

# One of the Toys of Nuremberg

FROM the rush and bustle of busy American city streets, alive at this season of the year with Christmas shoppers, back to old Nuremberg, in Germany, where the Christmas spirit lasts the year around, where Santa Claus spends his working months for the joy of the world's children—surely the step is not too great for the imagination nor its goal too distant as it is in the States. Come out of your crowded streets, your people-packed stores, leave off for the time being your breathless chase after that troublesome "last present," and turn into the quiet winding streets, the irregular passages dovetailed by houses older than anything in the oldest part of the United States. House rises above house full of a history as romantic as the proud mansion of our city streets, and yet marked by a simplicity and single-heartedness seldom present in things modern. It is here that the toys are made which you buy in your home across the sea. Here in the quietness of the unmodern, the playthings are perfected for your restless, buoyant children. You read "Made in Germany" with a skeptical tilt of the eyebrow, but the fact remains that by far the

greater number of all the toys manufactured come from Nuremberg. The ancient feudal city, around which cluster the grim traditions of the inquisition and the thrilling epic of the times of Charles V., has for four hundred years or more been the center of the children's fairyland. It has been and is the nucleus of Christmas happiness for the youth of every place in the Occident, and its charm is the perpetual one of joyous creation which delights in planning the amusement of little people. In the factories they will tell you that 72,000,000 marks, (\$18,000,000) worth of pleasure is sent out from Nuremberg every year, and that \$3,500,000 of this export is for the benefit of Young America. Only a few years ago all of the necessary labor for the infant toy production was done by hand, and most of the finishing and the last touches are performed by special artists. Even now in the factories the old spirit of an almost consecrated enthusiasm lives and is evident in the interest of the village artisans for their craft. Not only the reason of bread and butter goes toward the making of those marvelous walking dolls, those phenomenal speaking picture books, those thousand and one games that have called for all the imaginative as well as practical genius of these honest German peasant folk. Rather has their unique industry called for and developed in them a romantic, sensitiveness of perception which is remarkable.

Follow the lurching, worn curves of the Albrecht-Dürerstrasse, and you come to one of the many houses of this Nuremberg spirit. In a miniature red-roofed house, wedged in among a hundred spack brown butts, live two old men—brothers, of sixty-five and seventy—whose white heads are constantly bent over small pieces of wood—shaping, paring, carving, painting.

All day they sit there, sometimes all night, tolling over the delicately ornamented dolls' dishes which perhaps you have bought, as a small insignificant thing, just this afternoon for your small daughter's tree.

You looked at them carelessly; they were not especially original or attractive, and you shoved them into your bag with a half-resisting acceptance, thinking that they were small, mass-produced, and precious Dorothy. How could you know that back in the village of Always Christmas old hands had fashioned those trivial pieces and pitchers, old eyes had strained with care to paint whole families, and old hearts had warmed over those completed trifles with the same thrill of the master painter over his best?

But this was true. Indeed, nearly all of the simple wooden toys are constructed by hand, by some humble workman whose goal is to make up the aggregate creative force of Santa Claus' workshop. Take the tiny sets of soldiers, the dolls' chairs and tables, the painted wooden animals whose realism is a delight to all children, actual or grown up. These are fashioned in some, sometimes by the whole families, but most often by children themselves.

Very, very few Nuremberg toy-makers have ever grown rich over their ingenuity. It is true that ideas as well as toys in Germany sell for double what they sold for eight years ago. Even! On the other hand the price of living has gone up appreciably, and what would have seemed a large purchase price is only moderate now.

The staff of artists employed by the Nuremberg factory boys is in itself a not inconsiderable expense, and many a quiet charity is undertaken for those men who at home would be absorbed in getting rich. In the shop of Fritz Muller are



various small little gardens, carved and painted by a poor man and his sister after their regular working hours, and bought by Mr. Muller at high rates as his pet philanthropy. In this shop, now 100 years old, are seen all of the most novel of the toy-village playthings. The store was crowded with nure children over thirty, but under their feet, and absorbed for hours over the clever and quaint attractions.

The doll's house of Nuremberg leaves nothing to be desired. Not only the usual rooms of a conventional ménage are found in it, but conservatories with miniature orchids, fountains and watering cans, school rooms with tiny desks, a schoolmaster, very stern, with goggles and ruler, and children in aprons and carrying sashes, the entire household given in the big, heavy, of the mechanical and complicated that he is a typical old toy conservatism.

They are blessed with imagination, these village people, and they are not ashamed of showing their simplest of amusements to the world, bound up in the heritage of centuries. The tragedies of their city's history wind about the toys they make, breathing into the wood a characteristic vitality that comes of centuries of striving, of centuries of patient achievement.

As you sit in a swirl of red ribbon and foamy paper, "doing up" your Christmas presents, remember that many of them have come from this quaint little village of Always Presents. It may add to your holiday happiness to know that no pleasure which the toys may bring can be greater than the pleasure of those who made them and that no good will of years can outstrip the quiet sincerity of purpose with which the simple people of Nuremberg have given their past toward this season of the universal gift.

Some of the daintiest ladies of the old days sat down with the humblest by way of example. Five hundred toys of the spinning wheels, and they will take part in the pageant of 1723. They have made their own clothes from the finest of cotton, and they will take part in the pageant of 1723. They have made their own clothes from the finest of cotton, and they will take part in the pageant of 1723.

Mark Back to History. In the good old days of story, Boston women had spinning wheels and were encouraged to make the material for their own clothes in order that the colony might not have to depend to such a great extent upon the imports from Great Britain. Consequently, they were often contented on the Common, with prizes offered, and

## THRESHING RETURNS FROM WESTERN CANADA.

They Reveal Larger Averages of Wheat and Oats Than Anticipated.

The returns from the grain fields of Western Canada, as revealed by the March 25th harvesters, show much larger yields than were expected, and the crop was ripening. It is a little early yet to give an estimate of the total yield, but the individual yields selected from various points throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta show that the farmers there are well adapted to the soil and climate of Western Canada—that yielded 45 bushels to the acre, and the average of 327 acres that yielded 45 bushels to the acre. This wheat will find a ready market at about prices obtainable for a first-class article. Interesting to point out that a field of 100 acres of this wheat would give its producers \$2000 bushels. Sold at 55 cents a bushel would give him \$45 an acre. Counting all the cost of interest on land at \$20 an acre, the farmer would be ready for seed saving, harvesting and marketing, the entire cost of production would not exceed \$5 an acre, leaving the producer a net profit of \$27 an acre. Is there any crop that would yield a better return than this, with less labor and initial expense? Cotton fields will do it, apply for shares with their great expense of cultivation and the risk to run from the uncertainties of the fruit cannot begin to do it. It is what is considered an exceptional case just now is presented, there is no doubt that this kind of experience may be duplicated by others who care to follow his example. As has been said the growing of this wheat is but in its infancy, and what progress will largely be confined to other varieties which will not yield so abundantly. Even with these we have records before us of farmers who have grown 40 bushels to the acre, others 35, some 30, and others again 35 bushels. Some farmers report that they have found that the returns from such a yield will be \$20 an acre. Including all expenses, the net profit will be \$27 an acre. Certainly the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are well adapted to its increasing and there is a general consent all over the country. The social conditions are splendid, the climate is good, and the growing condition to make the settler satisfied. At the farming congress, held at Spokane in October, wheat shown by the trunk in their place, and took the silver cup, awarded by the Governor of the State. It completely outclassed all other specimens on exhibition, and has been selected as the best of first-class land—that is being offered for sale at low prices. The agent of the Canadian Government from whom the above facts have been learned expects that the rush to Canada will next year largely exceed the numbers who have gone this year.

Grand Rapids—J. T. McPherson swallowed arsenic when he got mad at his wife. She tried his mouth open with a store broom, poured liquid soap down his throat and the doctor, a physician, who was summoned, saved the man's life with a stomach pump and when the woman came to she refused to pay the bill on the ground that she poured the soap.

Grand Rapids—Abraham Shapiro brought his six hungry children to the health officer and asked to have them cared for. A year-old baby died of starvation on the way to a hospital. The others will recover. Shapiro is a trucker, and over several days his family was in great need.

Saginaw—George Henderson, 18, was sentenced in the circuit court, Monday to serve from 20 months to five years, with a recommendation of three years. In the Detroit house of correction for breakingbreaking.

Muskegon—Mrs. Ralph Pease, wife of the alleged slayer of Jacob Halper of Toledo, stated that she will go on the stand and testify concerning her relations with the dead man.

Alma—While at work putting up a storm door for Dr. Brusk, Cord Barron dropped dead. Mr. Barron has been in ill health for some time, but engaged at his trade as a painter and carpenter. He lived in this city for years and was fifty-eight years old and leaves a widow.

Ann Arbor—Gaylord Harris, said to be the wealthiest citizen of Saline, is dead, following three strokes of paralysis, the first one occurring several months ago. He was twice reported as recovering, but died last week and the widow and a sister, Miss Minnie Harris, of Detroit.

Owasco—All the closed cars on the Owasco-Owosso division are in the repair shop, and an open car is being run through the snow drifts between the two places.

Harris Creek—Frank Ulrick received a broken leg when a heavy casting fell on him. The next day his brother, Herman, fell off a ladder and had several ribs broken. Both are in the hospital.

## TWO WORLD FAMED GRANNIES

One of These Talented Women in Paris and the Other in Ellen Terry.

Two famous grandmothers are distinguished writers of this country. Referring to these talented ladies the Rochester Post Express says: "One of the grandmothers is Miss Sarah Bernhardt; the other is Ellen Terry. Both actresses have reached an age when it is permissible to retire from active life, but the French actress is said to be as energetic as the women half her age, while Ellen Terry is declared to be as young as ever, and who in the many days when she and Henry Irving ruled the theatrical world of Great Britain. Miss Terry has retired from the stage but she is as active as ever, and has taken to lecturing on Shakespeare's heroines. And who could do better than she who has played so many of the womanly women of the great dramatist? Requested to give a biography know what she thinks of Portia, Beatrice, Viola, Rosalind and other famous women of the tragedies and comedies, but no printed page could churn out does the wonderfully expressive features and the great voice of the greatest living English-speaking actress."

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Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your dealer for Kellogg's Asthma Remedy.

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## Nomads of the Cranberry Eggs

It never fails to surprise tourists who visit Cape Cod for the first time to find this large foreign population, which has no parallel anywhere else in the country and most of whom speak little or no English. Many of the Cape Verde Islanders are true nomads in their visits to the cranberry country, arriving in the spring when cultivation on the bogs opens and remaining until the end of the picking season late in the autumn, making their trip both in galleons, and they are engaged during the winter months in the coasting trade on the coast of Africa. A skilled cranberry picker can earn from \$3 to \$5 a day, so that the "oravias," as these invaders are called, can within a few years save up a fortune in the United States and return home. Under the new conditions not only is the picking of the cran-

berries done by the aid of machines, but other machines separate and sort the berries.—Christian Herald.

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