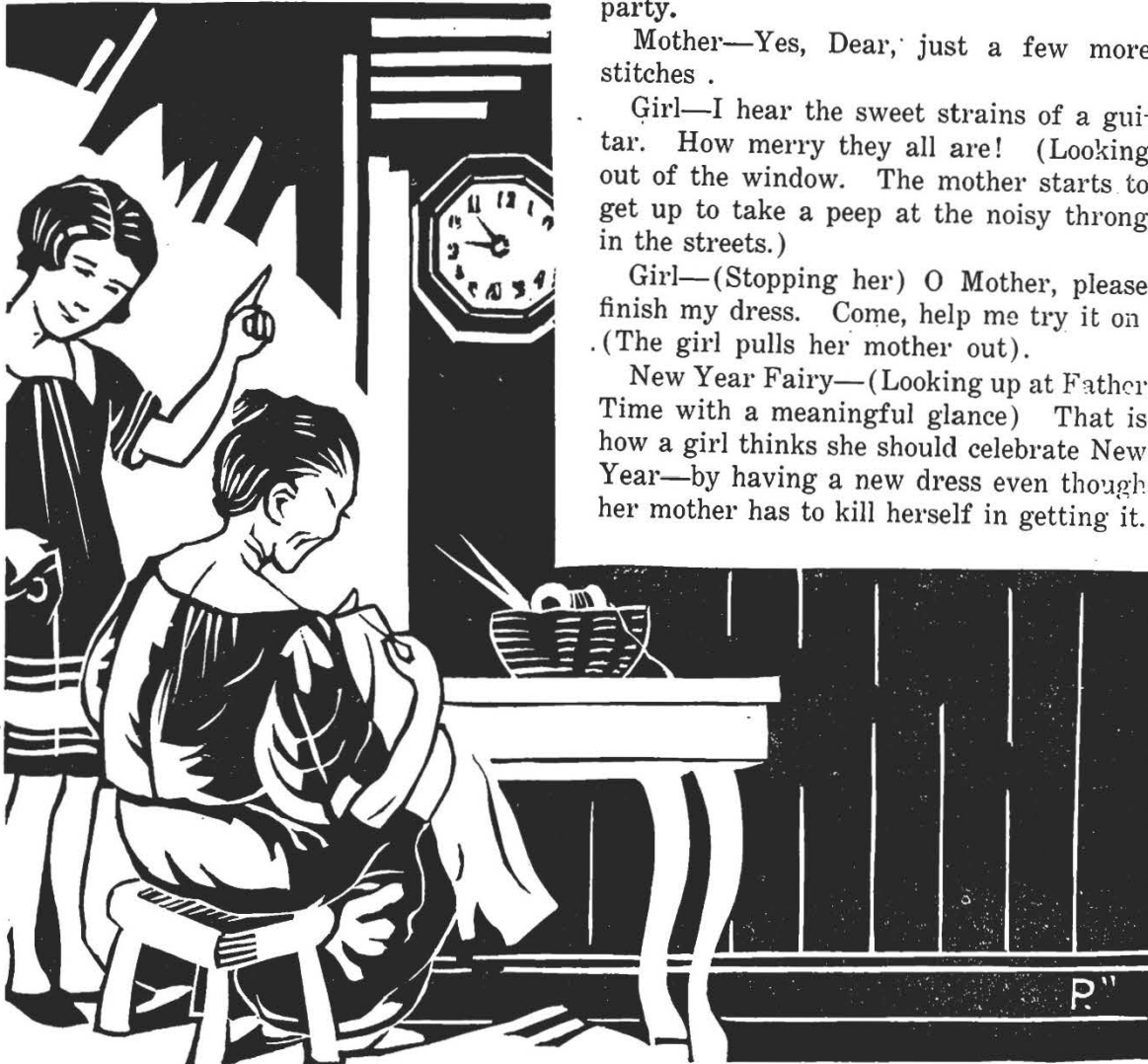


(Little New Year Fairy slumps herself on the forked branch of a poinsettia. Her chin rests on her clasped hands. She hears the shouts of children and the clanging of tin cans. Father Time approaches her.)

Father Time—You look worried, Little New Year Fairy. It is not meet that you should wear a sorrowful mien at your birthday. Get up and scamper. The children of the world are all rejoicing on your day.

New Year Fairy—(Without looking up) Yes, Father, they greet me with all kinds of noises. They do not know how I want them to celebrate my birthday. Let us watch them. You will see why I should be sad and worried.

(Enters an old woman dragging her feet



LITTLE STORIES FOR

By Aunt

THE NEW

which seem heavy with fatigue. She is carrying a sewing basket. She sets her basket on a small table and sits on a wooden stool. Enters a girl with a gaudy make-up. She is brushing her hair and setting her waves.)

Girl—Faster, Mother, it is almost eleven o'clock. I do not want to be late from the party.

Mother—Yes, Dear, just a few more stitches .

Girl—I hear the sweet strains of a guitar. How merry they all are! (Looking out of the window. The mother starts to get up to take a peep at the noisy throng in the streets.)

Girl—(Stopping her) O Mother, please finish my dress. Come, help me try it on .(The girl pulls her mother out).

New Year Fairy—(Looking up at Father Time with a meaningful glance) That is how a girl thinks she should celebrate New Year—by having a new dress even though her mother has to kill herself in getting it.

LITTLE PEOPLE

Julia

YEAR FAIRY

(A Playlet)

(Sighs audibly.)

Father Time—That is the way with girls when they are not properly brought up.

New Year Fairy—Here come some boys. Let us see what they think of my day.

(Enter four boys throwing firecrackers.)

First Boy—Look! there is a Chinese peddler. His junk basket is a good target.

Second Boy—Yes, I have a baby bomb for him.

(Boys rush out shouting)

New Year Fairy—See them, Father? That is just what they do whenever my birthday comes. And all through the year they waste their time on worthless activities.

Father Time—They need proper guidance by some kind spirit.

New Year Fairy—(Pointing to a house in the distance.) What brilliant lights! And such gay dance music! Let us take a peep into it.

(Boys and girls dancing the "Mahinhin")

Father Time—They are not bad, little Fairy. They only need inspiration and guidance.

New Year Fairy—No, but they are thoughtless. Look yonder. Do you see those old parents preparing the midnight lunch? The young people amuse themselves never thinking of helping the aged and the weak.

Father Time—They are not hopeless. The Spirit Folks can help you. (He taps the floor with his cane.)

(The dancers enter and present another native dance. The Spirit of Love enters. She glides gently about the dancers, and scatters around little blossoms of pink *cadena de amor*. The Spirit of Service comes in and beckons to the dancers as she skips



about.)

(The dancers stop.)

First Girl—I feel like going home. I remember now my mother is still working alone. I shall eat lunch with her. She must be very lonely.

Second Girl—I, too, am going. My little brother is sick in bed. I shall amuse him with stories of adventure he likes.

Third Girl (The Hostess)—Are you all going? What shall I do with the food I intended to serve you?

A Boy—Let us give them away. Our neighbors' homes are dark. They do not have enough food even for their regular meals.

Hostess—Fine idea! Come and help me take something to our poor neighbors.

All—Good! (All go out singing.)

New Year Fairy—(Smiling happily.) Father, now I am happy. I hope they will try to do something for others throughout the year.

Spirit of Love—I shall make it my business to keep their hearts aglow with the fire of love.

Spirit of Service—And I will lead them on along the path of duty and service.

Father Time—I have faith in the youth of the world. I know they will always strive to make every year better than the last. With you, Spirit of Love and Spirit of Service, they can never go astray.

New Year Fairy—You are always right, Father.