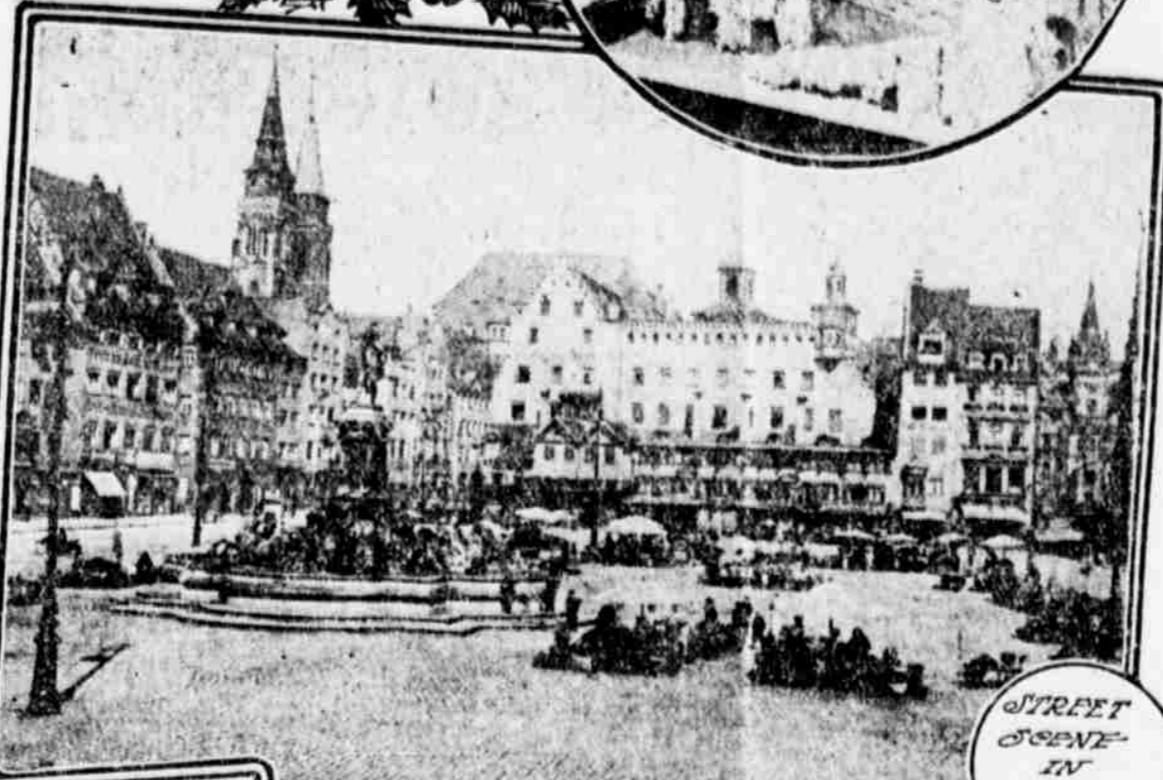


# The Village of Always Christmas

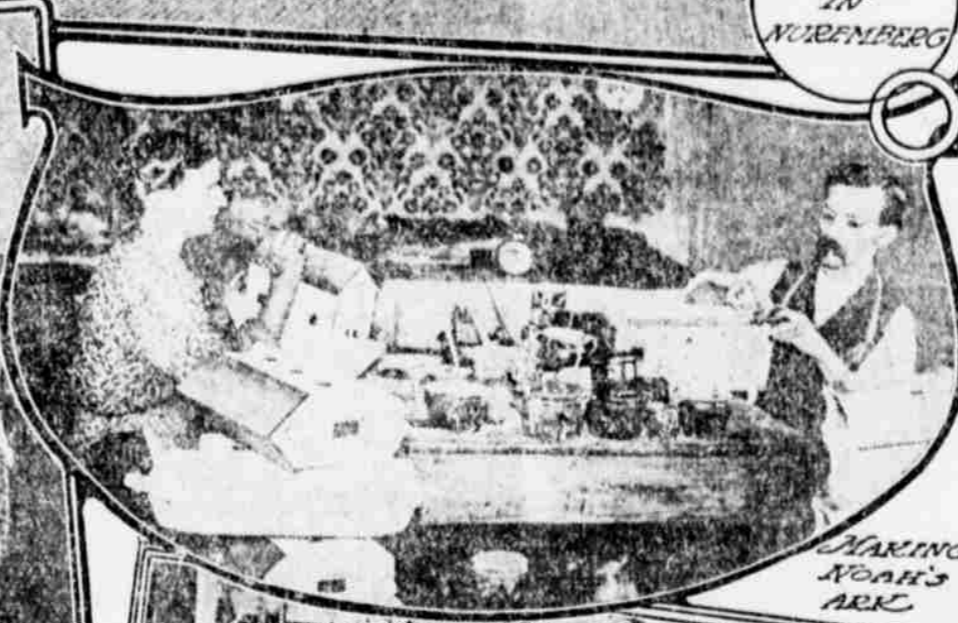
**F**ROM the rush and bustle of busy American city streets, alive at this season of the year with Christmas shoppers, back to old Nuremberg, in Germany, where the Christmas spirit lasts the year around, where Santa Claus spends his working months for the joy of the world's children—surely the step is not too great for the imagination nor its goal uninteresting as a study. 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 hilly passages dovetailed by houses older than anything in the oldest parts of the United States. House rises above house full of a history as romantic as the proudest 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 invented and perfected for your restless, buoyant children. You read "The Boy in the Wood" with a skeptical tilt of the eyebrow, but the fact remains that by far the



STREET SCENE IN NUREMBERG



PUTTING HAIR ON DOLL'S HEADS



MAKING VOYAGE'S ARK



SCENE IN TOY WORKSHOP

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 \$5,500,000 of this export is for the benefit of Young America. Only a few years ago all of the necessary labor for this immense production was done by hand, and much of the finishing and fine 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 merely 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 romance, a sensitiveness of perception which is remarkable.

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

All day they sit there, sometimes all night, toiling 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-hesitating acceptance, thinking that maybe they would please capricious Dorothy. How could you know that back in the village of Always Christmas old hands had fashioned those trivial plates and pitchers, old eyes had strained with loving anxiety over those fine traceries of columbine, 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, in some humble volkshaus which goes to make up the aggregate creative force of Santa Claus' workshop. Take the tiny sets of soldiers, the doll's chairs and tables, the painted wooden animals whose realism is a delight to all children, actual or grown up. These are fashioned in homes, sometimes by the efforts of whole families, but most often by children themselves.

Sixteen is the age limit for child labor in the factories, but no young person is prohibited from assisting his parents at home, provided he spends the required period of time at school. So that many of those playthings which give most happiness to the children of America have been made by the children of Nuremberg. And if babies must work, what work could one find for them more appropriate or more pleasurable than

this business of toy-making. They grow up in the midst of it, all their hereditary ideas are colored by it, the history of the city speaks of it.

Inside of half a dozen blocks you have trains, up-to-date hotels, electricity, motor cars, Parisian frocks, primitive carts drawn by hogs mastiffs, funny tucked-away inns near the market place full of peasant women in wide black silk aprons and snowy white caps—crumbly fountains and a castle with a secret passage. All the elements of the fascinating past and the strangely progressive present within a stone's throw of each other. The realization of all that Nuremberg has been and has undergone comes to one most vividly as one stands looking down into the Schloss well 650 feet deep, where prisoners used to come to fetch water. Underground their passage led from the dungeons to this unlit circular pool, for state prisoners were never permitted to see the light, and the hollow splash of the water which the attendant drops into the well seems to re-echo, after an interminable half-minute, the hopeless pilgrimage of those countless victims of medieval fanaticism. Such is the potency of the ended. While the vitality of the occurring emphasizes itself, not far off, in one of the dozens of toy factories, whose very machinery whirs modernity, men, women and children—that is, children over sixteen—are massed into this building, all intent on the one idea, the creation of better and newer and more wonderful toys for everyone's children, in everyone's country.

It is seldom the industrial planet can boast of a broader ambition than this of the craftsmen of Nuremberg. To bring the greatest possible amount of pleasure, legitimate and often educative pleasure, to growing, active minds is surely an aim worthy of the finest art in the world. It even seems as though the thought back of the toys should surround them with a deeper meaning as gifts this Christmas, since the added gift—the biggest gift—lies in the patient interested invention and accomplishment of which they are the exponent.

As for the inventors, strictly speaking, their reward seems infinitesimal according to our standards. The "boss" controls ideas as well as materials of output, and it is chiefly to his profit that new inventions in toyland redound. The man or woman who first thinks of or improves upon some plaything gets a very small per cent. of the income from it. To our new world standards of commerce it seems strange that the originator should receive such scant recognition and that without grumbling.

Very, very few Nuremberg toymakers have ever grown rich over their ingeniousness. 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 then is only moderate now.

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

various small kitchen 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 than under thirteen, 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 menage 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 slates, the latter a sixteenth of an inch big; fields of flowers for the back yard and a swing for the smallest doll.

In all German art, of which toy making is by no means an insignificant department, perfection of detail has always been the salient feature. Every phase of home life is reproduced in microscopic form in German toyland, even down to the wee pairs of hand-knitted stockings and sweaters, the hob-nailed shoes and blue blouses which make up the wardrobe of the volks boy and girl.

The tourist season is a second Christmas for Nuremberg people, and they sell as many playthings in the one period as the other. An interesting point brought to light by this fact is the early differentiation of the American and European individuality, which shows itself in choice of games and pastimes. They say in the shops that an American child is invariably fascinated over the mechanical and complicated, that he finds intense interest in mastering the technicalities even of playing, while the European child likes a simpler but brilliantly colored toy, cherishing often a curious sentiment for traditional objects such as typify old world conservatism.

They are blessed with imagination, these village people, and they are not ashamed of showing their simplicity of spirit. Their souls are 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—the 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 Christmas. 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 yours can outdo the quiet sincerity of purpose with which the simple people of Nuremberg have given their part toward this season of the universal gift.

## REVIEW AND CHRISTMAS

Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 25, 1910  
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Luke 2:6-20. Memory Verse, 13, 14.  
GOLDEN TEXT. REVIEW—"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name."—Phil. 2:9.  
GOLDEN TEXT. CHRISTMAS—"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a savior, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke 2:11.

Jesus Christ brought into the world for every person two ideals or goals of life, but these two are so interwoven together that no one can realize either ideal or reach either goal without the other. One is personal, the other social. The personal ideal is perfection of character and of the whole being in heavenly beauty and power; and this going on forever is an unending development. It is to bring into our lives the highest and best, in order that we may use them for the service of man or God.

Peter wished to abide on the mountain of Transfiguration, but Jesus sent him down into the sinful and suffering world, carrying his vision with him, in order to do his common duties with the highest motives, and to fight his battles with the assurance of victory.

Now just here lies the blessing of Christmas. It is good to dwell on what the coming of Jesus means to us, and to give many gifts of love; but the full blessing comes only as we carry the same vision, the same spirit of giving, into all the following year.

The second blessing of Christmas is the social transformation of this world into the kingdom of heaven, where all the inhabitants live according to the laws that make heaven what it is; where all social arrangements are for the best good and happiness of every citizen, where all business is done according to the Golden Rule of love; where all have the comforts, the wealth, the education, the enjoyments, the power of service, which he can use. In a word, it is the answer to our daily prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

The "noble ten" is the well-earned title which ten Chinese men gained for themselves by passing an examination which made very evident their knowledge of the Bible. This Bible knowledge examination was held in Hunan, China, some time ago. The syllabus of the examination, which is given herewith, was long and comprehensive and it meant the hardest kind of work for the competing Chinese, who, just a very few years ago, seemed utterly incapable of spiritual aspiration. They worked strenuously for six months and the outcome was absolutely amazing. Today it is a question how many churches in the entire Christendom could be found with ten men who know the Bible as these men do.

Through the generosity of an English gentleman and some Austrian friends, a very attractive prize was offered to each successful competitor, consisting of a handsomely morocco-bound, gilt-edged, Mandarin Bible. Eight secured 98 per cent. or over of the syllabus, and two 92 per cent. The Bibles were presented by Mrs. Clinton, a daughter of one of the Mandarin translators.

The effect of this Bible study is most marked in prayer. It is said that rarely do mature Christians of other lands blend the promises and other words of scripture so beautifully in their petitions as do these Chinese.

It is suggested that our readers test their knowledge of the word by these questions.

Old Testament: Repeat names of Old Testament books. Repeat Genesis 1. Repeat origin of Sabbath (Gen. 2:1-2). Names the 12 Patriarchs (Genesis 49). Repeat the Ten Commandments (Ex. 20:3-17). Repeat Solomon's Prayer (1 Kings 8:22-61). Repeat Psalms 1, 8, 23, 32, 51, 95, 103. Repeat key verse from each chapter in Proverbs. Repeat Isaiah 53. Give summary of the Book of Jonah. Repeat Mal. 3:10-18.

New Testament: Repeat names of New Testament books. Repeat the Beatitudes (Matt. 5:3-11). Repeat the Lord's Prayer (Matt. 6:9-13). Name the 12 Apostles (Matt. 10:2-4). Repeat "The Great Commission and Institution of Baptism" (Matt. 28:18-20). Give summary of Mark's Gospel. Repeat the Magnificat (Luke 1:46-55). Repeat the Golden Rule (Luke 6:31). Repeat the institution of Lord's Supper (Luke 22:15-20). Report John 1:1-18. Give an account of the trial, death, resurrection, and ascension of our Lord, from the four Gospels. Pentecost. Repeat Acts 2:1-7. Choosing of the Deacons (Acts 6:5). Repeat Paul's discourse on Mars' Hill (Acts 17:22-31). Repeat key verse from each chapter in Romans. Repeat 1 Corinthians 13. Give summary of Paul's second letter to Timothy. Repeat Hebrews 1. Repeat 1 John 1. Name the seven churches in Revelation. Repeat Rev. 7:9-17. Repeat Revelation 21.

"To locate Bethlehem I asked how I could get there from New York. They told me quite accurately. Who was Herod? Was he a Jew? Why 'king'? What does 'Wise men' mean? What was meant by 'the east'? The star; might it have been a comet, or two stars in conjunction? (What does that mean?) What was Herod 'troubled'? Why were 'chief priests and scribes' called? Where can we find the passage quoted in v. 6? I had to supply: Mic. 5:2. And every boy satisfied himself that it was right by looking it up. And in like fashion through the lesson."—E. C. Foster.

## MAN WHO HELPS HIS BROTHER

His "Boys" Call Him the "General Adviser Without Pay"—He is Partial to Nons.

When a man loves to live he usually can go among men who care little whether they live or not and do good. Such a man is Augustus E. Vaughan, immaculate of dress and of heart, venerable in years and usefulness, whom one may see almost any day either at Boston Common or at the Young Men's Christian Union.

His specialty is helping his father and discouraged brother, whether he be a cigarette smoking boy or a rans sodden and disheartened derelict of a man. His creed is cheerfulness and his passion is books.

Often one may see him, tall and straight, faultlessly attired in a frock coat, with his flowing white beard and his long and carefully trimmed white locks, standing with or sitting beside some ragged and unkempt victim of circumstances who has sought the only place where the police will not tell him to move on, the Common, and then one is sure to be struck by the contrast. Many a man he has met there has later become as clean of body and heart as himself, and all through his infectious good nature and brotherly comradery.

Among the younger men with whom this old young man of 75 unceasingly labors he is known as "the general adviser without pay," and he is as interested in their ambitions as they can be, and so youthful is he in their presence that he is always one of them.

Mr. Vaughan is not engaged in active business this summer, but he comes to Boston every day, rain or shine, to talk with his "boys," as he calls them. Some of these have never before known a real friend. He is highly educated, and counts among his friends many college presidents and professors.

He was born in Middleboro, nearly seventy-five years ago, and traces his lineage back to Peregrine White of Mayflower fame.

"I love to live," said he to me, "and I want to help 'the boys' to enjoy living, too."

### Why Do They.

Why women like the baldheaded man it is somewhat difficult to define. It may be because he appears to be: Thoughtful and kind.

Trustworthy and confiding. Whimsical. Past the follies and frivolities of youth.

Usually successful. A man of property. Opinions why women like the bald-headed man obtained by the Daily Mirror are as follows:

He is not silly like young men. He accepts refusals of marriage so nicely that one is sorry one did not accept him.

The bald patch looks so clean and nice. One would like to kiss it.

A doctor welcomes baldness when it comes to him, as it is a sign of sedateness and dignified learning, which invariably increases his practise.

### Russia's Growing Population.

This year's census of the Russian empire adds another five millions to the population as enumerated in 1908. The czar's subjects now number 160,000,000 and increase every year by 2,500,000 despite wars, epidemics and internal disturbances. As there is no lack of cultivated soil in Russia there seems no reason why this big annual increase should not continue.

### A Long Chance.

"I took a long chance when I asked her to marry me."

"She rejected you, eh?"

"No, that was the long chance I took. She accepted me."

### To Oblige Him.

Mr. Dorkins—You're always bound to have the last word, anyway.

Mrs. Dorkins—Yes; that's because you always wait to hear me say it.

Experience is a safer and more useful guide than any principle, however accurate and scientific it may be.—Buckle.

### EAGER TO WORK.

#### Health Regained by Right Food.

The average healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment.

But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.

"A year ago, after recovering from an operation," writes a Michigan lady, "my stomach and nerves began to give me much trouble."

"At times my appetite was voracious, but when indulged, indigestion followed. Other times I had no appetite whatever. The food I took did not nourish me and I grew weaker than ever."

"I lost interest in everything and I wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves, but now the merest trifle would upset me and bring on a violent headache. Walking across the room was an effort and prescribed exercise was out of the question."

"I had seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but did not believe what I read at the time. At last when it seemed as if I was literally starving, I began to eat Grape-Nuts."

"I had not been able to work for a year, but now after two months on Grape-Nuts I am eager to be at work again. My stomach gives me no trouble now, my nerves are steady as ever, and interest in life and ambition have come back with the return to health." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.