

THE  
*GOOD FAIRY;*  
*A PLAY,*  
by  
F. F. HARVEY DARTON,  
with  
a particular description of  
*A THEATRE*  
contrived by  
*ALBERT RUTHERSTON;*  
and which is contained herewith.



WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LD.  
London

THE  
GOOD FAIRY

*In this Pouch is  
contained a Chart,  
embellished with colours,  
of the THEATRE and  
the PERSONS;  
The whole designed by  
Albert Rutherford,  
Esq<sup>re</sup>.*

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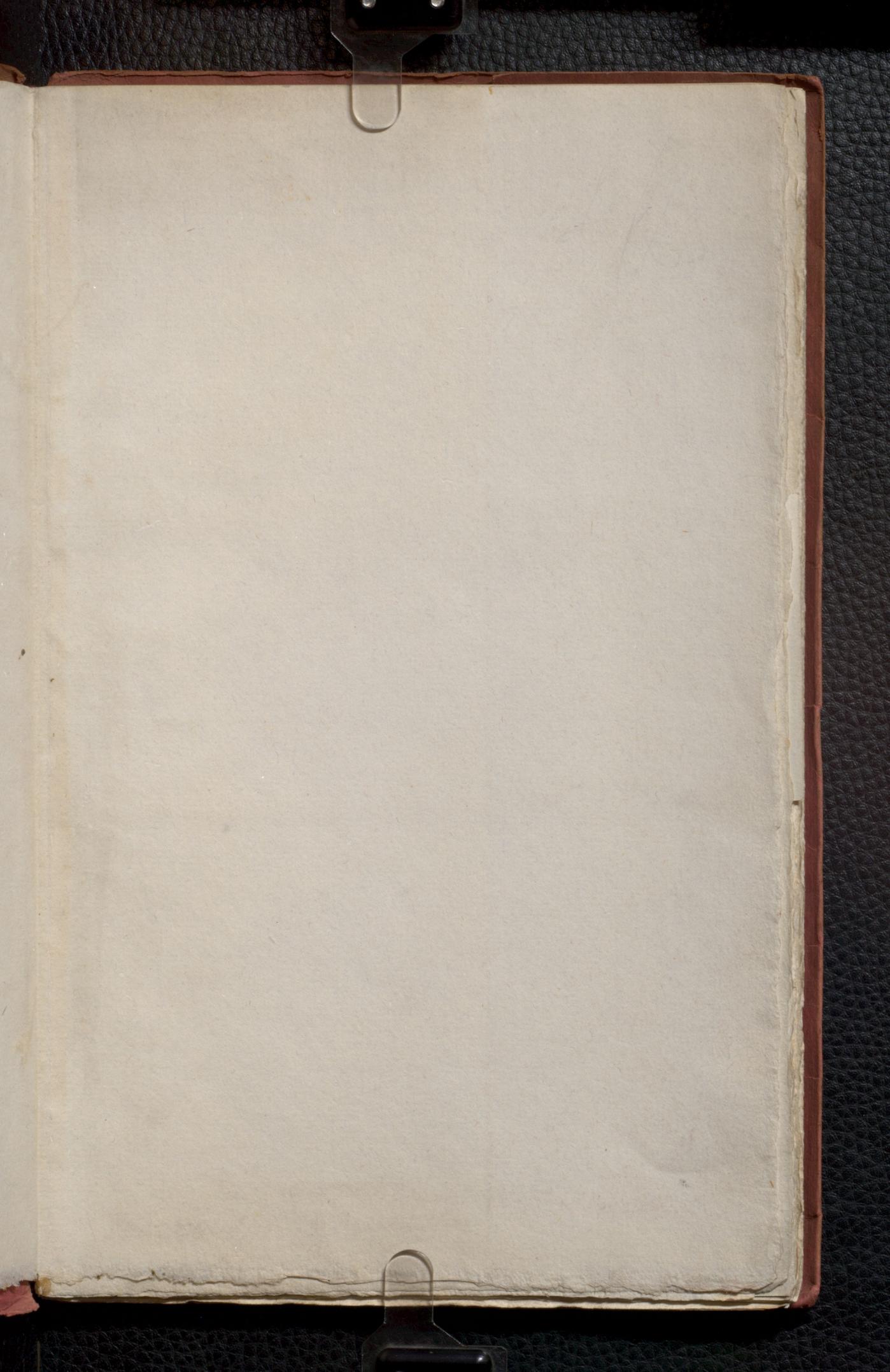
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*THE GOOD FAIRY*

*This Edition is specially printed, and is strictly limited to one hundred and one score copies of the same, of which one hundred are for sale to such of the general Publick as may choose to acquire them. They are signed by the Artist and Author. This is No. 2.....*  
*They are very scarce.*

*F. Henry Danton*  
*Albert Rutherford.*

To wit

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They are very scarce.*

#### *A Mistake*

*The word "third" in the last Line but one on page 59 should be "thin." The Author is very sorry.*

To wit

THE  
GOOD FAIRY;  
or,  
THE ADVENTURES  
of  
SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON  
R. CRUSOE, ESQ<sup>RE</sup>  
MASTER JACK HORNOR,  
and others.

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A PLAY,  
by  
F. J. HARVEY DARTON,  
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London

em  
of  
T

*The Author,*  
*in order to bestow an adventitious lustre*  
*upon this slight immeritable work,*  
*has obtained permission to Dedicate it to*  
**MRS. MARJORY RUTHERSTON,**  
*admiration for whose performances in the*  
*Temple of Thespis*  
*is exceeded only by his Regard for her as*  
*a Friend.*

TO THOSE WHO PERUSE THIS WORK

¶ It is permissible to perform this Play, in its Theatre, in public, and the Author will not seek a fee for the same. But it is a vastly difficult enterprize. The copyright for other publick performance is reserved.

¶ It is to be observed that the Artist doth not hold himself responsible for the rhymes, nor the Author for the picture, first conceived but never executed by the lamented Claud Lovat Fraser, untimely cut short.

¶ Instructions for cutting out the persons and scenes depicted in the coloured print are furnished at the end.

¶ The book is imprinted for W. Gardner and C. C. Darton of London, by R. Clay of Bungay in the County of Suffolk, and are to be had of all Booksellers and of the Running Stationers.

A TABLE

OF THE PERSONS

*as depicted by ALBERT RUTHERSTON, Esq.  
and engaged in the Performance of the Same.*

LITTLE BOY BLUE

CINDERELLA

ROBINSON CRUSOE

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

DICK WHITTINGTON

MRS. WHITTINGTON

PUSSY

LITTLE JACK HORNER

JACK, *with a Beanstalk*

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

JACK AND JILL

A BEEF-EATER

A ROBBER : *a Conspirator*

A WICKED MOOR : *a Con-*  
*spirator*

A PRETTY DANCER

FAIRY DANCERS

HAPPY CHORUS

*These are out of Story-  
books and Fairy Tales  
and Rhymes.*

*Everyone knows these.*

## THE GOOD FAIRY

DEMON DELAY : *a very wicked person ; a conspirator.*

OLD MOLE, *who moves Underground very fast.*

*An heroical* GUARD.

PHLAPPA, *an heroical passenger.*

OLD NICK : *another very wicked person ; a conspirator.*

CITIZEN AND CITIZENESS.

A GOOD FAIRY.

A DUNCE.

---

*The Scene is, first, in Woods, and second, the FAIRY  
GARDEN. The Time is CHRISTMAS EVE.*

## Prologue

*spoken by Sir Richard Whittington :*

Attend, ye Votaries of Theſpis' ſhrine !  
To mimic plays you muſt your thoughts reſign.  
Loſt are the glories of the antique ſtage,  
And muſick and dumb-show are all the rage.  
No *Woffington*, no *Siddons* treads the boards,  
Nor even a *Cibber* Drury Lane affords.  
Yet if ſome plays are there for you to ſee,  
You get to them with new celerity :  
No dirty gutters, chairmen rude, are found,  
But clean and ſwift you move beneath the ground.  
Theſe homely rhymes may ſpeed you on your ways,  
And kindle mem'ries of forgotten plays ;

## THE GOOD FAIRY

Since pantomime has gone from Drury Lane,  
There's nought but print to bring it back again.  
And don't forget that this is Christmas-time—  
So take your children to *this* pantomime.

ACT I.

*A woodland scene, trees and landscape in background, cottage at back left centre : milestone at back right centre ; stile half-way down left.*

*The lights are dim. A whistle and a hissing sound are heard off, right. Enter OLD NICK, right, trotting slowly, with a noise of creaking and rattling machinery. Steam comes out of his hat. He draws up, centre, and pants heavily. Enter left, with long stealthy strides, ROBBER, turning to beckon (one finger on his lip) to WICKED MOOR, who follows him in the same stealthy manner. They shake hands melodramatically with OLD NICK, i. e. with a great flourish of the arm, and a clutch far up the fore-arm. They then fold their arms and look*

*[as*

## THE GOOD FAIRY

*as mysterious as possible. OLD NICK produces and waves a green flag.*

OLD NICK. Are we all ready, ruffians steeped in crime?

ROBBER. We are prepared!

MOOR (*chuckling fiendishly and producing large scimitar, running his finger along the edge*). My blade is keen.

ALL (*solemnly*). 'Tis time!

O. N. It is the tryfing hour: but who can say When we can start? Our leader's named Delay!  
(*The lights go up suddenly, and a noise of galloping hoofs is heard off, right. They start and blench.*)

O. N. But soft! Who comes? Dissemble, one and all.

(*They dissemble: that is to say, they go down to left front and crouch, pulling cloaks in front of their faces, and turning furtively away from back of stage. Enter GOOD FAIRY, right, waving jewelled*

[*wand;*

## THE GOOD FAIRY

wand; beckoning off, right. CINDERELLA'S coach  
passes rapidly across the stage and exit left.)

GOOD FAIRY. Speed on, dear Cinderella, to the ball,  
But see you leave it ere the midnight hour!

(Exit right: lights go half down. The three  
conspirators slowly and cautiously cease to  
dissemble, and steal to the middle of stage.)

O. N. (thinking, and panting slightly: then, as if  
with an inspiration). Ha! That's the trick!

Yon girl is in our power!

For Time is on our side. That is my plan—

The finest made since wickedness began!

ROB. (gloomily). I cannot see it.

O. N. (gaily). Let me tell you more—

MOOR (interrupting, feeling scimitar). My blade  
is keen—

O. N. (pants peevishly).

You've said that once before.

Your methods are old-fashioned, messy, crude:

[We

## THE GOOD FAIRY

We want no blades in maiden's gore imbrued.

This is an age of science. Let me speak.

ROB. Speak on.

MOOR (*morosely*). My blade is keen : it does not  
prate.

O. N. (*contemptuously*). Put up your skewer.  
Hear the damsel's fate.

You've heard of that so-called beneficent Act  
For Daylight Saving ?

ROB. (*sunk in misery*). Yes. It is a fact.  
To men like me it gave a fearful shock.

O. N. (*triumphantly*). Put on the clock, and then  
—put back the clock !

(*Hoots like an engine. Sensation.*)

I helped to win the peace, and I have wangled  
Orders in Council, under which new-fangled  
Acts can be twisted, altered, in a trice.  
So, acting on the very best advice,  
Immediately I heard that on this night

[The

## THE GOOD FAIRY

The Prince's Ball would dancing folk delight,  
I got a secret Order. By its virtue  
The clock goes on at midnight! It won't hurt  
*you!*

But this, remember, friends, is Christmas Eve,  
When all who, like us, live but to deceive  
Strive to put forth their utmost, vilest power,  
Because, when th' hands o' th' clock touch midnight  
hour,

That power ceases until Twelfth Day ends.

*(Glee, mixed with caution, is displayed by ROB. and  
MOOR.)*

How does that strike you? Is it good, my  
friends?

Thus those who revel at the Prince's Ball  
Into a most ingenious trap will fall,  
For as they lift the light fantastic toe,  
The clock will strike not twelve, but one, and so  
They'll break the law. To gaol they all will go.

[ROB.]

## THE GOOD FAIRY

ROB. (*solemnly*). In this device there seems to me  
much fense.

I beg to move a vote of confidence.

(*To MOOR*). Your vote upon the question signify  
I' th' usual manner. Raise your hand on high.

(*Both vote, raising their hands silently: O. N. is visibly  
pleased. In the silence a heavy slow footstep is  
heard off, right.*)

O. N. But soft! Who comes? Dissemble once  
again!

(*They dissemble as before.*)

(*Enter BEEF-EATER, magnificently, right, pacing like a  
policeman.*)

O. N. Confusion! Foiled! A minion of the  
Law!

BEEF-EATER (*seeing them, and threatening them with  
his halberd*). Vile men, avaunt! You that with  
privy paw

Creep and intrude and climb into the fold



## THE GOOD FAIRY

“Here we go gathering nuts in May.”

*Consternation of BEEF-EATER. CHORUS is heard outside, right.)*

CHORUS. *We are the people who get you home, who get you home, who get you home, Still at your service where'er you roam, From Aldgate East to Ealing!*

*(Enter right, as they sing this, PRETTY DANCER, HAPPY CHORUS and FAIRY DANCERS. DANCERS caper round BEEF-EATER in a ring, still singing: CHORUS lines up at back.)*

*Under the ground is the theatre way, the country way, the business way, Backwards and forwards for work or for play, Or even for theft or stealing!*

*(They cease. BEEF-EATER is bewildered.)*

BEEF. Pray, who are you that with these antics  
sprightly  
Presume to treat a Beef-eater so lightly?

## THE GOOD FAIRY

I am the Law's high representative,  
To whom you must the fullest reverence give !

*(The FAIRIES laugh mockingly and dance round him  
singing again.)*

CHORUS. *Back to your beat you go again—take the  
train, and there remain,  
Till it arrives at far Mark Lane,  
And so to the Tower of London !*

BEEF. *(resigned : sings slowly at first, but gradually  
gets his spirits back and joins cheerfully in the  
dance). This is no place for me ; but still—well,  
I will ! It'll do no ill !*

*All my objections I'll gladly kill, and leave these duties  
undone !*

*(He dances off gaily, right : the FAIRIES line up  
and cheer him as he goes. Pas seul by FAIRY*

DANCER. CHORUS break into "Come, lassies  
and lads" ; as they sing, enter, left, tumultu-  
ously, all the Fairy Tale and Nursery Rhyme  
[characters,

## THE GOOD FAIRY

characters, except CINDERELLA, DUNCE and ROBINSON CRUSOE, led by DICK WHITTINGTON. One verse only is sung by FAIRIES, who line up diagonally down right side of stage: the FAIRY TALES line up similarly, left, DICK, JACK (BEANSTALK), and LITTLE BOY BLUE in centre of stage. They sing to the same air.)

F. T.s. *We're a light-hearted band from Story-book  
Land*

*And we've come to bring back good cheer,  
For November is past, and it's Christmas at last,  
And Pantomime time is here!*

*We've all got our parts to play  
In the happy old-fashioned way—*

(Drum. Enter, left, with a huge bound, or through trap, DEMON DELAY. Music stops abruptly, but resumes to accompany D. D. after the sensation caused by his entry has subsided. As he sings,

[OLD

## THE GOOD FAIRY

OLD NICK, WICKED MOOR, and ROBBER *steal on mysteriously, left.*)

D. D. *But you've reckoned without your host—that's me—*

*And here you will have to stay!*

ROB., MOOR and O. N. *Yes, you've reckoned without your host, you see,*

*And here you will have to stay.*

*(DANCERS and CHORUS flee, right and left, shrieking dismally: F. T.'s huddle in a crowd, right.)*

D. D. *(chuckles fiendishly).* Ho ho, my pretty minions! Now I have you!

I'll mar your innocent mirth! Naught now can save you!

*(Enter, right, OLD MOLE: he runs swiftly, with quick short steps, across stage and exit left, without speaking. CONSPIRATORS are startled.)*

O. N. Was 't really there? What was 't? I greatly fear

[It

## THE GOOD FAIRY

It was an omen.

ROB. (*prosaically*). It was very queer.

D. D. (*with forced bravado*). No matter! (*To*

F. T.s) Now, my bullies, hear your fate!

You're on your way—but just (*chuckles fiendishly*) too late, too late—

To th' Annual General Meeting of your folk?

(*Consternation of F. T.s. CONSPIRATORS grin fiendishly.*)

Ha! Am I right? 'Tis true—and 'tis no joke!

For I am evil, and by my magic arts

Will keep you here and make you play your parts

(Of which you sang so happily) until

The very name of story-books makes you ill!

Now, then, get busy. Forward, Little Jack  
Horner!

Start eating plums—here (*pointing left front*), that's  
your proper corner.

(HORNER *sits down left front corner of stage, and pulls*

[*plums*

## THE GOOD FAIRY

*plums out of his pudding rapidly, gradually growing more and more unwell. He murmurs at intervals, "What a good boy am I!" ROBBER, MOOR and OLD NICK keep him and the other F. T.s going at their duties by prodding them occasionally and watching them closely.)*

D. D. Jack and Jill,

Go up your hill!

JACK and JILL. Oh, sir, we didn't oughter!

*(MOOR hustles them off left: there is a crash, and they re-enter, falling down, the pail clattering. MOOR picks them up and hustles them off again. At convenient intervals this proceeding can be repeated.)*

MOOR *(seriously, after the first tumble)*. I'm bound to own

This falling down

Won't get them any water!

D. D. *(chuckling fiendishly)*. So as they keep to this preposterous task,

[They

## THE GOOD FAIRY

They waste their time, and that is all I ask.  
Now, Mother Hubbard,  
Go, look for your cupboard,  
And find your good dog a bone!

MOTHER H. (*looking round, bewildered*). No cupboard is here!

D. D. (*chuckles*). Just so, but I fear

You must look for it, if there's none!

(*JACK and JILL tumble in again. In the midst of their noise—which ceases abruptly on his arrival—OLD MOLE runs swiftly and silently across the stage as before. D. D. is aghast, and smites his brow: MOOR wipes his: ROBBER trembles: OLD Nick hisses nervously. Then MOOR, recovering, pushes JACK and JILL off very quietly and gingerly, and comes back on tiptoe.*)

O. N. That thing again! Say, chieftain, what think'ft was 't?

D. D. (*brokenly*). I know not. (*Broods; then*  
[*throws*

## THE GOOD FAIRY

*throws off his melancholy.*) On to work. Count  
not the cost!

Fall to, my victims! (*To MRS. WHITTINGTON*)

You there, give Jack beans.

(*MRS. WHITTINGTON throws beans at JACK,  
who starts to climb the Beanstalk, stumbles and  
falls, and has beans again thrown at him,  
falls again, and so on.*)

You're in my power! I'll show you what that  
means!

(*Enter DUNCE, slowly and stupidly, left.*)

How now? Why late? Who art? Come here  
at once!

DUNCE. I clean forgot the time. I'm just a Dunce.

D. D. Stand in the corner till the play is done.

(*To CONSPIRATORS*) Get them all going. Let us  
have some fun (*chuckles fiendishly*).

(*CONSPIRATORS set all F. T.s to work.* LITTLE BOY

BLUE *blows his horn, and falls asleep: wakes at*

[*intervals,*

## THE GOOD FAIRY

*intervals, blows horn, and sleeps again. DICK sits down by the milestone, RED RIDING-HOOD packs up her basket and looks for the wolf. Just as they have all started, enter ROBINSON CRUSOE, left, singing. Air, "Poor old Robinson Crusoe," or "A right little, tight little, island.")*

ROB. *I'm only old Robinson Crusoe.*

*I shouldn't come here, but I do so*

*Because I get bored*

*By staying abroad*

*With nothing to do but delay there.*

D. D. *(sings maliciously). My poor old Robinson Crusoe,*

*Your action you'll certainly rue ; so*

*Obey my command,*

*And go back to the land*

*You came from, and jolly well stay there !*

CONSPIRATORS *(singing air of last line). Yes, back to your island and stay there !*

## THE GOOD FAIRY

(They hustle him off, and return and set the F. T.s to work again. As they do so, D. D. draws himself up and swaggers to the front centre in the manner of a portly tenor, and begins to sing. Air, "A wandering minstrel I," from THE MIKADO.)

D. D. *A demon dark am I—*

(OLD MOLE runs across the stage as before. A brief awestruck silence.)

D. D. (*furiouſly*). Confusion! Foiled again!  
(Broods, and then aſſumes an air of great cheerfulness and determination.) I will be bad! (Starts ſinging again.)

*A demon dark am I—*

(Loud chord. Enter GOOD FAIRY. With her, OLD MOLE, who now and then to the end of the ſcene runs about the ſtage in his uſual myſterious manner, and BEEF-EATER. G. F. raises her wand in a commanding manner. D. D. cringes ſlightly.)

G. F. A demon dark you are, but I am glad

[To

## THE GOOD FAIRY

To say your evil purpose is defeated.

No time is lost (*sensation among CONSPIRATORS*), nor  
can time be repeated

As you have planned. The twenty-fourth December  
Is not the end of winter time, remember.

D. D. (*disdainfully*). My minions here have tricks  
you do not know.

G. F. I know your powers well. But even so  
I've allies too—guard, porter, engineer, those  
Who'll make a London really fit for heroes.

(*Beckons off. Enter GUARD and PHLAPPA.*)

By these, the public and its faithful guard,  
Your minions shall be foiled, your triumph marred.

(*GUARD and PHLAPPA come to centre and sing. Re-  
enter HAPPY CHORUS and FAIRY DANCERS while  
they sing.*)

PHLAPPA (*singing. Air, "Villikins and his  
Dinah"*).

*One day down a tunnel there goes an old mole—*

## THE GOOD FAIRY

(OLD MOLE runs about. Consternation of  
CONSPIRATORS.)

*And deep in the earth he digs out a great hole,*

GUARD. *And when he has done it, he gets a nice train,  
And sets it a-going in his fine super-drain.*

CHORUS. *He sets it a-going in his fine super-drain.*

D. D. (*sings*) (*to ROBBER*). *These stupid reformers  
are close on our track!*

ROB. *But cheer up, dear Demon, things don't look so  
black!*

*Without us the children can't see pantomimes,  
And our trains are as faulty as most of our rhymes!*

CHORUS. *Yes, their trains are as faulty as most of their  
rhymes!*

(*As they end with a dance, clock strikes one loudly.*

CINDERELLA runs in in rags, with one shoe lost.

O. N. catches her by the wrist.)

O. N. (*chuckles fiendishly at G. F.*). Ha Ha!

Now what about it? She is late!

[ 'Tis

## THE GOOD FAIRY

'Tis one o'clock, not twelve !

D. D. (*astounded*). One o' the clock ? Stop ! Wait !  
I put the clock *back*, so as to gain an hour  
For us to exercise a bit more power.

O. N. Then it's eleven !

G. F. (*triumphantly*). No, this double crime  
Cancels itself, and it is Christmas-time,  
Not summer time nor winter, but the season  
When Mirth prevails o'er wickedness and treason.  
Come, all who owe to Pantomime a greeting,  
Set forth to join our Annual General Meeting !

D. D. (*malevolently*). How will you get there ?

O. N. (*triumphant*). You depend on *me* !

G. F. Others there are who'll help us. Wait and  
fee.

(*She comes to front centre and sings. Air, "The British Grenadiers."*)

*Now comes the merry season of the good old pantomime,  
Of fairy-tale and story, and song and nursery rhyme :*

[*Let's*

## THE GOOD FAIRY

*Let's seek the Fairy Garden, and once again prepare  
In council grave, yet cheerful, our usual Christmas fare.*

D. D. (*sings*). *They think they'll reach the Garden,  
and get their business done.*

*But I have still some tricks left—their game is not yet  
won.*

ALL F. T.s. *But he laughs last and longest who waits  
until the end—*

*So off we go contented our meeting to attend.*

DANCE. CURTAIN.

### ACT II.

*(The Fairy Garden. A fountain plays. Enter OLD  
NICK, ROBBER, and WICKED MOOR exactly as in  
the first Act.)*

O. N. (*puffing*). *They can't get here in time. I  
made them change*

*At Baker Street and Aldgate.*

ROB.

*Canst arrange*

*[To*

## THE GOOD FAIRY

To keep them in your clutches safe and sound ?

O. N. Under the ground they are, and round and  
round

They trace their Circle. Every single one'll  
Be sorry that he trusted to my tunnel.

*(A parrot screams off. Enter ROBINSON CRUSOE with  
his parrot, left.)*

MOOR. My blade is keen. *(Advances to CRUSOE.)*

CRUS. I know the likes of you.

You talk a lot more than you mean to do.

Put up your scimitar, vile Sallee Rover !

MOOR *(menacingly)*. My blade is keen.

CRUS. *(disdainfully)*. No doubt.

O. N. Oh, do give over.

Compose your quarrels in a genteel way.

But, Mr. Crusoe, how camest hither, pray ?

Demon Delay, by stirring up a strike,

Has closed the harbours, big and small alike.

CRUS. *(modestly)*. Quite easily. I made an aeroplane

[Out

## THE GOOD FAIRY

Out of my never-failing wreck.

O. N. (*groans*).

Ha! Foiled again!

You did it mighty quickly.

CRUS.

Friday worked

Like a good nigger, and he never shirked.

Now he has gone to join a rag-time band.

(*Looking round*) Am I the first to reach this magic  
land?

O. N. (*grimly*). You are the first. You likewise  
are the last!

(*Motor horn hoots off. CONSPIRATORS start and tremble.*

*Enter CINDERELLA in motoring costume.*)

Confusion!

CIND. (*naïvely*). Dear Prince Charming drives so  
fast!

(*Growls outside. General consternation. Enter DEMON*

*DELAY, hurriedly, his garments torn.*)

D. D. Confound that wolf! I put him in the  
wood

## THE GOOD FAIRY

To stop the journey of Red Riding-Hood.  
I gave him half a little lamb for tea,  
And then he bites not her at all, but me !  
It's most ungrateful, and I'm much afraid  
Red Riding-Hood will hardly be delayed.  
However, minions, tell me, what success ?

O. N. (*fiendishly*). The other ones are fairly in a  
mess !

CIND. (*anxiously*). Crufoe, can that be true ? We  
two alone

Don't make a quorum. (CRUS. *groans and beats his  
breast*) : It's no use to groan.

(OLD MOLE *appears and runs swiftly across the stage as  
before. Dismay of CONSPIRATORS.*)

D. D. (*brokenly*). What does it mean ?

ROB. (*scratching his head*). A most disturbing  
feature

Is the unbroken silence of the creature.

CRUS. We seem to be in very dismal case.

[CIND.

## THE GOOD FAIRY

CIND. Nonsense! The rest will surely reach this place.

D. D. (*recovering*). Let's get to work. Bold men do not repine.

You, Nicholas, had better wreck your line—  
Derail an engine, let a boiler burst.

(*To MOOR and ROB.*) You two, conceal yourselves,  
to do your worst,

Your murderous worst, if Nicholas should fail.

CIND. (*boldly*). Demon, here's two of us have  
flipped your snare!

The rest are safe in the *Good Fairy's* care.

D. D. (*contemptuously*). Fairies know nought of  
engines, maiden pretty.

(*To CONSPIRATORS*) Let's voice our feelings in a  
cheerful ditty.

(*Sings. Air, "Here comes the Bogey Man."*)

*Wait, wait, wait, don't try to go too fast—*

*Just change at every station, and you'll get there at last.*

[*Stop,*

## THE GOOD FAIRY

*Stop, stop, stop! What's all this haste and fuss?*

*Just go by train*

*And dodge the rain*

*Or take an omnibus.*

*(Last three lines repeated by all CONSPIRATORS.)*

CIND. *Speed, speed, speed—that's what we want  
to-day.*

*We want a better service, a sweeter, cleaner way.*

CRUS. *Haste, haste, haste! You're wholly out of date!*

*Our happy band*

*Is close at hand—*

*They won't be here too late.*

*(Last three lines repeated by CIND. and CRUS. Dance  
expressive of fiendish malignity on the part of  
CONSPIRATORS and of reasonable confidence on that  
of CIND. and CRUS. O. N. dances off, right, and  
ROB. and MOOR more stealthily, left.)*

D. D. *They'll do the trick. And should they  
not succeed,*

[I've

## THE GOOD FAIRY

I've other arts to serve me in my need.

*(A loud yawn is heard. Enter DUNCE slowly and sleepily.)*

D. D. How did *you* get here ?

*(DUNCE sees CRUSOE and does not answer D. D.)*

DUNCE. Beaver! Game and set.  
*(To D. D.)* I walked. You haven't ousted walking yet.

D. D. Confusion !

CRUS. *(gaily)*. Foiled again !

CIND. *(looking off)*. Here are more friends.

*(Enter JACK and JILL, MOTHER HUBBARD, JACK HORNER, and RED RIDING-HOOD. As they do so, the sound of a lift-door slamming is heard. Enter JACK, carrying the enchanted hen, some golden eggs, and a golden harp with silver strings.)*

JACK. That lift that's in the Beanstalk now descends  
So quickly that it takes my breath away.

[D. D.]

## THE GOOD FAIRY

D. D. (*amazed*). What's that? A lift?

(OLD MOLE *runs rapidly across the stage, now squeaking joyously. D. D. gives a howl of anguish.*)

JACK and JILL (*together*). And we are pleased  
to say

We climbed our hill by the new escalator—

It's just as good as Jack's old elevator.

We got our water quickly and came down

Together always, for we're bound to own

The artist of the pretty coloured toy

Has linked for ever this here girl and boy,

And so—but really it is not much bother—

Neither can act alone without the other.

D. D. (*groans.*) These new devices do me in the  
eye.

But I've an old one that I still can try.

(*Calls*) Moor! Robber! Come! Have at them!

Let cold steel

Compel these puling brats my power to feel!

[ROB.

## THE GOOD FAIRY

(ROB. and MOOR re-enter, grinning ferociously.)

MOOR. My blade is keen.

ROB. (*drawing dagger*). And this my pretty  
tickler

For finer shades of mercy is no stickler !

(*They attack the FAIRY TALES : a fight ensues. In the  
middle of it enter DICK WHITTINGTON robed as  
Lord Mayor, followed by MRS. WHITTINGTON  
and PUSSY.*)

DICK. Hold, lawless men ! For when from  
Highgate Hill

I turned and took the Tube—

D. D. (*groans*). Oh, bitter pill !

DICK. I was at once elected London's Mayor.

By virtue of that office I declare

These men arrested. (*Calls off*) Ho, without !

Come in !

(*Enter BEEF-EATER pompously. Instead of arresting  
CONSPIRATORS, he throws a chest, pulls at his*

[*ruff*

## THE GOOD FAIRY

*ruff as before, and is about to sing. Air as before.)*

BEEF. (*sings*). When I first was a beef-eater bold—

DICK (*interrupting*). Hold! Cease this drivel!

Seize these men of sin.

BEEF. (*huffily*). Certainly not, unless you let me sing. (*Exit in a temper.*)

D. D. (*gloomily, to ROB. and MOOR*). He hasn't seized you, but it's not the thing

To go agin the Law and London's Mayor.

(*A shout outside. Enter OLD NICK, running, pursued by GUARD.*)

GUARD. Stop him! The scoundrel hasn't paid his fare.

Last week three passengers were heav'ly fined  
For trav'ling without tickets.

O. N. (*savagely, puffing steam*). I don't mind!  
It's my own railway. (*To D. D.*) Here, Delay, the  
tricks

[These

## THE GOOD FAIRY

These people play will put you in a fix.  
They've gone and built a lot of beastly pipes  
And put in trains of wholly novel types.  
They won't allow my engines to be seen.  
My railway's altered. Why, it's almost clean.

D. D. Confusion !

GUARD. Foiled again !

(DUNCE yawns loudly.)

D. D. (*brightening*). Ha ! That's a notion !  
I'll put suggestive powers into motion.

(*Sings, recitative, with a dominating air : he waves his hands carelessly, in a hypnotic manner.*)

Children and people of the fairy lore,  
Be not as you have ever been before.  
Be not the dreams you are. Forget your duty ;  
Close all your pages. Like the Sleeping Beauty  
Rest till I call you into life again,  
And cease until the midnight with no pain.  
Sleep, little fables. Learning's much too wise

[To

## THE GOOD FAIRY

*To trust you any longer. Shut your eyes.*

*(The F. T.s gradually yawn and sink down  
as if very tired.)*

*Hushaby! Sleep, my pretties. Every day  
Sleepier and sleepier grow in every way.*

*(DUNCE snores loudly. The rest except GUARD  
fall asleep.)*

GUARD (*rubbing his eyes*). Lummy, I do feel tired-like. (*Sees the others sleeping*.) Why, the silly jugginses 'ave all gone to sleep! This ain't no place for me. I'd better go and 'unt up that good-looking party that runs the power-station, and get 'er to look into it. I thought we were only mucking abart with these 'ere fancy-dress ball people. But that old Dago with the green dial and face moss is a wrong 'un. 'E means mischief. This is a bit more like real life, this is. (*Exit hurriedly*.)

D. D. (*to CONSPIRATORS*). Now, friends, a lullaby. The trick is done.  
The Meeting won't come off ere set of sun.

[*Sings*.

## THE GOOD FAIRY

(Sings. *Air, "The Farmer's Boy," sung very softly.*)

D. D. *The sun will set or ere you rise,  
You'll dream the day away ;  
I've put a spell upon your eyes,  
And here you'll have to stay.  
You cannot wake until I take  
The spell off.*

O. N. *If you dream,  
Go round and round by Underground  
In tunnels filled with steam.*

ROB. *The day of fairy tales is o'er,  
For science rules our age :*

MOOR. *The story-books are read no more,  
Nor seen on any stage.*

O. N. *Dicks, Jacks and Jills, climb up no hills,  
And Crusoe's out of date.*

D. D. *Let sleep be sweet. You cannot meet  
Until it is too late.*

(Dance indicating satisfaction at the extinction of romance.)

[D. D.]

## THE GOOD FAIRY

D. D. (*triumphantly, but whispering*). You see,  
my bullies? There they lie asleep.

Nothing can wake them from their slumbers deep  
Until I order it.

MOOR (*gloomily, fingering scimitar*). My blade is  
keen.

D. D. (*ignoring him*). Let's go from hence. We'd  
better not be seen.

O. N. And so their precious meeting's in the  
foup!

D. D. Quite so: no pantomimes. A pretty coup!

O. N. (*remonstrating*). *Coo*, captain: French.

D. D. (*disdainfully*). No, *coop*! It's got to rhyme.  
We always do these things in pantomime.

O. N. But in this sleep of theirs, what dreams  
may come?

Could they not meet in dreamland?

(OLD MOLE *runs across the stage, silently*. DUNCE  
*snores.*)

[D. D.

## THE GOOD FAIRY

D. D. (*groans*).

Ha!

ROB. (*prosaically*).

That's rum.

D. D. (*recovering*). No matter. Now let's go.

We have prevented

The plays for which these dream-folk were invented.

My little friends, dream of the bad old days

When nought could be achieved without delays.

(*They steal out on tiptoe, putting a forefinger to the mouth,  
and pulling their cloaks half across their faces.*

*Lights go down. DUNCE snores. One or two others  
stir uneasily in their sleep.*)

DICK (*drowsily, as if talking in his sleep*). There's

nothing but that beastly stuffy train ;

And yet the bells command me, "Turn again."

(DUNCE snores.)

JACK and JILL (*in a similar drowsy manner*). We

two must still

Climb up that hill,

And get our pail of water.

[Fall

## THE GOOD FAIRY

Fall down, with pain,

Climb up again,

And after that, and after.

JACK HORNER (*similarly*). And I, Jack Horner,

Must sit in a corner,

Eating a station bun. (DUNCE *snores.*)

MOTHER H. (*similarly*). And I'm well aware

The cupboard's still bare,

And so my poor dog'll have none. (*Dog howls outside.*)

(OLD MOLE *runs across stage silently as before.*)

DUNCE (*starting, but still as if in sleep*). What's  
that? Hark!

DICK (*in the same manner*). Turn again. Be  
Lord Mayor thrice.

(*Lights go up. OLD MOLE runs across again in the  
opposite direction, squeaking faintly. Enter GOOD  
FAIRY. The FAIRY TALES remain asleep.*)

G. F. Now shall that wicked Demon pay the  
price! (*Waves wand.*)

[Hither,

## THE GOOD FAIRY

Hither, my fairies. Let these children hear  
The power that brings the town and country near.

(Enter HAPPY CHORUS, PRETTY DANCER, and FAIRY  
DANCERS, *singing and dancing.* Air, "Oh,  
where and oh where is my little dog gone?")

HAPPY CHORUS. *Oh, where and oh where would you  
like to be borne?*

*We reach magic doors, magic lanes,  
Magic casements that open on seas forlorn,  
If only you'll go by our trains.*

*Come away to the fields, come away from the town,  
Come away from the smoke and the dust!*

*Put away all your books, pens and ledgers throw  
down—*

*Come to fairyland with us—you must!*

(*Pas seul* by PRETTY DANCER. *At the end the CHORUS  
repeat the last two lines. Exeunt all DANCERS  
and CHORUS. FAIRY TALES stir slowly in their  
sleep.*)

[DICK

## THE GOOD FAIRY

DICK (*drowsily*). Turn again! Yes, I must.

JACK and JILL (*sleepily but resolutely*). Let's climb  
the hill.

RED RIDING-HOOD. Grannie is hungry, waiting  
for me still.

JACK HORNER. This pudding (*puts in his thumb and  
eats*)—well, it really isn't bad.

MOTHER HUBBARD. I'll go and *buy* the best bone  
to be had.

CINDERELLA. I wonder. . . . Are we really so  
alarming,

We tales about Princesses and Prince Charming?

(DEMON DELAY *creeps in stealthily.*)

D. D. (*whispering*). They're still asleep. I'll once  
again dissemble. (*Turning to sleeping F. T.'s*)

Sleep on. And when you wake at last, assemble!  
(*Dissembles as before.*)

JACK BEANSTALK (*dreamily*). I used to find that  
climb a bore, but now

[I'm

## THE GOOD FAIRY

I'm glad I swapped the beans for our old cow.

(Enter PASSENGERS slowly, followed by PHLAPPA, hurriedly: PHLAPPA is angry and depressed.)

PHLAPPA. Now, dearies, get a move on. (*Pushing them.*)

MALE PASS. 'Ere, miss, not so much of your lip. I got my ticket same as you. I paid my fare. Why shouldn't I enjoy the country as I like?

FEMALE PASS. Saucy piece.

PHLAPPA. I like your cheek; you with your pushing into a full train and standing on my toes all the time, and glaring as if every Duke and Duchess in the carriage ought to get up and give you their seat. I did that once. Napoo. (*Signs of quarrel.*)

G. F. (*gently, waving her wand*). Remember, dears, this is a fairy play.

A happy ending hardly comes this way.

MALE PASS. (*rubbing eyes*). Nice little tea-garden this, Doris.

[FEMALE

## THE GOOD FAIRY

FEMALE PASS. (*also rubbing eyes*). Not 'arf. Let's go inside. 'Ere, 'Ector, that little girl over there (*pointing to PHLAPPA*) looks a bit lonely. Let's ask 'er to tea with us.

MALE PASS. Right-o. You ask her.

FEMALE PASS. (*going to PHLAPPA*). Fine day, isn't it, miss? Wonnerful, being able to get out in the country and 'ave a bit of fresh air like this. We're just going in those tea-gardens. Care to come with us? Anythink the matter? A bit o' company might cheer you up.

PHLAPPA (*nicely*). Thank you, but I'm waiting for a friend. (*Sits down.*)

FEMALE PASS. (*a little stiffly*). Oh, quite, miss. No offence, I 'ope.

(*Nods feverely. She and MALE PASS. exeunt. DUNCE snores. G. F. waves wand.*)

DICK (*sleepily*). Bluebells, in woods . . . . .

MRS. WHITTINGTON (*sleepily*). I mind those autumn trees.

[CIND.]

## THE GOOD FAIRY

CIND. (*sleepily*). Those halls of dazzling light !

RED RIDING-HOOD (*sleepily*). The quiet breeze  
Along the forest path.

PUSSY (*licks lips*). My island mice !  
Fat ones and fierce ! I had them in a trice.

MOTHER H. (*dreamily*). Not bare ! No rationing  
for doggie now !

JACK (BEANSTALK). A hen, a harp, just for a  
worn-out cow !

G. F. (*sadly*). So all your talk, even in your  
dimmeft dreams,

Is of that world in which the thing that seems  
Comes true. (*Pauses.*) But dreams alone come true  
at laft.

(OLD MOLE *enters squeaking joyously and runs  
across stage : he stops at centre.*)

How now, Old Mole ? Canst move i' th' ground  
so faft ?

(MOLE *squeaks happily and squats in the centre.*)

[G. F.

## THE GOOD FAIRY

G. F. (*advancing to centre*). It's time to end the  
play. Now (*loudly*), children, wake!  
My Christmas power the Demon's spell can break.

(*Waves wand. The F. T.s gradually wake,  
and stand up.*)

Wake up!

(*A shout. DEMON DELAY and CONSPIRATORS  
rush on wildly, pursued by GUARD.*)

GUARD. (*angrily*). They wanted steam and smoke  
again,

And staircases. I chucked them off the train.

(*Sees PHLAPPA, who rises to greet him.*) Why,  
Phlappa, I'm so sorry. Safety first—

I had to deal with them (*pointing to CONSPIRATORS*),  
or fear the worst.

D. D. (*gnashing teeth, if possible: grinding would  
do: eyes should snap*). So am I foiled once  
more!

MOOR (*ingratiatingly*).

My blade is keen.

[GUARD.]

## THE GOOD FAIRY

GUARD. (*briskly*). All tickets, please. (*Examines CONSPIRATORS' tickets, which they produce reluctantly.*)

These tickets I have seen  
Last week. I charge you with attempted fraud.

ALL. Oh, wicked men! O stratagem abhorred!

(GUARD *blows whistle*. Enter BEEF-EATER.)

GUARD. Arrest those villains! Throw them into  
gaol!

(BEEF-EATER, *who was about to sing, as before, turns round and sees the CONSPIRATORS in a little group.*)

BEEF. This is perplexing. What if I should fail?  
I'm not quite young, and they are four to one.

GUARD (*solemnly*). Whate'er the odds, your duty  
must be done.

G. F. Stay! Let my fairy children take a hand.  
You see yon Fairy Fountain? In it land  
These grievous persons. Duck them in it well.

(*The F. T.s rush at the four CONSPIRATORS and duck*

[*them*

## THE GOOD FAIRY

*them in the Fountain. CONSP. shake themselves as dry as they can, and come forward, rather confused and blinded.)*

D. D. It's strange.

O. N. It's odd.

ROB. What's in it I can't tell.

MOOR. My blade is (*feels scimitar blade disgustedly*)—No, it isn't.

G. F. (*severely*). Scoundrels evil,

You tried to mar our Annual General Revel,  
To stop our putting forth our Christmas plays,  
To give our children lonely, ugly days.  
But you are baffled by my new-born skill,  
Which makes the very lightning do my will.  
The levin bolt is harnessed to my rail ;  
It works my lifts, my stairs—it cannot fail !  
Now for your doom. Be 't yours to change your  
shape—  
Progress decrees this, and you can't escape.

[*Waves*

## THE GOOD FAIRY

*(Waves wand. O. N.'s hat falls off; MOOR puts on a porter's hat, D. D. a guard's; ROBBER finds a green lamp in the wings and lights it.)*

D. D. *(rubbing eyes)*. Better and better! I am growing good.

I soon shall loathe my days of demonhood!

G. F. And now, since Mole (*MOLE squeaks happily*) has wrought this happy change,

We still have time our Meeting to arrange.

D. D. *(with slowly increasing cheerfulness)*. It seems to me we'd better join the party,

And welcome Christmas-time with gladness hearty.

Demonry I renounce. It doesn't pay.

Let's help our clients to the Christmas play.

*(Dance expressive of the joy of reformation, by CONSPIRATORS. As they end, enter HAPPY CHORUS and FAIRY DANCERS. Chorus: Air, "Down among the dead men.")*

ALL. *Here's a health to the theatre, to Nursery Rhyme,*

[To

## THE GOOD FAIRY

*To the stories that give us pantomime,  
And down with the folk that will have no play  
That doesn't shed tears o'er our vile to-day.*

*And he that will this health deny,  
Down among the dead men, etc.*

*Let's go back to the past and the old make-believe,  
When a cloak and a sword were enough to deceive.  
When villains were villains, black was black,  
And Jill was Jill and Jack plain Jack.*

*And he, etc.*

*(DANCE signifying universal satisfaction with a conserved  
past.)*

CURTAIN.

EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by* OLD MOLE.

When Franklin drew the lightning from the skies, }  
He paved the way for this my enterprife. }  
But still, I don't desire to advertise }  
The fact that I can move about so fast.  
I only wish to say the age is past  
When comfort, time, and speed could not be found  
In 'buses over, tunnels 'neath, the ground.  
As for this play (in case it's rhymes cause worry),  
The wretched author wrote it in a hurry,  
And had to get his plot and scen'ry done  
To fit the plans of *Albert Rutherfordson*.  
But still, he'd like to see you build again  
The theatre twopence coloured, penny plain.

[And

## THE GOOD FAIRY

And this, as, if you turn the page, you'll see,  
Has been provided by the artist, free.  
When the real stage has yielded its delights,  
A mimic theatre still your skill invites,  
And *Crusoe, Dick, Dame Hubbard, Jill and Jack*  
Will to your former pleasure call you back.  
Believe in them, as once to *Tinker Bell*  
You owned allegiance under *Peter's* spell.  
They're friends of yours, they're all our *Nation's*  
friend,  
And if they die, simplicity must end.  
And so good-bye. I go to dig once more,  
To give you town and country ways galore.

FINIS.

## THE THEATRE DESCRIBED

WITH SUITABLE DIAGRAMS

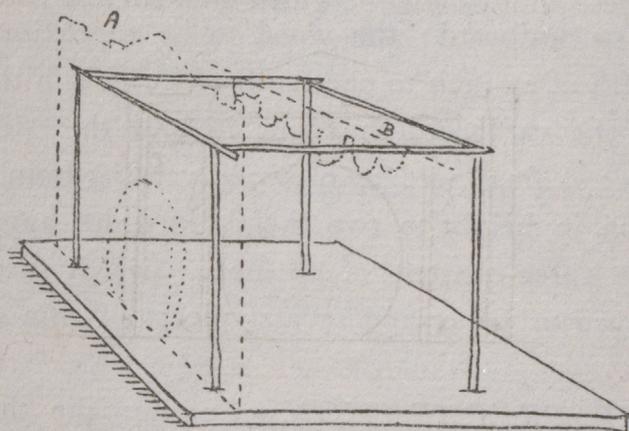
*THE MATERIALS.*—(i) A tube of seccotine, and some paste. (ii) A number of small lengths of wood or cardboard; the wood to be approximately one-fifth of an inch to one-tenth of an inch in thickness; the cardboard the same in breadth. (iii) A number of small wedges of wood varying from half an inch in height to two inches, in width approximately three-quarters of an inch. (iv) A sheet of stout brown paper and several pieces of thin cardboard.

*THE PREPARATION.*—Cut out the theatre front first, the various pieces of scenery, properties, figures and groups of figures, taking care in the case of each one to preserve the black outlines, as strictly depicted. Next paste all the characters on to the Brown paper and trim neatly when dry. The Theatre front and scenery should be pasted on the third cardboard cut according to their different shapes.

[THE

## THE THEATRE

*THE SCENE.*—On a piece of board or cardboard (but preferably board) build out of the “lengths” of wood (or cardboard) a skeleton frame as shown in the First Diagram. This will serve as a rest for the theatre front, which some now call a Proscenium. The sky borders may be placed



*The First Diagram.*

across the top of it. In Dia. 1 the dotted lines A show where the theatre front, or Proscenium, comes. The dotted lines B show how the borders may be placed across the frame.

*THE FRONT.*—You may proceed now to set up the theatre front. In order to do this, so that it

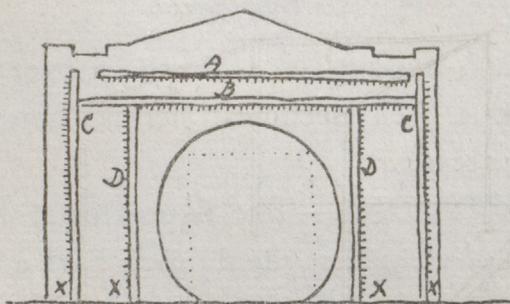
[may

## THE THEATRE

may stand upright firmly and straight, without fear of bending, proceed as follows :

Take some more of the "lengths" of wood (or cardboard) and cut two of them so that they will fit across the back of the theatre front and Proscenium as at A and B in Dia. 2. Next cut two "lengths" to fit upright at C C.

These should now be glued on with the seccotine



*The Second Diagram.*

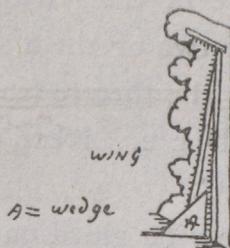
and two stouter pieces added and glued on at D D similarly.

Four wedges should then be glued on at X X X X, when the theatre front will stand upright and may be attached against the front of the frame.

*TO SET THE SCENE.*—Each upright piece of scenery—Backcloths', wings' and properties'—should be treated in the same manner; the "lengths"  
[supporting

## THE THEATRE

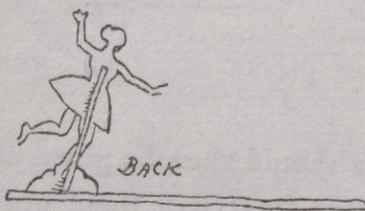
supporting at the back, the wedges giving the necessary support for them to stand upright of their



*The Third Diagram.*

own accord, making it a simple matter to move them about. In technical terms, to “set” or “strike” a scene.

*THE PERSONS.*—The figures or “characters” or groups of characters should each have a “length” fixed to them that they may be moved on and off



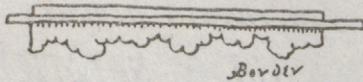
*The Fourth Diagram.*

the stage; a slight upright support should be added to prevent their buckling or bending.

The “Borders” should each be fixed to a  
[“length,”

## THE THEATRE

"length," having a sufficient allowance at each end (Dia. 5). They may then be placed according to their proper positions in the manner shown in B in Dia. 1.



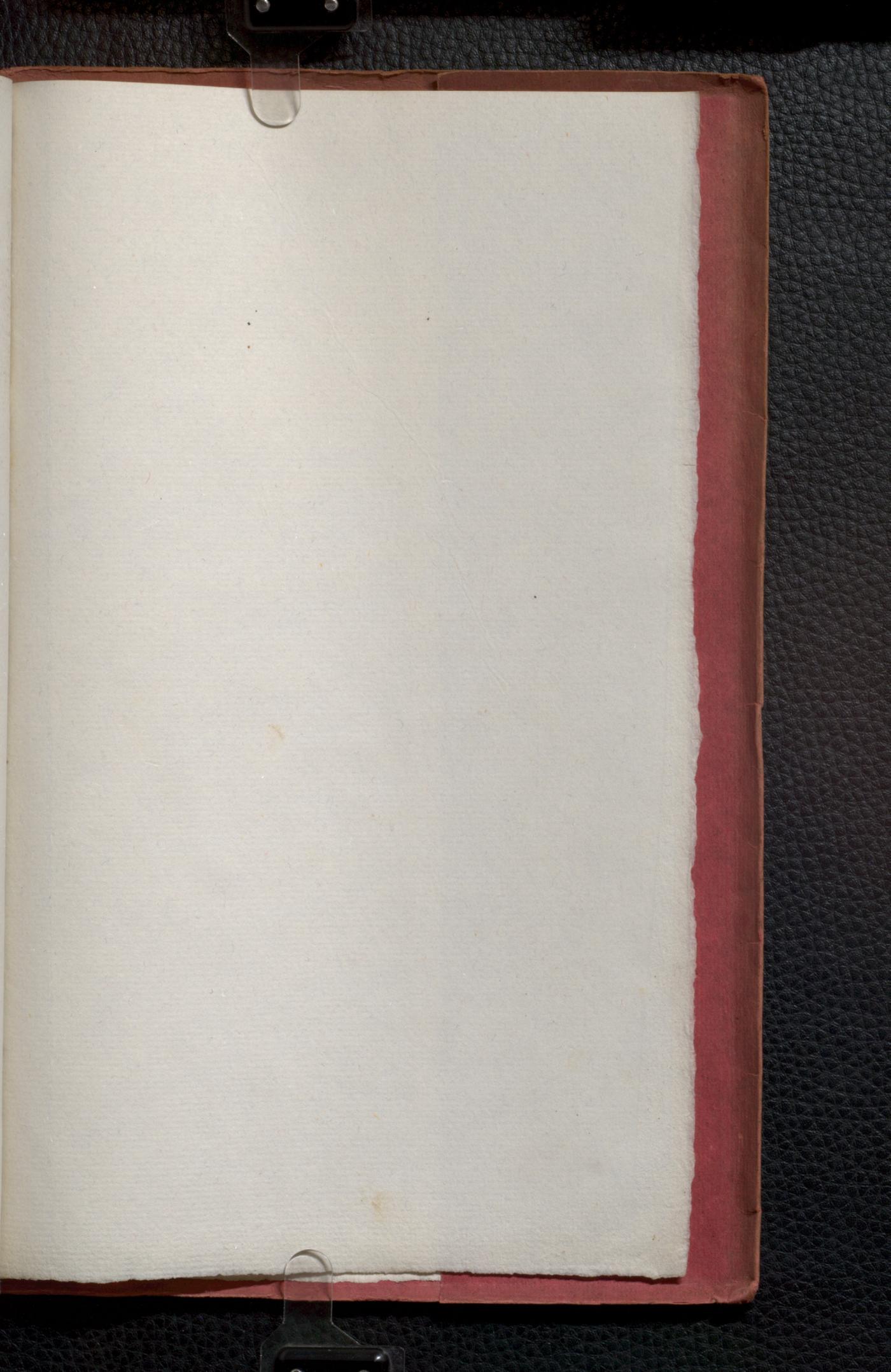
*The Fifth Diagram.*

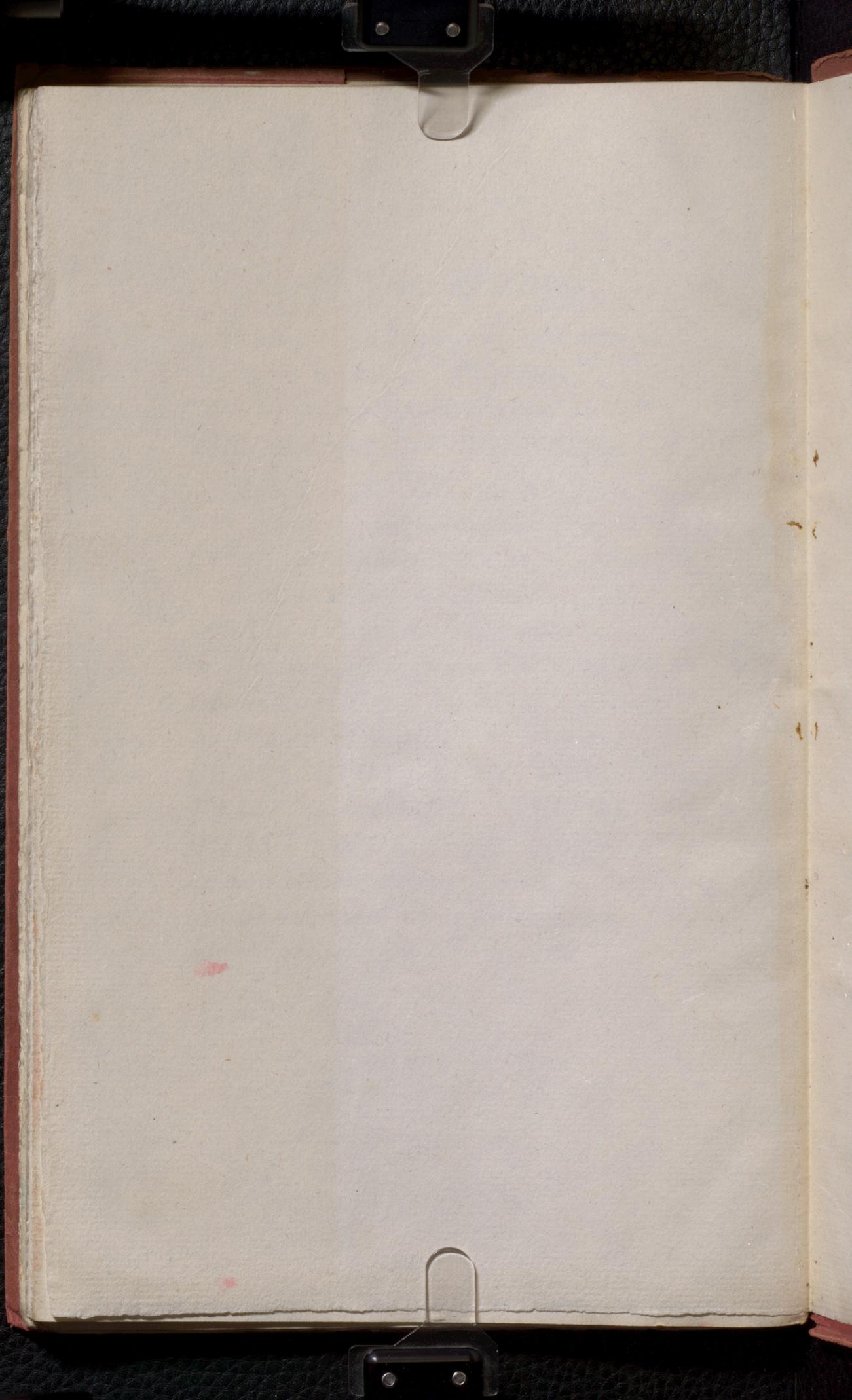
*THE CONCLUSION.*—The Theatre and Characters are ready now for the play.

A. R.

TO THE READER

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the cheerful Playhouse,  
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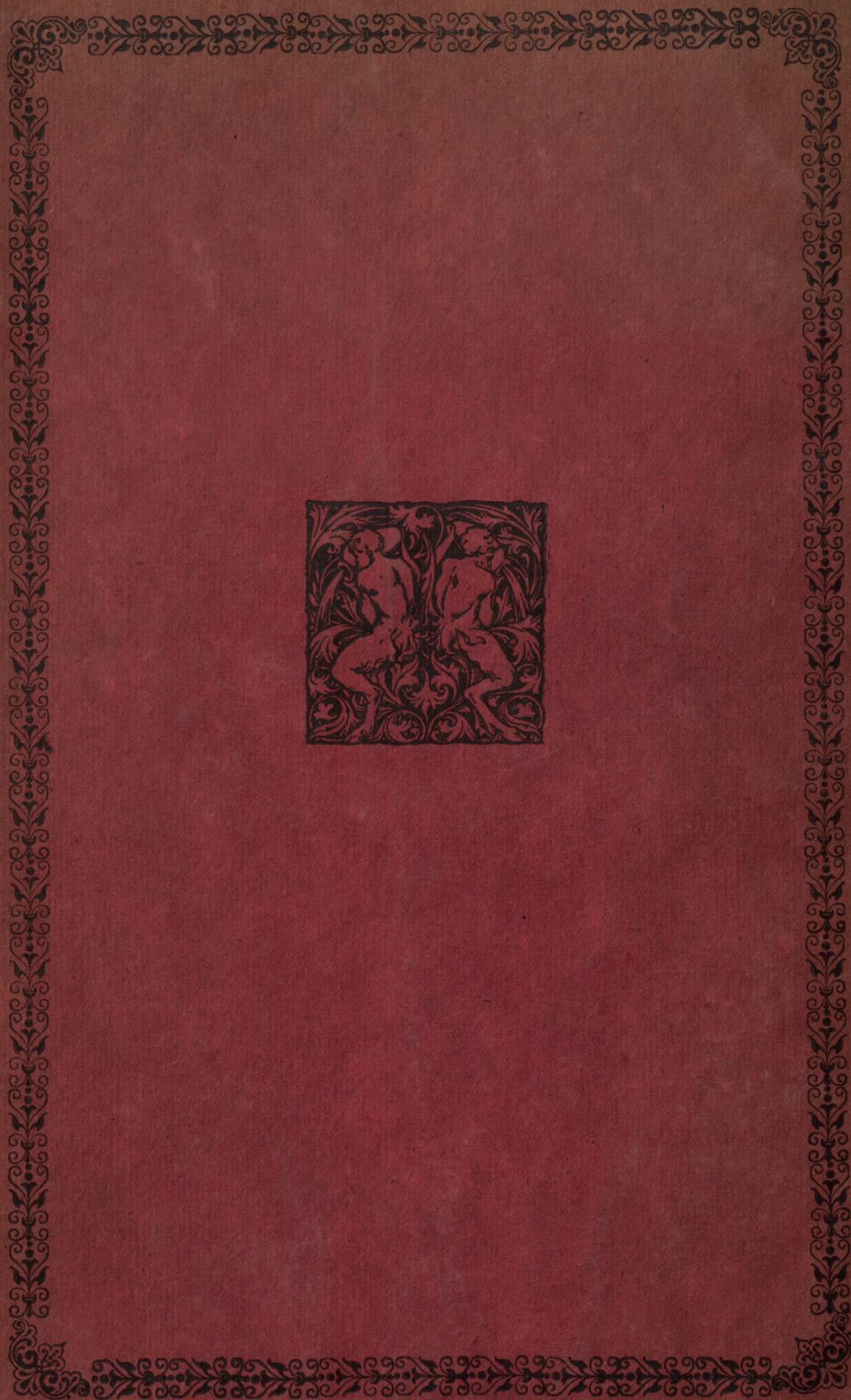
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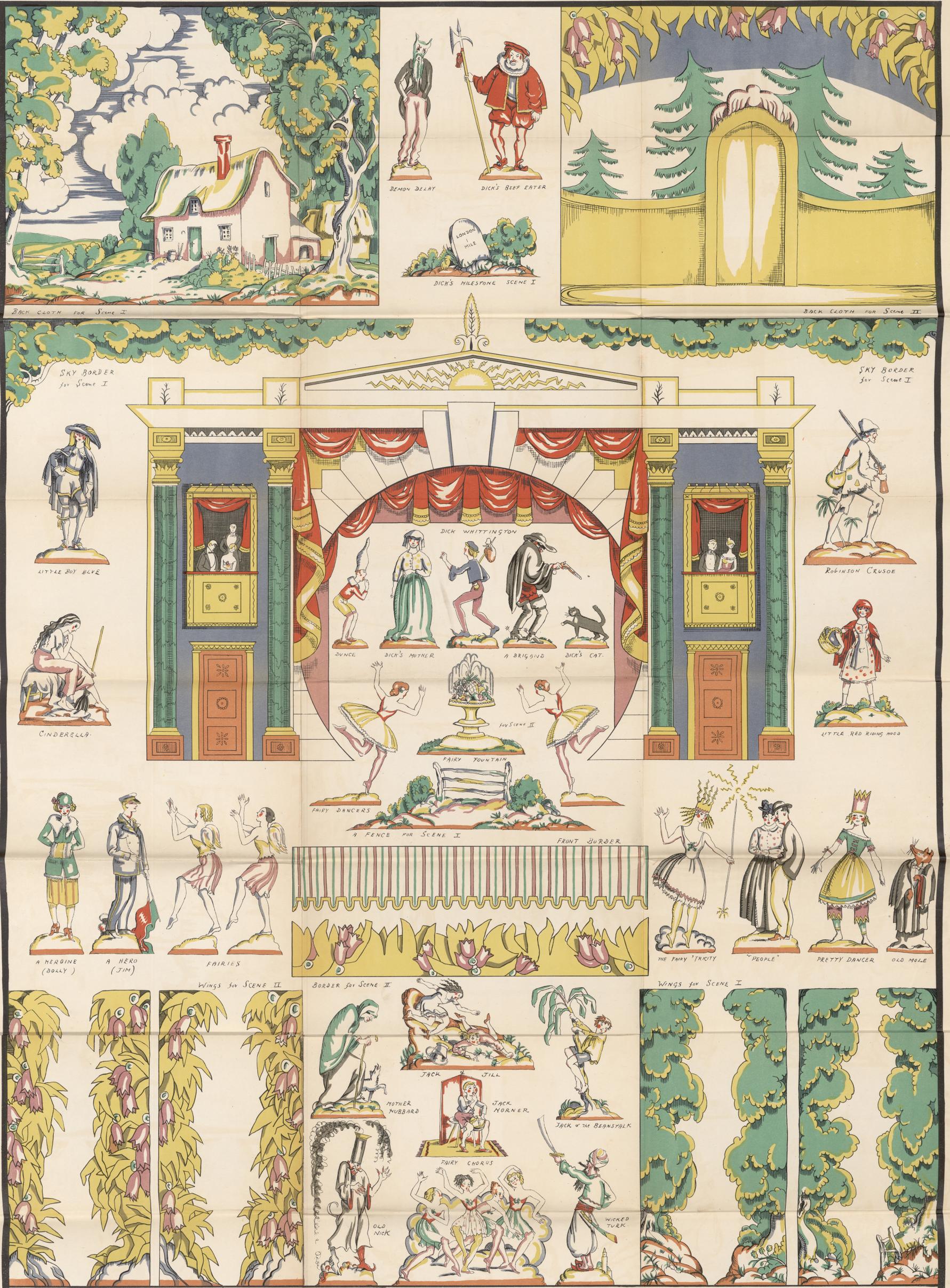
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