love—!"

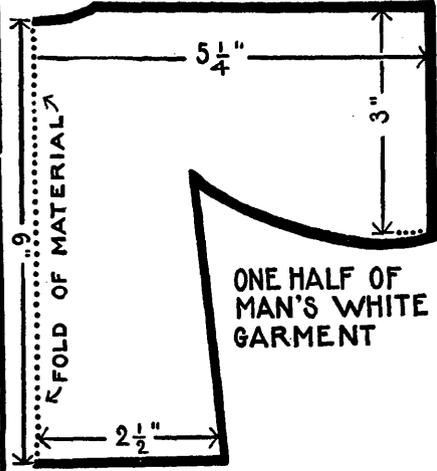
"Ah-Po, let me read from this Book just one short poem, called a Psalm, written by a king who had been a shepherd boy." (*The Twenty-third Psalm, as a whole or in part.*)

The old man sat silently as Mai Yu read, and afterward. The woman stood a moment, then saying softly, "Good-bye, friend, I will see you again," she went quietly on her way.

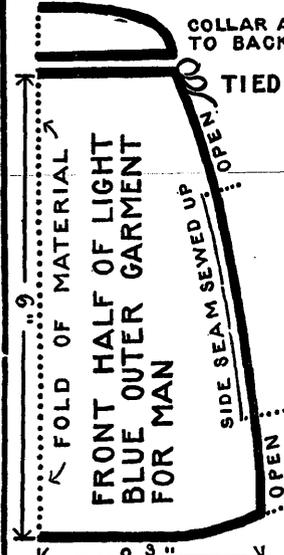
Ah-Po knew that the little boy was again just around the corner.

"Ah, pretty birds," he said, "this is a fine morning for us! Many kind words have come to us, and this afternoon one of you will go to sing to little sick children. We like little children, do we not, pretty birds? We like little boys. Sing sweetly, little birds, and tell all little boys that we are their friends. Sing to a little boy who hides beyond the wall."

LINES LEADING TO CONTROL



ONE HALF OF MAN'S WHITE GARMENT



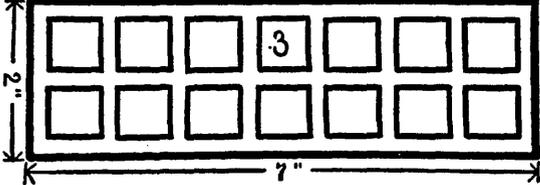
COLLAR ATTACHED TO BACK PORTION TIED HERE

FRONT HALF OF LIGHT BLUE OUTER GARMENT FOR MAN



MAN'S SKIRT. Piece of dark blue 4" x 5". Sew up 4 edges. Hem and gather top

MAN'S TROUSERS. Piece of dark blue 3" x 4". Sew up 3 edges. Gather top and bottom 1/2" fold of white about ankles



3 BIRD CAGE Buckram 2"x1" Divide into 1" square spaces . . . Cut out as shown. Sew ends together Wind all bars with wire. Paint. Cut circles for top and bottom . . . Paint. Insert wire handle in top . . Sew side piece to top . . Place bird and perch inside. Sew bottom.

AH-PO

As soft bird-notes are imitated, off the stage, Chen comes slowly into view, and stands at a distance from Ah-Po.

"Come, see the birds, little one!" (*Chen approaches a trifle nearer.*) "My name is Ah-Po, the bird-seller, and the children call me their friend. What is your name, little one?"

"Chen," said the boy.

"But that is not all of it. What is the rest?"

"I do not know."

"What is your father's name?"

"I do not know."

"Where does he live?"

"I do not know."

"So, then, your name is Chen I-do-not-know, your father's name is I-do-not-know, and you live at I-do-not-know?"

"No, I live in the lane."

"There is nothing in the lane but broken walls and tumbled-down houses."

"Oh, yes, there is a hole under the broken wall. I live there."

"Well, well!" The kind old man asked one more question. "How long have you lived in the lane?"

"I do not know. I cannot remember," replied the child. "But when the flood was gone I was here. I crawl into my hole to sleep, and the wind cannot reach me. In the morning I go down to the river, where the boats unload, and help carry baskets of vegetables to the market. The market people give me things they cannot sell."

"You might go to the foreigners," suggested Ah-Po. "They have food."

"No, no, no! Not to the foreigners! Wang, the boatman's boy, says they eat little boys!"

"Well, well, I must see about that. Some day, on my way home, I will come into the lane to see you," promised the man. "Does any one ever go there?"

"No," replied the child. "No one at all."

Ah-Po goes on his way, calling, "Buy, buy, who will buy? Buy my pretty birds, pretty singing birds! Who will buy—e-e-e-e?"

Chen looks after him, then turns and darts into the lane.

The curtain falls

SCENE 3

Reader:

The lane was not a pretty country lane, with apple trees and stone walls, or tall pines and rail fences at the sides. It used to be a short cut from the street to the river; now it was so filled with bricks and rubbish it could not be used. The end near the river was blocked by the fallen walls of a house destroyed by the flood. The bricks and tiles had fallen into a heap, and beneath was a small, cave-like opening. It was here that the little boy hid when left by the flood-waters above the

river bank. And, like a little frightened rabbit, he stole out each day for food, stealing back again at night, and when chased by older boys.

Same as Scene 2. The curtain rises, showing Chen lying on the ground, in his little cave, on a piece of matting. Near him is a bowl or dish. There may be broken things, such as a child would collect, scattered about.

Reader:

One morning, a few days after meeting the bird-seller, Chen did not get up early and go to the river to earn his breakfast. He felt too hot, and weak, and sick. There was water in the bowl beside him, the night before (*Chen raises his head, looks into bowl, sinks back*), but now it was empty. He had been so thirsty during the night! He kept as quiet as he could, for he was afraid to make much noise, but he had to moan a little, because he was such a little boy, and felt so badly!

The bird-seller is heard in the distance, "Buy, buy," etc.

After a while he heard a voice that he knew. It came nearer, and he tried to rise, but found that he could not.

The bird-seller was very near. He was calling, "Where is the little boy that lives in the lane? Where is the little boy that lives in the lane?" Stumbling over the bricks he came into view. (*He enters.*) "The little boy must have gone to the river—ah, no, here he is, the little sleepy-head! (*He comes near the boy and bends over him.*) What is the matter, little one? Fever? There are many cases of fever, all through the village, since the flood. How hot your head is! Chen, do you know me? Don't you know old Ah-Po, the children's friend? He is becoming unconscious. What shall I do?"

The old man sat down and looked about. "What a place for a little child, a little sick child! I would not let one of my birds, or an animal, stay here. He should not stay here, but I have nothing to pay for his care. (*Pause.*) I saw Mai Yu in the street just now. She said the foreign doctors do not ask pay. I will speak to her." (*Rises and goes out.*)

In a few moments little Chen had another friend, for Mai Yu came with Ah-Po, and after seeing the child and the pitiful place he called his home, her heart was touched, and she said that he must be taken away at once.

"Are you sure the foreign doctors will help the child when they find that he has no money and no people?" Ah-Po was anxious.

"I am sure," declared the Bible-woman. "Their care, like their religion, is given 'without money and without price.' I will go and make arrangements at once." (*She goes out.*)

Ah-Po, alone with the unconscious child, asked a question that he knew could not be answered, "Who are you, little boy, and how did you come to be in such a place as this?"

The curtain falls

SCENE 4

The scene is the same as the one preceding. Chen is lying as before. Ah-Po is half-reclining in a corner, as if dozing. As the curtain rises, Mai Yu enters and goes to the child.

Reader:

When Mai Yu returned the boy was conscious again, and his face showed his surprise.

"You do not know who I am, do you?" she asked him. "I am your friend, and I came to help you. Soon you will leave this damp, dirty place, and be in a clean bed, in a clean, pleasant room, and then you will be more comfortable."

"Where?" the boy wanted to know.

"At the mission, on the hillside, where there are trees and flowers. Aren't you glad?" But Mai Yu saw that Chen was not glad.

"Where the foreigners are? I do not want to go there. They eat little boys! Wang says so!"

"Wang does not know. My own little boy is there, and he loves all the missionaries, the teachers and doctors. They will make you well, and clean, and happy. They will tell you of their heavenly Father, who is your heavenly Father and who loves you. He has taken care of you. He sent me to Ah-Po and Ah-Po to you, and now he is sending you to his people at the mission."

The child was quiet a moment. "I have no father," he said.

"Then," argued Mai Yu, "you need your heavenly Father all the more, don't you?"

The old bird-seller, sitting silently in a corner, thought in his heart, "And old Ah-Po needs a heavenly Father, too."

The curtain falls

SCENE 5

The home of Ah-Po, a plain and humble room. The bird-cages are hanging low enough for Chen to feed the birds, which he is doing as the curtain rises.

Reader:

The home of Ah-Po, so small, so poor, was like a palace to little Chen, for in it he was happy and busy. One day, as he tended the birds while his friend was away, he heard the singing of children in the street, and seemed to recognize the voices.

Off-stage, children's voices, as at the beginning of the first scene, "Yi, yi, yi-yi-yi! Chi, chi, chi-chi-chi!"

Ai Jan, Lan Yu and Shu Min were there, playing happily, as before. (*They enter.*) Passing the doorway, they stopped in surprise, and cried, "Why, here is the little boy that lives in the lane!"

"I am not the little boy that lives in the lane," declared Chen, coming to them.

"You are, you are, you are!" they insisted eagerly.

"No, I am *not!* I am the boy that used to live in the lane. I live here now, with my friend, Ah-Po!" Chen was proud to set them right.

"How did that happen? Tell us!"

"I was very sick. Ah-Po found me, and brought Mai Yu, the Bible-woman, to me, and she brought the nurses from the mission. They carried me away and made me well."

"The foreigners? Didn't they poison you? They do poison people, you know."

"You speak foolishness. They put me in a little, clean, white bed, in a clean white room. My body was clean, and my food was clean. A beautiful lady dressed in white read to me and gave me medicine. Now I am well and strong."

The children were very much interested. "Are you going to live with Ah-Po always?" they asked.

"Yes. The people at the mission are going to see about that. I have another friend, too. His name is Jesus."

"Does he come to see you?"

"He is with me all the time. He lives here in my heart, as long as I love him and do as he wants me to do. I have a Father-in-heaven, too."

Lan Yu said to the others, "He doesn't know what he is talking about!"

Chen heard him. "Yes, I do! Will you come some day, when Mai Yu is here, and listen to some of the stories she tells? Then you will know!"

"Yes, Chen, we will come," the children promised, and on they went, singing as before. (*They go off. "Yi, yi, yi-yi-yi" is heard in the distance. Chen goes to the birds. Mai Yu enters.*)

"Here I am again, Chen. How are you?"

"I am well, Mai Yu. And so happy!"

"I thought I heard other voices here, as I came," remarked Mai Yu. "Are you alone?"

"Ai Jan, Lan Yu and Shu Min were passing, and I talked with them. I told them of my stay at the mission. They will come and listen to your reading and stories, Mai Yu, if you will let them. Will you?"

"Gladly," Mai Yu assured him. "Tomorrow afternoon when all is quiet at the mission I will come down, with some pictures and my Bible, and read to them. Today I have some good news for you."

"What news?" The little boy was eager to know.

"You are to live here with Ah-Po, and I am to come to see you often. Then you are to spend a few hours each day at the mission school. What do you think of that?"

"It is wonderful, Mai Yu! How can I thank you?"

"You need not thank me, little one, but your heavenly Father."

"Oh, I will, I will!" And she knew that he would.

"I must go now, Chen, but you may look for me tomorrow afternoon. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," responded the happy child.

Mai Yu goes off. Chen stands watching her, as Ah-Po comes in.

"Well, Chen, have you been happy while I was gone?" The old man saw, as he came in, that something pleasant had happened.

The little boy beamed. "I will tell you all about it, and I will save the best for the last. First, I ate my supper, as you told me. Then I fed and watered the birds. I think they are beginning to like me, for they sang to me. Than Ai Jan, Lan Yu and Shu Min came by and talked with me. Tomorrow afternoon they are coming to listen to Mai Yu. Then, Mai Yu came—with good news! Guess!"

"You will have to tell me." The old man knew that the child wanted to tell.

"Everything is fixed. I am going to live here with you! Mai Yu is coming to see me often, and I am to go to the mission school every day!"

Ah-Po showed his delight. "Well, well, what a fine time we will have in the little new home, poor as it is,—you, and I, and the birds!"

"And our heavenly Father," added the boy.

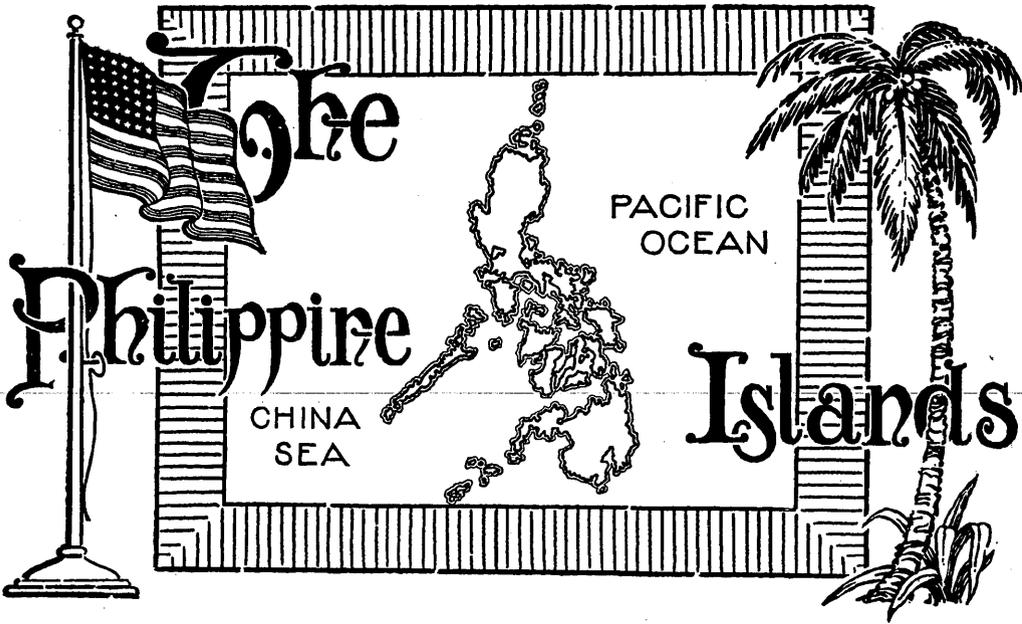
"Yes—he will be here," said Ah-Po. "It is about time for our evening prayer to him. We must thank him for his goodness to us." (*They kneel.*)

The old man and the little boy who used to live in the lane knelt side by side and repeated together the prayer that made them kin: "Our Father, who art in heaven."

Curtain

THE RED PIGEON

(*Philippine*)



THE STAGE

The portable stage described on page 14 was used for this play. If a smaller stage is used, measurements given here should be reduced proportionately. The blue curtain at back and sides, shown in the diagram of the portable stage, is used in each scene of "The Red Pigeon."

THE SCENERY

Scene 1. The Home of Tuao.

- a. Blue background and sides.
- b. Cut-out distant mountains, painted on wallboard, cardboard, or stiff paper, and placed close to background.
- c. Cut-out trees and plants—cocoanut palms, banana plants and bamboo—painted on wallboard; braced to stand where placed.
- d. The hut. Close to trees at right and to the rear. The framework is of light wooden strips. The sides are of wallboard or cardboard, painted, and the roof

is of fringed brown paper. Or, where feasible and desirable, the sides may be woven mat-fashion of dried broad-leaved grasses and attached to the frame, the thatch on the roof being of finer grass.

Suggested proportions: Length of hut, twenty-one inches; width, fifteen inches; height, floor to rooftop, fifteen inches; posts, ground to floor, seven and one-half inches; total height, ground to rooftop, twenty-two and one-half inches; floor to junction with roof, at sides, seven and one-half inches; roof, from eaves to top, each side (projects about four inches), fifteen inches; doorway, proportioned to figures, or about six by nine inches.

Ladder: of rough twigs, bark left on.

Carabao horns above door: paper-covered wire.

Inverted bowls on posts: unpainted clay.

Rocks: rough lumps of uncolored newspaper pulp, glued where necessary.

Rice mortar: of clay; shaped like common flower-pot three inches tall; on round block of wood. Total height about four inches. Club-shaped stick.

Chickens: molded clay, with wire legs, and feathers in tails.

Fire: small bulb, red and yellow paper. Cord and bulb concealed behind small rocks, left of center, toward front. This light is used for the moon in Scene 2, and if no near-by connection is available, dry batteries will be necessary.

Scene 2. In the Forest.

a. Blue background and sides.

b. Tree cut-outs—those used in Scene 1, and additional cut-out of bamboo thicket at left. A prominent bush is at left of center, toward front, as hiding-place for the boy.

c. The moon: the small bulb used in Scene 1, inside a small box in which is cut a circle, covered with orange paper. This is hung behind the palm trees in the rear right corner. Other lights for this scene are blue.

Scene 3. The Playground at the Mission.

a. Blue background and sides.

b. A strip of blue-green paper representing the sea, placed close to the back-ground.

c. A small boat with triangular sail, on horizon line to left, of paper, cut out.

d. Fence, of paper, against blue-green strip.

e. Tree cut-outs as needed, from those used in other scenes.

f. One side of house corner, braced easel-fashion, at left. Painted on wallboard; cut out.

g. Toy bench or settee, at right, rear.

Scene 4. In the Government High School.

a. Blue background and sides.

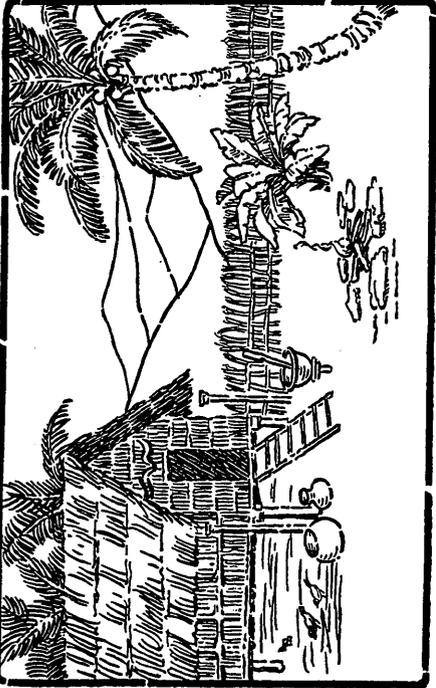
b. A tree cut-out, to show slightly beyond door.

c. A flagstaff on which is an American flag above a Philippine flag.

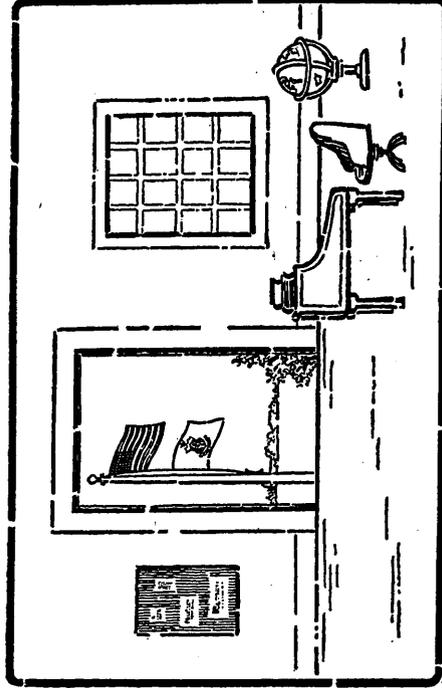
d. Walls of the room, of natural beaverboard. A large doorway and window are cut in rear wall. Behind the strips of paper or gummed binding crossing the window is netting or waxed paper.



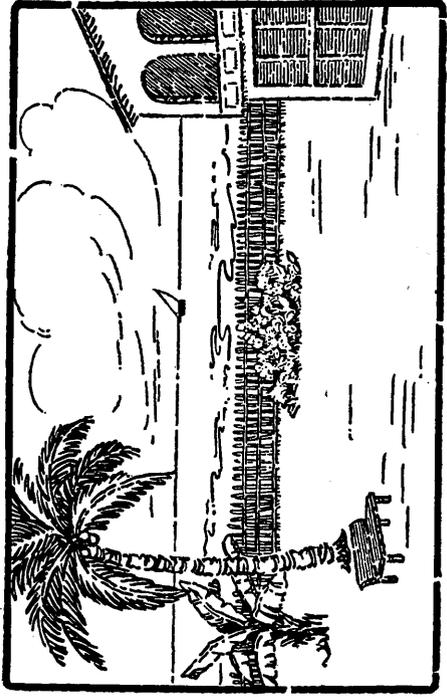
SCENE - 2 • • Midnight in the Forest •



SCENES - 1 and 5 • • Tuao's home •



SCENE - 4 • • High School Principals Office • •



SCENE - 3 • • Playground Mission School •

When the figure is cut out (arms and legs separately; head and body together) it is overcast firmly on the right side, not turned. As the stuffing with cotton progresses, a line of stitching is run across each joint, allowing it to bend. When stuffed and shaped the arms and legs are attached firmly but loosely to the body. Clay is applied to the head, if a modeled head is wanted, and allowed to dry before painting. Otherwise the whole body, with the exception of the hair, is painted or enameled. The two Americans are given flesh color; the Igorrotes, a light brown; the other natives varying shades of darker brown. Later, the Americans are given brown or blonde hair and brown or blue eyes. The hair, eyes, and eyebrows of the natives are black.

COSTUMES

Mr. Stanley. White trousers, coat and hat (sun helmet or panama).

Miss Stanley. White dress, resembling nurse's uniform.

Tuao, in Scenes 1 and 2; his father; his friend. A broad girdle of brightly striped cloth, passed twice about waist. A straight piece, gathered slightly at the top, hangs from the middle of the waist, back and front, almost to the ankles. In addition, the man has a twist of copper or brass wire about his girdle. Each wears a headband with three tufts of bright feathers.

Tuao's Mother. A short skirt, in "wrap-around" style, one edge showing directly in front, coming well up under arms. A shawl is over the shoulders, and a triangular piece of white over the head.

Tuao; José, in Scene 3. White trousers, ankle length. (These come merely to point below the top of legs, and are not shaped at top nor joined together.) Camisas, made like a boy's sport shirt, with short sleeves and rounded neck, worn outside trousers at bottom. Opens all way down front.

Anita; Maria. Plain white one-piece dresses, short sleeves, rounded necks. (See *The Church School*, August, 1923, pages 510 and 518, for groups of school children.) Black hair parted in center, drawn to the back, with bow at nape of neck.

After the figures are dressed, and the feet weighted, they are strung to the controls in the manner described on page 17.

The size of the figures will depend upon the stage used. For the portable stage already described, the two men might be about ten inches tall; the women, eight inches; the five children of varying sizes, from five to seven and one-half inches. To allow for the growth of Tuao and his friend between the first and fourth scenes, which are some years apart, allow an extra inch of thread when attaching the legs to the bodies, and connect the bodies and legs, back and front, with strips of adhesive tape that gives this extra inch. Then run a strong thread from the back, one end through the body and one through the top of the leg, and tie the ends, drawing each leg in this way close to the body. Between the third and fourth scenes, untie these threads, and adjust the camisa of one and the girdle of the other, to hide the tape.

PRONUNCIATIONS

Tuao—Tah-o'
 Cayan—Ky-ahn
 Palay—Pah-ly'
 Baguio—Bog'-ee-o
 Bangued—Bong-ged'
 Abra—Ah-brah

Mindanao—Meen-dah-naa'-o
 Davao—Dah-vah'-o
 Cebu—Cee-boo'
 Camisa—Cah-mee'-sa
 José—Ho-say'
 Maria—Mah-ree'-ah

NOTES

Each person participating in the play should become thoroughly familiar with the story and the action. No lines need be learned, but it is quite necessary to learn all cues; therefore each one handling the dolls, the curtain, the lights, scenes and properties, should have a copy of the play in his possession long enough to do this.

The singing or chanting in the game should be done by children, behind the scenes; the singing of "America" in the last scene by a young boy.

If the boys and girls giving and witnessing the play are told in advance the story of the hero, and understand that he is a real boy with high ambitions, rescued by mission workers from the life of his savage forefathers, the "worth-whileness" of our mission study and work may be more deeply impressed upon them.

INTRODUCTION

One verse of "America" is sung by the audience. Piano continues the music as the curtain rises and shows a map of the Philippine Islands, flanked by an American flag on a staff.

Reader:

Half a world away, above the tropic islands of the Philippines, our flag has flown for nearly thirty years. There are children on the islands whose fathers and mothers were born under the protection of the flag that protects you and me. Some are white, some yellow, some brown and some very black.

The hero of our play is a real boy. His father was a head-hunter, of the Bontoc tribe of Igorrotes, in the northern part of Luzon. When Tuao was "a little, round, brown baby," he lived in these mountains here. (*Point to province east of Abra.*) He was taken into a Protestant mission when a very small boy, and kept until old enough to go to the government school at Baguio. (*Point out mission stations at Cagayan and Davao on Mindanao.*)

Baguio, here in upper Luzon, is called the summer capital of the Philippines. (*Point out.*) It is reached by one of the most remarkable automobile roads in the world, built by the American government and costing two million dollars in gold. It winds through the mountains and connects with the railroad from Manila.

SCENE 1. THE HOME OF TUAO

A native hut, surrounded by tropical trees and plants, is seen. The background shows outlines of distant mountains. There is a mortar for pounding the rice into "palay," several pieces of rude pottery or basketry, chickens, and a number of stones, the latter in an irregular ring, are scattered about. As the curtain rises, Tuao's mother is entering from the right.

Reader:

"Tuao! Tuao! Where is that boy? Off in the woods, looking for bugs and lizards, of course! He knows well that he should be here to help with the meat when his father comes from the hunt."

The mother called again and again, each time sending her voice farther and farther out over the mountain side.

"Tuao! Tuao! Tua—o-o-o!"

There was an answering call from the woods, and soon Tuao came, followed by his friend and "shadow," Cayan. (*The boys enter from left.*)

"See what I have," he said excitedly—"a bug that I never saw before! And Cayan has the funniest little lizard that runs in the woods!"

"Those are useless things," declared the mother. "They will never make you a strong warrior, so that your enemies will run from you, to save their heads."

"But I like them. I wonder—"

"You are always wondering," rebuked his mother. "You should forget the bugs and lizards and make a fire, that there may be hot, glowing coals to roast the meat your father will bring. I must make the palay. The shadows are growing long."

"There is plenty of time. You shall have your coals," Tuao promised. "Come, Cayan, help me find sticks that are dry."

The boys went off together, and the woman was busy at the rice mortar. (*They go out, at left, and she is by the big pot.*)

It did not take long to find the fuel and the fiber from the cocoanut. (*The boys return, bundles of sticks in their arms. They go to the stones, their arms drop, and the sticks fall to the ground. Tuao has one fastened to each hand. He sits down and makes rubbing motion. Then leans forward as if blowing.*)

"I will blow, too," offered Cayan.

He sits down and imitates the action of the other. Soon the concealed red bulb is turned on from behind scenes.

Silently they gazed into the red glow for a moment, before Tuao spoke the thought that was in his mind: "I wonder what makes fire."

"You are *always* wondering. (Cayan never wondered; he took things for granted.) You know how fire is made. Didn't we make this fire?"

The mother turns and comes near the boys.

"Of course, I rubbed the sticks together, and the spark came," Tuao said. "but where did the spark come from? How did people find out that a spark would

come, if they rubbed the sticks? Where does the fire stay when we cannot see it? There are so many things I want to know! Some day I am going to find out about *everything!*"

Now Cayan was greatly surprised. "Why," he said, "not even the medicine men know everything. The spirits keep some things to themselves."

Tuao's mother had heard what the boys said. She stood beside her son as she told them, "There is a very old story known to the people of the islands. My grandmother said it came from other islands far away. It tells the secret of the fire."

"Let us hear it!" urged the boys.

So the woman sat down (*she sits and the boys change their positions*) and began the story:

Long, long ago, there were few living people. There was no fire, no cooked food, in the world that is our world. A boy named Mani ran here and there, spying into things, as many boys will. Beneath a tree was a covered basket, filled with food belonging to a god. He opened the basket, and no one saw. He tasted the food. He liked its taste. He ate it all and wanted more, but none knew its secret. Mani was sad.

Mani was told of a magic pigeon. Its color he did not know. He went to the owner of many pigeons and did a favor, so he was asked, "What favor will you have, in return?"

"Lend me a pigeon," Mani begged.

The owner of many pigeons promised one. "Which color do you choose, my friend?"

"White," said the little boy.

"It is well," the man replied. "I have many white pigeons."

"Then I change my mind," declared Mani. "The bird I want is gray, not white."

The owner said again, "It is well. There are half as many gray as white."

Mani changed his mind again. "A red pigeon is the one I want," he said. Sorrowful indeed was the bird-owner. "There is but one red pigeon in my flock, and it has greater value than all the others."

Then Mani knew that he had found the magic pigeon. "I have your promise," he reminded the man. "I take the red pigeon, or none at all."

So the owner of many pigeons, having promised, lent the magic pigeon to Mani.

When alone, the boy asked the bird, "Why does the food of the god taste better than my food?"

"Because it is cooked," the pigeon told him.

"What cooks it?"

"The fire."

"Where is the fire?"

"In the world beneath this world."

"Who keeps it?"

"Manike, the fire-god."

"Take me to him."

The pigeon said, "First, three promises you must make."

The boy replied, "Name them."

"You must make yourself very small, and get on my back. You must not let anything take your mind from your task. You must not let go, no matter what happens."

"I promise," declared the boy.

So Mani became a dragon-fly, and perched between the red wings of the pigeon. They flew a long way. There was thunder and lightning. There was wind and rain. Sand blew, and hail fell, but Mani did not let go.

When they came to the world that is beneath this world, they asked for the fire-god.

"He is in the house-of-the-banyan-tree," they were told.

Before his house the fire-god was cooking his dinner. "What do you want of me?" he roared.

"Only a firebrand," said the boy, changing from the dragon-fly.

When the burning brand was given him he took it to a stream and threw it in. This thing he did many times, until all the burning brands and all the flaming coals had been thrown away. When he asked for the last red coal the fire-god was angry. He snatched Mani and threw him into the top of a cocoanut tree, but the boy had made himself so light that he floated like a ball of thistledown. Then Manike threw him higher, higher than the tallest palm that ever grew. Again he floated lightly down.

Manike, seeing that he could not conquer, asked the boy, "What do you really want of me?"

"The secret of the fire," answered he.

Then the fire-god said, "You will find it in the house-of-the-banyan-tree."

In the house there were but two small sticks, and fiber from the cocoanut palm.

"Show me the secret," begged Mani.

Manike rubbed the sticks together until a spark was seen. He blew upon that spark until a flame was seen, chanting, all the while, his fire-song.

Then Mani became a dragon-fly. He mounted the pigeon, and away they flew to the world that is this world. There he became a boy again, and took the red pigeon back to its home.

Always, after that, Mani's house held fire, and food that was cooked. At first, he kept his secret, but a good spirit touched his heart, and he taught the tribes coming from afar the secret of the fire. He showed them how to rub the sticks until a spark is seen, to blow upon that spark until a flame is seen, chanting all the while the fire-god's song:

"Give, oh, give thy hidden fire,
 Thou banyan tree!
 I work a magic, I say a prayer,
 To the banyan tree.
 Kindle a fire for Manike
 Of the dust of the banyan tree!"

When the story was ended Tuao's mother left the two boys beside the fire, thinking of what she had told them. (*She goes out, at right.*)

"Well," Cayan remarked, "you found out what you wanted to know."

"Yes. But that was only one thing. I am going to find the red pigeon, and learn everything!"

"Where?" Cayan was full of doubt.

"I do not know," answered Tuao, who was full of hope.

"When?" Cayan wanted to know.

"Tonight. Now. If you want to stay here, you may. I will come back and tell you what I learn. You had better run home. I will go down the mountain,

where I have never been, before my father comes and stops me. Come, Cayan, we must hurry!"

The boys steal cautiously off, at left. Then Tuao's father is heard calling from the right:

"Tuao! Tua-o-o-o!" *He enters; looks about.*

The curtain falls slowly

SCENE 2. NIGHT IN THE FOREST

Before the blue background used in the first scene are grouped trees, shrubs and rocks. A moon shines behind a tree toward the right. Other lights are covered with blue. When the curtain is up Tuao is seen dimly, stealing in from the right. He pauses near the center.

Reader:

The moon was shining, and in the forest there was light enough to show the trail, shadows deep enough to make good hiding-places. When a little boy knows the forest as he knows his own home, and understands the ways of the wild things that live in the forest, he need not hide. It is from the new and the strange that he will hide, to see and learn before he is seen. There was a strange sound in the forest. "Yankee Doodle" is whistled, slowly and somewhat irregularly, behind the scenes.

Could that be an animal? No, it was too shrill. A bird? Possibly, but surely a new kind of bird. There were footsteps! No bird made those!

Tuao moves quickly behind a bush toward the left as Mr. Stanley enters from the right, and pauses near the center.

Then a new voice was heard in the forest, speaking a language that the boy did not know.

"Phew! Must be getting on to midnight. Fine time for a respectable school-teacher to be wandering about the woods! I must have lost several hours because that foot-bridge was down. Perhaps I can see what time it is, that moon is so bright."

Little boys are much alike, the world over. When Tuao saw a round bright object in the stranger's hand his curiosity was stronger than his caution, and he moved, ever so slightly, to get a better view.

"Hello, what's that? I heard something move," exclaimed the strange voice. (*The man approaches the bush.*) "Well, what is it? An animal? No, it's a boy! Say there, come on out, and let's have a look at you."

Tuao understood the last sentence, because it was in words that he knew. The voice was friendly, and if the strange man could use his language, perhaps he was not an enemy. (*Tuao's head and shoulders are seen.*)

The man continued, "Come on out. I won't hurt you. I'm Americano. See?"

The boy had heard the word, and knew that his people were friendly to Americanos, but he had never seen one before. He crawled out into the moonlight, and sat looking up at the man. Then the man sat down beside him.

"Now, I want you to tell me who you are, and what you are doing out here at this time of night. Do you live on the other side of that broken foot-bridge? Speak up."

Tuao finally found his tongue. "I live far off. My home is on the mountains. I am going to find the red pigeon."

"What red pigeon? I never saw a bird like that."

"My mother told of a boy who wanted to know the secret of the fire," replied the boy. "He got on the back of the red pigeon and went to the fire-god and found out."

"Don't your people know how to make fire?"

"Of course," exclaimed Tuao. "But there are so many other things I want to know. It keeps me wondering all the time, about the animals, about the winds, the stars and the trees. There is much I want to learn."

"I know how you feel about that, little fellow. But you should not have run away from your people. I cannot go back with you, now. I shall have to take you over to Baguio, where I am going, and send a message to your people, letting them know where you are. (*Pause.*) If your father says you may stay with us, my sister, who is going back after her vacation to her mission school on Mindanao, might take care of you. Will you go? I don't want to kidnap you—er—you didn't tell me your name. What is it?"

"Tuao Bongabon."

"Quite a name. My name is Stanley. I teach in a big school for big boys and girls at Bangued. Perhaps when you are old enough you can come over to my school. But we must not spend the night thinking so far ahead. It is high time for Mr. Tuao Bongabon and Mr. Stanley, Americano, to be moving down the mountain on the trail of the red pigeon. We *must* find that pigeon, for I need him, too."

"Then we will find him together," agreed the child, following trustfully.

They go off, at the left, as the curtain falls.

SCENE 3. A MISSION SCHOOL PLAYGROUND

As the curtain rises, three children are playing a game.

Each child stands alone at his own base. One runs as close as he dares to each of the others, chanting the first line of the following game. If he is caught as he passes another player, he must remain with his captor, and the player at the right of his former base runs. If he is not caught, he returns to his base and chants the second line.



1. I've come o - ver - to your house, but here I can - not stay!
2. I've been o - ver to your house, now you come over to mine!

Miss Stanley and Tuao are seen at one side, the boy now dressed in Filipino costume of white trousers and camisa.

Reader:

When the children spied their loved "Miss Mary," who had been so ill in the spring that the doctor sent her to Baguio to spend the summer, their joy was great.

They run to meet her.

"Here is Miss Mary!" "Miss Mary has come back!" "O Miss Mary, you have been gone so long, and we have missed you so!" were some of the cries that met her ears. The children, crowding about her, found her just as glad to see them.

"Here is Anita, and Maria, and José!" Miss Mary said. "I am so glad to see you, and it does me good to see you happy. Where are the others? In the house?"

"See the playmate I brought you," she continued, turning to Tuao, who had hung shyly back. "This is Tuao, who has been with me all summer. He lived up in Luzon, in the mountains, where my brother found him."

"Is he going to stay?" asked José.

"We hope so. My brother sent a message to his father, but the man who went was hurt and never reached him. Then another was sent, and we are waiting to hear. If the father says so, we must send Tuao back."

Anita, the friendly, cried, "Oh, we hope he can stay! Don't we, José? Don't we, Maria?"

"When Tuao is better acquainted he will tell you why he left his home," Miss Mary promised. "Now I shall be busy for a while. Will you stay here, Tuao? And will you show him how to play your game? You will help him, won't you, José?"

"*Si, senorita.*"

Miss Mary was surprised. "O José! You have forgotten. We promised to speak English on the playground, as well as in the schoolroom, didn't we? You will not forget again, will you?"

"No, Miss Mary. And I will help the little boy speak the English."

"Fine. Now I shall leave him with you for a while."

She goes off, at the left, and the children sit down, except Tuao.

Anita was friendly.

"Come, Tuao, and talk with us. Tell us about yourself. What are you?"

"I am Igorrote," proudly declared the boy.

"I am Filipino," said one.

"And I am Bagabo," said another.

"I came from Cebu," announced the third.

"We will help you with the English," offered Maria. "Our teacher, she does this: she takes book in hand. She say, 'This is book.' She put book on table. She say, 'I put book on table.' We say those, and then we know."

Anita was not to be outdone. "We have nice hospital, too. When hot and burning they put us in nice, little, white bed, and make us well. Mothers bring babies to be well. Nurses go out in country, showing how to keep well and not have the 'burning hot'."

And José could not keep quiet longer. "I tell you about Sunday," he said. "My father used to take me to see cock-fight on Sunday. Now we have nice day. We have Sunday school, under palm tree here. We have stories. We sing."

Miss Mary reënters at this point, in time to hear José's words.

"It has been so long since we have had Sunday school together, I should like to sit under the palm tree, and have stories and songs right now. Shall we?"

All move, and sit in group near the largest palm tree. Miss Mary takes Tuao beside her, facing the audience.

"Some day when we have money enough we will have a nice building for our Sunday school," she remarked, "but I think nothing can be nicer than this. Tuao tells us that he left home to find a red pigeon, one that took a little boy named Mani to learn something he wanted to know. That story has made me think of another, a story of a little boy, older than Tuao, and in another country, a long time ago. This boy went with his father and mother and many people on a journey, to a big, big house they called a temple. There they prayed to the heavenly Father, and heard beautiful music. The little boy had seen nothing like it. When it came time to go home the father and mother thought the little boy was with friends, and did not know he was left behind. When they found it out they had to go back a long way. They found him in the temple, and what do you think he was doing?"

José said, "Trying to find out what the temple was made of."

Anita said, "Looking at the beautiful things in the temple."

Maria thought he must have been listening to music.

"No," answered their teacher, "he was with the wisest men of the temple, hearing them talk, asking questions and answering them. There were so many things he wanted to know, you see. He told his parents that he felt that he must be about his Father's business."

"That was good," declared José solemnly.

"It is what we must do. It is what we are sent here for, to do the work of the heavenly Father: and to do that well, we must learn all we can."

Then Tuao spoke his determination. "I go to find the red pigeon," he said.

"I hope you will find him, little friend," said Miss Mary. "While I was in the house I was given a letter from my brother. You are to stay with us."

Curtain falls

SCENE 4. IN THE HIGH SCHOOL

The wide, open doorway and the large window occupy most of the rear wall space. A bulletin board by the door, a globe, a desk and a chair may serve for furnishings, but other articles may be added. Through the door is seen the American flag on a staff, with the Philippine flag beneath it. Mr. Stanley, the principal, sits at the desk, one hand resting on some papers.

Reader:

Tuao's first year in the government high school was nearly over. He had done well. During all the years at the mission school, and since he came with Mr.

Stanley, he had studied hard, done his work well and made many friends. (*Tuao enters from the right; goes to desk.*)

"Did you send for me, Mr. Stanley?" he asked.

It was a school holiday, and because most of the pupils were off in the grounds, the building was very quiet.

"Yes, Tuao," Mr. Stanley replied. "I want to have a talk with you. A letter came today that decided me to return to the United States. I have been thinking of it some time, you know."

"Yes, Mr. Stanley, you told me."

"Well, I want to ask you a question that you need not decide right now, if you would rather think it over. Would you like to go with me?"

"Go with you—to America?"

"Yes. I would take you with me on a farm during the vacation, and then place you in a good school. I believe you could support yourself. There would be a fine opportunity for you to get the education you want, Tuao."

"You know how much I want it, Mr. Stanley!"

"That is why I make the offer. That story of yours about the red pigeon has a big meaning, for me. I think of the red pigeon as meaning your wish to learn. The boy in the story had to make three promises, didn't he?"

"Yes. To become small, to let nothing turn him from his task, and not to let go."

"These three things are what any boy wanting to learn has to do. He has to see how little he knows, and that makes him small and humble. He must keep his mind on what he is doing, and must not let go, no matter what hard things come his way. If he fails in these, he fails in his object. I believe you will not fail, Tuao. How about going with me?"

"I thank you, Mr. Stanley, and I should like to go."

Mr. Stanley rose and started to leave the room, but turned at the door (*right*).

"We shall have to get your father's consent. Had you thought of that?" he asked the boy.

"Yes. That is why I hesitated. May I go home? I want to see my parents and my friend. I promised Cayan that I would go back and tell him what I learned. I shall have to tell him, instead, how much I expect to learn."

"I think you could make quite a list of things you have learned, Tuao. Suppose you think that over, and be ready to tell your people. They may be more willing for you to go with me when they see what you have gained, at the mission school and here. Listen; some of the students are singing, and I promised to practise with them. You may get ready to go home very soon, and I will help you all I can."

Mr. Stanley goes out, at left. Children are heard singing the second verse of "America." Tuao stands near the desk, listening. Then at the beginning of the last half of the verse, he moves over to the doorway and stands, profile to the audience, with his right hand raised in salute to the flags.

The curtain falls

SCENE 5. THE HOME OF TUAO

This scene is the same as the first. Tuao's father sits near the foot of the ladder, his spear beside him. The mother is busy at her pots, near the fire. A drum is heard in the distance, beating a monotonous "one, two, three, four" rhythm.

Reader:

Tuao's mother had not left her mountainside home since his absence. There had been years of silent work in which to think of the boy, and to store in her memory the tones of his voice.

A call was heard, far away. (*The drumbeats have ceased.*)

"That is Tuao!" exclaimed the mother.

"Tuao is far from us," said the father calmly.

"But he may be coming home!"

"Tuao is *not* coming home. Tuao has forgotten his home. He cares for Americano, not Igorrote ways."

"Sh-sh! There is the call again. It is Tuao!"

The faithful Cayan also had ears keen and certain. (*Cayan enters from the left.*)

"Is Tuao here? I heard his call!"

"I heard it," declared the mother. "He is coming."

The call is heard again, very near. The three are listening intently, silently, until Tuao appears from the left.

"Tuao!" "I knew it was you!" "I expected you to come sometime!" Such were the greetings of father, friend and mother.

"I am glad, *glad*, to be with you!" and the son showed that he meant it. "But why are the drums calling? I heard them as I came all the way up the mountain."

"There is a feast tonight," explained his mother. "Will you go with your father, Tuao? You are old enough now."

"No, mother, and I hope my father will not go. I have much to say."

The two boys take seats near the man. The mother moves about occasionally.

"Why are you dressed like a Filipino?" the father wanted to know. "Have you left off all Igorrote ways, my son?"

"I have left off Igorrote clothes, anyway, for all in the schools and all in the cities wear the white trousers and the camisa made of banana cloth."

"Did you find the red pigeon?" Cayan inquired.

"I am still looking for it, and shall always be a little way behind it. Mr. Stanley, my friend at the high school, who found me on the mountain the night I ran away, says the red pigeon is knowledge, or the wish for knowledge."

Tuao rises and walks over to the fire.

"It was here that you told the story of the red pigeon, mother, and I wanted to come here and thank my father and you for letting me stay in school. I want to ask you, here, to let me go still farther away from you, in my search for the red pigeon—to America."

"How can you go to America, you, an Igorrote of the mountains?" The father had no faith in the idea.

"Mr. Stanley has offered to take me. Hear what he and the other kind American friends I made in the mission and at high school have done for me."

Tuao sat down and told his parents and his friend of the days of study; of the tasks that had been made pleasant because of friendship with those for whom they were performed; of the faith that was springing up in his heart and the wish to become like those working in his land because of love for One who had called them all brethren.

"If I go to America and learn the many things I want to learn, I shall come back to my own people and teach them all I know. Will you let me go? Cayan is to go down to the mission school and to the high school as I did, if his parents will let him return with me. What do you say, my father and my mother?"

The mother looked anxiously at her husband, and as he sat silent, she urged, "Let the boy go, as he wishes."

And the father replied slowly, "Let the Igorrote people be behind no other people in knowledge. You may go, my son!"

Tuao's heart danced with joy, but outwardly he was calm. "I will go, I will return, and do as I said. My search for the red pigeon leads me to America! Have you heard the anthem of the Americanos? I learned it at the mission school, but there is one verse I never sang, because of the first three words. I will sing it to you, because I hope it will be true, in those three words, some day. This is the verse:

The boy stands facing the audience, the others watching and listening as he stands:

"My fathers' God, to thee," is sung by a boy behind the scenes.

Final curtain

OH, SHINING MOUNTAIN

(*Japanese*)

THE STAGE

All measurements in these directions are proportioned to the folding stage described on page 13. That stage is thirty inches deep, forty-two inches wide; height of opening, thirty inches.

THE SCENERY

The blue back-drop of the portable stage remains in position through the three scenes. For dimensions, see diagrams.

Scene 1. In the Japanese home.

- a. Blue backing.
- b. Painted beaverboard cut-out of Mount Fujiyama. It is pale gray, with lines of deeper gray. Cover the peak with thin, glistening paper from a candy-box wrapping. Paint the lower mountain blue, shading into the green of nearer fields.
- c. Walls of the house. Heavy cardboard, hinged at corners with strips of cloth and glue, painted a silvery gray. The translucent panes beside the doorway are imitated by painting pale-blue oblongs defined by black lines.
- d. The recessed alcove may be formed by placing a box of the right dimensions behind the opening in the wall.

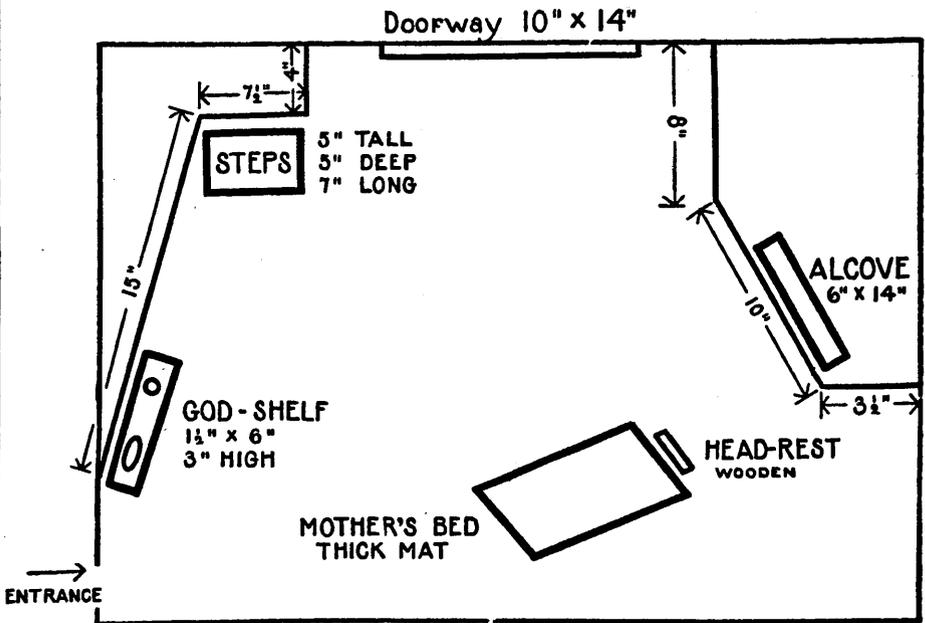
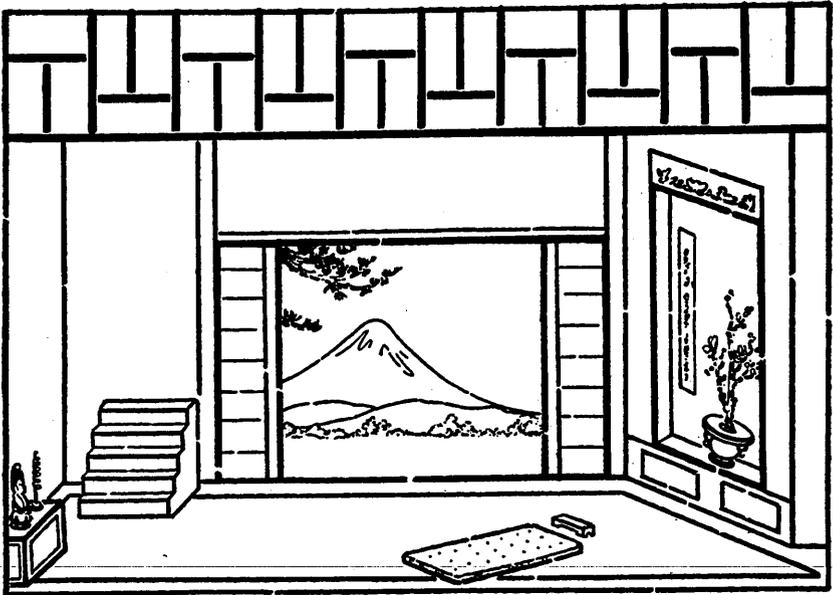
Scene 2. In the mission office.

- a. Blue backing (not seen).
- b. Walls of room. The rear and right walls are painted a soft brownish tint. The left wall is of translucent paper, crossed by black lines. A very durable wall may be made by tacking unbleached muslin tightly on a light framework, applying shellac and painting the black lines when dry.

Scene 3. In the garden.

- a. Blue back-drop.
- b. Mountain cut-out, moved slightly to right.
- c. Cut-out of shrubbery hedge. (This may be added in Scene 1 if needed.)
- d. The garden, made on a piece of beaverboard somewhat smaller than the stage floor; inserted and removed as a whole. This may be made very simply, painting the grass, paths and water, and using paper cut-out, or it may become a very attractive miniature garden, correct in detail, having a bridge over which the children may stroll, a lantern that may be lighted and glistening water.

IN THE JAPANESE HOME •• ACT-1



THE GARDEN

Upon the piece of board, or beaverboard, trace faintly the diagram. Paint the water blue and cover it with the same kind of glistening paper used upon the mountain peak. Build up the banks and the grass plots with modeling clay or plaster of Paris; when these are dry, spread with liquid glue and sprinkle thickly with sand and green color, in dry powder form, obtainable at any paint store. Cover the paths with glue, then with sand and light yellow color. Add rocks made of irregular lumps of dry newspaper pulp, glued in position, and tinted where necessary to have color.

The tree at the side may be of real branches, or a cut-out.

The bridge may be made of tin or of heavy cardboard; the floor, an oblong six by twelve inches, soldered or sewed to the curved sides. It is painted Chinese red.

The stone lantern may be modeled of clay, with orange gelatine windows, and a tiny candle inside. A small bulb and a dry battery would make a practical light. A painted cut-out will do for the simpler garden.

The urn for the dwarf pine-tree is modeled. The tree is of twigs and frayed green yarn.

The pole, twenty inches tall, is painted bright yellow.

The fish is six inches long. The two sides are sewed around the edges. It is painted red and gold, with black and white eyes, then stuffed lightly with cotton. Attach by wire to the pole so it may swing. A small electric fan may be so placed that it will keep the fish in motion, or fine wires attached to head and body, running through a screw-eye in the upper part of stage frame-work, will serve, if pulled irregularly, to give it a less realistic movement.

THE BORDER

To reduce the height of the stage, a border three inches wide is painted in black on red paper, which is then oiled to make it translucent.

THE PROPERTIES

For Scene 1

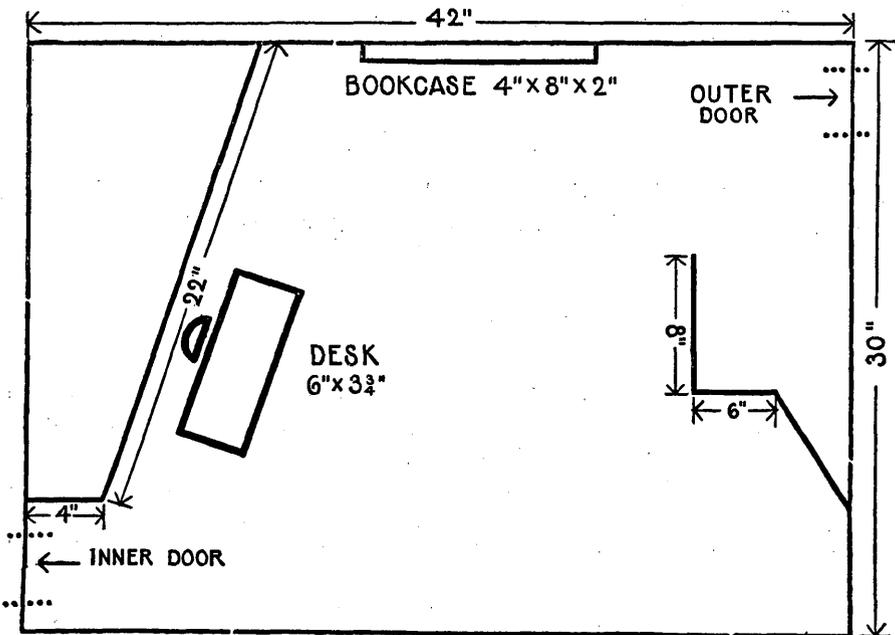
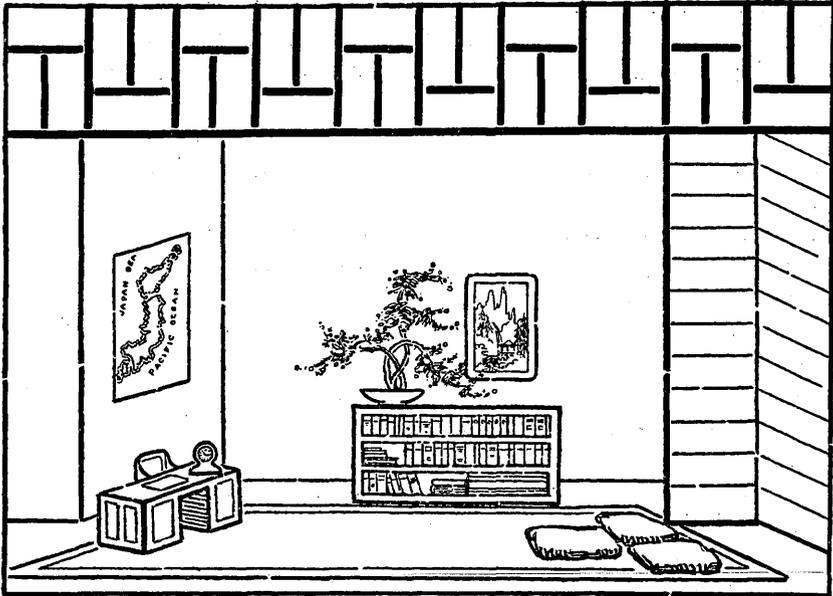
The Doll Shelves. The shelves may be made of paper, and also the articles upon them. The shelves are five inches tall, five inches deep and seven inches long. Each step is one inch wide and one inch high.

The God Shelf. A narrow cardboard shelf, of heavy cardboard, painted like walls. The tiny figure of Buddha may be modeled and colored to resemble metal. An incense burner and a tiny bowl of rice may be upon the shelf, which is six inches long, three inches wide.

The Tokonoma and Flowers. The banner in the alcove (the Tokonoma) is of red paper, with black characters. The bowl contains a cluster of tiny flowers arranged in the Japanese manner.

Mats and Cushions. The mats, wherever used, have heavy black borders.

IN THE MISSION OFFICE • ACT-2



The cushions are square, of bright colors, large enough for seats. A small oblong block of wood is padded for the mother's head-rest.

The Letter. A folded bit of paper is caught lightly on the point of a needle inserted in Yuki's hand. It is transferred to the mother's hand by a drop of thick glue, placed just before the rise of the curtain.

For Scene 2

Furniture. The flat-top desk is made of paper; as are the articles upon it.

The two chairs, from a doll-house, are American in style. (Only one is shown.)

The bookcase and books are painted on a box cover, which is turned outward from the wall.

The map is done with crayon.

The Hofmann picture is a small print, framed in paper.

The bowl and plant are made in the same manner as the urn and dwarfed pine-tree in the garden.

THE CHARACTERS

Mother	Toshi, son
Father	Yuki, servant
Suzo-ko, daughter	Miss Clarke, superintendent of the
Miss Dale, nurse at the mission	mission

THE FIGURES

These are made like the Chinese figures described on page 17, substituting Japanese characteristics when modeling and painting. The feet have sandals, instead of the type of shoe pictured, and in the house scenes, small white socks are drawn over these.

For suggestions, see missionary magazines, travel magazines, and the illustrations in color by Gertrude A. Kay, published in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for July, 1922.

The American ladies have the flat wooden bodies and modeled heads. Both are dressed in white.

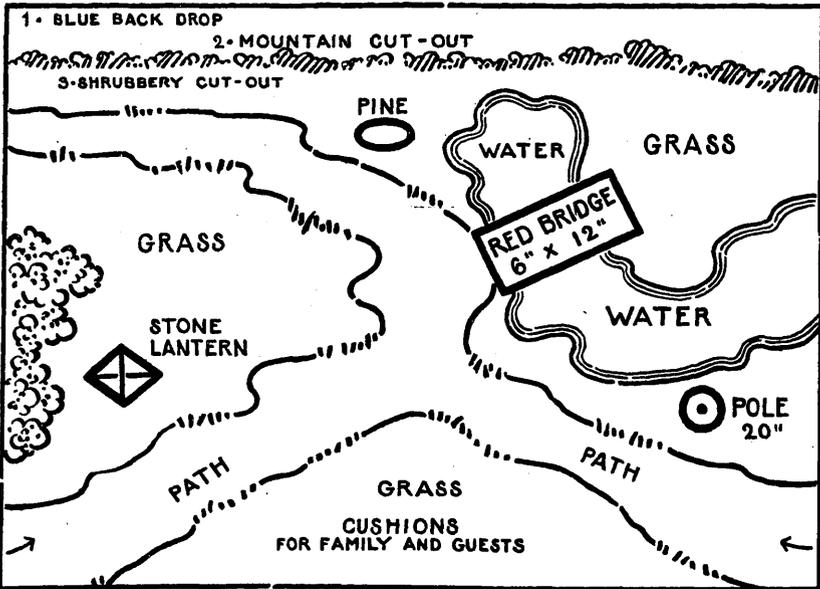
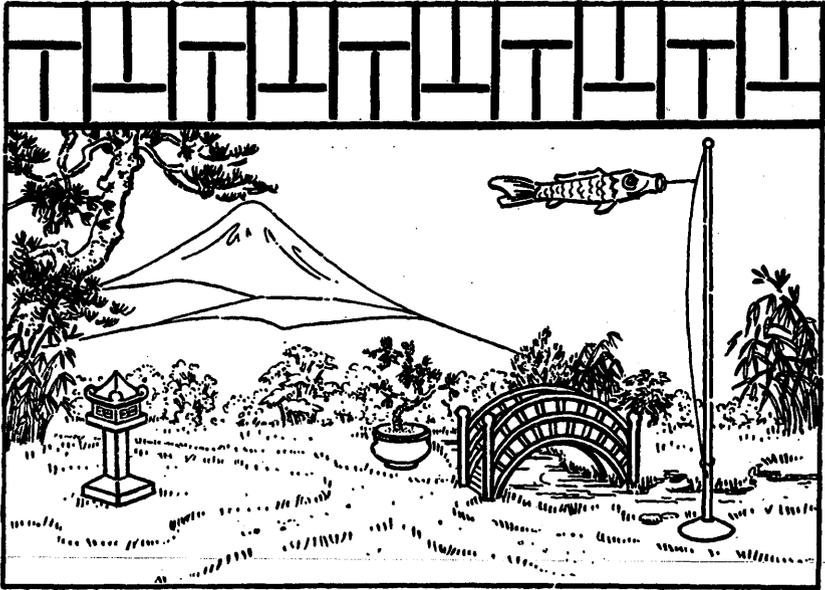
MUSIC

The Japanese national anthem may not be easy to find, and something else may be substituted, a folk-song, perhaps. (The national anthem was published in *World Neighbors*, some time in 1923, in connection with a story by Welthy Hon-singer, called "The Twins Scatter Flowers.")

The song, "Jesus Loves Me," in Japanese.

(The spelling has been changed whenever the pronunciation could thereby be made clearer to those not accustomed to the language. Pronounce "a" as in star;

IN THE GARDEN • • ACT-3



“e” like “a” in late; “i” like “e” in bee; “o” like “o” in rope; “u” like “oo” in soon; “ai” like “i” in ice.)

Shiu wa-re wo-a-i-su
 Shiu wa-tsu-yo-ke-re-ba
 Wa-re yo-wa-ku-to-mo
 O-so-re wa-a-ra-ji.

CHORUS

Wa-ga Shiu Ye-su
 Wa-ga Shiu Ye-su
 Wa-ga Shiu Ye-su
 Wa-re wo A-i-su.

LIGHTS

If colored lights, and the desired changes, are permitted, there should be warm sunlight (amber) upon the mountain, the bulb being between the wall and the painted scene. The interiors need a colder light. In Scene 3, there is opportunity to change from light amber to deep amber, adding blue near the front as the scene closes.

ACT 1

The scene is the living-room of a comfortable Japanese home. In the center of the rear wall is a wide doorway looking out on the garden and framing a distant view of Mount Fujiyama. The furnishings of the room are: In the Tokonoma, an alcove with a raised floor, a bowl of flowers and a picture scroll on the wall behind. A god-shelf containing a small image of Buddha and a bowl of rice. A set of five shelves, covered with red, on which are dolls, doll furniture and tiny dishes of food. There are a few cushions and thick mats upon the floor. The mother is lying upon her bed of mats, near the doorway, covered by a flowered rug, her head upon a wooden head-rest. Suzo-ko is beside the doll-shelf, singing softly to herself the Japanese national anthem. After a moment she turns toward her mother.

Reader:

“There! Honorable mother, my dolls are ready for the festival! Can you raise your head a little, just a *little*, and see?” (*The mother rises slightly, then falls back.*) “You have done well, my daughter. You may be proud of your dolls when your friends call.”

Suzo-ko stood in silent admiration of her handiwork. “Why,” she exclaimed in surprise, “they seem more beautiful to me than last year, when I put them away!”

“The change is in yourself, not in the dolls,” the mother responded. “You are a year older. You can appreciate them better.”

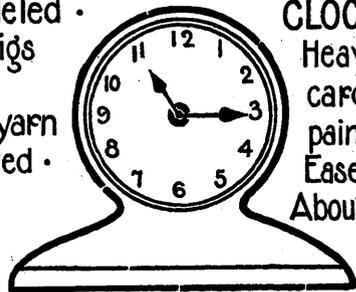
“Did you enjoy getting ready for the Doll Festival when you were my age, honorable mother?” (*Suzo-ko sits beside her mother.*)

“I did, indeed. Each year, on the third day of the third month, I took my



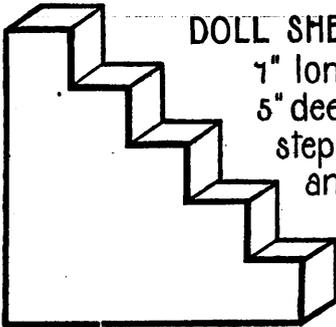
PINE TREE IN URN

Latter modeled.
Tree of twigs
and leaves
green yarn
frayed.



CLOCK

Heavy
cardboard
painted.
Easel back.
About 6"x10"



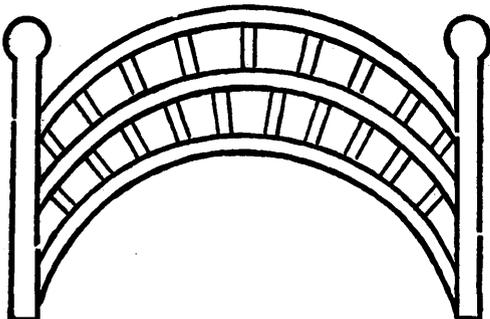
DOLL SHELVES

red
1" long 5" tall
5" deep. Each
step 1" wide
and 1" high.



STONE LANTERN

1½" high
Modeled in
clay. .
Windows of
orange
gelatine. Small
candle inside.
Roof removable.
Could be flat
cut-out. .



SIDE OF BRIDGE

Tin or heavy
cardboard. Paint
red. Floor 6" x
12". Sides 3"
high. . .

dolls from their pretty paper wrappings, and placed them just as you have done, with the emperor and the empress on the top shelf, the ladies and nobles of the court just below. Then I arranged the furniture on the next shelf, and the dishes of food beneath. My mother taught me, oh, so carefully, so patiently, to dress the dolls and prepare the food! When my friends had called and admired them, and the day was over, I carefully wrapped the dolls, the furniture and the little dishes, and laid them away for the next festival. I have been too ill to help you this year, Suzo-ko. I am sorry."

"I am sorry, too, mother, that you have been so ill. But Yuki has helped me. She praised me, too, for I learned to prepare the rice. Mother, why do we have the Doll Festival? If you told me last year, I have forgotten."

"Perhaps I did not tell you. You are now old enough to understand that, in caring for their doll families, the girls of Japan are learning much that will help them provide comfort and happiness for their real families when they are grown."

There was a thoughtful pause. Then Suzo-ko rose and stood by the door. (*Suzo-ko rises and stands.*) She could see their lovely garden, the fields and hills beyond, and the distant mountain.

"Mother, I am wondering," she said, "if all beautiful things will grow more beautiful to my eyes, as I grow older?"

"All really beautiful things will, my daughter."

"But, mother, I do not see how our Fujiyama can ever seem more beautiful than it does now."

The mother was thoughtful. "When you are as old as I am you will know the history of our sacred mountain, of our land of Nippon, and will love them as no child could love them. When you look upon the shining mountain you will see more than a mountain. You will think of your religion; of the holy men who have ascended its sides; of the thousands who make the pilgrimage each year."

"And wear little bells on their garments, to show that they have been to Fuji. I remember."

"Yes, each wears the bell. Your father will go, so will Toshi when he is a man, as our ancestors have gone. My father told me of the wonderfully beautiful sight that met his eyes, as the sun rose above the mists, and the throngs of white-clad pilgrims came from the huts, upon their lips a hymn to the sun, that echoed and reëchoed over the sides of the sacred mountain."

Toshi enters, from the left.

"Come quietly, little brother," cautioned his sister. "Mother's head aches."

"Mother wants to see you, anyway, little son," said the mother, extending her hand.

Toshi advances, makes a low bow, and sits beside his mother.

"Where have you been, Toshi?" asked his mother.

"Feeding the goldfish in the pond, with Yuki," he said. "A man is talking with her now, so I came in." (*He goes over to the dolls.*) "Mother, Suzo-ko has a festival, and her friends are coming. Why cannot I have one, too?"

Toshi, like many other small boys, was not disposed to be satisfied with less than his sister.

"Little son, you will have a festival soon, on the fifth day of the fifth month. Don't you remember the big paper fish father hung on the pole in the garden, last year? It was twice as long as you, and such a pretty red, such big eyes, such bright scales and fins!"

"But father is not here, to get the fish for me!"

The mother sighed. "No, but we hope he will be home in time. If he does not, we must remember the good work he is doing for those in Tokyo and Yokohama who have lost so much, and suffered so much."

Yuki enters with a letter which she gives her mistress, with a very low bow.

"Honorable mistress, a messenger has come with a letter from the honorable master."

"Nothing could be more welcome, Yuki. Thank you. (*Yuki turns to go.*) You may wait, Yuki, and hear what the master says of his welfare. I know you wish to learn how he is."

Yuki returns, and stands at a respectful distance.

(*Pause.*) "Father says, 'I cannot tell how I long to be in my dear home. There is so much sadness and suffering before me every moment of the day and night—for there is little chance for sleep—that I will not pain your hearts by telling of these things. I am now helping those doing relief work, and I am amazed at the foreign people, Christians, who are working night and day without rest or comfort for themselves. This is my country, those are my people who suffer, but these foreign Christians are more devoted than I. Their religion is not new to me, but I have not seen it put in practice before. I shall be with you when I can. I am glad that you have the faithful Yuki with you.' There! that is only a part of the letter. I will read the rest another time."

Toshi could not keep back the tears. It had been a long time, it seemed to him, since his father went away.

"I want to see my dear father," he wept.

"Mother, does father know of your illness?" inquired Suzo-ko.

"No," said the mother. "I did not want to add to his anxiety. If he only knew how much you have been doing, Yuki, caring for the children and for me, he would praise you more than he has."

"Honorable mistress, these foreign Christians have a mission here. The people in the market call it a 'Jesus-house.' Many children go to them for teaching, and in their hospital are many of the sick." (*Yuki bows low.*)

"I have heard of them," replied her mistress. "I think my husband says kind things of them because his own heart is kind."

Yuki goes out, left.

"When I was sick father carried me to the temple, and placed my hand in the hand of the god, and I became well." Toshi was very earnest.

And Suzo-ko whispered to him, "We will pray that our gods will make mother well, and bring our father home to us."

The children kneel before the god shelf. The mother rereads the letter.

Curtain

ACT 2

In the office of the mission. At the right are an American desk and two chairs. On the left side of the room are cushions and mats. A vase of flowers, papers and a clock are on the desk. Near it, upon the wall, hangs a map of Japan. Upon the rear wall, near the center, is a small reproduction of Hofmann's picture, the Head of Christ. Miss Clarke, the superintendent of the mission, and Miss Dale, a nurse, are discussing a letter just arrived from Yokohama. The superintendent is seated beside the desk, the nurse standing near.

Reader:

Miss Clarke, the superintendent of the mission, looked up from the letter she had just finished reading. "Miss Dale," she said, "I do not see how those workers over in Yokohama and in Tokyo stand it. Miss Neill says here that they stand in water to their knees, hours at a time, day and night, trying to find sleeping places for worn-out mothers and children, trying to warm food for starving babies!"

"I am ashamed," declared the nurse, "when I remember that I sometimes call the work here hard! Of course, it is harder than when we let Miss Neill go to do this relief work, but how thankful I am to be dry and warm and well!"

"If we had that children's ward we have been praying for, with a proper place for the babies, and specially trained nurses for them, I should never ask another thing," responded the superintendent. "If we could only interest some of these wealthy Japanese!"

"That Japanese official Miss Neill speaks of must be a remarkable man. Did she give his name?"

Miss Clarke looked again at the letter. "Let me see. No, she did not. This is what she says: 'I am sure you will be interested in a Japanese official from your district who is here to save what government property he can from the ruins. He is so different from most officials. When we go to him for favors or for advice, we find him very helpful and kind and interested. Best of all, he is nearly ready to give up his own religion and become a Christian. He is a Buddhist, and all his family are, so he hesitates to bring sorrow to them. He will not make the change before seeing his family, and does not want them to know how he feels until he is able to explain it all to them. If you should happen to meet any of his family, please do not mention that you have heard this.'"

Miss Dale was amused at that. "How much chance is there of our meeting his family, or of knowing them, if we should? We do not know his name. If he is from this town, his family probably lives up on the hill where those beautiful gardens are. I wish we *could* get inside one of those homes!"

A bell rings, off-stage. Miss Clarke rises.

"There, it is time for us to go through the wards. I did not know it was so late," Miss Clarke said, as the two went out of the room. (*They go off.*)

In a few minutes a gentle tapping was heard at the door, and a timid voice asked politely, "May I enter?" There was no kindly invitation in response and a small face peered in to see why. (*Suzo-ko's face seen in door.*) Then a little figure we have seen before came with hesitating steps into the room and paused.

"I cannot enter until some one gives permission," said Suzo-ko to herself. "How can I make my bow to an empty room? But I can say 'Good-morning.' *O-hay-o!*" she called.

Miss Clarke appeared in the inner door. "*O-hay-o,*" she said, which is "Good-morning" in Japanese. "I beg your pardon, I did not hear you knock."

"But I did, honorable foreign lady," declared Suzo-ko, "and now I am waiting to make my bow." (*She bows, first kneeling. Rises.*)

Miss Clarke, realizing that her caller was well trained in polite Japanese ways, did what she could to show her own politeness. "Will you deign to enter this poor dwelling, and to be seated in the place of honor?" she asked.

"But I am unworthy to be received under this honorable and distinguished roof, or to be seated near the Tokonoma," responded the little girl, as she had been taught.

"We are honored by your presence, I assure you," declared Miss Clarke.

Then Suzo-ko advanced and sat upon a cushion. Miss Clarke sat upon another, and waited.

"This is the Jesus-house of which my nurse told me, is it not, honorable lady?" inquired the caller.

"It is the Christian mission, our hospital and school. I hope we can deserve the name the people call it."

"My name is Suzo-ko, and I have come to ask your God to make my mother well. We have asked our god, but he is angry with us, or else too busy with the poor people who were hurt and made ill by the earthquake, for he has not answered our prayer." And the little girl looked very miserable.

"How long has your mother been ill? And what has been done for her? Did she send you to us?" Three questions at once Miss Clarke asked the child.

"No, she does not know I came. She has been ill many weeks, and father is not here to take her to the temple. Only Yuki, our serving maid, cares for her. Will your God help her?"

"He will help us to help her." Miss Clarke was very serious as she said this. "He has already helped us, for he put it in the hearts of some of his children on the other side of the world to send us here to help those who need us."

"We need you," said Suzo-ko.

Again there was a gentle tapping at the door, and another little face peered inside, as another voice asked, "May I enter?" (*Toshi's face is seen.*)

"Enter, I pray," said Miss Clarke, and Toshi came, making a very low bow. (*He enters, bows, rises.*)

"*O-hay-o!*" he exclaimed. "I am unworthy to enter this honorable dwelling."

"We are honored by your presence in this mean and humble place," declared Miss Clarke. "Please be seated."

Toshi sat upon a cushion near his sister, who almost forgot her politeness. "Why did you come, Toshi? Did you follow me?"

"No, I left Yuki in the market, and a boy showed me where to come. My father is not here to ask, so I came to ask that the foreigners' God would make our mother well."

Miss Dale enters. The children rise and bow low, rise and stand.

"This is Miss Dale, one of our nurses," said Miss Clarke. "She will go with you and see your mother." Then she turned to the nurse. "These are brother and sister, and they came to get help for their mother, who is ill. It seems their father is away, and only a servant is caring for them all."

Miss Dale was enthusiastic about the children. "Aren't they cunning? I just love them, already. Do you go to school, either of you?"

"I do," announced Suzo-ko, "and Toshi goes to kindergarten, and learns stories."

"I learned a new story today, about the Old Woman and the White Clouds," Toshi told them proudly. "Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, indeed. Please tell it. Stand right out here, and we will sit here." The ladies and the little girl made themselves comfortable upon the cushions (*they sit*) and Toshi began:

"In the olden, olden time, a poor old woman was hanging her clothes on a bamboo pole, and sighing because they were so worn and ragged. She wished for new cloth. Suddenly a long piece of white cloth came swinging down from the sky, and the old woman thought it came from heaven. She pulled on it, and pulled, and pulled, until all the yard, and the house, and the field were covered with white. She kept on pulling and pulling. The cloth kept on coming and coming. To this day, on summer evenings, you can see the great white loops in the sky, but you cannot reach them, for the old woman lives far, far beyond the mountains, just beneath the Cloud Country, where the Weaving Goddess and her busy maidens sit at their looms on the banks of the Heavenly River. Congratulations! Congratulations!"

"Thank you, Toshi! That was well told!" they praised the boy.

Then a bell rang for Miss Clarke, and she said, "Now I must leave you. Miss Dale will get ready to go with you to see your mother. Good-bye. I shall see you again."

The children answered most politely, "*Sayonara*, honorable lady," for *Sayonara* means what we mean when we say "Good-bye."

The children bow. The two ladies go off through the inner door.

Left alone, the children felt free to look around. "See, see, Toshi!" the sister exclaimed. "What a funny god-shelf they have! (*pointing to desk*). Do you suppose that is their God (*points to clock*), the one that will make mother well? No, I cannot believe that is the one."

"Perhaps it is an image of one of their heroes," suggested the boy.

Suza-ko wandered to the picture of the Friend of little children (*she stands before the picture of Christ*), and stood silent a moment. "Come here, Toshi," she called. "I like this one, don't you?"

Toshi joins her, and as they stand facing the picture, children's voices are heard singing, off-stage, in Japanese, "Jesus Loves Me," and Miss Dale watches them from the door, her hat on, and a bag in her hand.

Curtain

ACT 3

In the garden. There is a small pond, with iris on the banks; a curved red bridge; a pine tree; a pretty, curving walk; a tall pole from which is suspended a red paper fish, blowing about in the wind. Mount Fujiyama is seen in the distance. Toshi stands at the foot of the pole.

Reader:

"Suzo-ko! Suzo-ko! Come quickly! My fish swims in the air!"

Suzu-ko enters from the right, and joins him.

"I am so glad the wind has come at last," cried the sister, as enthusiastic as any small brother could wish. "Yuki says that if the fish is swimming as the sun goes down, its owner will be successful all the year!"

"I was afraid I would not have a fish at all," said Toshi, "and then people would not have known I was living, would they? Do you think father will come in time to see it?"

"Surely he will, for he said he would. O Toshi, isn't it too good to be true! Mother is nearly well. Father is coming home. Miss Clarke and Miss Dale are such friends to us—and now, your lovely big fish, swimming in the wind! Here is Miss Clarke now. See, Toshi!"

Miss Clarke enters from the right. Low bows are exchanged.

"See my big fish, Miss Clarke!" Toshi was too eager to be polite.

Suzu-ko remembered her manners better. "You are welcome in our poor home. Will you deign to be seated?" she said.

"I am honored," replied the lady. "I have never seen your garden at sunset before. How lovely the iris are!"

"They are the flowers that go with the Festival of Flags for the boys," the little girl told her. "Because the leaves are shaped like swords, you see."

"How very interesting! Your fish is a wonderful one, Toshi. Do you know, as we came along, we saw six fish in one garden, but none were so large as yours."

"There are six boys in that family then," said the proud Toshi. "I know my father and mother love me just as much as they could six. Mine ought to be larger."

"How in the world did you ever get it up?"

"Father ordered it from Yokohama, and had a man bring it and put it on the pole," Suzu-ko announced. "Is Miss Dale with you?"

"Yes. There she comes, now, with your mother."

The mother enters from the left, Miss Dale with her. She and Miss Clarke exchange low bows.

"You are most welcome in my insignificant garden," the hostess remarked to Miss Clarke, who responded graciously, "It is an honor and a great pleasure, I assure you, to be here. Your garden is lovely, and Toshi's fish is wonderful. Miss Dale and I feel that we are fortunate in being invited to see both."

The ladies sit on cushions. The hostess claps her hands, Yuki appears, bowing, from the left.

"Sister, let us watch the fish in the pond," urged Toshi. So the brother and sister went off together and sat beside the water.

The two ladies from the mission felt that they could sit in silence for hours, enjoying the beauty of the garden and the distant view, but politeness would not allow that, so Miss Clarke began the conversation by saying, "Suzo-ko tells me that your illustrious husband is in Yokohama. I did not know that. Did you, Miss Dale?"

"No," the other replied, "I did not. Is he doing relief work?"

"Yes, and some government work as well. He hopes to be with us before nightfall."

"We congratulate you, for we know how happy your household will be," Miss Dale said cordially. "One of our nurses who went to Yokohama after the earthquake, has spoken in the highest terms of an official from this district. Can he be your husband?"

The Japanese lady replied, "I know of no other official from this place now at Yokohama."

During the short silence that followed the ladies from the mission remembered that the father of the happy children by the water and the husband of this lovely Japanese lady did not want them to know of his wish to become a Christian.

"Have you thought more of what we have told you of our God, and of the Christian religion?" she asked gently.

"I have thought of little else," answered her hostess. "The story of Christ, his teachings, as I have heard them from you, fill my mind and my heart." She sighed softly. "How much happier we should be if we were Christians! But I hesitate, I fear. My husband would be stricken, he would feel disgraced, were I to renounce the religion of our ancestors."

The children return and join the group.

"Why do you look so serious, honorable mother?" asked Suzo-ko, as she took her place within the group. "Miss Dale, I told Miss Clarke the words of a song I am learning. I do not know the music yet. It is about our mountain. It says, 'Oh, shining mountain, my soul is lifted up, my thoughts dwell on everlasting happiness, when I gaze upon thee!'"

"The words are beautiful," replied Miss Dale. "They remind me of a verse in our Bible, 'I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.' Mountains and hills seem to bring a worshipful spirit. Jesus himself was in the habit of going into the mountains to pray."

"Which made heaven and earth," quoted the mother. "Do you know the Japanese legend of creation?" Her callers did not know it, and begged her to tell it. The children joined in the request, for they dearly loved their mother's stories.

"In the long, long ago, before there was a world, or stars in the heavens, men and women were made, but they were rejected, because they were not perfect. Finally, the first perfect man and woman, Izanagi and Izanami, were made. The sun and the moon were joined together by a rainbow bridge, called the Bridge of

Heaven. Below the bridge was a green sea. One day, walking upon the Bridge of Heaven, Izanagi and Izanami began to wonder what was beneath the green water. The man took his long jeweled spear, and thrust it below the surface of the sea, and when he drew it out, the drops of green water falling from it clung together and hardened, forming the earth. As he cleaned the spear, other drops flew far and wide into space, forming stars and comets. Then, by turning his spear swiftly about, Izanagi set the earth to spinning upon its axis.

"The gods were in a good humor that day, so they set to work making islands. They made eight large islands, six smaller ones, and thousands of very small ones. This made the empire of Japan. They called it the Land of the Congealed Drop."

"What else did they make, mother?" asked Toshi.

"They made eight million earthly gods, and with his breath Izanagi created the wind. The gods of fire, earth, metal and fresh water were made. It is easy to see that Japan lies upon the top of the earth, and that Fujiyama is the highest spot of all."

"Now, will you listen to the story of creation, in God's Word? I can repeat some of it, I think," said Miss Clarke. "'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good.' Those are the first verses.—The story goes on to tell how God made day and night, the firmament in the heavens, the dry land, the green things upon the land, the sun and moon, all animal life, and finally man. The verse I like best is this: 'And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.'"

Miss Dale quoted softly: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

And Miss Clarke followed with a word from the Psalms, "In thy light shall we see light."

They sat in silence, watching the changing sunset.

If colored lights are used, the sunset light is deepened.

Then spoke Suzo-ko. "I thought Fujiyama was the most beautiful thing in the world. Now I think light is the most beautiful thing. See, how it makes our mountain shine! Without the light, the mountain would seem dim and cold, without life."

"Think of that when we have gone, Suzo-ko, and sing the song you learned at the mission. We are sorry that we cannot stay longer, but our children need us. We should like to hear the song floating down the hill, as we walk away in the twilight."

Miss Clarke and Miss Dale rise, followed by the others. Bows are exchanged, and the ladies from the mission leave, from the right. The Japanese family sit.

"Mother," said Suzo-ko, "you and Toshi know that song. Please sing with me."

So together, the mother, the daughter and the little son sang softly, in the rosy after-glow of the sunset, a song that held a world of meaning for the father who came through the house and into the garden, searching for his loved ones.

As the first verse of "There's a light upon the mountain" is sung, the father is seen, watching and listening, at the left.

"There's a light upon the mountains,
And the day is at the spring,
When our eyes shall see the beauty
And the glory of the King:
Weary was our heart with waiting,
And the night-watch seemed so long,
But his triumph-day is breaking,
And we hail it with a song.

"Hark! we hear a distant music,
And it comes with fuller swell;
'Tis the triumph-song of Jesus,
Of our King, Emmanuel!
Go ye forth with joy to meet him,
And, my soul, be swift to bring
All thy sweetest and thy dearest
For the triumph of our King!"

As the song ends, Toshi looks around, sees his father, and runs with extended arms to meet him. As the boy reaches his father, the curtain goes quickly down.

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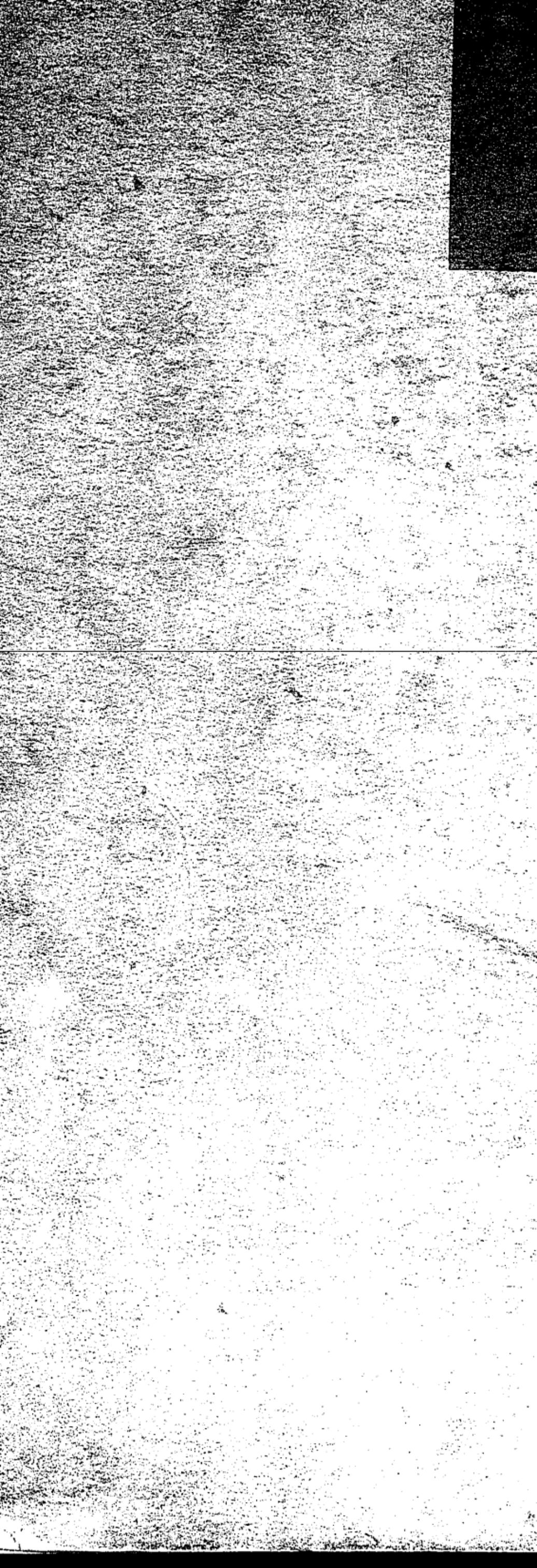


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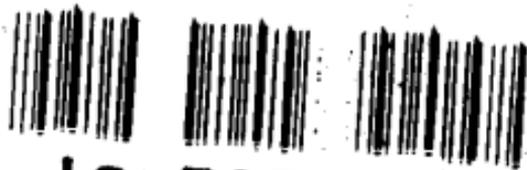
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