



TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By EMMA BREWER.

PART I.

THE industries and labours of the Toydonians are known and appreciated all over the world, but of the Toydonians themselves little or nothing is known. Where or how they live, whether their work produces for them plenty or starvation, whether they are a good, honest, law-abiding people or the contrary we know not. There is no Toydonian literature into which the curious may dip for information, and our want of knowledge of this people is absolute.

Nor is this to be attributed to any fault of ours, but it is rather to be accounted for in the



fact that Toydonia is not one compact country with well-defined borders, governed by a single king and subject to the same laws, but is made up of many districts, towns, and villages, each perfectly distinct from the other in characteristics and occupations, and scattered broadcast through European States.

As a rule these spots lie out of the beaten track on a far-away mountain, deep in a forest, or nestling in some valley hid from view of travellers, so that those who desire to learn something of the good friends of their childhood must go far and wide at the cost of inconvenience and discomfort, besides the expenditure

of time and money. There is little, however, to encourage such a course, for, even supposing the destination reached, the traveller is no nearer attaining his object than when he began his journey. The Toydonians are very home abiding, and get contracted views of life outside themselves. They look upon all strangers with jealous eyes, believing them to be in their vicinity with the object of stealing their trade secrets. It will be quite impossible to learn anything of them or of their occupations except you go armed with credentials, and these alone are not sufficient—you must live in their midst, you must touch their hearts either by showing a real sympathy with their work or by the kindly notice of their little ones, who are always to be found in the work-rooms.

My daughter and I started for Sonneberg last January, taking with us letters of introduction from one whose name is a passport to most of these districts, and whose influence and high character among the Toydonians procured us great consideration, and cleared away many of the difficulties which would otherwise have beset us.

"Toy is derived from *toyen*, to dress with many ornaments; a thing of no value; a plaything."

Doll is a contraction of *Dorothy*, and applied to a wooden image, clothed in the dress of a male or female; used by children as a plaything."—*Very old Dictionary*.

I do not think that many in our day will be found to endorse the definition given by the very old dictionary to the word toy. On the contrary, we should say it was an article of great value, whether looked at with regard to its power of educating and amusing, or as an article of commerce.

And as to our agreeing with the definition of doll, we cannot hear of it. A doll is a thing of beauty and grace, a companion, a sympathising friend, a gentle patient teacher. The love lavished upon a doll brings out the tenderness and affection of a woman-child, and the care bestowed upon dolly's dress teaches many a lesson of neatness, cleanliness, and good taste, which prove of value in after life. A home or a child without a doll should have no existence if our women children are to grow up helpful, tender, and companionable. I feel quite sure that the definition of doll in the old dictionary was given by a man; no woman could have written such a thing. A wooden image, indeed!

We remained a month in Toydonia, seeing and hearing much that was new and interesting, and yet not sufficient to get a right understanding of all things. I should like to have stayed longer, but I caught what my friends are pleased to call "doll fever," by going in and out of the intensely hot work-rooms, and was compelled to return home, with the feeling that the object of my journey was but half-attained, for, in addition to rest and novelty, I greatly desired to collect material of such a character and in such a form as would enable me to interest you, now that you are grown up, in the makers and making of the toys which had been the delight of your childhood.

This I tried to do on my return, but after hours of thinking and writing my paper showed only columns of figures; for example, how many legs and arms of dolls were sufficient to feed a family, how many trees were necessary for so many Noah's arks, how long the forests would hold out at the present rate of stripping them, how much bread could be bought for so many glass eyes, and so on. This I knew would never do; so two months ago we started again, taking with us a nephew and niece whose ready pencils would at least give you something pleasant to look on in connection with Toydonia.

We are now home, having just avoided

quarantine, and I find myself in this difficulty, viz., that I have collected so large a quantity of matter and have seen so many people, places, and things, that I am puzzled how to unravel the threads and weave them into a pattern such as would please and interest you. A thought at this moment suggests itself—that perhaps you will let me take each place as we visited it and let it tell its own tale; this will make it easier for me, and prevent my undertaking the almost impossible task of classifying the various works of Toydonia.

SONNEBERG TOYS.

If the particulars of the toy industry together with its statistics could be skilfully gathered up, I believe the picture they would present of its power and influence in the commercial world would greatly astonish us.

As it is, however, the little centres of the toy industry are so many and wide apart, ranging from the Black Forest to the Giant Mountains, that it is only by visiting each, and seeing for oneself the hundreds of branches which have grown out of the original industry, that one can get a glimpse of the sum total of wealth and influence created by toys.

So difficult is it to obtain correct information about Toydonia, that Herr Fleischmann in his clever pamphlet declares it to be a *terra incognita* to the Imperial Government, notwithstanding the enormous statistical apparatus it employs, and in spite of the millions of money imported into the empire by Toydonia from foreign countries.

You can imagine somewhat of the giant proportions of work done in Toydonia, and the variety of its manufactures, when I tell you that the number of pattern books sent out annually by individual firms amounts to 16,000.

If any of you have been in Leipzig at the Easter Fair, you will have seen something of the power exercised by toys.

Merchants from every corner of Toydonia congregate there, most of them with the purpose of exhibiting their samples and obtaining orders, while others go to see and be seen, for not to be at the Leipzig Fair is to lose position in Toydonia.

During this fair every hotel is filled, and double prices demanded; the markets and streets are blocked with wares from every part of the world; private houses are let out from top to bottom; placards posted up by hundreds over the town. And then have you seen the Toydonians go to dinner? As midday strikes dinner is served not only in hotels, but in hired rooms, and even in cellars, which last are not at all to be despised. All Leipzig is on the move, and with a single purpose. Should business detain a man five minutes behind the hour, he will find neither place nor food, so great is the rush to the tables.

The Leipzig Fair is one of the sights of the world, and not less is it a wonder of the world, seeing that the attraction which draws men of every country to this one spot, year by year, and has done so for hundreds of years, is neither more nor less than dolls and toys.

The district of Sonneberg, or the Meiningen Highlands, covers an area of about six square miles, in the south-east part of the Thuringian Forest. On this area of hill and valley dwell 43,000 people, who must gain a livelihood by other means than agriculture, for the climate is raw and the land stony, and it is difficult even to grow potatoes. There are neither farms nor farming in the district; its life is to be found in its industries.

These industries took root here, probably, in consequence of the abundance of raw material yielded by the forests and the earth. The fir and the beech, which were to be found on every height, were gladly made use of by a people

who knew how to use the knife and the hatchet, and by them carved and formed into wooden utensils for domestic use. This is exactly what they did, and in this way laid the foundation of the toy industry, which now sends out its thousands of articles into all countries, among all nations, into the palaces of the rich and the huts of the poor, to rejoice the eye and gladden and educate the heart.

A second industry was started by the use of the treasures under the earth—particularly slate, which was found everywhere in this region—and a third, viz., glass, received an impulse from the superabundance of wood and kaoline sand.

In this way the three industries started into life—how long ago I cannot say, but certainly some hundreds of years; for we know that in the 13th century the Nürnberg merchants on their way to the northern capitals, Hamburg, Lubeck, and Leipsic, used to call here to purchase wooden toys, chip boxes, slate pencils, and whetstones, and that they did not always pay for these in cash, but more frequently by other produce in exchange.

These articles of early days are no longer the specialties of Sonneberg, which has become famous for dolls, comical toys, skin animals, masks, &c.

The words "Sonneberg toys" did not always carry about with them the magic charm they now possess, for there was a time when Nürnberg held absolute sway in Toydonia, and Sonneberg was glad to exist under her wing.

Rather more than two centuries ago (at the close of the Thirty Years' War) the Sonneberg merchants emancipated themselves from the control of Nürnberg and attended the great fairs on their own account; at the same time they were careful to call the toys they exhibited Nürnberg toys, that being the highest recommendation they could possess.

From this time Sonneberg merchants grew in power and favour, and their toys were sought for eagerly in the markets. They gave evidence of skilled labour hitherto unknown, their colours were brighter and more durable than those of other toys, and, by the introduction of simple but clever mechanism, many of the toys were rendered extremely comical.

Thus the time came when these toys could be exhibited under their own proper name and title, even as Sonneberg toys—toys which in this our day stand second to none in Toydonia for variety, attractiveness, and cheapness, and which you may see for yourselves in almost every toyshop in the world.

Trade gradually became more independent, and, as a result, wholesale houses sprang up in proportion to the growth of the manufacturing classes. There are at this present time sixty wholesale houses in the Sonneberg District, and the toys sent out annually realise on an average 16,000,000 marks (£800,000).

Up to a century and a half ago, the Sonnebergers used in the making of certain toys, called in the market "paste toys," a dough composed of flour and glue-water. Unfortunately, mice had a particular liking for this dough, and many a beautiful toy was spoiled by their nibbling. Another disadvantage, too, was that in conveying these paste toys across the sea they became so spoiled by damp and mildew as to be unfit for sale on arriving at their destination. Great and serious was the loss thus occasioned to the Sonneberg toymakers, who were already harassed by the ever-increasing price of wood. The future looked gloomy indeed with the materials for work failing and no substance found to take their place, when all at once the aspect was changed by the return to his native town of a toymaker named Frederick Müller.

This man brought with him a substance which was not only free of the faults of the paste in use, but possessed many advantages of peculiar value to the Sonneberg toymakers,

such as cheapness, durability, and ease of manipulation. It was a mixture of reise paper, fine chalk, dark meal, and glue-water, and was called "papier mâché."

There is a doubt about Müller being the discoverer, as it is known that monks in France, previous to its introduction into Sonneberg, used it in the making of figures of the saints for the churches. It is probable that in the course of his travels he had seen it thus used, and saw at once its value for the toy industry. The success of its introduction was greater than he could have dreamed. New life and activity pervaded the town, and the establishment of doll factories in its midst began a new era for the toy trade.

It is in the town* of Sonneberg we gain our first experience of Toyland. It is about fifteen miles from Coburg; it took us about three-quarters of an hour to go from one to the other by train. A hundred years ago the post passed between the two places only twice a week; now the postman brings our letters twice a day—an improvement brought about almost entirely by the silent yet powerful influence of dolls. It is a picturesque town, nestling in a valley on the outskirts of Thuringia, surrounded by thickly-wooded hills and watered by the little river Röthen.

In any other place and at any other time we should have been very enthusiastic upon the beauty of the little town, for it is really worthy of notice, but we were wholly taken up by what we saw in the streets and on the doors of the houses as we passed from the station to our hotel. Dolls, nothing but dolls met our eyes. Never, even in our childhood, were dolls such a reality to us. If we look up to the names and occupations of the people as painted over their doors, we notice that with but few exceptions they have to do with dolls and toys; for example, "Toy Factory," "Doll Factory," "Factory for Dressed Dolls," "Mechanical Toy Factory," "Bellows Toys Factory," "Factory for Crying Dolls," "For Skin Animals," "For Masks," and so on, by dozens. Added to all this we saw here and there baskets of dolls' heads, legs, arms, and bodies being carried to the factory. We saw dolls everywhere except in a child's arms. It is said that dolls came in when fairies went out: I trust they did not go out in so many pieces as the dolls come in.

At length we drive up to the hotel which is to be our home for a time while we make acquaintance with the Toydonians and their work as exhibited in Sonneberg.

We think ourselves fortunate in having selected this place for our first visit in Toyland, not only because of the great variety of toys made here, but that the industry is carried on under every form of factory, wholesale and export, house industry, and retail. The two last are by far the most interesting, and well repay observation. The method of working and the habits of the people remain unchanged. As you see them now, so they were centuries ago. There is, I find, a certain self-regulated organisation among them, by means of which just dealing and good feeling are maintained between themselves and the wholesale and export dealers.

The house industry limits itself generally to the working power of the family, who are, as a rule, clever and rapid in their work, having been brought up to it from childhood. It sometimes happens that outside help is engaged in the shape of girl assistants or apprentices who are boarded and lodged, and treated as members of the family. Each householder is in his way a master or independent manufacturer without the disadvantage of having to send his goods to the foreign

markets on credit. When his work is finished he sells it direct to the local wholesale and export firms for ready money.

To start a toy "house industry" does not require a larger outlay than is required for the management of a simple handicraft, and there is always the possibility of the small maker being able to rise to the rank of a well-off manufacturer simply by the means of intelligence and industry. If he is able to produce a novelty in his line of work, it will now and then give him quite a lift; whereas, if he rests on the old method of producing for the lower classes alone, he will scarcely earn bread for himself and family.

The retail is simply an extension of the house industry. A number of people are employed in particular rooms under the supervision of the manufacturer, and paid for their work piecewise or by the dozen. The work in this case is brought to great perfection, especially if the director be a clever and educated man. These workpeople have also the advantage of receiving ready money for their work.

You will perceive that the retail and house-industry artisan, being free and independent, works cheaper and quicker than the irresponsible factory hand. As these men are struggling for existence, for the maintenance of their independence, and for the bettering of their position, greater results are expected and obtained from them than from the irresponsible worker. Many of these families, from the oldest to the youngest, work from sunrise to midnight when work presses, and they do it with glad hearts.

It is this class who are striving for the establishment in their town of a high art school, in which the young people possessing a special talent may have it developed by the best teaching the country can supply. They know the necessity of keeping their position in the world's markets, and that this cannot be done by standing still—it must be upward and onward, or give place to others more enterprising.

Of course the first thing we did was to deliver our letter of introduction to the head of one of the large wholesale firms. As soon as he learned our object in coming to Sonneberg he spent a whole day in going about with us and introducing us first to one place of business and then another, each being a specimen of some particular part of toy-making. After this one day of real help we find it easy to go about among the people, seeing them at work, and asking them questions—for all know our purpose and put themselves to great trouble in order that we may be interested and instructed in the occupations of Toydonia.

Nearly the whole of the 8,000 inhabitants, men, women, and children, are in some way engaged in toymaking; and although it is in this manner they earn their living, and that oftentimes but scanty, I do believe from what I see that they have as much pleasure in the toys as the children for whom they are destined. It is amusing to watch the young children hurrying home from school to obtain an empty chair at the worktable and see and imitate their elders. This is quite voluntarily done, and evidently affords them delight. In this way they are quite unconsciously learning the work from beginning to end, and enabling themselves to be of assistance to their parents at an early age.

The life of the workers in the toy house industry seems to me by no means unpleasant. Masters and helpers work into each other's hands; they chat and sing at the worktable without delaying the progress of the work or calling forth rebuke, for a cheerful spirit is declared by the masters to be a great help in the workroom.

The toy house industry more than any other requires the system of divided labour. Each

part of a toy must be produced by a different maker, and except for the lathes used in turning the wooden legs and arms, there is no machinery used in the making of dolls and toys; neither are they made of expensive material—wood, refuse paper, chalk, coarse dark meal, and glue being nearly all that is required for their production. If with such humble materials they look exquisite, dainty, and attractive when complete, it is entirely owing to the ability, trouble, and intellect which have been expended on them.

The toymaker must exercise all his ingenuity to produce toys that will suit and content the different nations of the world for whom he works; and this is not easy, for the cry at the Leipzig Fair is ever for something new, something attractive, some toy which will appeal to the passions of the people and represent national events. You will scarcely credit it, perhaps, that in time of war the sale of toy-soldiers and military subjects is increased by hundreds of thousands. The toymakers are often at their wit's end to provide for the ever-increasing demand for something new. Toys must also be made at such a price that the very poor may be able to buy them for their children, and, above all things, they must be worth the money which the poor man spares out of his small earnings.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ONE OF THE MANY LOVERS OF THE "G. O. P."—We are sorry we cannot give you the answer you desire, as we think you must "first learn to show piety at home;" and, as to your "always being discontented and making others so," we regret that any of our girls should show so evil and uncontrolled a temper. You do not live to please yourself, but to serve God and make others happy about you. How could you instruct or govern others when you have not learnt the elements of self-government? Begin at once, and think of everyone before yourself, master all the duties of your station, and remember that in everything you "serve Christ."

FORGET-ME-NOT.—You and your mother and sister would probably enjoy a visit to Paris very much. You would find plenty of addresses of French families desiring boarders in the English newspapers.

OFFICER'S DAUGHTER.—You are too young by four years to go into a hospital for training, but you might attend ambulance classes, and prepare yourself by careful study of a small book which we have before recommended, "Sick Nursing at Home" (1s. 3d., Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London, W.C.). The study of this little work mainly contributed to the success of a friend of ours in passing her examination of the above-named society.

SILVERDALE must write direct to the secretary of the Civil Service Commissioners, at their office in Cannon-row, S.W., for their forms, which supply all information respecting their schools, fees, examinations, and prescribed ages of competitors, together with the salaries and holidays of the telegraph clerks. A stamped envelope large enough to hold the printed papers, and directed, should be sent in with the application. It is contrary to our regulations to write private answers to our correspondents.

PATIENCE.—Read our article on "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i. (Part for July, 1880). Go and see the matron of any hospital in your own town; or, if you wish to come up to one in town and have a friend who could take you in, you might inquire at any of the hospitals named in our article.

ANNIE J.—St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W., would probably suit you. Write and ask for the needful papers, addressing the secretary.

ART.

DICKY BIRD.—You will find gelatine, such as is employed for making jelly, the best gum to use for fastening photographs; but starch is the best thing to use. A LOVER OF ANIMALS.—You had better learn painting in oil or water colours.

M. E. J.—The artist draws his picture on the block of wood, and it is then cut by the wood engraver and prepared for printing.

TOM'S DARLING.—The colours for lustra painting are bought at an artists' colourman's. We cannot give addresses. Pour out some of the powder-colour upon a china plate; add to it the lustra medium; mix together with a palette knife until a thick liquid is

*Not to be confounded with the District of Sonneberg, which contains one or two little towns, Sonneberg being one, and a few villages.



A WORKSHOP.

TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By MRS. BREWER.

PART II.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

Charles Kingsley.

THE anxiety which parents feel on the introduction of their daughters to society is equally experienced by the Sonneberg toymakers when they send forth their beautiful dolls to bear the test of the world's scrutiny. They prepare them for their journey with the utmost care, laying them so carefully in their travelling carriage that neither land nor sea may be able to bruise their beautifully formed limbs, or soil their dainty dresses. Many a consultation has been held over their wardrobe, on which neither pains nor expense has been spared, for it is a matter of great moment to the toymakers that their work should be successful—their living and character depend upon it.

The toymakers are not ignorant of the fact that these dolls all have their special mission to fulfil in the various parts of the world whither they are sent; some in comforting sick and weary children, others in soothing the aching hearts of lonely motherless ones; some in helping the missionary to gain listeners among the heathen, others in draw-

ing out the intellect which has lain dormant in the half-civilised, and in giving them an idea of affection and self-forgetfulness never experienced before. In a hundred ways these dolls will exert their influence lovingly and gently, carrying into every house they enter a ray of sunshine from their old home with the beautiful name (Sonneberg, Sun Mountain).

You may perhaps not have heard that a box of dolls is a very necessary part of a missionary's luggage. The heathen women will walk far and undergo pain and fatigue to gain possession of a doll; and it is the missionary's opportunity while giving or selling these toys to speak good words to the women, and thus sow seed which may some day grow up into life and beauty.

Let me tell you something which I saw as to the power of a doll. You may remember that some few years ago a couple of Aztecs were exhibited in London; they were a young man and woman called Max and Tola. The man was intelligent—the woman was good-looking, vain, and jealous, but not intelligent. I went to see them in their lodgings, having heard that Tola was ill. She was difficult to manage or rouse; she was stubborn and wilful. I took in with me a musical box, which delighted Max but bored Tola, so having done no good I left her. After a little thought I went to Mr. Cremer's and bought a wax doll, beautifully dressed, and with the clothes made to take off and on. The next day, therefore, I went armed with a slate and pencil for Max, and the doll for Tola; the former amused the young man, and with the last in my arms I sat down opposite Tola. She watched me with growing interest while I began to undress and redress the doll, but long before I had finished she was like a mad thing; she was down on her knees beseeching for the doll, which I gave her. She had never seen such a thing before, but she took it in her arms and

moved it gently backwards and forwards, making a cooing noise over it and kissing it wildly. The effect of this doll upon her was wonderful; there was no difficulty now in obtaining obedience so long as she might keep it in her arms; in fact, they had to wash and dress her without taking the doll from her. A week later, I went to see her; the weather was cold and Tola ill. I found her with her feet on the fender sitting over the fire with the doll hugged tight in her arms; the wax was slowly melting, disfiguring face and limbs and dress, and Tola's tears mixing with the wax made it worse.

As I went into the room she looked at me with the saddest of faces, yet with a hope that I should in some way be able to help her, and finding that nothing was to be done but to take it from her, she was in despair. She held to her doll, however, until in the unconsciousness of fever we were able to take it from her and burn it, supplying its place with one more simple.

You, whose experience of dolls is limited to the time subsequent to their entrance into society, be my companions in Sonneberg, and with me see the dolls made, learn of what they are made, and make acquaintance with those who make them.

Very many toys are made here beside dolls, but we begin with these, as their manufacture is perhaps the most important, and occupies nearly two-thirds of the population.

On an average Sonneberg sells annually 100,000,000 dolls, including dressed and undressed. We naturally want to know of what these dolls are made, and where the material comes from for such an enormous supply.

The materials are of the commonest—viz., wood, papier-maché, and wax. The first is ready to hand in the forests surrounding Sonneberg; the second has to be made by the toy-makers of paper, chalk, dark meal, and glue water—the paper alone used in this com-

pound costs £50,000 a year; the third, which is wax, is obtained from the colonies and the districts in and about Thuringia; the amount used in a year being about 200 tons, and worth £600. Of course, in these days the dolls require elaborate heads of hair; these are made either of real hair, which is bought in Germany, or of mohair obtained in London, or of a white curly fur which is sent from Iceland. There are many other articles necessary to complete the dolls which we shall see later on, but these are the materials required for starting.

We shall be able to see the whole machinery of doll-making set in motion, as one of the large export firms have received orders from England and North America for some thousands of dozens of dolls of certain sizes, patterns, and dress at a fixed price. This price must not be exceeded even by a halfpenny a dozen if the merchant desires to retain his customers.

The first thing he does is to call one or two of the chief house industry workers, and give into their hands the orders and all the particulars necessary for the carrying them out, and they alone will be answerable to the merchant. The toy industry is, as you know, a divided work. There are two first groups of preparative workers, and there are the finishers. These three groups branch off into a large number of divisions and sub-divisions, and it is all these helpers who are now called together, each to receive his special work from the three first groups. There are the makers of wooden legs and arms, the papier-mâché head makers, the makers of legs, arms and bodies, the moulders in wax, the leather and linen body makers, the stuffers of the same, the hair dressers, the makers of the bellows for the voices—the voice makers, the painters, the mixers of the ingredients, and several others which escaped our notice. Many of these people come from villages over the hills, and after obtaining their orders they go to the general shop and buy for themselves the materials for their work, starting well pleased for their five or six miles walk home. As soon as these various parts of the doll are completed they are packed in "schanzen," or peculiar baskets, and are carried to those from whom they received their orders by Liefer Mädchen—that is, girls who deliver them. The finishers now set about their work of putting the various parts together, which requires great skill and accuracy. This being done, they are laid most carefully in the baskets, and delivered by the Liefer Mädchen at the wholesale house, where the storers set down their value on the order paper, and the payment follows in the office. Although on every day of the week more or less of this delivering of the separate parts and finished articles may be seen, yet it is on Saturdays, from morn till eve, that the streets are filled with these girls and women bringing in their baskets containing the week's work of legs, arms, bodies, or heads, &c. It is one of the peculiar sights of Sonneberg, and well worth the seeing.

Before going on to see the house industry, let us go to one of the manufacturing, where everything is done under one roof. By so doing we shall get a better idea of the division of labour. The first thing to be observed is that over the entrance of each room in a factory there is printed in large letters, "Zeit ist geld"—"Time is money."

On entering we observe men and women sitting at tables with various shaped moulds before them, into which they are pressing with their fingers sodden papier-mâché till every corner is filled. These moulds are taken of good clay

models, the work of first-rate artists, of various parts of the body, which for this purpose must be divided into halves. When the moulds are filled the forms are taken out and laid in small apertures of a tray, which has, perhaps, fifty such holes. Here the forms of legs, arms, and heads are left to dry and to harden. This room we find very hot, as a good fire is kept up winter and summer, not only to dry and harden the papier-mâché forms, but to keep the cauldrons of wax boiling, into which the dried forms are dipped. These are the dolls which are said to be of wax, with papier-mâché lining, quite a new invention, the first having been made in the middle of this century, and is considered the most successful of all the forms of manufacture.

The heads being dry, they are passed on to workers in an adjoining room, whose business it is to clear the sockets for the eyes with a small penknife, and then to fix the eyes from the inside. The eyes are not made here, but in Lauscha, which we hope to visit later. This done, the heads are passed on to men at another table, who paint the eyelashes and eyebrows black with a very fine brush. They are again passed on to men who touch up the cheeks and lips with delicate tints. The heads are now sent into the last room, occupied entirely by women and girls, whose occupation it is to make the wigs and fasten them to the heads. The tresses of hair are made by girls, who stretch the silk thread between two pegs, and on this knot, with wonderful dexterity, three or four hairs at a time, much as we make finges for antimacassars; one girl can prepare and make as many as twenty yards a day if she be very diligent, and she is paid at the rate of one penny for three yards. These tresses are in some cases sewn on to canvas fitted to the head—in others the front fringe is glued on first and cut the proper length, then the back hair is glued on, and, lastly, a blue or pink ribbon is carefully put over the join to hide it. Some of the women were entirely occupied in dressing the hair with the tiniest of curling irons. Having seen the heads completed we

go into another room, where the wooden and papier-mâché legs and feet are being painted; into another where women alone are filling the linen bodies with sawdust, and at length into the finishers' room, where the joints and separate parts are all put together in the most masterly fashion, so that the limbs can be moved backward and forward, and the heads to turn round in the most coquettish manner; the eyes to open and shut (by means of an elastic attached inside), the pretty mouths made to say papa and mamma, and all by the simplest of mechanism. We saw in one of the show-rooms here the most beautiful doll I ever beheld. It was the perfection of art. The toy-makers call it a wax angel; it is not very tall, about two-thirds the length of this page, every part of it perfect. In the middle of the body a small musical-box is concealed; the hair and the wings are of spun glass, and the dress also made of spun glass woven into a sort of cross pattern, and as she floated hither and thither from an elastic thread, she sent forth the sweetest and softest of sounds. I certainly should have bought it, but that I feared the Custom House officers, in seeking for dynamite, might break or injure a creature so delicate.

We go now to the most important manufactory for the dressing of dolls. It is a very large building with many rooms, each having its special use and special workers. It is very



WORKGIRLS.

much like a grand Court dressmaker's in London, the difference being that it is ten times as large and its season is a continuous one.

An important room is that called the store-room; it contains large quantities of laces, ribbons, silks, satins, materials for underlinen, hats, stockings, boots and shoes, in fact, every requisite for dressing dolls in all conditions of life. Each article given out from this room is booked, together with its quantity and worth. In another room a woman and two girls are busy in cutting out underlinen, which they tie up in dozens to be made up partly in the house and partly out. The common blue and red dresses have also their cutters, who tie them up in packets of one or more dozens, and give them out to be made at the rate of two-pence a dozen. A smaller room is occupied by three people, who are engaged on the coarse muslin chemises for the common dolls. One girl pencils the pattern out on the white muslin, yard after yard, with a certain space between each pattern; a second girl cuts them out one by one, and a third ties them up in bundles of five dozens, which are sent out of the place to be made. These are all entered in a book in the most business-like manner.

For the underlinen and dresses of very small dolls one girl machines them, three or four dozen at a time, without breaking the thread, and a second girl machines the lace on in like manner.

At length we enter a very large room, in which many girls and women are occupied at various tables, some in making skirts, others bodices, all of rich material; at another, girls were simply trimming them. Then, again, the milliners occupied a table, and everything throughout this large room was being made in the latest fashion, and with as much care as if the articles were to be worn by live duchesses.

The dolls, being completely dressed, are laid on beds of paper cut very fine, over which pink or white carded wool is laid, and placed in chip or cardboard boxes. Every box is numbered and entered into a book, with description and price per dozen. Over the whole of this establishment is a lady who understands every part of the work, and manages to get as her workers most respectable, well-behaved girls. In this one establishment eighty-four women and girls are employed in the house, and 182 outside—making together 266. In other smaller establishments a further 120 are engaged in the dressing of dolls. Between the ages of fourteen and sixteen they earn from 3s. 6d. to 12s. a week for ten hours a day—if employed after seven o'clock extra pay is received. For most part of the year these girls work until ten at night, except on Mondays and Saturdays, when the days are short. Quite one-half of the girls occupied in the dressing of dolls are from the country, but all are respectable and well educated. I think I shall astonish you when I say that in this establishment alone about 5,000 yards of material are used every week, or 260,000 yards in a year, of the value of £10,000. Taking the smaller establishments as well, the number of yards used would be about 364,000 in a year, and the worth £16,000. The number of dolls these girls and women dress in a year averages from 150,000 to 200,000 dozen; taking the highest number, it would be 2,400,000 dolls in the year, or 6,575 a day. Doll dressing has only been carried on about fifty years. The owner of this very establishment was the first to start it, and it is now, as you see, a very important branch of the doll-making industry.

Sonneberg is also well known for what is called in the trade skin animals; they are mostly mechanical, and are covered with hair or fur, as the case may be. Some are made of wood and carved with a penknife, while others are formed exactly in the same way as the

dolls—that is, of papier-maché, in separate parts and by distinct makers. The covering of some few of the animals puzzled me; it seemed to fit absolutely, without a wrinkle, and this was the way it was done. A man took an elephant, for example, which was complete as to form, and painted it black with oil paint, and while wet he shook over it what looked like greyish sand, but which in reality was ground wool. When this was dry the covering of the animal was perfect. This ground wool is kept in a variety of shades to suit the animals it is intended to cover.

Most of the Sonneberg animals are capable of uttering the sounds peculiar to them in life, and with the movement of the body so absurdly true to Nature that we could scarcely believe them to be mere toys. The noise was deafening as every creature sent forth its cry, and great was our surprise to notice how extremely simple the mechanism was in every case—merely two thin pieces of metal. While standing in this finishing room our minds went back to Caleb Plummer in the "Cricket on the Hearth." Do you remember him?

"You couldn't have the goodness to let me pinch Boxer's tail, mum, for half a moment, could you?"

"Why, Caleb, what a question!"

"Oh, never mind, mum, he mightn't like it, perhaps. There's a small order just come in for barking dogs, and I should like to go as close to natur' as I could for sixpence. That's all; never mind, mum."

Would he not have been delighted to see the art of toy-making brought to such perfection as here, in Sonneberg, and would he not have made a picture of what he saw for the benefit of his blind daughter!

The skins used for covering the animals come from all countries, and are bought at the Leipsic Fair. The value of those used in the Sonneberg district yearly averages £5,000.

A branch which has grown out of the original toy industry is the making of masks. This is a speciality of Sonneberg, and one that is gradually increasing in importance. The process is the same as in doll-making; a like material is used; an equal variety in finish and quality is observed, and the same division of labour is necessary to complete it. The show-room of this factory is not a pleasant place. Fancy hundreds of these masks in every phase of grotesqueness looking at you with grinning, winking, or malicious expression, and catching your eye whichever way you turn.

We must not forget one of the earliest forms of the toy industry—viz., the manufacture of wooden toys, such as little violins, trumpets, and post-horns. It is entirely a house industry, but, unfortunately, it is gradually decreasing in importance; the class of toy is going out of fashion, and it scarcely pays to make them; but, being an hereditary occupation, it is held to as long as the work will procure the scantiest of daily necessities. The makers of these wooden toys live mostly on the mountains, and, as a rule, they are very poor. They work from sunrise to midnight, every member of the family lending a helping hand; and when they have completed a dozen violins of two-span long, finished with strings and bows, the payment is only two shillings per dozen, out of which the materials, wood, paint, glue, strings, and horsehair have to be paid. Every violin must pass through the hand seventy-five times ere it is complete. The making of the little post-horns is, perhaps, paid least of all. The price depends upon that of wood; the makers sometimes getting three shillings for twenty-five dozen, while at others he gets the same sum for forty-eight dozen. In every case the maker finds the material. To make 4,680 dozen of these little post-horns 136 cubic feet of wood are required.

The articles requisite for the turning out of dolls and other toys complete in the Sonneberg

district are shirting for dolls' chemises, textile stuffs of all kinds, braids, and laces for the dolls' dresses, wax, stearine, paraffin, paper, chalk, glue, colours,* mohair, cloth, varnish, bronze, paper lace, pasteboard, sheep leather, wool, skin, fur, tinsel, wire,† lead, tin, musical boxes, music work, strings, elastic, thread, and articles for decorating. Besides these there are the requisites for packing the toys, such as paper, cardboard, pack-thread, sheet zinc for the boxes, oilcloth, wax paper, and the boxes. These materials, which are mostly obtained from outside the district, amount annually on an average to £250,000.

Private statistics show that out of every hundred toys sent out of Sonneberg into other parts of Germany and England, seventy are of a common kind, twenty-five are of a middle quality, and five of a very fine quality. Other countries who raise the import duty on toys according to weight cannot be taken into account, as they make the importing of common toys into their midst almost an impossibility.

As you will have perceived, the making of toys in Sonneberg is no easy task, but demands of the toymaker a knowledge of science, a good education, patience, and, above all, a love of his work. This last is noticeable in a great degree. Even the very cheap toys are so carefully and skilfully made as to render them important agents in the education and training of children, and it shows what has already been achieved by the toymakers in improving the taste of the young of this age that a low class of toy does not attract in the least.

These people—men, women, and children whose whole lives are devoted to toy-making—are, as a rule, well educated and intelligent, and if they were not also industrious and sober, they would not be able to maintain their independence, of which they are so proud, nor would they be able to support themselves and their families at the small rate of wage which labour can obtain.

Great fault has been found with the crowded state of their living rooms, and with the want of cleanliness observed there. I agree to the first, but not to the second, and I am speaking from knowledge, as I am in and out the houses all day long. Crowded they certainly are. It is quite a common thing to find seven or eight people working in a small room at the various parts of a toy, and with a hot stove in their midst, necessary for the melting of material, the drying of the articles, and the cooking of the daily food, which consists mostly of coffee and potatoes; but both people and room are clean, the latter always made bright with flowers and singing birds. The number of young children in every house is amazing. Let me instance one house out of many that I am allowed to go in and out. The master is a young man, a maker of comical toys, which he turns out in the most dainty and finished manner. There are ten people working in the one moderate-sized room, including himself, his wife, and eldest child. There are, besides, three little children crawling about the room, from one to four years of age, and one in the cradle, cared for by a grandmother. They work from early morning till late at night, and all are cheerful and clean. Of course it is hot and stuffy, but that cannot be helped. These toymakers are so heavily weighted by their large families, the dear way in which they buy their materials, and the small price they obtain for the finished articles, that they do not often save enough money to buy a house or a potato field, but it is done sometimes, and when they are so fortunate they only retain a small portion for themselves and let the rest, so that it

* The yearly use of white colour alone amounts to over 4,000 cwts.; that of glue and other colours is still more considerable.

† The wire comes from Rhineland.

does not make the crowding less. The rent of the best houses in Sonneberg, containing five or six rooms, is about £30 a year, and for a couple of rooms in the least good houses a workman must pay from £4 to £7 a year.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

AMANEUSIS, P. O. H. S. G., AN ORPHAN GIRL, A. D., DASY, JAM TART, L. L. D., SLATE AND PENCIL.—See the article "Work for All," page 25, vol. v., for information on all examinations, and at page 518, vol. v., for information in reference to clerks in the Civil Service.

ISOLDA had better manage to live with her stepmother while she is so young, and prepare herself for some examination, or for entering the medical profession. See "Work for All," page 119, vol. v.—"Medicine."

CAMBERWELL has given no name. We never advise any of our English girls to go abroad. Before doing so they should write to Miss Leigh, 77 Avenue Wagram, Paris, who has resided there many years, and well knows the hardships they suffer.

CHUGY (U. S. America) is advised to write to the Secretary, Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., for full information. Has she read Mrs. Brewer's articles in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER lately.

A CAREFUL ONE.—The Governesses' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville-street, W., appears to be what you need.

CATHERINE CROOKER.—There is no regular training nor school for making either barristers or solicitors, if that be what you mean by your question. The latter enters a solicitor's office for five years, generally pays a premium and stamp duty—£80 we believe, and lastly passes his examinations before the Law Society. In America barristers and solicitors are united. We suppose the process would be the same there as here.

A WOULD-BE SCHOLAR, L. C.—We have read your enclosures carefully; they are very fair examples of school compositions, but nothing more. There is no difficulty in your case, for there is a committee in connection with the Society of Arts in Bolton, at the Mechanics' Institute, and also at the Church Institute, St. Luke's Parsonage. The examinations are held in April, fee 2s. 6d., no limit of age. There is also a free library and a school of art at Bolton.

FINETTE.—Our best method of answering your question is to refer you to our article on "The Duties of Governesses." Your writing is good, but scarcely formed.

HOUSEKEEPING.

HOUSEKEEPING ON £250 A YEAR.—"Justice" writes to say that she thinks it very hard for servants to have to breakfast on bread and butter at 1s. 2d. a pound; she thinks an egg or a rasher should be allowed. She says that many servants go to their work without eating any breakfast, and adds that where beer is not given, something nourishing should be had in its stead. She wishes the writer of the paper to try a bread-and-butter breakfast for a month. In reply the writer states that she has tried it all her life. As to butter at 1s. 2d. a pound, "Justice" is not aware that a lady who goes to a shop regularly and pays cash, is probably served with the same butter as her neighbour who takes credit pays a higher price for. I should think a servant who could not eat her breakfast unfit for work; she should see a doctor, and I feel certain her mistress would give her what he ordered. Then as to breakfast, every housekeeper knows how often she has to order things "to be finished for breakfast." Our servants frequently have something, but, were it the rule, I should be obliged daily to order a special breakfast for the kitchen, which I could not afford. I do not think "Justice" can be a cook, or she would know how little those breakfasts that look well on paper are in reality. With regard to beer, it is not taken for the nourishment it contains, but is often ordered because it helps food to nourish. Were "Justice" a housekeeper she would know that the consumption of other things is often larger in households where no beer is drunk. I am frequently told by servants that they "eat more now they have no beer." Another correspondent writes to complain that the servants dine after the family on Sundays, and suggests that it is better to cut their dinners off and send them down on plates to keep warm. I can only say my servants would not like it if I carved for them. As it is, we keep the dish covered over; cook has her plates hot; she keeps back plenty of gravy and vegetables. They say their dinner is always quite hot, and that if it were not they could put the joint in the oven for a few minutes. The same writer says, why not lentil soup on Friday instead of potato? She forgets this is only one Friday out of 52. Presumably she would not give lentil soup every Friday. Much has been said in praise of lentils, but practically there is nothing people get so soon tired of; even the poor, for whom we make soup, prefer peas, barley, rice, or anything else. They so soon tire of the flavour of lentils, that

I only use them now and then. Again, the correspondent says, "The lady has one very objectionable practice where young servants are kept, and that is to allow the back door to be used for the receipt of milk, bread, etc." In reply, I can only say that, as I have respectable, well-conducted servants, I trust them as much as if they were members of my family. I would not keep a servant a week if I did not trust her. I am sure that trusting often makes worthy of trust. To avoid the chance of its being forgotten, our back door is locked at seven and the key hung in sight on the dresser. For the rest, my servants are very happy, and I never have to give a short character.

MARY POCOCK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POLLY.—The following is a good cement for mending fossils:—Take one part of finely-powdered white sugar, three parts of starch, and four parts of gum-arabic. Rub them all together in a marble mortar, and then mix them with water, added gradually, a very little at a time, until the mixture becomes as thick as melted glue. Then cork the cement tightly in a bottle. For mending shells, take of gum-arabic two thirds, of sugar-candy one third, and mix with some white lead. Remember that the latter is poisonous.

MAY CASTLE.—Say, "Two are," not "Two is." No visitors are received in an editor's office except on literary business connected with the office. We are glad that you so much appreciate our serial stories.

A DEEPLY-ATTACHED READER is warmly thanked for so gracious and grateful a letter, and her kindly-expressed approval of our summer number.

AGRICOLA.—Possibly you might obtain a grant of some bibles and prayer-books from the British and Foreign Bible Society; but you must make your own application and take your chance of success.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER gives no information respecting her attainments, circumstances, place of residence, age, condition in life, nor whether she have friends or relatives in any business in which they might give her employment. Under these circumstances, how could an editor, an utter stranger to her, give her any advice as to "earning money?"

JEANNE C.—The word "barbican" is derived from the Latin *barbicanus*, and means the advanced work defending the entrance of a city. This fortification was often large, and had a ditch and a drawbridge of its own. The present quarter in the City of London is built on the site of one of the defences of the ancient city. Unmarried women are not required by custom to give fees to the men-servants of the families whom they visit. They give to the housemaid, and if there be a parlourmaid they may give something to her also. For all information on this subject, see "Good Breeding, as Shown in Receiving Hospitality," in the April number, 1884, page 363.

MILLIE MARTIN.—We thank you for the local information with which you have so kindly obliged us.

H. A. PICKERING.—Accept our thanks for the recipe for making good tea, which you obtained from a friend at Liège, who signs herself "Mater," and has our best acknowledgments also.

PEARL.—Whitby and New Filey, both on the sea-coast of Yorkshire, might suit you. They appear to be bracing in climate, with good sands, and are inexpensive, comparatively.

A MIDDY'S SISTER.—We know of no safer way than the Post Office, unless you send by one of the many parcels' expresses.

INQUIRER.—You would find it the wisest plan to take the locket and hair to some good jeweller, and tell him what you require.

JANE EYRE.—We advise you strongly to consult a doctor, as your health requires attention at once.

M. S. and A PUPIL TEACHER.—We can only imagine that the digestion is wrong in both cases, and that exercise, bathing, and a tonic are requisite. Consult a doctor and try to "worry" as little as possible.

M. G. P.—Clothes for distribution may be sent to the office of the Poor Clergy Relief Society, 36, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

ALICE.—Flies cannot be exterminated, but you may keep the house free from them by keeping the rooms as dark as possible, and the windows shut in the middle of the day when the sun is hot. Chills appear to depend on the general health, in a great measure, and are also produced by insufficiency of warm clothing and nourishing, heat-producing food. Attend to these points, and take plenty of exercise and bathing.

D'AREY.—The passion-flower is so named from a fanciful resemblance to the various articles connected with the Passion or Crucifixion of our Lord.

ESTHER S. MITCHELL.—We do not know. You could write yourself to the address and inquire.

ROUNDHEAD.—The 9th July, 1867, was a Tuesday. The name Charles means "strong, manly, noble-spirited."

PERPLEXED.—If the clergyman were an old and intimate friend, there would be nothing remarkable in it.

NORA O'NEILL.—China is called the Celestial Empire because its first emperors were all credited with being celestial deities.

DENVER.—Napoleon Buonaparte died at Longwood, in the Island of St. Helena.

GIRLIE.—Consult a doctor. Do you wear high-heeled boots and shoes?

OLIVETTE.—The feather flowers might be improved by shaking them carefully in a basin of white flour or bran.

K. C.—Pearls are supposed to signify purity, and also tears. The ruby means love.

SCOTIA.—We are thankful indeed to hear that our paper had been of such service to you in finding out the "one thing needful." Your handwriting is very good and legible. We do not know of such a book as the one you name.

A FUTURE MUSICIAN.—There are several students' homes in London. Russell House, Tavistock-square, W.C.; principal, Miss Cail (28s. to 33s. per week). College Hall for Women Students, 1, Byng-place Gordon-square; principal, Miss Grove; and Nos. 4, and 5, Brunswick-square, W.C. Any of these are safe and suitable homes for a young lady.

E. M. G.—"The Convict Ship" is by T. K. Harvey; "The Female Convict to her Infant," by Thomas Dale. The 2nd April, 1869, was a Friday.

A. L. LANE.—Many thanks for the verses. We regret that they are not suitable to our pages. The attempt is creditable.

EDITH E. SAVERS.—We have read your letter with great sympathy, and we think you a brave girl to have worked so successfully at the competition when you are such an invalid. The tone of your letter is so very uncomplaining that we feel sure this trial is being blessed to you.

A. H. E. and J. H. P. E.—No especial food is required for a tortoise. Put it in a garden, and see that it cannot escape, and it will feed itself.

LADY KATE.—We think you are "reaping what you have sown," and we are very sorry for you. We suppose your sister will go away from home when she is married, and if so, you need not go; but until then, feeling as you do, it will be the wisest course to "seek safety in flight."

AMY.—Where there is a doubt on so serious a subject as marriage, you had better consult a lawyer. We do not know enough of the case to advise you.

A DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.—We suppose by your inquiry you allude to the tradition that Sodom and Gomorrah were submerged in the Dead Sea. But this does not seem to be the story of Josephus, for he holds that the Valley of Sodom (not the town) became the Dead Sea; while in the 6th century Clement Justin Martyr and Antoninus speak of the ruins and the ashes, and say nothing of the submergence.

ARVONIA.—We know of nothing to help you, but a surgeon might do something. We are much obliged for the recipe.

A SCOTCH LASSIE must use some kind of insect powder, which can be obtained at most grocers.

CAROLINE.—The flushing, etc., may proceed from your weak digestion, perhaps.

DOROTHY MARGARET.—The rule you quote, to avoid milk, butter, sugar, bread, and potatoes, is what Mr. Banting recommended, and, excepting that you should have a special cook for yourself, there is no difficulty in following it. A recent authority recommends the constant use of whole-meal bread. "Doctors differ, and patients die!"

TUFF.—We are told that bathing in hot water, with plenty of washing soda in it, gives great relief when the rheumatism is in the joints. The 28th June, 1867, was a Friday.

APRIL'S CHILD.—We do not think Hood ever wrote a poem of the name you give, as we cannot find it in a complete edition of his works.

A TROUBLED ONE.—There is no fee due for baptism, and a person of your age, who takes the vows on herself, does not need sponsors—only witnesses of the ceremony.

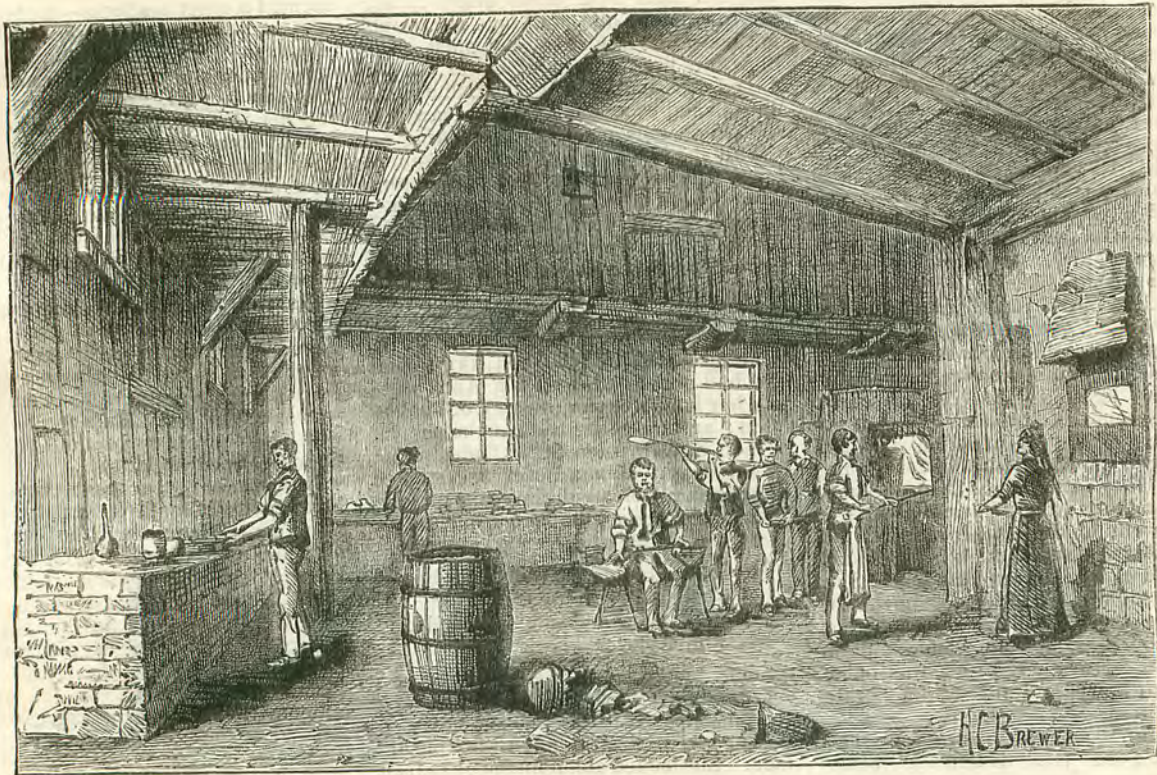
KENTISH GIRL.—The population of the world is roughly estimated at one thousand millions of souls. According to Rawlinson, Camden Professor Ancient History, Oxford, the earth is capable of supporting with food ten times its existing inhabitants.

PANSY.—A definition of the terms you name has been given. That of "Tory" is traced to the Gaelic words, *Tar a rì*, "Come, O king," continually used by the Irish Royalists in reference to Charles II. See an article by Mr. G. Olans Borrow in the *Norfolk Chronicle*, 1832. The term "Conservative" owes its origin to Canning, in a speech made at Liverpool, 1820. Ten years after, the *Quarterly Review* said, "The Tory, which might with more propriety be called the Conservative party." The term "Liberal" is derived from a periodical so called, setting forth anti-Conservative sentiments in religion as well as politics, and edited by Lord Byron and some of his friends. That of "Radical" may be traced to Hunt and Cartwright, who agitated to obtain "a radical reform in Parliament."

KRY.—1. You cannot clean those you name. 2. A wire brush will darken the hair.

IOLANTHE.—Rowing would strengthen the hands, we should imagine, and so render them better able to play the pianoforte, though not immediately after the exercise.

USELESS.—The "Added Parliament" was held between April 5, 1614, and June 7, 1615. It was so called because it commemorated with the king on his leaving "benevolences," but passed no acts. The "Mad Parliament" was held in the reign of Henry III., 1258, and was so called on account of its opposition to the king. It made him confirm Magna Charta, and appointed twenty-four of its own members, with Simon de Montfort as president, to administer the Government.



TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By MRS. BREWER.

GLASS TOYS OF LAUSCHA.

OUR next journey was to Lauscha, a place quite out of the beaten track, and one that might have escaped our notice, but that we were constantly hearing of it in connection with the glass eyes and ornaments necessary to complete the Sonneberg toys.

There is no railroad to it, and no means of getting there but by private carriage. So far as we were concerned this was an advantage, as it enabled us to see the beautiful country, and the busy little villages on the way between Sonneberg and Lauscha.

After a drive of nearly three hours in the Thuringian Forest, where all the hedges are formed of the graceful fir, we reached this old-fashioned, highly characteristic, but sleepy village. A few old women in the marketplace, selling poor-looking fruit and vegetables, were the only signs of life as we drove up to the village inn. It became somewhat more lively when school hours were over, and the children came trooping home to dinner.

As we looked at this quaint and curious place, with its church perched on a hill, and scarce a hundred yards of even ground in the whole area, we wondered how it was possible that it should be a centre of anything, especially of an industry which sends its wares over the wide world.

Ingenuity and labour must be powerful agents indeed to bring to the front a people and a place so retired as these.

How came the glass industry to have taken root in such an out-of-the-way village? what was the inducement to the founders? and who were they? were questions we asked of one another. Knowledge subsequently gained supplied the answers.

In the year 1595 Christopher Müller and Hans Greiner, the one a Bohemian and the

other a Suabian, took refuge in Thuringia from religious persecution. They looked about them for a suitable spot to carry on their trade of glass-making, and selected Lauscha, because of the abundance of wood growing in and about it, and for the existence of a very excellent sand called kaoline sand.

If it be thought wonderful that the most exquisite dolls should be the produce of such materials as paper, chalk, and wood, surely it is a greater marvel still that the transparent and beautiful substance we call glass should be formed of sand, soda, and potash, and that the manufacturer can produce from this material hair so fine as scarcely to be visible.

With the innumerable benefits we derive from glass we have nothing to do now; our object is to tell you what we saw with our own eyes on the spot, and how this beautiful substance is made to contribute to the improvement and amusement of the young by lending itself to the formation of toys.

Of course the glass industry is not of modern growth—it dates back long before the year Anno Domini. All know the story which Pliny* tells of some sailors who landed on the shore of Phœnicia at the mouth of the Belus—how they made a fire to cook their food, and took some blocks of salt, which formed their cargo, as supports for their cooking-pans, and how the heat formed the salt and the sand of the shore into a transparent liquid mass.

Lauscha is not, therefore, an inventor of the glass industry, but prides herself mainly in being the mother of the German glass factories, and for the excellence and variety of her work.

We tried what we could do towards seeing the work, by becoming friendly with the

people of Lauscha, before delivering our letter of introduction; but it was quite useless—we might as well have tried to pass through a prickly hedge or a stone wall.

So, feeling thankful to the good friend at home who had provided us with the means of opening the houses and the hearts of the people, we inquired the way and delivered our letter to the principal glassmaster of Lauscha. There was no longer any difficulty, for we had a guide with power and knowledge to help us. He went with us from house to house, as well as to the hütte, or glassworks, showing the various branches of the industry, introducing us to the workpeople, and putting us in the way of making their acquaintance. They were at first a little difficult to understand, as their dialect is most peculiar.

Nothing can be more unlike than the condition of this branch of the toy industry and that of the papier-maché. This is altogether more delicate and more romantic, if I may be allowed the term. The work is clean and dainty, and stamps the man and his surroundings with a superior character. Cast your eye round every workroom you enter; singing birds and flowers are never absent; and, almost without exception, a violin, flute, or brass instrument is hanging on the wall, and on the table music sheets and newspapers, all showing more or less the occupation of the leisure hour.

Of the three thousand inhabitants more than half are engaged in the various branches of glass-making, and it is easy to observe that there is a certain feeling of kinship among them, and this is really so, for in the early days Christopher Müller and Hans Greiner gathered about them many of their relatives, and so little has been the change by emigration and immigration that to this day the greater portion of the inhabitants answer to the name of Müller or Greiner. We noticed that the

* Pliny the younger died in 105 A.D.

workmen addressed the masters as "du" (thou), a sign of great intimacy.

One and all are intensely fond of music, and there is scarcely a glassblower who cannot play well at least upon one instrument. They have choral societies and musical unions beside the meetings for church music, which they diligently study, and at all these practices masters and men are equal.

The glassworkers of Lauscha are a well-to-do people, and Herr Greiner told me they had never yet had to record a state of want in their village. Their homes, as I can testify, are clean and comfortable, nothing like so crowded as in Sonneberg, and an air of self-respect was present in all with whom we had the pleasure of speaking.

They are extremely well educated; indeed, the two schools of this village take care of that, for they have a name to maintain; they have, up to this present time, ranked among the best Government schools in the Meiningen district. The people of Lauscha have been pithily described as "industrious, inventive, imaginative, joyous, satirical, and musical."

The articles made here are glass marbles, glass eyes, from the commonest for animals and dolls to the most perfect substitutes for human eyes, glass toys of every description, ornaments for Christmas trees, such as fruit, flowers, lamps, icicles, light and solid balls, angels, flying birds and butterflies, pearls, beads, solitaires, balls for teaching children to count, and many others. These we saw made, and they are therefore more easily remembered. I will not say anything about the glass tubes for thermometers and barometers and tubes for chemical use which are made in this village, because they do not come within the range of my subject, but they are wonderful in quality and quantity nevertheless.

The average annual value of the articles made here is £60,000. It really seems to me since I have been in Toydonia that the commonest materials, such as paper, sand, wood, and soda, are, by the labour and ingenuity of man, becoming as valuable and almost as beautiful as precious stones and gems.

There is great need of a railway to Lauscha. Not only all the manufactured goods have to be sent by carrier to the nearest station, distant ten miles, but raw material and provisions have to be brought into the village in like manner. This is the more serious as Lauscha is not in the least self-supplying, and has to send as far as Bamberg for all supplies. She cannot even grow potatoes to any amount. The result of this is an increased price upon all goods.

The glass industry employs two distinct classes of workers: those in the hütte or works, and those whose occupation is carried on in their homes. The first of these suffer from the intense heat of the furnaces, the long hours of labour, and the exhausting process of blowing through the tubes, otherwise the occupation is not unhealthy.

Those who work in their own homes by the flame of gas suffer from the glare of light; their work necessitates the looking sharply into the flame, which is injurious to the eyes; and the difficulty is increased when the sun shines with power into the room and renders the flame pale and uncertain. By the time a glassblower reaches middle age he finds his sight gradually becoming dim, and as years go on he often loses it altogether.

Our first insight into the glass toy industry was gained in the private houses by the lampworkers or glassblowers; these are divided into three classes—toy, pearl, and eye makers.

In passing through the village we heard a peculiar noise repeating itself from house to house. This was caused by the gas jets in active operation in the several workrooms. Before each jet of flame sat a glassblower with a little table to hold his materials, which con-

sisted chiefly of glass pipes of many kinds, colours, and sizes. This glass he buys at the works for so much a pound. We were quite fascinated by the manner in which these glass pipes, in the hands of the man, began to take form, shape, and colour, either as birds, butterflies, wine-glasses, or miniature lamps. We noticed that where strength was required, as in birds' legs and claws, crystal glass was used. We were reminded of the old Polytechnic in London as we watched the making of spun glass. The uses to which it is applied are many, such as being woven into a pattern for dolls' dresses, heads of hair for dolls, the wings of butterflies, and many another where grace and lightness are required.

If you should ever possess some spun glass, try and work it into a broad plait, and see how beautifully it yields to your fingers.

I think we were greatly privileged in seeing and having explained to us the making of the various eyes. The character of the eye, whether it be for doll or animal, must be carefully kept; but when we come to the substitute for the human eye, the work is a science. Suppose a man has lost an eye, and wishes a substitute: the oculist sends to the eye maker a drawing of the remaining eye, containing the most minute points, such as the slightest tinge of bloodshot, and these are so faithfully rendered that when the glass eye rests on your hand, it is so like to the human eye as to give you an uncomfortable feeling that you should be holding it in your hand.

The remuneration in the glass industry is better than in some other branches, but it is gradually becoming less. The commonest sort of dolls' eyes ten years ago obtained 6d. a hundred, now not more than half. To make one thousand eyes the workman requires half a pound of milk, or alabaster, glass, which costs 7½d., black glass 1d., gas 2½d,* equal to 11d. for materials, and as they get 2s. 6d. a thousand, this leaves 1s. 7d. clear.

These are the very cheapest articles, and of these an eyemaker can make two thousand a day. One human eye, such as I have described, would occupy a man six hours at least.

Another class of worker makes a dozen glass butterflies and birds, with moving wings of spun glass, for 1s. 8½d., out of which he pays 7d. for materials, leaving him 1s. 1½d. a dozen. With the help of wife or children he can make three or four dozen a day.

Now we come to the third-class of workmen, who make glass pearls. The manufacture of pearls is a perfect lottery. In one day the price will run up from 5d. to 11d. a schnur, a few days later down to 2½d., then up again to 10d. It is a curious sight to watch the making. The work goes on continuously. The father blows the pearls, the children cut and thread them. A twelve-inch thread of pearls, which, according to their size, will hold from 20 to 100, is called a "schnur" or thread. Twelve of these threads form a "masche" or mesh.

Pearls are a fashionable article, second to none in the glass trade. These pearls are rarely sent into the market without some extra ornamentation or colouring. A little while ago leaden-coloured pearls were the fashion, and were sold wholesale at 4s. 6d. a masche; now they are out of fashion and can be bought for 1s. To-day fish pearls are the fashion; they owe the beautiful mother-of-pearl appearance to a slimy material formed of fish-scales and gelatine, which is blown into them through a little glass tube; this being done, the pearls are laid in a peculiar shaped basket something like a cradle, and shaken gently backward and forward until the colour-

ing matter has covered the entire inside of the pearls.

The blowing of this ill-smelling substance into the glass pearls is done by girls for a daily wage of from sixpence to nippence. Other colouring matter used for dyeing pearls is, as a rule, of a poisonous character, and very injurious to the health of the girls who blow it through the tubes.

After becoming acquainted with the working and workers of the house industry, we went to the hütte or glasshouse, which is decidedly the centre of life in Lauscha. In this building the sand, the soda, and the potash are made by means of combination and fire to assume a new shape and a new name. I am not writing upon the making of glass, therefore I must not detain you with the proportions and the processes necessary to produce the new from the old; otherwise I am greatly tempted to dwell upon these points, as we found them very interesting. This building contains two furnaces and twelve stands; the former are in the centre and the latter round the sides, looking very much like kitchen dressers. In a measure it is a joint possession of the fourteen glassmasters of Lauscha, who share the stands and pay equally for the supply of the furnaces and for keeping the interior of the building in proper repair. Except in these instances, the business transactions of the masters are entirely separate. It is in appearance a very large shed lighted by small windows round the sides, and by an aperture in the roof.

As we entered we were fascinated by the weird picturesqueness of the scene. A dusky ray of sunlight was streaming down through the opening in the roof, touching up the pans of glass articles, so that they sparkled like jewels, and, mingling with the fierce glow of the furnaces, gave to the place an unearthly sort of appearance. This was heightened by the dark and grimy figures of men and boys flitting about the red-hot, greedy-looking furnaces, and bringing out seething masses of glass and running about with it. We may be excused, if we thought ourselves on the threshold of the gnomes' underground workshops.

The heat was intense, and the air oppressive, but we stayed on, much to the astonishment of the workmen, who rarely saw visitors, and never women folk, in their glassworks.

We found it, however, by no means a safe place to remain in, as men were carrying red-hot lumps of glass to iron trays on the stands, and boys were twisting and twirling little figures into the burning fluid, so as to make them appear in the centre of glass balls, and others were running round the shed, blowing into the liquid molten glass as they went—one or two pausing by us and, holding up the tube, asked, "Would the ladies like to blow a pipe of glass?" We had to be constantly on the alert to avoid the burning masses.

My nephew was much distressed because while trying to make the sketch shown on page 228, the men who were running about with the molten glass paused to look over his shoulder, bringing the hot matter so near that he expected every moment it would drop on his head.

The hours of work vary according to the kind of glass they have to make—for example, hollow glass and marbles are made from three to seven in the morning, and finished off from two to six o'clock in the afternoon. Glass tubes, again, are made from seven in the morning until six at night. The glass for dolls' eyes requires the greatest heat of all, and is made from one to six in the early morning—a time when other work does not absorb heat or cause it to escape.

The men looked very ill, we thought; it certainly is a very trying occupation. The wages vary from twelve shillings to a pound a week. They obtain a change of employment

* There is a gas factory at Lauscha which supplies the houseworkers.

between the two periods of heating the furnaces; these are from February to June and from August to December. In the off times they work in their gardens, in the fields, or in cutting and bringing in wood. The glass-masters rarely work themselves in the glass-house, but overlook their workpeople in the houses, and, by strict supervision, preserve the secrets of their trade—for they have a peculiar method, known only to themselves, for colouring and manipulation, and as this has stamped their work with excellence, they guard it with great care from those outside.

The packing of all the glass toys is quite a business of itself, and is done principally by girls and women. Everything is separately cared for, and thus there is very little breakage in the transport of these very fragile articles.

I must not forget to mention a rule in force among the glass-blowers, who, as you know, purchase the materials for their work themselves—it is, that they must always pay *ready money* for what they buy. There is no debt amongst them, and he who breaks this law must submit to the fine.

Whenever you have a Christmas-tree, remember that all the pretty and graceful toys which give it its grace, charm, and brightness come from Lauscha. When you play solitaire, remember that those pretty coloured balls come from Lauscha. When you look at your dolls, remember it is Lauscha that has provided them with eyes. When your young children are getting their first lessons in arithmetic, by means of the coloured balls, remember that it is Lauscha that has enabled them to learn the lessons without difficulty, and almost with pleasure. When, too, you hear that some person has a glass eye, so perfect that you cannot tell which is the real and which the false, be sure it comes from Lauscha.

VARIETIES.

ON PICTURE FRAMES.—The primary object in framing a picture is to separate it from the surrounding surface and objects, so that our attention may not be distracted from the effect aimed at by the artist. The least that can be expected of a frame is not to interfere with this effect, and the most that a frame can achieve is to enhance it.

MUSIC AND SONG.—Every lover of ballad music must have observed that the most popular ballads are those set to the best music. Indeed, everyone's memory and observation will supply her with numerous examples of catching and beautiful melodies keeping persistently the heart of the people though wedded to very poor words. On the contrary, the finest songs of Moore, Byron, Scott, Tennyson, unallied to popular airs, scarcely make any impression upon the age.

ONCE ON A TIME.

Our love was like most other loves;
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet" upon the river;
Some jealousy of someone's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows—and then we parted.

Fraed.

AMERICAN GIRLS.—“An English traveller,” says a writer in an American magazine, “once declared of American girls that they compare with his countrywomen as delicate Sevres ware compares with Delft; and another so far forgot himself as to write that ‘the English face is moulded, the American is chiselled.’ Making the usual allowance for travellers' exaggeration, we may venture to say that there is a period when the oft-

repeated rhapsodies of European visitors have a show of reason in them. But how soon it passes! In half-a-dozen years at most the blooming damsel has become thin, haggard, dyspeptical; her rounded curves have sunken into lines and angles, and the lines of her face have deepened into a drawn look of suffering resignation, oftentimes before she has reached the age when an English girl is at her best.”

A GOOD CHARACTER.—A good character, when established, should not be rested in as an end, but only employed as a means of doing still farther good.—*Atterbury.*

MEEKNESS.—Meekness is a grace which Jesus alone inculcated, and which no ancient philosopher seems to have understood or recommended.—*Buckminster.*

FAVOURITE DISHES.—Dr. Rondelet, an ancient writer on fishes, was so fond of figs that he died in 1566 of a surfeit occasioned by eating them to excess. In a letter to a friend, Dr. Parr confesses his love of “hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce.” Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he was told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he arose instantly and came down to table. A gentleman treated Dr. Johnson to new honey and clouted cream, of which he ate so heartily that his entertainer became alarmed. All his lifetime Dr. Johnson had a voracious appetite for a leg of mutton. “At my Aunt Ford's,” says he, “I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton that she used to talk of it. My mother, who was affected by little things, told me seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten.” Dryden, writing in 1699 to a lady, declining her invitation to a handsome supper, says, “If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach.”

HYPOCRISY.

“What is a hypocrite?” said a clergyman to a youngster.

“When a man walks lame as hasn't nothing the matter wi' him,” answered he.

A MUSICAL ELEPHANT.

An elephant was advertised in Florence to play a sonata on the piano. A great crowd assembled, and money was refused at the doors. There was a very solid platform and a grand piano.

The elephant “came on,” and was received with deafening applause. The *impresario* led it up to the instrument, when it suddenly turned tail and walked away. Nothing could be done to induce it to come back, and the audience got excited, and seemed to think they were the victims of a fraud. Whereupon the manager addressed them, and announced that the animal, usually so docile, had recognised in the notes of the keyboard of the piano the teeth of its mother, and positively declined to play on that instrument.

The Italian audience was as much amused with the story as they expected to be with the sonata, and the elephant coming on again and doing a few tricks, was cheered; and dangerous consequences were averted.

WISE ECONOMY.—An old woman in Sussex having been ordered to take “old” port as a tonic, and finding it expensive, was told by the shopkeeper that she could have a newer wine threepence a bottle cheaper. She accordingly bought a bottle a fortnight in advance, calculating that at the end of the time she would have saved threepence, and by having kept the wine so long, would still be able to drink “old” port.—*Rev. J. C. Egerton.*

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON

£250 A YEAR.

GENERAL HINTS AND “REASONS WHY.”

IN the household economy there is nothing of greater importance than that everything that goes into the kitchen should return its full value to the housekeeper—that there should be no waste, no extravagance.

Young housekeepers and cooks must remember that if two pennyworth of what are called pot vegetables can be procured, the plea, so common amongst us, of “nothing to cook with,” cannot be allowed. A week ago I heard a cook say that she could not send up good dinners because her mistress allowed nothing to make things nice with. On inquiry I found that she could have herbs, vegetables, lemons, sugar, and dripping, but the grievance was that no sauces were allowed. I consider that she was no cook if she could not do without these expensive adjuncts.

Count Rumford, a very clever man, and a writer on scientific cookery, said that he found the richness and quality of soup did not depend on the nutritious ingredients employed, but on the proper choice of them, and the management of the fire in the combination of the ingredients. I believe this to be true to a great extent, but not so entirely as to advocate the following recipe, which I saw in an English pamphlet a short time ago:—“A substitute for beef tea: Stew half a pint of kidney beans in a quart of water in the oven; strain off the liquor, season and serve (without the beans). If too rich (?) add more water.” Now, I do not think the best cook in the world could make anything at all approaching beef tea out of kidney beans alone.

There are so many things that one does habitually, because they are customary, without knowing the reasons for them, that I shall endeavour in this and my next article to give the explanation of these customs. It is scarcely an intelligent way of working to do things without understanding the reason, and not a way in which the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER can like to work.

We will first consider the boiling of water. When the bubbles rise to the top of a pan of water the water boils—that is to say, it has reached a temperature of 212 deg., or boiling point; but suppose you get it to boil fast, as people call it, the water is then no hotter, but a good deal is wasted in steam, as there must be evaporation. In our ways of heating water I believe it is impossible to raise the temperature above boiling point; therefore when the kettle boils it is best to make the tea at once, and not wait for it to boil fast, for every minute you keep the water boiling tends to spoil the tea and make it flat, as you boil all the air out of the water.

If you take two pans, one of well boiled cold water and one of unboiled, and put a live fish in each, you will find that the fish in the boiled water will be uncomfortable and will soon die, while, of course, the other will live. It is to be remembered that water that has been kept boiling is too hard to use for cooking purposes.

* Meat should be put into water that is nearly boiling; the reason is that it contains albumen, and albumen coagulates in water that is boiling or just below boiling point. When meat is put in very hot water the albumen coagulates, and forms a sort of film on the outside of it; this film suffices to keep the juices in the meat, but as meat is not a heat conductor like metal, the heat of the water is not at once communicated to the inside of it, where we do not wish to coagulate the albumen, as it would make the meat hard to do so. Having put it in hot water, it must be cooked without being allowed to come to a boil. For the same reason fish must be put in hot water, with the exception of mackerel, which must only be put

chokes, carrots—any vegetable, in fact—may be cooked to be suitable for a second course; even potatoes, as the following recipes will show:—

Potato croquettes.—Take 1lb. of well-boiled floury potatoes, mash them well, or pass them through a sieve; add to them 2oz. of butter, some salt, and the yoke of an egg; make them up into little balls, roll them on a floured board, then egg-and-bread-crumbs them, and boil them in fat (take care the fat is sufficiently hot when you put them in); serve very hot on a napkin with fried parsley.

Pommes de terre farcies.—Well wash, and bake in a gentle oven, eight well-shaped potatoes; when done cut a round hole at the top, and carefully empty the potato skins with a small spoon; mash the potato, add to it 2oz. of butter, the yolk of an egg, two table-spoonfuls of milk or cream, a little salt, nutmeg, and a pinch of white sugar; then add gradually 2oz. of grated parmesan or other cheese. With this mashed potato fill the skins, heaping it high over the hole; put a little parmesan and butter on the top, replace in the oven for twenty-five minutes, and serve.

Cheese puddings and soufflés often make a rather elegant finish to a dinner; for these it is a great advantage to put as much bi-carbonate of potash as will lay on a threepenny-piece into the milk you use, as it renders them more digestible.

I regret that space does not permit me to give recipes in this paper for cheese puddings and the many economical dishes that may be made with macaroni.

TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By EMMA BREWER.

SKIN TOY ANIMALS OF RODACH.

OUR next visit is to Rodach, a village but little known outside the borders of Toydonia. Taking Coburg for a centre, it lies about ten miles in an opposite direction to Sonneberg, but still in Thuringia; there is no railroad to it, and it is therefore only to be reached by carriage.

Very rarely, indeed, is it visited by strangers—which accounts, perhaps, for the kind way in which we were received at the village inn, a large, old-fashioned building. The little hostess came forward to shake hands and help us off with our wraps, and finding we were famished, hurried away to prepare food for us. In a short time we sat down to a dainty little meal, embellished by a bunch of roses on each of our plates—good coffee and milk, new-laid eggs, sweet bread-and-butter, and a variety of cakes, all placed on a spotless table-cloth. Seeing that we were pleased, she told us all the neighbours had contributed our meal—some had sent the flowers, others the butter, and the cakes were made and sent in by someone else. And this was not all. While we were despatching the food, this pretty girl, the daughter of the host, sat down to a good grand piano and played us some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*. Can you wonder that we treasure the memory of Rodach and the hostess of the village inn, and give them a place in the foreground of our memory picture of Toyland?

Rodach is celebrated for the manufacture of the very best skin animals in Toydonia.

If you remember, we saw some animals made in Sonneberg, and although they are very good, yet they are not of the same class as those made here. Herr Strecker told us that not a single common article was ever sent out of Rodach. This is saying a great deal, and we were curious to learn the cause of the excellence. I brought one or two of these toy

animals home with me, and they are so beautiful in form, colour, and finish that even clever men and women look at them with surprise and pleasure.

This Rodach, which sends into the world toy animals so perfect as at once to amuse and educate the young, contains only two thousand inhabitants, and yet it makes and sells on an average annually a hundred thousand dozen animals, all harnessed and decorated as in real life. This means, if you leave out Sundays, three thousand eight hundred and thirty-three animals a day! Of these Paris alone takes yearly to the value of £1,500.

We had a letter to the manufacturer, who, in a quiet and intelligent manner, showed us over the works, permitting us to see for ourselves, and to ask any questions we pleased. In and for this factory about two hundred people are employed, including men, women, and boys, the work being done under both forms of "factory" and "house industry." The women are mostly occupied in the early stages of the work; the men invariably are entrusted with the finishing. First of all the models are made by the best artists, then casts are taken and moulds made of limbs, head, horns, and bodies, always in halves and in precisely the same manner as the dolls were made in Sonneberg, and of the same material, viz., *papier-maché*.

But here we must pause to note a departure from the usual method of making the *papier-maché*. As we look at the sodden mass of pulp before us, which women and girls are pressing into the moulds, we are told that there is a difference in this and that used in Sonneberg. For the Rodach toy animals the paper used must, of necessity, be made from rags—that formed from straw or wood would not answer at all; the chalk used must also be of a particular kind and quality, and ground in mills, according to a special system, until it is as fine as sand. In a similar manner the meal is subjected to grinding until it is as fine as it is possible to get it. These materials, having passed through the refining process, are mixed into a pulp by means of glue water, and become *papier-maché* of the finest kind, of which all the Rodach toy animals are made. After watching the women at their work, and seeing it, when dry, passed on to men to put the various parts of the animal together, we were shown to the top of the factory, where was a very large loft or attic, lighted by one good-sized window. The roof sloped down to the floor in some places, but, where practicable, wooden bins had been erected. These were filled with animals, unpainted and without skins, merely in their *papier-maché* forms. We could scarcely find a place to put our feet on in the loft, as the whole floor was covered with piled-up heaps of animals, each heap containing one sort and size. Here, for example, hundreds of horses, there a heap of cows; here lay hundreds of camels, there as many elephants, all just as they had been brought in by the workmen. I noticed that the legs were, as a rule, made of wood, and not *papier-maché*, and heard that the wood was used for strength. This loft was intensely hot, as the sun was shining directly into it, hardening and perfecting with its warm, bright rays the thousands of animals awaiting their skins, eyes, horns, saddles, and panniers, to render them presentable and acceptable to the little ones of the world.

The adjoining attic was filled with moulds of animals of every sort and size; and numerous as these were, they were arranged with great order, a little ticket attached to each, descriptive of size, form, and number, so that in selecting and giving out work there need be no loss of time, for you know the motto of the toymakers, "Zeit ist geld" (Time is money).

Our next point was to see of what and how the horns were made, which on the finished

animals looked so natural. For the cheaper—mind, I do not say the commoner, for that is a term neither Herr Strecker nor Rodach will sanction—the horns are made of soft wood, which is first well soaked and then cooked in water till it is capable of being bent into any form; for the higher-priced animals the horns are made of natural horn, turned and shaped by the turner. You will observe that it is these little differences of material which act upon the price—the form being equally perfect in the dear and cheap toy.

The eyes of the animals, of course, all come from Lauscha.

We were greatly interested in seeing and learning about the covering of the various animals. We stood by and saw the men cutting and glueing on to the *papier-maché* bodies the softest of skins, which, when finished, looked as though they must have grown there. As I felt them I knew they were not those of ordinary animals, they were so pliable, so soft, so glossy, and yet of perfect colours; and I listened with great interest while it was explained to us that the skins were those of animals still-born, or born dead, as it is called; that the supplies came chiefly from Hungary, Russia, and Buenos Ayres, where they were dried before being sent to Rodach, and that on their arrival they went through a process of special tanning, quite new, and known only to Rodach. The weight of one of these skins, when ready for use, is from one to two and a half pounds. Some few of the animals are not so covered, but are painted, and, while wet, powdered with ground hair or skin.

The harnesses, belts, and leather trappings for the animals are all made here, under the manufacturer's own eye; the only articles obtained from outside are the eyes and the basket-panniers, which last come from Lichtenfels. We saw some men harnessing the horses, and learned that they were occupied in so doing from one year's end to another. Of course, by this they obtain a rapid and masterly method of working.

The work, you see, is somewhat complicated, and demands many hands and a good deal of brainwork before a first-class skin toy-animal finds its way into the nurseries of our children. There is the preparation of the various materials for the manufacture of *papier-maché* requiring expensive apparatus; there are also commercial dealings with foreign countries, in order to obtain the skins; there are tan-yards for the special tanning; there is, again, the employing of good artists to copy from nature, and of others to make moulds and to fill them; there are, too, the leather workers and the turners and many more, difficult to count up. Added to this, there is great anxiety that these toys should be sold quickly and for as little money as it is possible to ask, so as to pay expenses and get a little profit. I think it will enhance the value of toys if children learn something of how they are made and of the people who make them.

The toymakers of Rodach are none of them poor, neither are they rich; they own, as a rule, a piece of land where they grow potatoes sufficient for their household. Their way of living is simple and inexpensive, and very free from the wear and tear which much contact with the world creates.

The school of Rodach is excellent, and the children are not only taught reading, writing, and arithmetic well, but are instructed in the higher branches of learning. I noticed that the children specially prided themselves on the writing of essays. Attendance at school is compulsory for boys and girls between the ages of six and fifteen.



pinked out silk, or are edged with two rows of good-sized beads set on the brim—a task that can be executed by the maker herself. The strings are of velvet ribbon, and the trimming may consist of lace, velvet bows, feathers, or jetted ornaments. But very few flowers are seen as yet on the bonnets, though perhaps later on the fancy of most English women for a bunch of yellow daffodils or primroses, or the spring-like violet, will assert itself, and we shall see them used for a short time. But the feeling is in favour of ribbons, jet ornaments, or feathers. No new bonnet shapes have been seen yet, nor have the hats changed since the autumn, though the trimming looks more abundant and more loaded on in the French, not the English way. In Paris it is a constant wonder how the hats hold so much in the way of trimming, put on with no taste whatever.

It seems likely that one of the main ornaments of our spring dresses will be braiding of all kinds, both in plain and fancy varieties. This fancy showed itself in the beginning of the past winter, and bids fair to last through the summer, and certainly no more becoming nor prettier fashion could be found than this, not the least of its recommendations being that it is a very pleasant and delightful form of home work. Jackets, mantles, coats, and gowns will all be braided, and light tweeds, cloths, and serges, of all kinds and colours, are in demand as materials. The cuffs, collar, and waistcoat can be braided on black, blue, or red cloth to wear with any dress, and they are very enlivening to a cloth one, and make quite a trimming of themselves. Of course, now we are at war it may be expected that the spring ideas of dress will partake of military and naval styles, and everything nameable will be called after the generals, and the incidents or localities of the war.

All kinds of Scotch tweeds and chevots are worn for spring dresses, and Alloa cloth, Indian vigogne, and cashmeres are also used. Stripes appear likely to be more in fashion this year than they have been for some time past, and they will rule in woollen materials as well as in silks, satins, and velvets, and mixed fabrics of all three.

A number of new cottons are already being shown, which generally are of light colours; no dark hues, so far as I have seen. Light blues and pinks are the favourite tints, and the designs are in "Watteau" style, *i.e.*, flowers in sprays, bouquets, and garlands. Manufacturers seem to have determined that we shall have another lovely summer like our last, and so they make something suitable to wear with the sunshine.

All dresses appear to be of two, or even of three materials; and, as the spring advances, we shall probably find them contrasting in colour. In evening dress it seems odd to find very thin and very thick materials worn together—velvet with gauzes, plush with crêpe, and beaded net with both plush and velvet. The new thin materials are of extreme richness and beauty, and are costly also, but fortunately they wear very well, and can be "made-over" several times. Some of the most beautiful of these have velvet designs on a silk gauze ground, and terry flowers and also chenille on the same. For summer use for the "grown ups," elder sisters, mothers, and grandmamas, nothing could be better than these handsome thin materials with a background of silk, satin, or even velvet, which may be half worn before they are added to make them new again.

In our illustration last month I gave the newest shapes and styles in walking jackets for the spring, and, so far as I see, there is nothing to add at present. Corduroy seems to be the most novel of textiles for jackets, and ribbed velvet will be worn later on. All jackets will be very short, and tight-fitting;

long mantles are less popular than the loose-fitting ones. Loose fronts and tight-fitting backs are also worn by young girls—a very pretty style that will probably be more adopted as the season gets warmer.

And now I must end my monthly chat by a disquisition on the shapes, so far as I can see them, of the newest spring dresses. The great tendency, both in France and England, is towards length of waist. I cannot help thinking that the two exhibitions of Gainsborough's works and Sir Joshua's at the Grosvenor and the Academy are in a measure answerable for this tendency in England, as well as for our renewed liking for plain and fuller skirts and upper draperies of a more classic kind, in folds and length. As I walked round the Grosvenor the other day, and studied the pictures on the walls, I could not but feel thankful that I had not lived in those days when it was necessary to wear three stay-bones in front in the shape of the Government "broad arrow," or the "Prince of Wales's feathers," to acquire the fashionable figure. Oddly enough, this awful tight-lacing did not seem to kill the wearers, for they mostly lived to a green old age. To-day the idea is to place the waist in the centre of our height, and what with our high shoulder-seams and narrow shoulder-pieces, to which we add high neckbands, we bid fair to rival the beauties of Gainsborough's day. "How hideous!" say some of my readers. Well, yes, in extremes all things are "hideous"; but I think a little fashion cleverly adapted is very pretty indeed, and a young girl's slimmness is very graceful when she holds herself well, and moves about with head erect.

The illustrations for the month are selected with a view to a wider choice than usual. Three out-door jackets show the best shapes, and the three hats show the newest way of putting on the trimmings.

One of the most useful models is the braided gown, with a jacket having loose, straight fronts and a tight-fitting back. The trimming is partly narrow and partly wide braid, the latter being used for the trimming of the fronts.

For the convenience of our readers, and in consequence of the repeated requests made, we are glad to be able to say that it is now possible to procure a paper pattern of one of the garments illustrated each month. This garment will be selected specially and carefully with a view to the every-day wants of our girl readers, who are so sensibly economical as to make and remake their clothing at home.

One pattern only is procurable monthly, making twelve patterns during the year, a number quite sufficient for the wants of an average English girl. One medium size is given of thirty-six inches round the shoulders, which can be reduced or increased by the turnings allowed.

The jacket of the braided gown, which can be used in or out of doors, has this month been selected. The pattern has been arranged with tight or loose-fitting fronts; for the latter the darts will only require to be left open when cutting out. Two and three-quarter yards of material twenty-four inches wide will be required. The paper pattern may be obtained for tenpence, including postage, if sent by letter only to the Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davies, 73, Ludgate-hill, London.

Tunics are of all kinds, short and long, apron-shaped, and draped up high to the waist. The back drapery is, I think, in a very doubtful way yet; that on the braided gown is called "Dame Trot" by some people, and is a kind of imitation of the way we used to raise long skirts on an elastic band to keep them out of the mud. It is not a suitable style for stout figures, as it is too bunched and

clumsy. Some tunics are gathered at the edge of the bodices; when this is the case the bodice is made all round below the hips with no points either front or back, and this style has the effect of an extremely long waist, and is rather affected by French people.

A wedding dress made by a very well-known West-end house was lately trimmed with several flounces made of fine tating; and crochet, tating, and macramé are used for the crowns of bonnets, the lining being of a bright colour, and the work put on loosely over it. The outside trimming and strings match the lining. For example, the other day I saw a bonnet with a crochet crown of maize-coloured cotton, the lining and trimmings being of a dark red silk.

The influence of the "Healtheries" is visible, I am glad to say, in the numbers of wide-toed and low-heeled boots and shoes seen in the shops, both in London and in the provinces, and the reign of the pointed toe, save as far as extremists are concerned, is, I trust, over. But what a pity that our shoemakers cannot learn a lesson from this, and in future do as in America—keep all styles and descriptions in stock.

TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By EMMA BREWER.

PAPER AND PORCELAIN TOYS OF HILDBURGHAUSEN.*

WHEN at Rodach we were only two hours' drive from Hildburghausen, a quaint old town with many interesting associations—not the least being that both Weber and Wagner had at one time resided here.

It looks a sleepy place, but is, in reality, very active and industrious. It has many good institutions; it issues a famous political newspaper and carries on many industries—altogether this little town of five thousand inhabitants has made its mark on the present age.

It was none of these things, however, which drew us hither, but the existence of a toy industry peculiar both in its origin and its method of manufacture.

It is the youngest of the toy centres, having been founded only in 1846. Its origin may be explained in a few words.

A young man, the son of a wool merchant, was sent by his father to Paris on business connected with his trade. While there he was attracted to some toys in the shop windows of a character quite unlike any he had seen in Germany. He looked well into them and was delighted with their cleverness, high finish, and dissimilarity to any in his own country. The price demanded for them was too high to enable any but the wealthy to buy them. This he considered a mistake. On his return to Hildburghausen he gave much time and thought to these toys, and, after several experiments, came to the conclusion that he could make them, and even improve upon them, at one-half the price demanded for them in Paris. So he separated himself from his father's business, which had always been distasteful to him, and devoted his time and talent to the making of toys. He soon saw his way to employing a few hands, but, to his surprise, found it difficult to secure them; workpeople would not give up regular employment at small wage for uncertain work at high wage, for they had no faith in the young and inexperienced toymaker who had been born in their town, and ought, according to them, to have

* It was the band of Hildburghausen that played at the Fisheries in London in 1883 with such *éclat* as to win from the Duke of Westminster some beautiful flowers as a souvenir.

known nothing but that relating to his father's business.

No way discouraged by the difficulties which surrounded him, he commenced, in 1845, the new work which he had planned for himself, and has succeeded far beyond anything he could possibly have contemplated. He has, at the present time, two large factories in Hildburghausen, and porcelain works a few miles distant, employing altogether about three hundred people; and as to the character of the toys they make, they can be bracketed with those of Rodach as of the very best produced in Toydonia.

He is constantly inventing new toys, and so careful is he to preserve his secret method of manufacture, that he has never given his children or grandchildren toys of his own make, but has always preferred to buy for them of other manufacturers in Toyland.

Of course, you will understand that we were glad to find ourselves in Hildburghausen with the chance of being able to see this manufacturer, his factories, and his workpeople.

We called early in the morning, and were shown into a solemn-looking office, where he was seated with a second gentleman amid piles of books and papers.

I delivered my letter of introduction, and as I watched the reader's face with its puckered and resolute expression, I thought there was not a chance of our becoming acquainted with anything beyond the office.

At length he said with hesitation and vexation—

"I am sorry, but I never show my factories to anyone. I have a secret method of working, which I cannot expose to strangers."

"Thank you," I replied; "I also am sorry, but I quite understand the necessity of your making such a rule."

As we rose to wish him good morning, he said—

"Why do you want to see my factories and my workpeople? Do you want to purchase toys?"

"No, indeed," said I, and proceeded to explain the object of our travels through Toydonia. After a moment he said—

"I should like to show you the class of toys I make, if you will accompany me to the Muster-saal" (or showroom).

I thanked him and consented, although I could have seen everything in Mr. Cremer's shop at home. Here we talked, and became more friendly; he gradually began to interest himself in the object of our journeys into Toyland, and before we left the "Muster-saal" invited us to dine with his wife and family, and promised to be our guide through his factories, saying that we should be the first in all these years to whom he had granted such a privilege. It is impossible to say with what kindness and hospitality we were treated by every member of this family, and how sorry we were to say "Good-bye."

And now to tell you what we saw and learned, which can be done without the least infringement of our host's desire to keep his trade secrets from the outside world, for I certainly should not tell them even if I knew them.

There are two factories—one in and the other outside the town, the latter reached only by climbing a beautiful and wooded ascent. The toys made here are dolls of unrivalled form and beauty, composed of paper and porcelain, together with everything that dolls of high rank can require. Each has a complete *trousseau*, including opera cloaks of plush and velvet, dresses for all times and seasons, hats, cloaks, parasols, and fans to match, smelling bottles, and the requisites of the toilette. These are all packed in beautifully made trunks ready for starting at a moment's notice. Neither are the elegancies

of daily life neglected, as may be seen in their dinner and tea services, made of the finest porcelain and delicately painted.

Boxes of farmyards, camps, and menageries, each packed carefully in moss, form a special branch of the Hildburghausen toy industry.

The factory we first visited is occupied by packers and by a large number of girls and women, who are constantly engaged in cutting, making, and trimming the wonderful *trousseaux* we had been admiring in the Muster-saal. We were greatly interested in this large room; the girls and women looked fresh, pretty, and intelligent. Each set of workers had its own special part of the work, for which it was responsible—either cutting or making dolly's underlinen, which was made of the finest materials, or in cutting and copying Paris patterns, while others were making and trimming the dresses and hats, which were of the softest and brightest materials; and at another table dressing dolls was the sole occupation. It all looked so thoroughly business-like, and on such a large scale, that we could scarcely believe it to be merely a millinery and dress-making establishment for dolls.

We will speak of the packers when we have seen the articles made which they are putting so carefully together.

We next made our way to the factory outside the town, where all the articles are made, except those of porcelain, which are obtained from the works of this same manufacturer a few miles off. We were first shown into the room, where sat several men pressing into moulds sodden paper, which long practice had taught them to do without the least loss of material; they knew exactly how much to take from the mass to fill a mould, whether of the tiniest or largest limb of doll or animal.

(The models for these are made of boiled earth or wax by the sculptor, and the moulds which the men are filling are made of sulphur.) In this way, only in separate rooms, animals for farmyards and menageries, shepherds and shepherdesses, lion-tamers and dolls were formed, some of the latter as small as one of our fingers. Half way up to the ceilings of these various rooms boards were suspended on which hundreds of little animals were waiting for their skins, or the bodies of dolls were drying while they waited for their porcelain heads and shoulders, which would permit of the luxury of washing without fear of spoiling.

In watching the work in the many rooms of this large factory, we saw that to make a single animal it was often necessary to have ten or twelve moulds—each part was made of paper (not papier-maché) and lamed together to form the whole; the feet were in most cases of wood, and made by another class of workmen. Again, others were occupied entirely by putting on the ground colour to the articles of the farmyards; a second set of painters in decorating and giving to the objects a natural aspect; there were also the makers of trees and little cottages. This will give you an idea of the number of workmen necessary to make a box of pasturage. A painter of animals does not know how to colour the face of a shepherdess, and the least manipulation requires a special and constant habit to turn it out well, cheaply, and yet remuneratively. The last room we entered had piles of skins in it already prepared for use. The sheepskins, we were told, came from Scotland, and the opossums from America, and they were tanned and made ready for use in Leipsic and Breisgau.

The packing of the toys was a very interesting part of the work. Each toy was laid in its place according to a model prepared by the manufacturer himself. The farmyard boxes were all numbered, each article to go inside having like numbers; these are laid on a moss, either of natural colour or dyed, and so

closely that it would be difficult to get a good-sized pin into the box when finished. Everything is done in Hildburghausen, and by the people of Hildburghausen, under the manufacturer's own eye and superintendence. He is the centre round which all move.

I am, as you know, always interested in the work-people, their habits, manners, and mode of living, and I use every opportunity afforded me of becoming acquainted with these particulars. The good feeling existing between employer and employed was very remarkable: the faces of the latter lighted up with pleasure as they answered the master's kindly greeting. He is evidently quite as much their friend as their employer, encouraging among them the spirit of thrift and industry, and often sparing them for an hour or two to dig and plant in their gardens out of time which by right belongs to him.

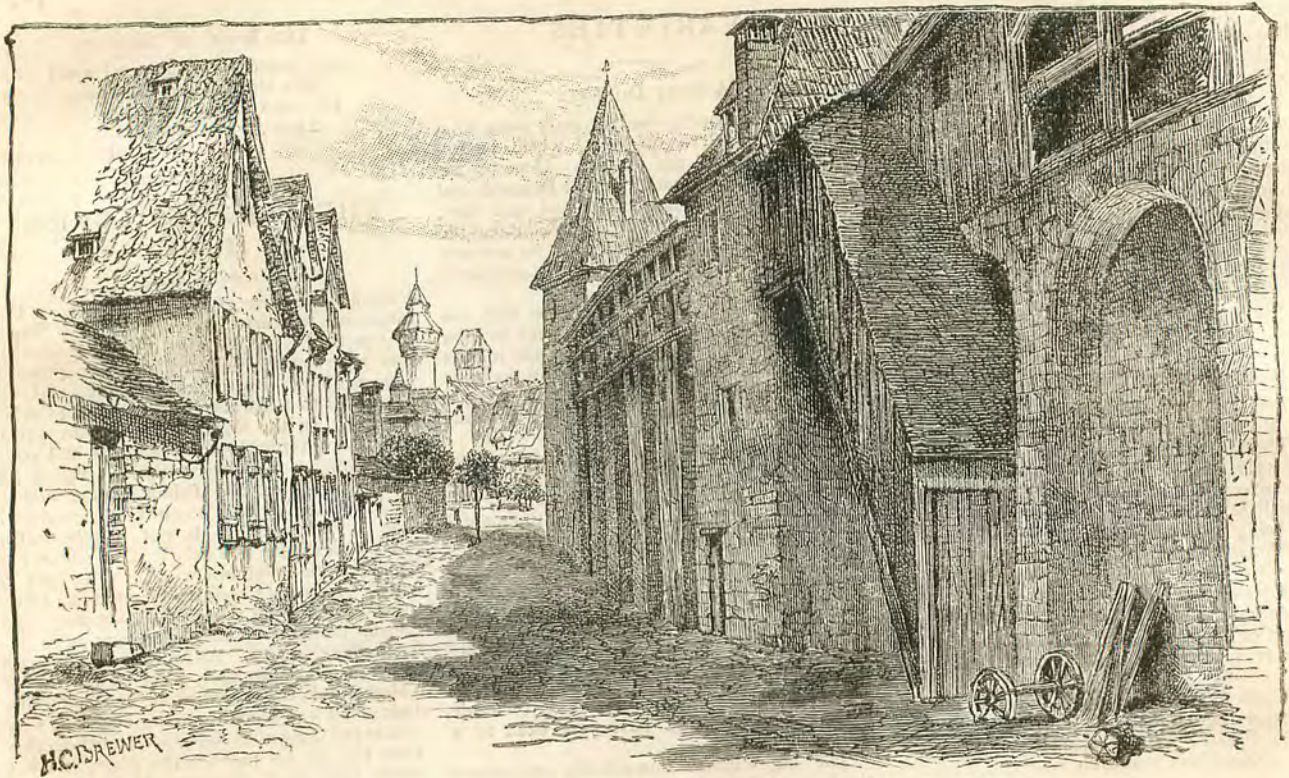
I mentioned to our guide that I thought he had a high class of workmen, well-to-do and intelligent, to which he made answer that it was a calumny to suppose that the makers of toys were all wretched and poor owing to small wages and low prices; that low prices were the result of having in their midst vast forests, cheap materials, and an infinite division of labour; and he finished up by asking, "Did you ever hear of a strike among toy-makers?" as though he considered that unanswerable.

Before leaving Hildburghausen I must mention that the market-place is spacious and picturesque, with its old fountain, and that it was here we had a chance of seeing many of the girls and women of the place assemble for a gossip. The dress is peculiar, the outside covering of the women being a double caped very full cloak of print, and the girls hide their pretty faces in a by no means elegant bonnet.

USEFUL HINTS.

INDIAN PICKLE.—Those who possess the comfort of a good garden well stocked with vegetables will find this recipe of great service. Procure a large stone jar, not too wide a mouth, holding about two gallons. To each gallon of vinegar allow 6 cloves of garlic, stick of horseradish, ½ lb. of bruised ginger, ¼ lb. of whole black pepper, 2oz. of long pepper, 2oz. allspice, 12 cloves. Put all this spice in a perfectly clean boiler or saucepan with the vinegar, and, when boiled for half an hour, when the vinegar is cold, strain it from the spice. This liquor is now ready for any vegetables that may be in proper order, such as cauliflowers, French beans, gherkins, cucumbers, small round pickling onions, capsicums, chilies. These vegetables should be nicely prepared—such as the cauliflower cut in small branches, the smallest French beans not cut as for table, but just cut tops off; these should be put on dishes with salt on them for three days, and then boiled in vinegar, just enough to cover them, for ten minutes; strain them and put them when cold into your spiced vinegar already prepared. You should take a ½ lb. of mustard and 2oz. of mustard seed, 2oz. of turmeric, and 1oz. of cayenne; these mix together with a little vinegar, boil, and, when cold, add to the jar. When all the vegetables are collected they should be well mixed and the jar covered with a bladder. This pickle will keep good for years if well attended to in the preparation. For small families, the above quantity may be decreased at pleasure, taking care properly to proportion the various ingredients.

TO PREVENT CABBAGE OR OTHER GREEN WATER SMELLING.—Put in the saucepan with the cabbage either a piece of charcoal, some red pepper pods, or a piece of bread, either will prevent the annoyance; but the charcoal is the most effective.



A STREET IN NÜRNBERG.

TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By Mrs. BREWER.

MAGNETIC TOYS AND MILITARY TOYS OF NÜRNBERG.

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng."
—*Longfellow.*

OUR next visit is to the beautiful old city of Nürnberg, the mother of Toydonia; a city in which each street, church, bridge, wall, and tower speaks eloquently of the past. One cannot dwell here for even a short time without learning something of Albrecht Dürer and his work; of Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet; of the Meister-Sänger; of Kraft and of Vischer; and it is a person's own fault if he leave Nürnberg ignorant of the landmarks of past ages.

Like many another great city, its origin is enveloped in mystery; it is supposed to have commenced its existence in the early part of the ninth and to have reached the zenith of its fame in the sixteenth century. There is no doubt, however, as to the period in which it became the nursery of industry, art, and science. It was in the year 1163—a year well remembered in Nürnberg as that in which its merchants obtained the privilege of travelling through the kingdom with their wares in security and free of toll or duty.

We ourselves have seen how the Nürnberg merchants used to call at Sonneberg for toys in the thirteenth century when on their way to the great towns of the north, and have also seen how even then they had obtained notoriety as the suppliers and makers of toys.

It is rarely that a city stands still; in the course of time its power inevitably increases or decreases, and thus it is we find that Nürn-

berg, the ancient mother of Toydonia, whose name and mark once made the commonest toy acceptable throughout the world, has gradually had to yield to younger hands the honour that once belonged to her alone. Nevertheless, the habits of her youth cling to her in her old age, for the little she now contributes to the toys of the world are of the best and most ingenious. It is true she is no longer the queen and arbiter of Toydonia, but she strenuously upholds its honour.

Journeys such as those we are making through Toydonia are rendered exceedingly pleasant by having a definite object in view, in pursuit of which it is wonderful how much knowledge of people and things we gain beyond that which concerns Toydonia. In no place is this more noticeable than in Nürnberg, where the fascinating past and the practical present each in its way offers subjects of interest, tempting us not unfrequently to pause over them to the neglect of the object which brought us hither.

The three principal branches of toymaking carried on here in Nürnberg are magnetic toys, Easter eggs, and military toys.

We unfortunately came to Nürnberg without letters of introduction, and had to make our way as best we could. Our first visit was to the magnetic toy works. This branch of the toy industry is not a relic of past ages, but has grafted itself on to the mother-tree, thereby gaining name and position for itself, and at the same time really appears to have made the old tree lift up its head again.

It has existed only since 1864, and from quite a small beginning has become a very important and popular branch. A peculiarity about these toys is that not only do they provide amusement of the best kind for children,

but they form an easy and safe method of learning the powers and properties of magnetism, steam, and electricity.

This magnetic toy factory employs about sixty people, two-thirds of whom are women and girls. It is the first in which we have seen machinery used.

Herr Ubelackersaid that originally everything was made by means of the hammer, a slow and consequently expensive process, and that for one dozen articles a man could then make, a girl in these days, at half the wages of a man, can make thirty dozen. This, of course, acts upon the price, and brings these beautiful toys within the reach of all. The toys consist first of boats, ships, and yachts of every description, perfect in form, and not wanting in the smallest detail. Most of these can take voyages of half an hour, and can be started by children without danger, as the flame is enclosed in a sort of mantle under the funnel. None of these articles are sold without special directions how to manage them—how much water to put into the boiler of the model steamer, and where to put the spirit lamp; these directions followed, steam appears in two or three minutes, when, if you give a turn to the wheel, it goes on its voyage following the direction of the rudder.

The master said he thought in these days the demand for boats and ships was greatly on the increase. I did not think this wonderful, seeing that he is careful to make use of the very latest inventions—as, for example, the application of electricity as the propelling power for many of his ships and boats.

The wonderful automatic swimming birds swim according to the position of the web—in all directions, forward, backward, in large or small circles, to the right or to the

left. After having fixed the web, the axis on which the feet are fastened must be oiled, the clockwork wound up, and the bird may be started on the water. Such a duck or swan makes exactly the same movement with the feet as a live bird, and goes along merrily on the water quacking loudly as though it were really alive. The mechanism by which all this is done is enclosed in the body and made waterproof.

Lastly, the magnetic automatic toys which swim in the water according to the special directions of the magnet consist of frogs, tortoises, lobsters, sprats, herrings, boats, and small ships.

These toys are for the most part made of thin brass, because a stronger material would prove a drawback to the swimming. All this we saw and learned in the showroom or *Mustersaal*; and now, under the direction of the master, we look into the workrooms.

The first was occupied by the boat and shipbuilders; it looked dirty, was noisy, and we could not bring away much of the detail. We next went into the master's room, with walls of glass, through which, while pursuing his own work, he could overlook and direct that of his people.

A room to the right of this was filled with machines and cauldrons of molten lead. The first were coining presses for stamping out the brass toys, and the second for filling the moulds or forms of animals, all of which were made in halves. Those, however, which were made of the molten metal were capable of division, so that one half would, by means of a blunt instrument, make perhaps a hundred thin ones. These were passed on to others in the same room, whose business it was to solder the halves carefully together, and render them water-tight. All the workers in this room

were men, with the exception of a girl, whose daily work was to fix on the legs or claws of the creatures by means of an instrument which she constantly rubbed on a silvery pyramid of lead in front of her.

The room leading out of this was large, and mostly occupied by girls, who, with large aprons to save their dresses, were seated at tables with various paints before them, and a heap of little animals, wheels, or masts by their side. They were working vigorously, for to them "*Zeit ist Geld*;" they scarcely looked up while greeting us with "*Good morning*." The rapid and delicate manner in which they used their fingers gave us an idea of the meaning of "*educated hands*." They moved about among the paints, handling the tiniest specimens of legs or scales, yet without getting spot on table or dress. They were a very intelligent set of girls, and quite above the poorer class. The heat of the room, and the intense application to work, gave to them a delicate complexion, otherwise there was nothing to find fault with in their manners or appearance. The work of these girls is to paint every toy that is made; they apply at the office, and receive so many dozen, with a paper containing the worker's name, the number of articles, and directions. On returning these she receives a paper which she must show on pay-day. Everywhere there is order, punctuality, and intelligence. We noticed that when an animal was all one colour—a scarlet lobster, for instance—one girl completed it; but when there were two or three colours required it passed through as many hands. We saw also that the peculiar sheen on the backs, fins, and tails of the fish was produced by painting them first bright yellow, and while still wet lightly touching them with red. The girls can, by working steadily, earn from six to ten shillings a week;

it depends greatly upon themselves, as they are paid for work and not time. All the paints used in this factory are non-poisonous. We were anxious to see the magnets, and learn about them. The best are made of German steel wire, well hardened and highly polished, and afterwards magnetised on an electro-magnet. Most of these were being painted red.

The packing-room is by no means an uninteresting part of this building. It is occupied by girls who fill boxes of all sorts and sizes with paper shavings, and cover them with fine white and pink carded wool. These are then passed on to another table in the same room, where girls and women lay on these carefully prepared beds a variety of toys, either boats or ships, or automatic swimming birds or automatic magnetic toys, or a mixture of all. The packing is quite an art; not a particle of space is lost, nor the most delicate part of a toy injured. All this is done according to a pattern made by the master.

Toys such as those made here must raise the standard in a child's mind of the beautiful and the orderly, and give it a distaste for the slovenly and degrading.

The more I see of Toydonia the more convinced I am that toys are doing a wonderful work in the world, elevating alike the makers of them and the children for whom they are made.

We next found ourselves at the Easter egg factory, where the master gave us a great deal of information, and showed us many beautiful specimens, but I am sorry to say we could not succeed beyond this. He appointed a day and hour in which to show us the people at work, but when we arrived we found him absent. This much, however, I can tell you about the eggs—they are made principally of



"THE CHIEF ROOM OF THE INN."

aspens and cherry wood; they are turned by men; polished and painted by girls. The most simple and common are three times painted, and must pass through the hands six times before they are complete. I am sorry not to tell you more of this interesting branch of the toy industry, but, as I am telling you only what I actually saw, I cannot write from hearsay.

Our next visit was altogether a pleasant one; it was to the factory of military toys, a large house situate in the midst of a beautiful garden outside the walls of the city. It looked so peaceful that it was difficult to connect it with any warlike action; yet we were assured that in this and a similar factory at Fürth, four or five miles off, an army of 100,000 men could be got ready in a single day with artillery, horses, weapons, in fact everything necessary for its equipment—a feat which even Moltke would find it difficult to imitate.

The articles made here come of very ancient lineage, dating back to the early part of the 14th century; but, although made of the same material, in the same manner, and for the same purpose, they are no more like their ancestors than the exquisite wax doll of the present day is like the old wooden Dutch doll of the past, or the papier-maché skin animal with its perfect form and finish is like the straight bit of wood put on four wooden legs, which represented an animal to our grandparents when they were children. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine that these well-formed, handsome soldiers, in their uniforms so true to nature both in colour and cut, could have any relationship with the lead figures of the last century, or even of fifty years ago, when one model served for every race and country, the same tub and plume for a hat, the same long-tailed blue coat, large epaulettes, and tight-fitting breeches, and whose only distinguishing mark was the colour with which they were painted, white, blue, green or red, according to the country they were supposed to serve.

The show-room (or Muster-saal) in this factory was quite unlike any that we had previously seen. The walls were covered with little lead figures, arranged in groups and in chronological order, showing the battles from the Trojan to the Afghan in 1880. Space was also allowed for the figures of great warriors and men of mark, together with the various regiments of different countries. The distinctive features of all these were so admirably depicted that it was easy to distinguish them. In this room were to be seen weapons of all ages, and a variety of groups representing ambulances, caravans, Indian hunting, and life in the Polar regions. Half an hour in this show-room did much to call to our minds history and geography long forgotten, besides teaching us something of the life of nations and the art of arrangement and order.

If any of you should ever enjoy the privilege of visiting this factory you will quite understand the love which boys have for military toys, and will be rather inclined to encourage it as a means of creating in them a desire for knowledge of a higher character than they would otherwise have chosen. An intelligent boy will never be content to possess a figure of Frederick the Great, for example, without wanting to know all about him and the time in which he lived, or figures representing the Trojan wars without a desire to satisfy his curiosity as to the cause, the time, and the circumstances of these wars; and, beyond this, the exceeding beauty and accuracy of detail which these toys exhibit must possess an influence over those who play with them to draw them from the crude and the ungainly to the beautiful and the harmonious.

It is the master himself who designs and draws these military toys, which, he says, must be done with the greatest care and precision, otherwise they would lose their dis-

tinctive character in the casting. These toys are made of lead and tin, and the more tin they contain the more pliable, durable, effective, and bright they are.

The number of people employed in this factory is not large—about seventy inside and sixty out—and the way the work is done is by minute division of labour. Each room has its special work. Take the first we enter; the men are sitting with the shallow moulds before them, two of which are fastened together, leaving a hole at the side through which the molten metal is poured. The next process is performed by women and girls, who trim off the superfluous lead from the figures, and put it aside for remelting. They then place the figures side by side on strips of wood which, being slit, hold them fast. These long rows are then ready for the painters, who can turn them about to paint them without touching them with their fingers. Another room is occupied by artists, who draw and paint on a card the exact representation of the figures as they are to appear on the metal toys when finished. These are beautifully done, with strict regard to the colour, dress, armour, and peculiarities as represented in the best portraits extant. Unless one is on the spot it is difficult to imagine the pains taken to produce a single toy.

The painting of the toys is done in oils and varnish, and forms part of the house industry, whereby many women and girls obtain a living.

These people come to the office of the factory, and receive in a basket a week's work, consisting of figures to be painted according to a pattern given on cardboard. Girls can earn seven or eight shillings a week at this work. All the painting on cardboard for patterns is done in the factory by experienced hands. The colours used are in all cases non-poisonous, but I hear they lack the brilliancy and beauty of many of the poisonous, which the workpeople regret not being allowed to use. The toys, when complete, are able to stand, and to take their places in any group or regiment, and can be packed in boxes or on very thick cardboard. I wish I could show you one of these last; it is quite a study.

The price of these toys varies according to the metal of which they are made, and the amount of labour bestowed upon them. Of the inferior you may get as many as 900 foot soldiers for five shillings, while of the superior you would probably not get more than four or five specimens of horsemen for the same money.

The average yearly production of toys in this factory and the one at Fürth is estimated at £25,000. The workpeople here are all of a superior well-to-do class, very intelligent and thoroughly interested in their work, and the sympathy between employer and employed is very marked.

As we walked away from Heinrichsen's Fabrik, we could not help thinking it the pleasantest we had visited; its situation was peculiarly beautiful, and not a sound of outdoor life to disturb the quiet which reigned there. We went without an introduction and were received with the greatest politeness by Herr Heinrichsen, who spared no pains to make us acquainted with the manufacture of these charming toys.

Before leaving Nürnberg I should like to call your attention to something which interested us greatly. It has nothing to do with toys, nor is it a church, museum, bridge, or fountain. It is neither more nor less than an eating-house.

It is a curious and interesting building, adjoining the Moritz Kapelle, and may almost be said to be under the same roof. It is known by the name of the Blaue Glöcklein (the Little Blue Bell.) It is quite close to the Church of St. Sebald, and to Albrecht Dürer's

house. It is a long one-storied building, except at one end, where a second story has been added. You enter the door and find yourself at once in a fairy sort of kitchen, where a couple of pretty girls, daintily dressed, are cooking sausages, sour kraut, potatoes, and soup; you pass through into the chief room, which is enough to turn the heads of antiquaries, and sufficient to send an artist wild.

It is a picturesque, long, low room, the ceiling supported by oak beams, and the walls wainscoted and polished; the latticed windows filled with old stained glass representing certain armorial bearings, and almost covered on the outside with ivy; the chairs and tables of an antique massive old-time pattern and make. All this the eye takes in at once, but on looking a little more closely you see some curious old books, which, on account of the print and old-fashioned German, are almost incomprehensible; and on shelves high up round the walls are mugs and jugs of quaint blue and white china, and among them, in the place of honour, the identical mug used by Albrecht Dürer. Lower the eyes, and they will perceive hanging on the wall a series of old-fashioned pictures representing scenes in Albrecht Dürer's life from the cradle to the grave. Various antique prints and verses there are; among the latter, date 1400, we found the word Gerathen spelt without the *h*, so that the new method of spelling is not so new after all.

This is all very interesting, and worthy a visit if you should ever be in Nürnberg, but its chief interest consists in this, that the Little Blue Bell was known throughout the land in the Middle Ages; that it was here in this very room that the Meister-Sänger used to meet; here that Hans Sachs, shoemaker and poet, and Adam Kraft, the stonemason and sculptor, used to come for refreshment; here that the clever wood carver, Veit Stoss, and the great smith, Peter Vischer, spent many an hour over their sausages and beer; and it was here that Albrecht Dürer came to refresh mind and body. Surely the room is eloquent with the history of the past.

It is not usual for English people to come to this room, for it is frequented now by market women and people of that class who go for refreshment; yet people of every rank and nation, except English, visit it for its association of the past, and do not in the least mind sitting down to a meal there.

It was only in the July of last year that Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, paid it a visit, and wrote some verses while there, which are framed and hung up in the room, and which the proprietor allowed us to copy—

“Ich las was hier geschrieben stund
Und weil ich die Herrn nit finden kund.
So hab ich auf ihrem Platz gegessen,
In ihrem Geiste mich satt gegessen.”

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT SOUPS.

By PHILLIS BROWNE.

MANY months ago I drew the attention of the girls of our cookery class to the subject of soups. I spoke of the different varieties of soup—clear soups, thick soups, and purées—and of the methods to be employed in making them. I did not however, if I recollect rightly, give actual recipes for making more than one or two particular sorts of soup. I was obliged, partly on account of want of space, to confine myself to general principles, and leave my friends to make particular applications of the same for themselves. I propose, therefore, now to furnish a supplement to these former remarks. of mine and to supply a few clear directions for

TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

BY MRS. BREWER.

WOODEN TOYS OF GRÜNHAINICHEN.

IN order to get an insight into the wooden toy industry, it was necessary to take long journeys and undergo much fatigue, inasmuch as the two places we were about to visit for this purpose lay far out of the beaten track, and are, scarcely known, even by name, outside Toydonia.

After much consultation we took train from Nürnberg to Dresden, that being considered the best starting point for Grünhainichen, one of the two important centres of the wooden toy industry.

So little is this place known that in the early part of the year, when we paid our first visit, we had great difficulty in ascertaining how to get there; no one seemed to know anything about it, notwithstanding that the toys made there may be seen in every toy-shop and household in the land.

The invariable answer to all our inquiries as to the exact position of Grünhainichen was, "I really do not know; somewhere in the Saxon Erzgebirge, I believe."

This want of knowledge of the place which contributes so largely to the amusement and education of our children is an illustration of how, as a matter of course, we consider a transaction finished when we have selected the toy and paid for it, forgetting that if we extended our interest to the making and makers of the toys we should be richly repaid by the store of information such interest would supply to us.

It was a cold, dark, January morning, with the snow lying deep on the ground, when we started from Dresden. After a two hours' journey, we got out at the Flöha Junction, there to await an hour and a half for the train which was to take us to Grünhainichen. Seeing that we looked vexed at this weary waiting, the station master told us that even this was a great improvement upon the former method of travelling by the mail or carrier's cart, which made the journey but once a day, and took several hours to do it in.

So we tried to feel thankful for present mercies, and ordered some food at the station, which, in a short time, was served up, and proved good, clean, and ridiculously cheap.

At length we were again in the train, which moved sleepily along through a lovely country, watered by a dancing, frolicking, mountain stream. Arrived at the station, we were told that the village we were in search of lay up the hill a mile distant, and on our asking for a droschka or cab we learned that such a vehicle had no existence hereabout, but that there was a sort of carriage belonging to a gentleman who lived a mile and a half away, and if we did not mind waiting while someone was found to go for it they thought we could have it. Rather than this, we took courage, and began to plod up the long, steep hill, which was so slippery as to make our progress slow indeed. At our second visit in July, notwithstanding that we were expected, we had still to walk, and our luggage was carried up on men's shoulders.

I shall combine the two visits in giving you our experience of this wooden toy district, so as not to make the relation wearisome to you.

Grünhainichen is an exceedingly primitive place, beautifully situate in the Saxon Erzgebirge, near to the Bohemian frontier, and contains about two thousand inhabitants, who, from the cradle to the grave, are, with few exceptions, occupied either in the making or the packing of wooden toys. These people rarely,

if ever, leave their home, and as rarely see strangers there.

The houses are dotted about on the hills in most irregular fashion; there are no locks to the doors, or rather, I should say, they are never locked, for the people have no fear one of the other; there is no gas, nor are there lamps of any kind in the village; there is neither omnibus nor cab. It is as perfectly shut off from the rest of the world as it is possible to imagine. It seems to have one thing only of life in it, one connecting link with the outside world—viz., the exquisite mountain stream which dashes and foams and dances through the village, giving the one touch which makes its beauty perfect.

It is about a century and a half ago that a few poor miners, finding themselves without work, settled in Grünhainichen, determined to see if by making wooden toys, which some of them had a little talent for, they could obtain bread for themselves and their families. They seemed to know the country well, and also where to buy wood cheap. This knowledge was in their favour, yet how severe the struggle for a living must have been none of us can tell. Even when the toys were made they had neither experience nor the means to enable them to transport their work to large towns for sale. Some of their number were, therefore, compelled to travel from place to place with their wares on their backs, selling them for scarcely more than the cost of the wood.

Clumsy, and without any regard to form, proportion, or colour, were the wooden toys made here in the early days by the poor miners, as children of former generations must have experienced, but the determination to live by honest labour brought every power to the fore, and industry, endurance, and perseverance became the willing servants of these men in the race for life.

That they succeeded in rooting the industry firmly into the soil of Grünhainichen we know, for in this present year their children's children are working in the same place, in the same manner, and at the same class of toys as they themselves did; the grand difference, however, being that the work done here has kept pace with the demands of a higher education and culture, and is done so well as to become itself an educator in the world.

It is no longer necessary for the toymakers to travel about from house to house with their wares and sell them at so small a price as to afford nothing by which to sustain life; their work is now known throughout the world and sought for by all countries. The orders come to them through the wholesale merchants who live in their midst. When these orders are completed the toymakers have but to deliver the goods at the factory and receive payment for the same. They have neither the trouble of packing nor the expense of exporting.

One or two circumstances have helped to bring about this improved state of things; for example, the work done is good, honest, and intelligent; the people are steady, simple-hearted, well-educated, and industrious, added to which the systematised division of labour is here, as in other parts of Toydonia, so perfect as to have been no mean contributor to this increase of prosperity.

There is still the same evil to deplore here as in other toy centres, viz., that the work which comes pouring in in such quantities after the Leipzig Fair has to be done within a limited time, and taxes the strength of mind and body almost beyond endurance, leaving the toymakers for the rest of the year with but scant occupation and means of living.

They cannot in the slack time go on increasing the store of ordinary toys, because each season brings with it new patterns and fashions, and they are bound, therefore, to enforced idleness, which means depression and deprivation.

At my first visit I made the acquaintance of the toymakers in the slack time; at my second, in July, I found them fully employed, so I am able to speak of them under both aspects.

The wooden toymaking of Grünhainichen is entirely a "house industry." Nothing is done in the factory except receiving, packing, sorting, storing, and exporting the toys. The factory is very large, and has many floors, which are reached by means of narrow ladders. Each of these floors is fitted up with what looks like innumerable "wine bins." We were struck with the admirable order which reigned there: each bin had its own special number, and was packed with a certain class of toy, each bearing the same number as the bin, and packed ready for exportation. One bin contained Noah's arks, a second lutchers' or general dealers' shops, a third stables, another furniture for dolls' houses, from the commonest to the most expensive, and another complete sets for laundry work. These numbers were booked, and represented the article, the material, price, and, indeed, every particular concerning the toy so numbered. The house of Richter showed us every kindness, and spared no trouble to show us the working of the toy industry, as carried on in Grünhainichen.

When orders are obtained at the Leipzig Fair they are at once distributed among the various families, whose occupation it is to make certain toys or parts of toys.

There is great difficulty in getting these orders executed, if, as is sometimes the case, they are for toys quite new, and a rough sketch by an unskilled hand the only guide for the toymaker to work by; for here, as elsewhere, people who do a good deal of routine work get out of the habit of exercising their higher faculties, and so it happens that in the making of these new and complicated toys, much trouble and loss are experienced, both by the toymaker and wholesale merchant, the last being responsible to those who give the orders. What the workpeople are accustomed to do, or have a perfect pattern for, that they do well and rapidly.

The wholesale and export merchants have nothing to do with providing materials to the toymakers. The wood is obtained from the Fiscal forests of the Erzgebirge and from the forests on the Bohemian frontier, and is, as a rule, bought by the toymakers at public auction. The wood used in Grünhainichen for the making of toys is of various kinds, the principal being the fir and the pine, then follow the beech, maple, oak, alder, ash, elm, cherry, apple, plum, and chestnut. The two woods which make a pretty contrast when worked together in stripes are the apple and cherry, the one looking so clean and polished and the other dark as rosewood. The average value of the wood worked up every year in this little place is £37,500. Imagine what a sum this is for wood in a country where it is cheap and abundant.

The toys made here are of very varied character, and are exported by way of Hamburg to South America, Australia, Asia, and Africa, and by means of wholesale merchants to all parts of the Continent and to England. The annual average value of the goods so sent out amounts to £200,000. It seems almost

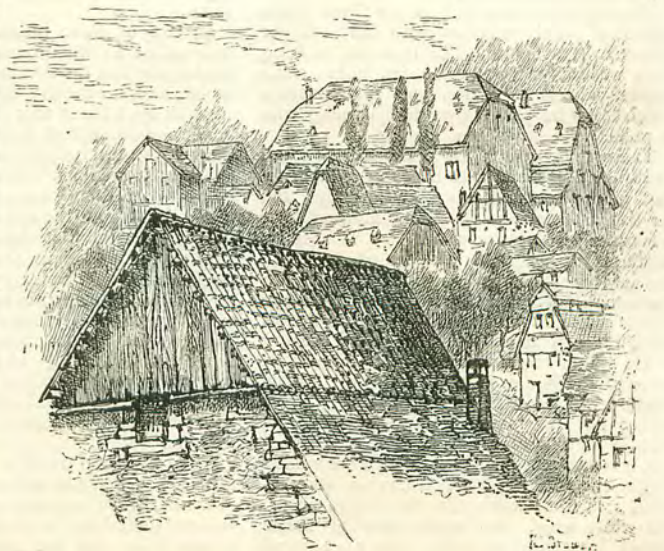


BIRD MAKERS AT HOME.

impossible that this sum can be reached, yet so it is. Every man earns on an average about nine shillings a week, and with the help of wife and child he may gain a pound a week. The life here is so simple, and certain necessary articles so cheap, that these earnings are worth more and go further than they would in towns. The toys made in this place are all of wood, except the birds, and even these, as you will see when I introduce you to the bird-maker, owe something of their composition to wood.

I shall never forget my first introduction to the Grünhainichen toymakers. It was on the day of my arrival between four and five in the afternoon. It was intensely cold, the snow lay white on the ground; it was very dark, and neither moon nor stars to relieve the darkness, and, as I have already mentioned, there was an utter absence of gas or oil lamps in the village.

My time was valuable, and I could not afford to lose a whole evening, so we clothed ourselves warmly, and started with the lady of the Richter firm and her brother to visit the toymakers in their homes. The lady provided herself with a large stable lantern, and in the most cautious manner we picked our way up and down the hilly paths, hand in hand, so as not to lose each other. The weird fantastic light from the lantern gave a mysterious uncertainty to the scene, not lessened by the noise of the river, the whiteness of the ground, and the utter darkness overhead.



THE VILLAGE OF GRUNHAINICHEN.

Our first introduction was to a room of moderate size, where a father and son, together with a girl and boy apprentice, were all at work upon Noah's arks, stables, and shops of various kinds. The work of these people was merely to glaze, paint, and decorate, the making having been done by other workpeople whose business it is to do this and nothing else.

Coming in from the cold fresh air, the room struck us as intensely hot; the stove was nearly red hot, which, together with the smell of the various colours, the melting of the glue, and the odour of the paraffin lamps, made us feel very faint; and yet this is the atmosphere in which these people live and work.

The quiet dignified ease with which the man came forward and offered us

his hand, and the cheery "*Guten abend!*" from the younger ones, pleased us, and we soon found ourselves watching with interest the work, which went on uninterruptedly. The apprentice girl was putting on roughly a ground colour to the various wooden arks, shops, and stables by which she was surrounded. This she did rapidly and cleanly with a peculiar tint of green. The boy, at a table by himself, was painting the little windows of the arks and shops with lines of various colours without guide or ruler; his paint-brush came down and across the glass with unerring accuracy and rapidity. The master was a pale, delicate-looking man, but with the most beautiful hand I ever saw. He was occupied in painting scrolls, curves, and fanciful designs on the fronts of the most expensive articles without any pattern or guide, but simply as his imagination directed. His hand seemed quite unable to trace a faulty line or curve: it was a study and a delight to watch the ease and grace with which he worked. His son was occupied in a similar manner on less expensive toys. I learned that the glass used in glazing was what is termed waste or "*fag ends*," and that it was bought at little cost of the factories near Dresden.

The colours they bought of the small general dealers in the place in small quantities as they needed them, so that here, as elsewhere, the poor, buying in small quantities, pay much more than the original price. On wishing "good bye" to these toymakers, the master said he had never seen lady-strangers in the place, and never in his life anyone who had taken an interest in his work, so I told him about THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and why I desired to know all about toymakers and toymaking. I thanked him, and said I hoped he would not forget us, as we hoped to come again some day. His answer was kind and quaint, "Ah, lady, we will remember you to our last days."

Out we went again into the night, with the friendly lantern to show us the way up and down hill till we came to the house we were in search of. We opened the door and walked in, without knocking, and found ourselves in a moderate-sized room, with windows on two sides of it, several singing birds in cages, and a stove, on which potatoes and a vegetable soup were cooking for the evening meal. The room was occupied by a young man and wife, both handsome, who rose from their work and showed no astonishment at our unceremonious entrance.

Hearing that we wished to see them working, they quietly went on with the work our entrance interrupted. The man was making little wooden cups and saucers, boxes, salt-cellars, wheels for carts, and tiny skittles, which latter he passed over to his young wife to polish with sandpaper.

These toys were made principally of lime, and stained or burnt with beech or oak. This part of the work interested us greatly; the toy was fastened on the lathe, and, while it was turning so fast as scarcely to be seen by us, the toymaker took a piece of oak or beech and let it touch the lime wood, the friction, to our astonishment, causing it to burn and leave a dark brown line all round, which looked as though it were inlaid. The parts of the toy article which required the highest polish, he made of the bough of the tree; while for the remainder he used the root. From each place we brought away some little article made on purpose for us while we waited.

It was now getting late, and we were guided back to the Richter house, where we were regaled with some warm mixture of egg, sugar, and white wine, and some classical music played in a most masterly style on a grand piano. Thus ended our first day at Grünhainichen.

We continued our house-to-house visit. All the toy-makers seemed glad to see us and give us an opportunity of watching them at work, for by this time we were known to all in Grünhainichen.

At certain periods of the year the heads of families are present at the auctions in the woods and forest, and having purchased what they think necessary for their work, they are responsible for the cutting down and conveying it to their homes; here it is placed by the roadside, and brought into the rooms as required. The toymakers were good enough to show us the process from the very commencement. Every family had its special occupation; those who worked at the wood had nothing to do with the painting, colouring, glazing, and fitting. The rapidity with which the toys were put together would have been astounding had we not remembered that this had been their special work from babyhood, and that they were responsible only for the part given them to do. One set of workpeople made the wooden arks, stables, and shops—that is to say, put them together and made the wood smooth; they were passed on to other families for painting, decorating, and glazing. Others, again, were wholly engaged with the fittings, and so the articles pass on from one to the other till, being complete, they are taken to the factory to be examined, numbered, and packed. Other toymakers are occupied in making wooden bricks for architectural boxes, others in constructing carriages, vans, and carts, and so on until the division of labour becomes almost infinite. The wooden horses and cattle sent out from here are not made by the toymakers of Grünhainichen, but obtained from St. Ulrich in the Dolomite region, which we hope to visit later on.

Every hand that can work in a family is made use of in the busy season, from the youngest to the oldest. In one house I could scarcely count the babies, there were so many, from six months and upwards. The father and mother and two sons were working without ceasing, to complete an order for some thousands of dozens of toy-skittles for Belgium—perfect specimens of the art of turning—while the elder girls polished them with sandpaper. The man and wife looked depressed and anxious, for how, with all their work, could they feed the many little mouths whose hands as yet could give no help? It might have been fancy, but I thought that the toymakers who lived on the top of the hilly streets were more vigorous and healthy, and certainly less depressed, than those whose homes were lower down.

In two or three instances I had my attention called to the improved condition of the workrooms and the new instruments and lathes in use, and, on inquiry into the cause of this superiority, I found that the fathers and sons, being ambitious, had laid by a little money in the busy season for the purpose of being able to study in the slack time; and by this system of self-denial and industry they had raised themselves above the surrounding workpeople, who were glad that their children should be apprenticed to them. One of these superior workshops would have turned the heads of our boys. Everything was so healthy and vigorous, and the workpeople were so delighted to show us the last improvement in machines for cutting and turning, and also the beautiful teams and waggons they turned out, that we could scarcely credit all this had been brought about by a healthy ambition on the part of the masters.

This workshop was like a small factory, the articles being begun and completed in it.

On our way from one toymaker to another we saw something which struck us as curious. It was this: that the ground floor of one of the largest houses was occupied by cows not a few. I should think there were at least

fifty, and these supplied milk and butter to the neighbourhood.

The last toymakers we visited were the birdmakers. We entered a room on the ground floor. A sickly-looking man was modelling in one corner, and the wife and son were seated at a table between two windows, closely shut, although in July, putting the feathers on to the bodies of the birds, while two or three little babies were crawling on the floor. After shaking hands we begged them to go on with their work and permit us to watch. The man, as I said, was modelling birds of every description without any copy—it seemed scarcely a minute from the time of his taking the paste in his hand ere a bird which we knew at once stood before us; this he placed on a tray to dry. He made the paste very much in the same way as a cook would mix it for her pie or pudding, and the materials which he used were certain proportions of coarse meal, sawdust, and camphor mixed together with glue water. The mother and son at the table had heaps of feathers before them, which with great rapidity they put on, one by one, to the little dried forms which the husband had modelled. From years of practice they in a short time turned out the birds so true to life that you could scarcely believe they were not alive. The feathers are bought at the neighbouring farms, except the very best, which are obtained from the furriers in great towns. I asked them how many birds they could make in a week. They said it depended upon how many in the family worked, but that they could complete from ten to eighty "*schock*" a week, a *schock*, as they explained, being sixty, therefore they could make from 600 to 4,800 in the six working days, and for these they would get from nine to fifteen shillings.

Seeing that this family looked so delicate and poor, and yet so kind and obliging, I ventured to slip a silver guilder into one of the little children's hands as I took it in my arms to say good-bye. I mention this only to show you the sequel.

An hour or two later came a box of birds to me, hoping that I would receive it in exchange for the money I had given their little one. The visit, they said, would be one of great pleasure, always to be remembered if I would do so. You see how innately polite they were; they did not send the money back, but only took such means as were necessary to the support of their dignity. I thought it a charming trait of character, and I have given the birds a prominent place in my drawing-room.

The toymakers of Grünhainichen are all well educated and musical. There is in almost every house a piano, lute, or zither. This last is beautifully played by some of the people. Indeed, music is one of the very few recreations the people in this far away place indulge in. The inhabitants are exclusively Protestant. The church is better attended on Sundays than at Sonneberg, and on festivals all attend.

I could not leave the place without visiting the schools, as they have so much to do in forming the characters of the toymakers and improving the work done by them. There is an exceedingly good "*Volkschule*," or national school, which during the last fifteen years has been steadily gaining a high character. It is well built and well ventilated. The number of classes and teachers have increased together with its means, and the subjects taught are also larger than formerly.

Added to this school is a division called "*Selecta*," which is attended only by the better-off class of people, and in which Latin and French are well taught. In addition to this there is what is called a "*Fortbildungsschule*," at which all youths from fourteen to seventeen who have passed through the *Volkschule* are bound to attend a certain number of hours a week. A third, called the *Gewerb-*

schule, has been erected by the Government to assist and develop the talent which has already done so much honour to the country. The lessons are given gratis, and consist of drawing, painting, modelling, and cutting and carving wood. The lessons are given by the best teachers the Government can find, and those who take advantage of this Government aid are many in number—being principally the toymaking apprentices and young masters. The Government of Saxony is doing its best to lend a helping hand towards the elevation of this people and their work.

We watched with great pleasure the lessons given in this school and the appreciation of the scholars, for you see it is exactly what they feel their need of, and therefore give their whole attention to the subjects taught.

We felt very sorry to leave this beautiful spot, with its kind and intelligent toymakers, but we comforted ourselves by hoping that some day we might come again.

(To be continued.)



WORK.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—The article on "University Hoods, and How to Make Them," was published in vol. i., page 564. The Bachelor of Divinity's hood of Lampeter College is black silk lined with puce. The hood of a Master of Arts of Durham is lined with palatinate purple, which is a pale tint, more nearly approaching the lilac or mauve of a milliner, but not quite like either, and probably more like the lavender you describe.

BERTHA.—We do not quite understand what you mean. The five-minute spaces on clocks or watches, would not be altered by calling the hours up to twenty-four instead of repeating from one to twelve again.

PINK MAY.—We think you will find a difficulty in restoring discoloured flannels; however, the last idea comes from Germany, and you might try it:—Make a lather of good soap and water, and add to it about one and a half ounces of ammonia. Put the clothes in the water at about 100 Fahr.; wash the flannels as rapidly as possible without rubbing them, drawing them through the hands; lightly wring them out, and rinse in two rinses of warm water only; dry immediately.

MUSIC.

JEMIMA.—The first question is, have you got a harp to learn upon? We gave an article on "How to Play the Harp," page 616, vol. i. Bochs's "Introductory Exercises," and his "Fifty Studies," are the best. We cannot say how far you can learn alone. It will depend, in the first place, on your ear, and whether you can tune the instrument.

ISODORA.—We do not see that you could play the piano firmly with your double-jointed fingers, but you may touch it gently and delicately enough to give pleasure to yourself and others possessing good taste.

FLOSSIE.—The question of who invented the pianoforte is a vexed question between the French, Germans, and Italians. The French attribute the honour to Marius, a harpsichord maker; the Germans to Schreuter, an organist (1717); and the Italians to Bartolomeo Cristoforo of Padua (1714), during his stay at Florence. Your handwriting is not yet formed.

W. F. C.—There is plenty of music written especially for the banjo. Apply at any shop for the sale of such instruments for information.

MARIA B.—Apply to Miss M. L. Phillips, hon. secretary, 6, Ashbrook-terrace, Sunderland, without delay. But we fear you cannot be eligible for a prize if you join this musical practising society after the term has begun.

ART.

ROWENA.—We have given several articles on all kinds of painting, both in oils and water-colours. You do not say which you want. For oils, see page 686, vol. iii., and pages 401 and 545, vol. iv.; for water-colours, see pages 36, 124, 179, vol. ii. We suppose you must be a new subscriber.

DUPONT.—An article on "Crystalline Painting" was given at page 38 of *Silver Sails*.

FLORENCE.—You need not varnish the linocrusta painting unless you please.

HYACINTH.—The names of the successful competitors in the last year's competition, "Christ Blessing Little Children," will be found on page 254, vol. v., the number for January 19th, 1884.

ART STUDENT.—See the article on "How to Paint on Silk and Satin," page 66, vol. iv., for full information.

PHILLIS.—Your pen-and-ink sketches give great promise, and are decidedly clever; sufficiently so to encourage you to prosecute your studies in art with good courage. Your hand is not equally artistic; it is too upright.

AN OLD MAID OF SEVENTEEN.—You must be quite a curiosity fit for a travelling show, "frightfully old," "frightfully fat," and "an old maid at seventeen"! General Tom Thumb and such-like dwarfs attain old age when ordinary mortals have only just attained their full development and perfection; but you do not complain of your stature, amongst your other troubles. In age, you are only a little schoolgirl—a mere infant. At Ghent there is a very good school for painting, and at a moderate price. At Munich and Dresden you would doubtless find such schools also.

COOKERY.

BASCHURCH LASSIE.—An ordinary wine bottle is required for the jelly. We never heard of any other size. Your hand is too spidery. We did not know your letter was written from dictation. You employ the word "if" when you should use "whether."

MARTHA MACMILLAN.—For making chocolate, take equal parts of the cacao of Caraccas, St. Magdalen, and Berlice mixed together. You will require a stone of very close grain, a rolling-pin of iron or stone, and an iron pestle and mortar. Heat the stone over burning charcoal or other fire; heat the pestle and mortar until too hot to touch; place the prepared nuts in the latter, and pound them till reduced to an oily paste. If required to be sweet, add one half its weight in powdered white sugar. Pound again till well mixed, and place in a pan in an oven. Take a portion of the paste, roll it on the stone slab with the iron roller (both being well heated) till reduced to a smooth impalpable consistency like butter. Place this in another pan and keep warm until the whole amount be similarly disposed of; then place it again on the stone, which must not be quite so hot as before. Work it over again, and divide it in pieces of from two to sixteen ounces each; shake them well into moulds, and when cold turn out. The 14th of October, 1870, was a Friday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TWO BEWILDERED HOUSEKEEPERS complain of "great difficulties" in the kitchen *a propos* of dressing hares, and in the nursery of children beyond their skill to control. They proceed to say, "Two girls and one boy—we have tried of the former juggled and in soup, and the latter very disobedient and always making a noise." We are not surprised if the latter show signs of rebellion and prove "as mad as a March hare" in view of his sister's terrible fate, which we suppose he anticipates. If tired of hare roasted, juggled, and in soup, why not try rabbits? Read our advice to governesses and to mothers in reference to the treatment of children. You will find the former in the numbers for July and September, 1884, and the latter in that for February, 1885.

MATHEMATICAL.—"Euclid" was a native of Alexandria, celebrated as a geometrician and mathematician in the reign of Ptolemy Lagus, about 280 or 300 B.C. To him is due the merit of having given a systematic form to the science of mathematics, especially to the department known as geometry. He was the author of many scientific works, having studied astronomy and optics. Ptolemy was a scholar of his, and having been asked by the Sovereign whether there were any less barbarous method of teaching mathematics than that hitherto employed, he replied (in the well-known phrase) that there was "no royal road" to geometry. The school he founded at Alexandria existed and kept up its reputation until the Mohammedan conquest of Egypt. December 8th, 1869, was a Wednesday.

A. L. IN PERPLEXITY.—Of course, the man to whom you were impudent enough to write such a disgraceful letter showed kind feeling in taking no notice of it. You have put yourself in his power by your most

indicate proposal of marriage to him, and no man to whom such a letter was shown would ever think of proposing to a girl who had no self-respect. We can only hope you are half-witted.

JANEV.—The origin of the name "Widenawake," as applied to a certain kind of felted hat, is due to some person who so called them because "they never had a nap." The origin of the prefix "O" to certain Irish names such as "O'Donovan," is that with the aboriginal Erse inhabitants it meant a son or grandson, or descendant of "Donovan" or "Brien." It is noticeable that the families retaining the "O" are usually Roman Catholics, and those having the prefix "Mac" are Protestants; "Mac" signifying "son of." "Ben" and "Bar" are similarly applied to Eastern names, as for example, "blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus (St. Mark x. 46), "Bar-Jona" (St. Matt. xvi. 17), "Bar-Jesus" (Acts xiii. 6), Barabbas," and other such examples. No portrait was named as that of the editor. It was left an open question.

CHARITY is thanked for telling us that in the game of re-forming words out of letters jumbled together, and the forming of small words out of a single long one, she and her companions made upwards of 250 words out of the letters employed in the word "Pleonastic."

HILDA.—The Shadwell Hospital for Children, E.C. or the Cripples' Nursery, 15, Park-place, Clarence-gate, Regent's Park, N.W. Address, Mrs. Kirk, the Lady Superintendent and Secretary.

AN ORPHAN.—If out of health obtain advice. A tonic may be required, but no one could order one without seeing you and understanding your constitution and manner of life. Perhaps you are in need of more outdoor air, and you may sit up too late at night.

E. HUTCHESON describes the pendent ornament called the "Saint Esprit" as an article of jewellery given to brides in Normandy in the form of a dove surmounted by a "true-lover's knot." An olive branch is sometimes in the dove's mouth. The jewel is composed of white or colourless stones, emblematic of purity (sometimes of diamonds), and the whole design is a symbol of peace, which is supposed to be conferred with the gift on the bride. E. H. is in possession of one of these ornaments, and we thank her for the description given. There was no such title as that of "Duke" in England until the reign of Edward III., who adopted the rank and title from the Normans, and created the Black Prince Duke of Cornwall, and afterwards conferred the Dukedom of Lancaster on his son, John of Gaunt. The conventional strawberry leaves are, we believe, an adaptation of the *fleurs de lis*. High Wycombe, or Chipping Wycombe, is in Buckinghamshire, celebrated for its chair and paper manufactories and corn mills.

A LOVER OF THE G. O. P.—The secretary of the Women's Emigration Society states that free emigration to New Zealand is entirely suspended for the present.

SISTER BESS.—As we never had the pleasure of eating cork puddings, we are at a loss to know how your white china pudding-dish should have become injured by cork stains.

A GARDEN DAISY.—Put the shells into hot water and wash out the intruders. We were never troubled in this way by moths, and think you have made a mistake as to their laying their eggs in smooth cold shells. Your handwriting is not yet formed. There is only one "t" in the active participle "writing."

A MOTHER.—Hastings would probably suit you if you take lodgings as close as possible to the fishermen's quarters and to the sea, where you will be quite sheltered from northern and easterly winds. It is cheaper there, also, than elsewhere. Get the children a few picture puzzles of Scripture stories. These will instruct and interest them, and will prove a nice quiet amusement.

PERPLEXITY.—Tell your friend that your mother imagines her to be a thoughtless girl, likely to prove a hindrance rather than a help to you in your spiritual life, and advise her to write to your mother herself and tell her what a help you had been to her, and beg of her not to deprive her of your companionship, but to let her be with you sometimes; that, of course, she would not venture to press her society upon you without her (your mother's) permission, and that desiring to be a good steady girl, as she sincerely did, she hoped your mother would not refuse her consent to your sometimes walking together.

HOPEFUL.—We think we have before explained the difference that exists between Deists, Atheists, and Infidels. The first believes there is a God, but rejects the divine revelation of Him as given in the Holy Scriptures. He believes in the immortality of the soul, in virtue, vice, rewards, and punishments. The second denies the existence of a God and a Divine Providence, and holds no religious belief of any description. The third denies both the Jewish and Christian religions, but he may be a Mahomedan, or hold any other heterodox creed.

AGGRAVATING S. G.—The disgusting trick of biting the nails may sometimes have its origin in nervousness. No parent should allow it to become a habit. Persons who put their fingers in their mouths should wash them before they help anyone at table, or even shake hands with them. But apart from the dirtiness of the habit, it is a painful exhibition to all spectators, and it is most injurious to the teeth, as well as destructive to the appearance of the hands. School

healthy, and the inhabitants scarcely know, except by name, either consumption or scrofula.

As I call St. Ulrich a chief town, you may expect to hear that it is large and populous; not so, however; it has but two hundred and ten houses and thirteen hundred and twenty inhabitants, plus four hundred strangers, mostly servants or workmen. Three-fourths of the inhabitants, including women, and children over six years, are employed in the toy trade.

The thought which forces itself on one's mind is—how was it possible that the toy-trade should have taken root and flourished in a district so far away from everybody and everything? Why, it is only quite lately that a road was made through the valley to St. Ulrich, and up to that time all goods had to be carried on the back to and from St. Ulrich, and that by ways dangerous and almost impassable. Little was known of the people of the Grödner Thal previous to the 18th century, except that they were very poor mountain folk living under the protection of

Botzen and Brixen, and that they were almost cut off from the rest of the world by the want of roads and the thickness of the forests. It was

further known that, although they bestowed great labour upon the soil, it gave them no adequate return. Little notice is taken of them in the various histories; but, whenever they are mentioned, they are spoken of as an earnest and God-fearing people.

It seems strange to us who have the power of looking back, that these inhabitants of the Grödner Thal should have remained passive and unambitious so many hundreds of years, plodding away at the ill-conditioned soil, as though that were their only means of living. How long and persistently the surrounding woods and forests must have been whispering words of hope and encouragement without avail! There they were ready to supply their every want, yet did the people live on in semi-starvation, lacking both energy and ambition to look about them for improvement. But it was not always to be so. There came a time when the woods and forests were applied to for the help they had been so long in a position to give. It happened thus: A boy was born in St. Ulrich, in 1703, who, as he grew up, showed no inclination to walk in the ways of his forefathers. Instead of working in the field, he made his way to the woods, and with his rough knife made many beautiful objects out of the ductile Cembra pine. Such work was quite a novelty to the people of the Grödner Thal, who shook their heads at the strange ways of the lad. In time, he became famous for the beautiful carved picture frames which he made out of the pine growing so abundantly in the whole valley. For these frames he found many and ready purchasers in the towns and villages outside the Grödner Thal. Among those who watched and imitated him, were two brothers, Martin and Dominick Vinatzer. These young men loved their land and its people, and had frequently mourned over the depression and poverty which reigned in their midst, and as they watched the young wood-carver, it dawned upon them that here was an occupation for the whole valley, and one that could be easily taught. The first thing they did was to instruct themselves not only in the making of frames, but in carving men and animals. By their example and earnest work, they induced a few others to join in it,



CARVING ANIMALS IN WOOD.

TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By EMMA BREWER.

ST. ULRICH IN THE GRÖDNER THAL. WOODEN TOYS.

PERHAPS of all the toy districts we have visited, St. Ulrich stands pre-eminent for beauty and peculiarity of situation.

The inhabitants also are of quite another class than are to be found elsewhere, and differ from them not only in manners, habits, living, and method of working, but they speak a language peculiar to themselves.

St. Ulrich is one of the very few relics of the mediæval workman's life existing in Europe, and it gives us an insight into the way people lived and worked before the introduction of machinery. It is, in fact, a good specimen of a mediæval commune existing in the nineteenth century.

After leaving Grünhainichen, we went to Munich and thence to Innsbruck as the proper starting point for St. Ulrich. Here we took tickets for Waidbrück, a picturesque village and station on the Brenner between Brixen and Botzen.

We reached this place about four o'clock in the afternoon, having been nearly six hours coming from Innsbruck. Here, after some difficulty, we obtained a carriage and pair of horses to take us through the Grödner Thal up to St. Ulrich, its chief town, the distance from Waidbrück being about twelve miles.

It was a wonderful drive, and one we are not likely to forget, as we were near losing our lives by the horses backing us to within an inch of the deep, rocky ravine. However, the wild beauty of the scenery, with the grand, mysterious Dolomites in the distance, and the Grödner Bach flowing through the valley on its way to join the gorge of the Eisack, in Waidbrück, should be seen by everyone who has time and means at her disposal—it is, I think, one of the most lovely drives imaginable. This bach, or river, which accompanied us the whole way from Waidbrück to St. Ulrich, is a union of many streams, which take their rise in the Seisser Alp.* There is no doubt that it adds greatly to the wild beauty of the valley; but, at the same time, it does much mischief to St. Ulrich in stormy weather, a mischief greatly increased by the practice of cutting down forests and not replanting.

St. Ulrich is, as I have said, at the extreme end of the valley in full view of the Dolomites, and, in consequence of its great height, the air is raw and cold, and the soil very unproductive. The climate, however, is

* The Seisser Alp is a magnificent pasture mountain, nearly 6,000 feet high, and about thirty-six miles in circumference, on which a couple of thousand head of cattle feed.

and as time went on they agreed that if the benefit was to be felt throughout the valley, their own work must be more perfect. So they put by their earnings, and with them went to Venice for instruction. After a time they returned with power and desire to teach, elevate, and enrich the inhabitants of the Grödner Thal.

An improved condition was not long in making its appearance; soon the whole of the male population were at work, some in cutting down the trees from the thick forests, others in carrying them away, and the remainder in carving various figures. They started, as you see, with division of labour.

It seems that at first the work learned was to carve saints and ornaments for churches; but as orders did not come in for these with sufficient speed and regularity, the work-people filled up their spare time by making articles to please children, and it was not long before the making of toys formed part of the occupation of every household. An advantage in the toy branch of the trade was that it involved no loss: the articles were made in spare time and of small pieces of wood, and when a sufficient number was made to form a pack, one of the family would start with them into the outside world, and there sell them without requiring permission from their employers. These journeys acted beneficially upon the toymakers, in that they learned the manners and customs of other lands, and the sort of articles that would give pleasure to a people of higher intelligence and education than themselves; they learned also something of the laws of trade and commerce.

At first the makers of toys consisted of men only, the women employing their spare time in the making of a coarse kind of lace, but the desire for this died out as the condition of the people improved; they no longer thought the lace good enough, and preferred it soft and fine, like that worn by city folk.

In this century the toy trade of St. Ulrich is carried on by both sexes. One fact came to my knowledge concerning the girls employed in the toy trade, which I know will give you pleasure; it is this—That about seventy of the best-looking and most intelligent of the Grödner girls are constantly employed in travelling through Tyrol, Bavaria, and Italy with toys made in their homes, and, notwithstanding the temptations to which they are exposed in this solitary wandering life, not one of these girls has been known to lose or even tarnish her good name.

You can see clearly that when once the wooden toy trade was established in St. Ulrich it was bound to prosper, for the toymakers had in abundance and in close proximity the one article necessary for their work. As a consequence they were able to make toys cheaper than those who lived in districts thinly wooded, where the necessary material must be bought at a high price and where distance made the carting expensive. And it soon became apparent that St. Ulrich would flourish, even at the expense of Sonneberg and Nürnberg, whose trade in wooden toys was sensibly diminishing.

And now comes a curious circumstance in the history of wooden toys, which serves to

show that busy hands, good character, and sober, temperate habits must, if success is to be permanent, go hand in hand with forethought and reflection. As we have seen, the lives of the Grödner people had not been such as to foster forethought and intelligence, and it is scarcely a matter of surprise, therefore, that they worked so vigorously at their new occupation, and were so absorbed in the present success, that it never occurred to them to replant as they denuded the forests, and the day came when they looked in vain for the beautiful ductile pine in their neighbourhood. They had killed the goose with the golden eggs. This, for a time, gave a check to their success, for they had to purchase and bring in the wood from the neighbouring valleys at much trouble and expense, until the newly-planted trees grew up, for, of course, they set to work to remedy the evil brought about by their recklessness as soon as they understood the mischief and how to make it good. All this is, however, of the past. I will tell you now of what we actually saw and heard.

We arrived at St. Ulrich too tired and too late to desire anything more than some coffee and eggs and a good night's rest. The hotel was large and bare, but very clean, and the landlady and her assistants were extremely kind. They soon heard from the coachman of the terrible catastrophe we had but so barely avoided, and seemed to feel that they could not do enough for us to show their sympathy. They were evidently very disappointed that we avoided talking of it to them. It was not because we had forgotten it, for I am quite sure that not one of us closed our eyes that night before thanking God

earnestly for His great mercy in preserving us from what would have been a horrible death.

I will give you my daughter's notice of the fact, which she pencilled in her diary before going to bed. "We started from Waidbrück in a carriage with a hood, Mokol on the box and we three inside. After a time Mokol got down and walked and I took his place on the box. The road was lonely, winding about the mountains—far below us, on the right hand a sheer wall of rocks and stones bare of tree or shrub led down to the raging torrent; high above us on the left a very steep bank arose. At the side of the road stood a drinking trough, and the driver wished to give his horses a drink. How it happened I don't quite know; but the reins fell out of his hands and got entangled among the horses' feet; they became very restive and backed towards the precipice. It is wonderful that we were saved, for one wheel was almost over the edge; but the man, with white, set face, seized their heads and pulled them back. We were frightened, but did not utter a sound nor move in our seats."

There are two hotels in this little place; ours, the "Post," we are very content with, for, from the front we got a view of the beautiful church and its surroundings; from the back a sight of one or two points of the mysterious Dolomites, and from the side an extensive view of mountains, valleys, and forests, with the music of the Grödner Bach sounding in our ears while we looked. We always contrived to get bed-rooms joining each other, so that we could be easily aroused if one of our number saw or heard anything of interest, and thus it happened that we all witnessed the sight which the morning brought.



ST. ULRICH.

Soon after sunrise, we were awakened by the sound of an organ, and jumping out of bed, we looked through the windows, which gave us the view of the church and its approaches. I wish you could have been with us, and not learn it from my words only. The whole of the inhabitants who could walk, some very old, and others almost babies, were making their way slowly up to the church for *morning prayers before they went* their several ways to daily work. It was soon evident that the church was full, for the congregation knelt down outside until they formed a wall around the front and side of the building, and then, as with one voice, they offered up prayer and praise, the beautiful organ accompanying them. It was a touching and solemn sight in the early dawn, with the grand mysterious mountains bearing witness to the desire of the human heart for God's love and protection, to see the whole people meeting together for the purpose of acknowledging their dependence upon the love and care of their heavenly Father. The service lasted about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, when all went their way with quiet and restful content on their faces. Thus we began our first day in St. Ulrich, and, before leaving this subject, I would say that what we saw in the morning we witnessed again in the evening between seven and eight o'clock; the day's work being done. No matter what the weather or the distance to come, this is the daily practice throughout the year.

It was early morning when we started with our letter of introduction to the Brothers Moroder, one of the principal firms in St. Ulrich for the export of wooden toys. One brother was absent, attending some of the great fairs, but the other we were fortunate enough to find. He read the English letter

through, inquired after the writer, gave one or two orders to his workpeople, and was ready to go with us to the wooden toymakers. He neither wasted words nor time.

Our first introduction was to a little house occupied by a very old man and his daughter, who were considered the best makers of small animals in St. Ulrich. As we stepped into the sitting-room, which was also the workroom, we were startled by what appeared a large, high white gravestone occupying a third of the room, and the idea occurred to us that it was the burial place of the family. I asked Herr Moroder to explain its existence in a living-room, and he answered that we should find one like it in every house in St. Ulrich; it was, in fact, a stove, and, as he pointed out, seats were placed round it, which were very comfortable indeed in winter. It was such a strange sight that, although we saw many a one during our stay in St. Ulrich, we never could get used to the white, ghastly stonework; and I asked my nephew to make a sketch of it, that you might see it and form an opinion about it. I have travelled a good deal, but I never saw a stove like it, so I suppose it is one peculiar to St. Ulrich.

Satisfied on this point, we were able to look about the room. It was well lighted, decorated with wild flowers, and made lively by the singing of birds, which were kept in two or three cages. These within the house, and bees without, were characteristic of almost every house in St. Ulrich. The old man—almost too feeble to hold his knife—was working away at some pieces of wood, with the idea that he was helping his daughter to earn their daily bread—which idea the good girl encouraged. She, however, was the real worker and bread-winner, and to see her handle the knife and wood was wonderful. She took a piece of

wood boldly in the hand and began cutting and scooping with a certainty and rapidity perfectly astonishing; she neither paused to measure nor calculate, but on she went until in a few minutes we saw exactly her intention—it was a dog, a cat, a cow, there was no mistake; and, as each was finished, she placed it on the table before us, where it stood as firmly on its four legs as if it had been alive. Each of these little animals took her about ten minutes. She rarely spoilt a piece of wood; but as she had nothing to protect her hands, they were much disfigured by scars and cuts. We purchased all she made in our presence, and very glad we were to obtain them. Before delivering the various animals into our hands, she polished them with sandpaper and leather. I think I have scarcely described correctly the instruments she used in her work. I have called them knives, but they were more like very sharp cheese scoops or marrow spoons; she herself called them gauges. We had a pleasant talk with this toymaker. She told us she could make ten or twelve different animals, the same, neither more nor less, that her forefathers for two or three generations had made. She disapproved of all innovations in the shape of modelling and painting schools, and would on no condition accept of any knowledge beyond that she inherited from her parents. What was good enough for them, she said, was quite good enough for her. I found that a great many of the animals she made went to Grünhainichen to supply the Noah's arks. As this house was in the neighbourhood of Herr Moroder's stores, he conducted us over them, that we might not only see the class of articles made in St. Ulrich, but gain an idea of the quantity.

These stores consist of well-built barns of two stories, beside many rooms in his own dwelling house. In some of these there was an attempt at order, in others the wooden toys lay in inextricable confusion. There were the old-fashioned Dutch dolls in hundreds of thousands of every size. The children of this generation would scarcely recognise them, but those of us who can go back some years know that formerly none other was known or hoped for by children.

I said to our conductor, "Surely there is no safe for these dolls now that such beautiful creatures are formed in wax and papier mâché." "Not in England and not very much in Europe generally, but we can scarcely make them fast enough for Asia, Africa, and many of the far away colonies," was his answer. So then I thought even dolls serve to mark the progress of civilisation.

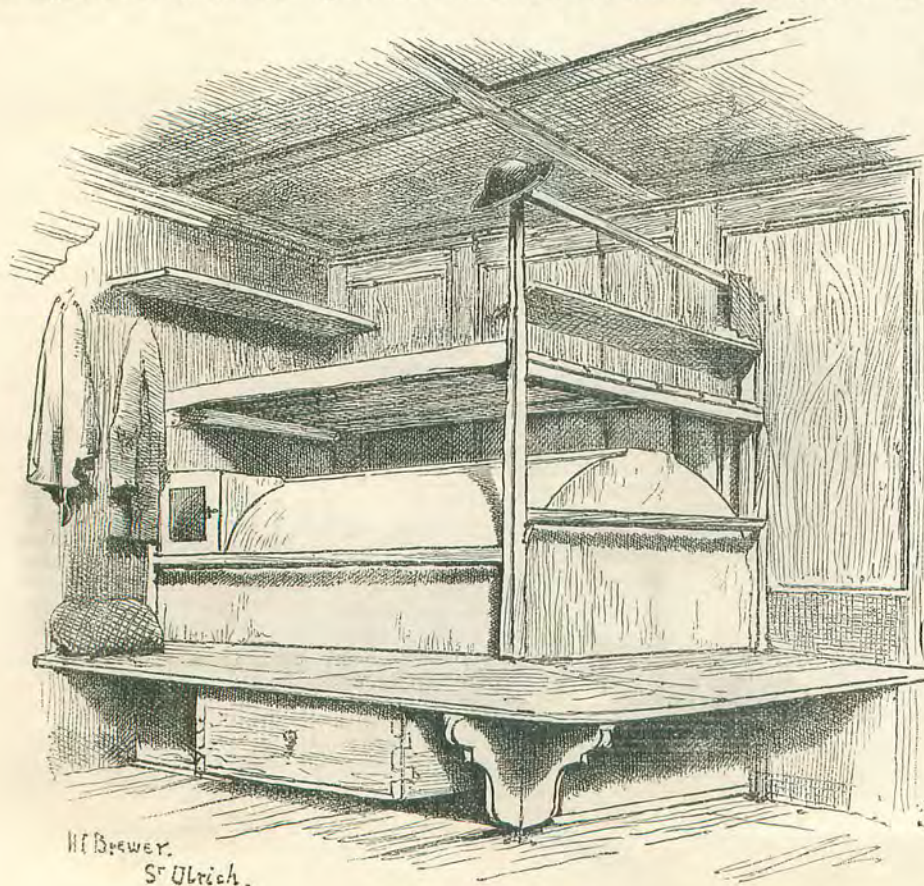
There were the merry go-round horses piled from floor to ceiling, as well as horses on stands destined for France. French duty on painted goods being very high, these goods are sent unpainted—that is to say, in natural wood.

There were thousands of rocking-horses for England, and piles of carts of all sizes. There were lay figures in such numbers as almost to pass calculation. Then, again, there were dolls, animals, saints, and carts, all mixed up together, from floor to roof, in such quantities and apparent confusion that I asked Herr Moroder if he knew at all what he possessed in each store-room.

"Well, scarcely," was the answer.

Everything in these store-houses was in the natural wood, the painting and gilding being done later to order.

As we passed through the village we saw that tiny children had got hold of



A ST. ULRICH STOVE.

pièces of wood, and were cutting at them with sharp gauges in a way that made us tremble for their fingers; yet their relatives looked on with equanimity. It is in this way that children prepare themselves to emulate father and mother in the carving of animals, figures, dolls, penholders, and picture frames.

From house to house we went, till we had made acquaintance with every class of toymaker in St. Ulrich. A great number of the inhabitants are engaged in making ornaments for churches, and saints for the wayside, in Tyrol; and although this has nothing to do with my toy paper, I mention it to show that, even in the making of these objects, they have no model, merely a small picture or outline to show the characteristics of face or figure. Men generally carve the larger ones, and women and girls the smaller. Before being painted and gilded they are plastered over with a kind of slime made of a fine yellow chalk found at the foot of the Dolomites. This fills up the holes and cracks of the wood, and gives a surface on which to paint. It looked almost ghastly, as we walked about in the twilight, to see life-sized figures, perhaps half painted, standing outside the doors to dry.

One of the peculiarities of the work done in St. Ulrich is that it is all produced by the people in their private dwelling-houses, and each piece of work is commenced and completed by the man himself with the assistance of his family. To give an example: in one house we visited, the father was at work on a large mass of the Cimbra pine spitted through the centre by a sharp iron rod, much as in former times the cook would spit her joint of meat; this enabled him to turn the block at pleasure. We stood a long time watching, and found that he worked only at the head. As this grew near to perfection he withdrew, and his two sons took his place in order to work out roughly the general form. This being done, the father took it under his care again, and worked at every little detail with the utmost patience until the figure was complete as to form, when the wife and daughters took their place at it, polishing it with sand-paper if the wood were to be left in its own natural beauty, or filling every crack and defect with the slime made of the yellow chalk from the Dolomite, and covering the whole figure with it to make a surface for the painter and gilder. Of real artists in wood carving, or, as they call themselves, sculptors, there are about a hundred. The work, of whatever character, is collected on Saturdays, paid for and stored, and fresh work given out for the next week. Here, as in Sonneberg, the toymakers come trooping in on the Saturday with their week's work from distant parts of the Grödner, and take home provisions from the one general dealer in the place.

The wood used for making figures, large horses, and animals is the soft Cimbra pine, but for dolls and other toys pine wood and some kinds of hard wood are utilised. Of Dutch dolls several thousand gross are made in the year, though the quantity is gradually decreasing, either from a growing scarcity of wood or an increase in the demand for the finer sort made at Sonneberg and Hildburghausen. Or it may be that the price paid for the making of the wooden Dutch doll is too small to enable the makers to live. Imagine, if you can, five shillings for making a hundred dozen, and one shilling for painting them all! the makers and painters finding their own materials—about fifteen dolls complete for a penny!

Of horses and of animals many thousand dozens are made annually, and the average annual value of the goods sent out from St. Ulrich amounts to seventeen thousand pounds, the weight of which toys exceeds fourteen thousand hundredweight.

The parts of the world which import the Grödner Thal toys are England, France, Italy, Germany, America, Belgium, Australia, Spain, Holland, Scandinavia, Egypt, New Zealand, and Portugal. Boys are employed to pack the toys, which they do in dozens, or by the schoch (sixty) in cases, ready to be sent to all parts of the world.

Toys are coloured and varnished in water-colours, but figures, ornaments for churches, and waysides are done in oils. At least one-third of all that is made here is sent off white in natural wood.

The makers of common toys can earn from sixpence to one shilling and eightpence a day. The makers of finer kinds from one shilling and eightpence to two shillings and sixpence a day.

Sculptors can earn from two shillings and sixpence to six shillings and eightpence a day.

The inhabitants of St. Ulrich, and, indeed, of the whole Grödner Thal, are a kind, industrious, saving people, and have many of the German characteristics. They are not physically strong, owing, perhaps, to their sedentary occupation. The women and girls have good figures, and are pleasant and good looking, but their occupation and the paints they use in their work prevent their being robust.

The houses are clean and prettily built. There is one little general shop in the village, well supplied, and standing next the very primitive post office, and one butcher, who looks after the supply of the whole valley.

Four times a year a Bee and Honey Fair is held in St. Ulrich, which brings the people together for a little amusement; otherwise, they know little of what is known in the world as recreation.

There is a good school with a couple of teachers, beside two others, for the study of drawing and wood-carving.

We saw a good deal of begging in the Grödner Thal, which evil has been provided against in St. Ulrich by the establishment of a relief fund, and a Home for the sick and needy, and for those incapable of work.

There are very few cases of bankruptcy, although, in consequence of high prices, some of the toymakers are in debt. There are a few rich people who owe their position entirely to the special industry of the place; but their way of living is perfectly simple.

I was disappointed at not being able to chat with the children, who speak only the peculiar language of the Gröden. The elders speak both German and Italian sufficiently to make it easy to speak with them.

It may interest some of you to see a few words of this peculiar language and compare it with others. Here they are—

L'ava, grandmother; l'oma, mother; la mutta, girl; la fëna, wife; la fia, daughter; la botgia, mouth; la böcca, serpent; la fössa, the grave; 'l'bërba, uncle; 'l uem, man; 'l sudier, jew; 'l bràè, arm; 'l tgian, dog; 'l bos, kiss; 'l dëit, finger; 'l spiödl, looking glass.

Numbers—

Un	doi	trëi	cätter	cinch	sies	sött
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
		ött	nuéf	diös		
		8	9	10		

A tense of verb "to have."

Tö hë I have Nous on We have
 Tu hës Thou hast Vo ëis You have
 El ëila hä He or she has Ei ëiles They have

St. Ulrich and the Grödner Thal have not, as you perceive, kept pace with the world and its fashions; as they were hundreds of years ago, so they are to-day; what the fathers did, that same do the children and grandchildren. This is regretted by many, who feel that where progress, social and political, is not the order of the day, then decay and stagnation must be the ruling powers. Yet, this notwithstanding,

no places I ever knew have called out such active, devoted, self-sacrificing love from the inhabitants as these have done. You know of the two brothers Vinatzer, and what they did for St. Ulrich and the Grödner; then there were Herr Burger, and Herr Moroder, who, at their own cost, caused a splendid road to be constructed throughout the valley. Great was the rejoicing on the opening day, October 26th, 1856, when many of the people saw, for the first time in their lives, a four-wheeled carriage; and last, not least, there was John Deminick Mahlknecht, the son of a poor retail dealer, who, as he grew up, became possessed of a passionate desire to be rich, that he might have the power to do some lasting good to St. Ulrich and its people. The indomitable industry, careful speculation, and almost unheard of self-denial of this toymaker met with more success than he, in his wildest dreams, could have hoped for. He who had been known in many places as the poor toy boy grew to be the rich Mahlknecht. You would like to know what he did with his many thousands of pounds? His first care was to provide spiritual teaching for the people; his next to build cottages and train nurses for the sick; then homes and food for the destitute. As his end drew near he settled in St. Ulrich, and gave himself up to religious duties, and was never heard to mention business further than to give orders for helping the poor.

The poor from far and wide followed him to the grave, all feeling that they had lost a father and a friend. A marble stone was erected over his grave, with these words:—"Here lies John Deminick Mahlknecht, whose virtue outshone even his great wealth; whose memory is cherished by grateful hearts for whom he provided both priests and physicians."

BLANCHE ELMSLIE'S PROGRAMME.

BY LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE Blanche made the best of her way back to the dull street, where stood a small house, four rooms in which were all that she and her mother could afford to take as their home. It was a hot, dusty walk; her boots were white, as though they had been powdered, by the time she arrived; her mourning, worn for many months, looked more brown than black in the sunlight; she felt fagged and tired, as much from wear and tear of mind as from fatigue of body; and as she walked up the narrow street and stopped before a green door with a black knocker, the remembrance of the beautiful house in London, in which her life had been spent till the last year—the large rooms and wide staircase, the servants, carriages, and horses; the everything, in fact, which that past held of comfort and pleasantness, and the almost nothing which the present seemed to offer—came over her with a sudden rush, and her heart failed her in a way which Alice Neville could hardly have believed of her "strong-minded friend," as she often called her. But if there was one thing more than another about which Blanche was severe upon herself it was the giving way to temptation—strong enough, *sometimes*—to brood over things which had been. To begin with, it was useless, and, not only that, but it unfitted her to make the best of things as they actually were, prevented her being bright and cheerful, which she looked upon as a bounden duty, for her mother's sake; made everything in the present harder to do and harder to bear, and took away the pluck with which she was fortunately well endowed by nature. Consequently, she never allowed herself to sit down with idle

TOYDONIA ; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

BY ENMA BREWER.

BIBERACH AND STUTTGART.

TIN AND METAL TOYS.

"He was a little tin soldier,
One little leg had he ;
She was a little fairy dancer,
Bright as bright could be."

T. E. WEATHERLY.



IN this my last article on Toydonia I am able to give you a short account of our visits to Biberach and Stuttgart, which lay on our way home from St. Ulrich, and which possess features of interest as regards place, work, and workers.

There was some little difficulty in ascertaining the whereabouts of Biberach and the way to get to it, but this is how we managed.

On our way home from St. Ulrich, we came through the Tyrol to the Boden See, or, Lake of Constance. Over this we crossed and landed at Friedrichshafen, where we took train for a two hours' journey inland.

On arriving at Biberach, we found it, greatly to our surprise, to be one of the finest old towns in Germany, and, as artists express it, quite unrestored. It boasts a castle, church, gates, and streets scarcely to be surpassed in picturesqueness and ancient grandeur.

There are one or two little circumstances connected with these, which will give you an interest in them apart from their age and beauty.

When the town was long ago bombarded by the Swedes they concentrated their fire upon one of the towers of the castle,* but the only harm it did was to destroy the stone on which the arms of Wurtemberg were engraved. The inhabitants at the time regarded this as an evil omen ; but, seeing that Biberach still belongs to Wurtemberg, there is but little faith to be placed in omens.

The church, which is very beautiful, is used jointly by the Catholics and Protestants in perfect harmony. By the former, it is made great use of ; by the latter, but little.

The next circumstance I have to relate is not to the credit of the people's appreciation of art, for they pulled down two of the magnificent gates of the town because the hay-carts could not pass through the arches, a deed which has raised the ire of artists greatly against them.

Biberach, like many another centre of Toydonia, is well worth a visit apart from the special work which drew us hither ; and, beautiful as the town is, it is strange that so few people know anything of it. It is certainly difficult to reach, but so are very many places worth the seeing.

The attention and kindness shown to strangers, the way the inhabitants follow one about the streets, and the reasonableness of the hotel bills, all bear testimony to its being as yet unspoiled by visitors.

Toy-making here is by no means a house industry ; on the contrary, the toys from beginning to end are made in the large factory of Rock and Graner, and are said to be the most perfect tin toys in the world.

On presenting our letter of introduction to the manufacturers, they put aside their occupation, and went through their large establishment with us, explaining the peculiarity of the work.

This toy centre, which stands apart from any other, has been established within the century ; and some of the work-people whom we saw and spoke with have been occupied in it for fifty years. These old servants of the firm took great pride in showing us the process through which every toy must pass ere it is considered sufficiently perfect and capable to be sent out on its civilising and educating mission.

I assure you the examinations for the Civil Service are nothing compared to those which these toys undergo ere they gladden and educate the hearts of the children of all lands.

As soon as I mention the toys peculiar to Biberach our boys and girls will know that Rock and Graner have been their friends from earliest childhood, although they knew them not by name. Let the girls look round their nurseries and they will find that the tin carriages, sledges, baths, and furniture expressly for the use of their dolls, as well as their model kitchens and stoves, they owe to Biberach ; equally so do the boys owe their steam engines, armours, horses, pumps, water-cans, and hansom cabs to the same dear old friend. Above all is Biberach the home of the tin soldier. Just as dolls may be traced to Sonneberg and Hildburghausen, skin animals to Rodach, glass toys to Lauscha, and wooden toys to Grünhainichen and St. Ulrich, so the best tin toys belong specially to Biberach. You will think I have forgotten Nürnberg, with its capabilities of turning out whole armies at a day's notice, and its power of making everything follow the magnet. Not so, however ; nothing can exceed these, because they are of the best. But the toys made at Biberach are upon another plan, and, as you see, include many which we should not have but for Biberach, as they are not made in any other part of Toydonia.

The peculiarity of the work done here is that the metal is not melted and poured into moulds, as we saw done in Nürnberg, but patterns of the parts of the toy to be made are drawn on the sheets of tin or other metal, and pressed out with the hand machine which was formerly used by coiners in this town. In the first room were many machines, all worked by the hand, each having a certain work to perform towards the completing of the toy in hand : one gave an edge to the tin, another gave it a shape, a third made circles and pierced holes in the centres, a fourth gave an ornamental pattern to the shape, another stamped out the carriage and cab windows, while another was employed in cutting little pieces of felt to go under the toy pumps and assist in drawing up the water—each machine, as you see, having its own special work, which it did with the utmost rapidity and cleanliness. The number of machines is always being added to as new wants demand increased working power.

The various parts of the toys are made in halves, and soldered together. The work in this first room was performed entirely by men, but you will be glad to hear that out of the eighty people employed in this factory more than half are women and girls.

As the work passes out of this floor it goes into the testing-room, where if the slightest fault be found it is sent back. If it pass the scrutiny, the toy, whatever it be, is sent to a room occupied by women and girls, whose work is to rub it with pumice-stone until no particle of grease be left on the surface, for if it were ever so little greasy it would not take the paint well.

All articles made are not of the same value ; for, with all the help obtained from the

machines, one toy will often take a man five days to complete, ere it is fit to pass into the pumice room, while there are others of which a man can turn out twenty in the same time. If you will look at some of the tin horses in your nursery you will perceive that there are twenty-five parts to them, and each must be perfectly accurate, or they will not go together.

The next process is the painting, mostly done by girls and women, and for which work they are educated from earliest infancy.

We saw the drying ovens, into which the hansom cabs, for example, have to go fifteen times, so careful have the artists to be that the paint does not crack.

The varnishing ovens are less hot than the drying ovens ; the varnish could not bear it. Each colour put on is dried before another is added ; and for this work of painting a special education is required, and it is mostly done by women and girls.

I think of all the toys made here the employers and employed are most proud of their English hansom cab, perfect in form and colour. All the paints used are non-poisonous, and are made principally in Stuttgart.

The tin, of which so large a quantity is consumed, is obtained from the Rhine Provinces—our English tin being *too soft* for the purpose. Indeed, nearly all the metal worked by the Biberach toy-makers is obtained from Germany itself. Of tin alone three hundred chests are annually worked up, each chest costing wholesale twenty-eight shillings, and other metals in like proportion.

The women and girls have none of the rough work to do, the polishing and painting being their chief occupation. They are well educated, and their homes are very clean and respectable.

The work here is not so fitful as in many of the toy centres ; therefore the workpeople are better off. The occupation being continuous, and for eleven hours a day, the toy-makers have no time for amusement ; at the same time, it leaves them but little opportunity for further education beyond that which was obtained in their school days. They seem content, and work happily under the supervision of their employers, Rock and Graner. The men earn from two shillings to three shillings and sixpence a day ; girls and women from one shilling to one shilling and twopence.

We were able to take Stuttgart on our way from Biberach to England. I was glad of this—not only because Stuttgart supplies so many toys, but rather that one of the largest manufacturing firms has at its head a woman, whose management leaves nothing to be desired.

She gives out the material herself, looks through the stores, and her eye scans all the finished work. She knows the history of all her people, and is the friend of all. The toys which she and her son, Frau and Herr Blumhardt, send into the world are all of metal richly upholstered—among which are dolls' houses, with furniture complete, perambulators, carriages beautifully lined, warming pans, and cruet-stands. These toys are painted by girls. We saw one group polishing the brown metal chests of drawers, another putting on certain colours to the cruet stands, while others put on the gold edge as a finish. It is the work of some of the men to paper the inside of the dolls' houses, the rule being, as in other toy centres, an infinite division of labour. Wonderful order prevailed here. Every kind of toy had its own place and number, and was carefully inventoried by Frau Blumhardt. They use a good deal of glass, all of which they obtain from Lauscha. The packing of the goods is a very responsible office, as all may be spoiled and the name of the firm injured by carelessness. Both mother and son rule justly

* Built in 1474. † Built in 1110.

and kindly, and work together for the good of their people. When the employed have been twenty-five years in the service of the firm they receive from the hands of the Frau a gold watch; and this is by no means an unusual circumstance.

There are still many toy centres, including those of cardboard and musical toys, which remain to be visited, but which we must postpone until another holiday gives us the opportunity.

I hope the little I have been able to tell you of this interesting country and people will give them a place in your heart and affections, and place their work on a higher pedestal than that of objects wherewith to amuse. The Toydonians are a simple, earnest, honest, industrious race, with a longing for progress which is daily becoming more attainable. The toys they make are not only pioneers of civilisation, supplying a universal want and distributing advantages far and

wide, but the makers themselves imbibe a higher tone from the class of work they are engaged in, and their minds and ideas are enlarged as time goes on and they see all that their work is to themselves and the world in general. They, in common with ourselves, can see that the toy industry, out of the commonest materials on the earth's surface, can produce the most beautiful and delicate articles, and that by the aid of these toys, fashioned after articles in everyday use, children can learn in the nursery many a useful lesson for after-life such as formerly could only be learned after many years' experience.

Toys are teachers of the best kind, for they impart knowledge in the most amusing manner, and without fatiguing the children's brains. Toys are important agents in a child's bringing up; they give to its young life a cheerfulness, gladness, and healthfulness which would be difficult to attain without their aid. It has been well said that "it is

often in the nursery, unconsciously perhaps, that an impetus is given to the impulses which make or mar a life."

Apart, too, from all this, the toy industry is making itself felt in the world of commerce.*

We have, as you know, only visited a portion of Toydonia, but the figures representing what is done in this portion are marvellous. They are in round numbers as follows:—

Cost of material annually worked up	£446,000
Value of toys annually exported ..	1,626,000
Wages of labour annually about	24,000
<hr/>	
Giving an exchange of money annually of	£2,096,000

* I have just learned from the Victorian Year Book of 1884 that in that year the value of toys imported into the colony of Victoria alone was £12,204 and that the toys were free of duty.

FAMOUS LADY TRAVELLERS.

III.—MISS CONSTANCE F. GORDON-CUMMING.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, Author of "The Ascent of the Matterhorn."



MISS CONSTANCE F. GORDON-CUMMING is a great writer and a great traveller. Her published works amount to scarcely fewer than 3,000 pages, and she has

travelled more or less over half the world. It is not easy to tell where to begin, or where to leave off, about a lady who flits from the Hebrides to the Himalayas, puts in an appearance shortly afterwards in the South Seas (where she makes a lengthened stay), turns up next in California, and not long afterwards is found in China, Japan, and the Hawaiian Islands, and again in the United States, seeming equally at home there or anywhere, whether collecting cannibal forks, looking down a volcano, eating a coconut palm salad, or canoeing in a coral cove.

Miss Gordon-Cumming is the sixth daughter of the late Sir William G. Gordon-Cumming, chief of the clan of Cumming, whose wife, Lady Charlotte Campbell, was a noted Court beauty, and whose home, part of the ancestral lands inherited from that Red Comyn who was foully slain by the Bruce, was a Highland centre of hospitality for many of the brilliant spirits of the last generation. One distinguishing characteristic pervaded all the six sons of the house—they became noted sportsmen. One, especially, Roualeyn, made his mark as a pioneer of African travel. Who has not heard or read of the adventures of the famous lion hunter?

The subject of our notice lost her gifted mother early in life, and this was the immediate cause of her passing much of her youth on the bleak Northumbrian coast. Doubtless its wild, stormy seas tended to foster that deep-seated love of the ocean which had first begun on the cave-worn shores of Moray. Yet she, who has voyaged and travelled so much since, never even crossed the Channel, or made any lengthy sea-trip, till the eventful period when, after a spell of six months' wanderings in the Hebrides, she was invited to

join a recently married sister in Northern India, where a year soon slipped by in delightful travel. Not long after her return thence, an old family friend was consecrated Bishop of Colombo, in Ceylon, and he invited Miss Gordon-Cumming to visit that earthly paradise, the result being that two years elapsed before she revisited England. Once there, the stereotyped inquiry, "Where next?" became so wearisome as to call forth the equally stereotyped reply, "To Fiji," that being one of the most unlikely places on the face of the globe for her ever to reach. Nevertheless, within a year, Fiji was annexed by Great Britain, and Miss Gordon-Cumming was on her way thither as a member of the new Governor's party, and touched at Australia by the way.

It would be impossible, then, in the limited space at command to follow this active lady's footsteps to the many lands she has visited. One of the furthest frontier points reached by her on her Indian journey gave just a peep at Chinese Tartary, a feat which very few ladies can boast, and it enabled her amongst other matters to give some curious details regarding the prayer-wheels and praying machines used in that country. It at first seemed strange to her to meet respectable-looking persons twirling little brass cylinders, about six inches long, which were incessantly spinning round and round as they walked along the road.

"If we think," says our traveller, "that the telling of beads is a somewhat mechanical piece of formalism, just imagine finding all the adoration of a whole village being ground by machinery like so much corn. The invocations to Buddha are all closely written on strips of cloth or paper, the same sentence repeated many thousands of times. These are placed inside a cylinder revolving on a long spindle, the end of which is the handle. From the middle of the cylinder hangs a small lump of metal, which whirls round and gives the necessary impetus to the little machine, so that it twirls with the slightest exertion, and goes on grinding any given number of meritorious acts of worship, while the owner, carrying this pretty little plaything in his hand, goes about his daily work."

In one of the temples visited was a colossal prayer-wheel, like a very large barrel-organ,

turned by a great iron crank. It was about twelve feet high and six or eight feet in diameter. Each would-be worshipper, too poor to possess a little hand mill of his own, comes to the temple, *kotorus* to the head Lama, who lays his hand on his head and blesses him; then squatting in front of the great wheel, he turns the crank for himself and those dear to him. The cylinders vary greatly in size, from little handmills the size of a policeman's rattle, to huge constructions, eight or ten feet in diameter, *sometimes worked by wind or water power*. The former are turned by wings, *whereon* are inscribed prayers, while the latter have horizontal water wheels under them, so that the running water shall turn them, for the general good of the village. Sometimes a rude temple is built over the latter form of cylinder.

They are so placed that the wheel must invariably turn from right to left, following the course of the sun, and to invert that course is not merely to involve ill luck, but is a positive crime. "Hence," says our authority, "the exceeding unwillingness of the people we met to let us touch their little wheels, knowing from sad experience that the English sahibs rather enjoy the fun of turning them the wrong way, and so undoing the efficacy of all their morning's work." Some of the small cylinders are beautifully wrought and inlaid with precious stones. The people have the greatest reluctance to part with even the ugliest old mills, and treasure them as sacred relics.

Among the offerings in these temples, many incongruous oddities are to be found. Mr. Simpson, the artist, told Miss Gordon-Cumming of one shrine where an English tailor's book of patterns, with all the prices of coats and trousers marked therein, had been deposited. He also mentioned the delight with which they had received and treasured an English gin bottle, adorned with the picture of an old cat, symbolical of "old Tom," and which they used as a vase for flowers and feathers.

From this remote region it is a long step to the South Sea Islands, where Miss Gordon-Cumming turns up next, and where she had especial advantages, including a delightful cruise in the *Seignelay*, a French man-of-war,