

# SANTA CLAUS TELLS OF HIS NEW TOYLAND MARVELS

Dolls Modelled and Dressed by German Artists

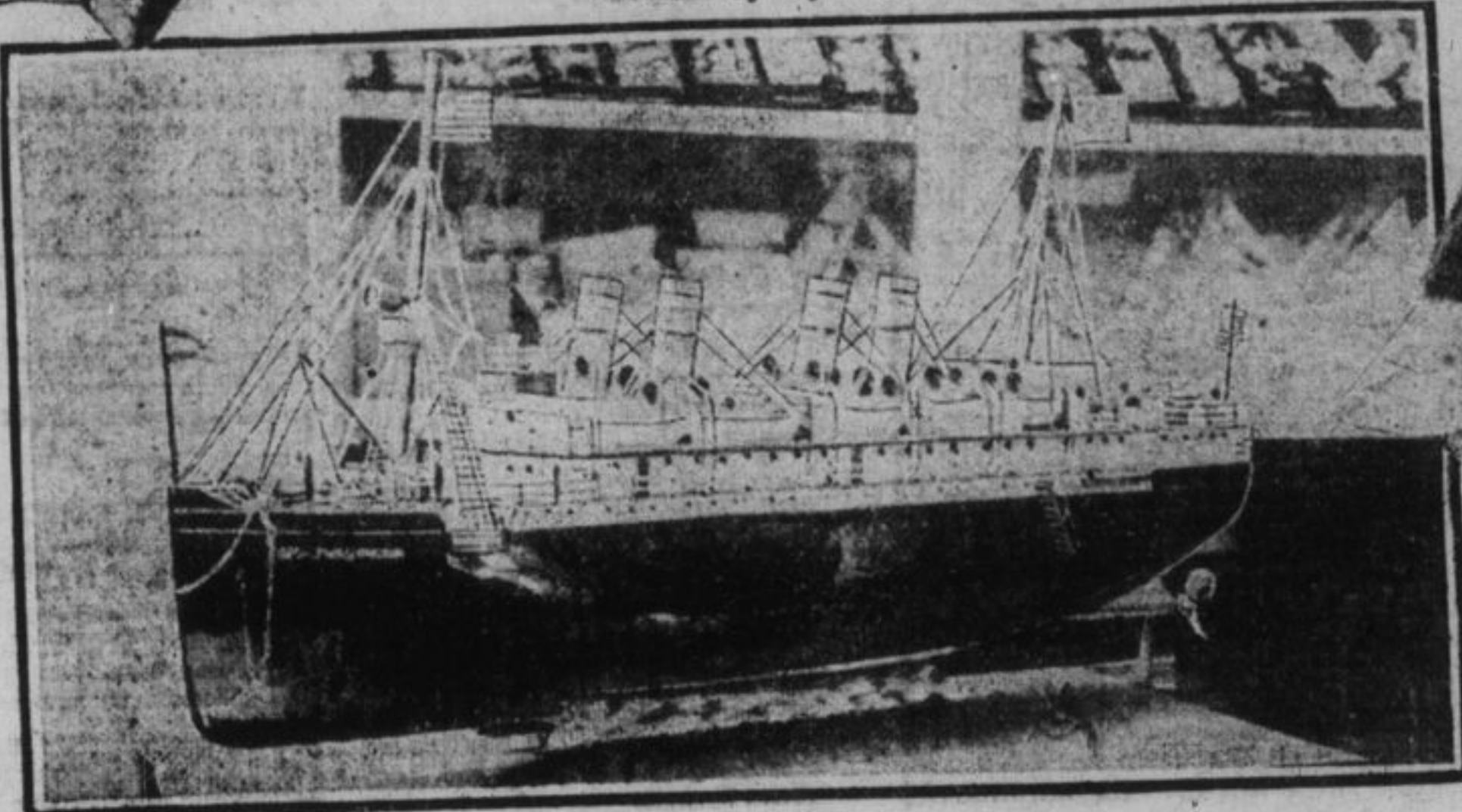


The New Dolls from Munich, Modelled After Famous Sculptures

"The Glassy-Eyed Beauty Will Always Hold Her Own"

The Toyland Wrestling Match

**QUEENLIKE** Dolls of Surprising Talent and Palatial Doll Houses, Automobiles, Airships and Performing Animals of the African Jungle and the Frozen North.



The George Washington, the New Ocean Liner

An International Romance

In town will be able to ride to and from the shopping district and the theatres in perfect comfort. Our larger railroading system is also very perfect. Our locomotives are of high power and our tracks constructed in such a manner that derailment is almost impossible. Extra cars of every kind, locomotives, tracks, switches, tunnels, stations, signals, bridges, &c., can be renewed at any moment and at reasonable prices. So you see Toyland is much more of a model community than is your home town. The reporter was embarrassed by this attack on his home ballistics, and to turn the subject stopped be-

GOOD, medium and, perhaps, even a few fairly naughty boys and girls may look forward to a pretty good harvest this Christmas, for never before in the history of toyland has Mr. Santa Claus been so busy in the manufacture of toys of all sorts as has the old gentleman during the last few weeks.

To a newspaper representative who interviewed Mr. Santa Claus at one of the large toy stores recently the Christmas saint declared that the nerves of toy manufacturers are being terribly wrought upon by the determination of the toys to enter the fields of art and science.

"It was all very well," said Santa Claus, "when we had only to make putty faced, golden haired doll beauties, lead soldiers and impossible wooden animals, but now look what is expected of us! We are obliged to know as much about flying machines as the Wrights and Santos-Dumont, we have to understand subways as well as Mr. McAdoo, and our dolls are expected to be not only beautiful but intelligent and individual."

"Do you mean to say that it isn't enough for dolls to be beautiful and well dressed?" queried the reporter.

"Not at all," declared Santa; "they have to have expression, if you please, and to look natural. It's all this new woman idea, of course, and I don't know but that it's an interesting departure, but it keeps us hustling. I tell you, when it comes to providing individual expressions for a million dolls, more or less, Mrs. Santa approves of it, however. She says she never could bear to think of her sex having no more mind than is expressed in the face of the average doll, and so, of course, the new idea has to go."

The old gentleman led the way down the Christmas storeroom and pointed out to the reporter a most interesting array of dolls, with charming expressive faces and dressed in the various costumes of European peasants.

"There they are," said Santa, "the new dolls which are going to revolutionize the entire doll world before long. Over in Munich, where they help me out a great deal in getting up new ideas for toys, some clever artists modelled some dolls which were copied from the boys and girls of famous sculptors. Then they dressed them in character, and the idea grew until a whole host of artists were busy modelling and dressing dolls. There's a Donatello girl, you see, and a boy to match, and there are many dolls modelled also directly from life by artists who have sought to make the puppets thoroughly natural as well as sweet and charming."

Near the foreign character dolls in their quaint old time costumes stood a row after row of fascinating American beauties, richly clothed in up to date costumes of satin, lace and fur. These handsome creatures seemed to cast reproachful glances at Santa and his companion.

"I hope they aren't going out altogether," said the reporter. "They look so fat, becoming and prosperous it seems to me it would be a pity not to have any of them around."

"Does the glassy eyed charmer ever go out?" demanded Santa. "No; the soulless beauty will always find a certain number of worshippers. She may be compelled to go on a diet to thin out those too rounded cheeks, and perhaps she will be forced to pencil a few lines in that alabaster brow, but it will be all make-up and won't hurt her a bit, and you may be sure that there will always be persons who will prefer her large, dazzling pick and white beauty to all the intelligence in the world."

"And here," said Santa, stopping beside a charming doll's trunk filled with beautiful clothes, "is what

will help the fashionable doll beauty to hold her own, even if she hasn't an idea in her head."

The doll's trousseau, which was packed in the trunk was indeed wonderful. Every sort of gown, coat and hat which a fashionable doll debutante could desire was included in the outfit, from motor legs to dancing frocks.

"Sixty dollars for the trousseau," said Santa, "but we have others as pretty, though not so elaborate, for much less, and separate garments of every description from French corsets to overshoes."

The old gentleman now led the way through several rows of doll mansions, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$36, unfurnished, to the aerodrome at the rear of the premises. Here were stored a magnificent array of flying machines of all kinds, including every variety of mechanical airship and rubber band aeroplane.

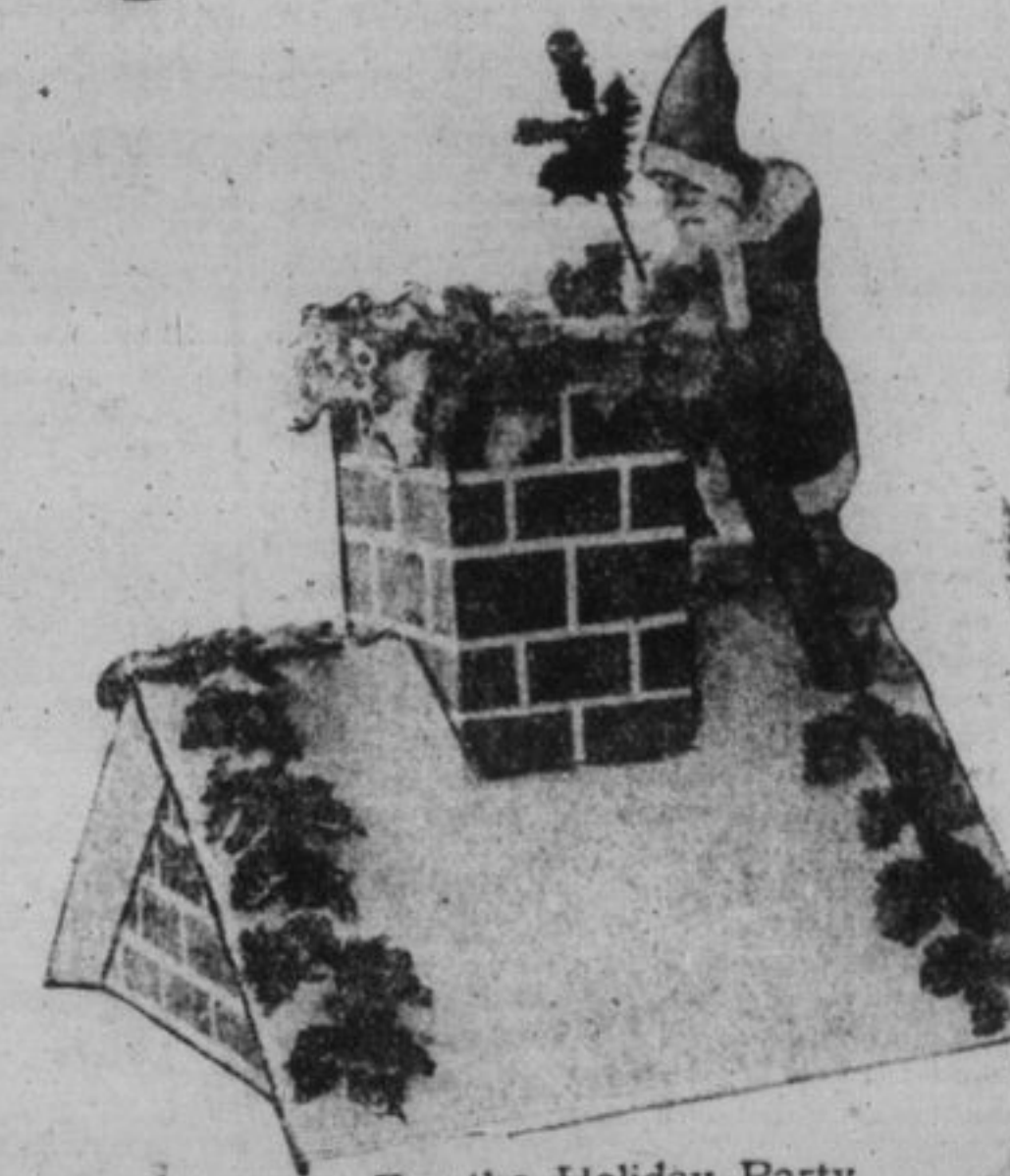
"Every boy will want one in his stocking," declared Santa. "Aeronautics is as much the subject of the hour among the boys as it is among grown ups, and I shouldn't wonder, on the whole, if the boys knew more about it than the average grown person. In order to accommodate everybody we've got machines not only of many models, but in a great number of sizes. Certain boys whose stockings are very large will receive aeroplanes that cost \$30, but the inexpensive ones, though smaller, are just as carefully made and are quite as much fun."

At this point the interview was interrupted by a deep, ferocious growling in the distance, which seemed somehow suggestive of Arctic wilds.

"It's those polar bears again," explained Santa, in a vexed tone. "Ever since the North Pole controversy started they've been so popular that their heads are completely turned and they can't bear me to show a bit of attention to anybody or anything else. They're angry now because I passed them by for the aeroplanes, and we'll have to go and pacify them or they'll frighten the dolls to death."

The reporter and Santa Claus found the polar bears making a tremendous commotion in their miniature enclosure. Their heads were indeed turned, for they are beautifully jointed and are able to roll their heads about and twist their limbs in the most realistic fashion. Their voices also are won defly terrifying. They have entirely supplanted Tuddy Bear and are successful rivals of Bitty Possum and the jointed monkeys.

After the bears had been quieted and a mechanical lady doll who had begun to shriek loudly for her papa and mamma when the growling started had been sufficiently soothed, Santa led the way to where Mr. Roosevelt waited inspection in the very heart of a toy jungle. Mr. Roosevelt himself, it must



For the Holiday Party



Bwanna Tumbo in the Toy Jungle



A Gathering at the North Pole



be confessed, had a decidedly Germanic cast of countenance, but this, Santa explained, was due entirely to his Dutch blood. There were wonderful animals in the jungle, especially the lions, tigers and mother and baby monkeys, but there was no time to make their acquaintance because Santa hurried the reporter on in the direction of the railroad yards.

"The newest thing," he said, proudly, stopping in front of a vast tunnel. "The subway. It's a pity you can't get your appropriations in the everyday world as easily as we do in Toyland. We're building sub-

fore a handsome theatre building, which had attracted his attention.

"Isn't that great?" demanded Santa. "You see we have a New Theatre, too; it's lighted by electricity and costs fifty dollars. Only the classic dramas are to be given here, 'Red Riding Hood,' 'Puss in Boots,' &c. It's a stock company—no stars in the Toyland theatre—and so you see we avoid all your troubles."

"Don't the principals ever disagree?" questioned the reporter.

"Well," confessed Santa, "the Marquis Carabas did have a little trouble with Puss on the opening night of 'Puss in Boots,' because Puss said the Marquis was imitating the curl of his whiskers, but we smoothed it all over and everything is all right now with the exception of a little rivalry between Red Riding Hood's grandmother and the wolf. You see, the grandmother wants to be on in the last act and we can't let her because the wolf has gobbled her up. It's very vexing."

Just then the toy clocks began to strike and the reporter drew out his watch.

"See whiz!" he cried. "Time's up. Sorry, Santa, but I've got to go."

"Not without seeing the new ocean liner, George Washington," cried the King of the Toys. "She's the most magnificent thing in boats we've ever had. Every boy will want one. And then there are the Jack Horner Christmas pies—only they're not pies, they're chimneys; but you put in your thumb and pull out a plum just the same. It's the latest thing for Christmas parties, a faithful replica of myself climbing up the side of the house and a gift for every guest inside."

"I haven't a moment," pleaded the reporter, "but I'd like to ask one question. What do the bad boys get?"

"They'd better look out," said Santa, with a

## A QUESTION OF OWNERSHIP.

"I WANT to put a hypothetical question to you," said the pretty girl, after the man had picked out the most comfortable chair in the room and had seated himself therein.

"Suppose you were a woman—me, for example—and suppose two other women visited you the same evening. They were strangers to each other and came and went separately. Suppose that after they had gone you noticed an umbrella which had been left, presumably, by one of your callers. Suppose the next morning Miss A. telephoned you and asked if she had left her umbrella at your house; that she had left it some place, she couldn't just remember where, but she believed it was at your house. Was it? You said it was, and Miss A. said she would send a boy right around to get it; she had just learned that she would have to leave the city for quite a while, and would not kindly give the boy the umbrella?

"Suppose the boy came and you gave him the umbrella, and then, a little later, Miss B. came rushing in and asked for her umbrella, which she had left at your house the night before—her umbrella, mind you! The very one you had just sent to Miss A., but which Miss B. swore she could positively prove to be hers, you'd be in something of a pickle by that time, wouldn't you?"

"Well, suppose that to clear the matter up you rushed around to Miss A.'s, hoping to recover the umbrella, but found that both she and the umbrella had already gone. Then you rushed around home again, to find Miss B. pacing up and down your room wondering what on earth she should ever do, because it was beginning to rain and she had no umbrella, and she had dozens of places to go to that day and would certainly get soaked to the skin and maybe catch her death of cold because she had no umbrella; because you—you, the careless monster—had given hers away to somebody who had no right to have it, and you'd feel pretty desperate by that time wouldn't you?"

"Well, suppose that to relieve the situation still further you offered to replace Miss B.'s umbrella. The substitution wasn't your own umbrella, but one that another friend had left at your house a short while before, a most excellent umbrella, best of silk and a beautiful handle; much better, no doubt, than the one Miss B. had lost. Would that be fair? Would you have a moral right to square yourself with one person by giving her the umbrella that had been left at your house by somebody else?"

"Right!" exclaimed the young man.

"Oh, I'm so glad," murmured the pretty girl. "They did talk about something else for three hours. When the man started home, he said—"

"Oh, by the way, where's my umbrella? I left it here the other night, didn't I?"

"You did," said the girl sweetly. "It was gone."

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was so fast now that in spite of the large demand twinkle, "I'm thinking of giving their absent treat-