

Christmas Cribs of the Tyrol

THE Christmas cribs, showing the first resting place of the infant Christ, which one sees occasionally in the churches of this country are not to be compared with those of Europe, especially the remarkable ones made by the peasants of Italy and of the Tyrol. In the latter country there has been of recent years a decided revival of interest in these groups representing the nativity of Christ.

It is not unusual to see one with several hundred figures. Not alone the birth of the Saviour, but the adoration of the shepherds, the arrival of the kings with their soldiers and courtiers, the flight into Egypt, Jesus in the temple, and even the marriage at Cana are represented.

The Tyrol's cribs have been famous for centuries, and the people were justly proud of them until the spirit of "modern enlightenment" invaded the land and crib building was denounced as child's play. Enterprising antiquarians and art sellers eagerly bought up all the old cribs and then sold them at good profit to tourists.

Many fine specimens have disappeared from the land, but fortunately a few of the best were acquired by national museums. The best two Tyrol is known to have had, the "Uraltene-krippe" of Innsbruck and the Moser crib of Bozen, are now in the Bavarian National museum at Munich. A third, the Jausenbaler crib, is in the Vienna museum.

Originally it belonged to a family in Witten, now a part of Innsbruck. It contained 154 animal figures, 24 buildings and 256 human figures. It included solid woodcarvings, figures the heads of which were wax and others whose heads and limbs were movable. Some of these date back as far as the year 1700. Seven scenes were represented.

The Moser crib of Bozen was much more extensive. Moser's "city" was in itself a masterpiece and included palaces, gushing fountains, monuments of King David and towers with six city clocks striking the hours of the night. It was valued at more than \$5,000 during Moser's lifetime.

The Uraltene crib was particularly famous on account of the gorgeous dressing of the figures. The angels were clad as courtiers of heaven in the rich court costumes of the seventeenth century.

These masterpieces are now lost to Tyrol. It can hardly cause surprise, then, that serious minded men began to entertain grave fears for their remaining works of art. This fear had a practical result in the formation of a society whose object was to prevent in future the reckless exportation and selling of old cribs and to revive the spirit that produced them.

Tyrolean cribs may be divided into two general classes, the oriental type and the Tyrolean. In the latter class the crib owner takes it for granted that Christ was born in Tyrol, hence scenery, people and dress are purely Tyrolean. In all the cribs the stable of Bethlehem is either the ruin of a castle (according to legend, Christ first saw the light of day in the ruins of the tower of David) or a part of a temple to show that the stable of Bethlehem was the first Christian temple, or else it is a simple cave on the mountain side.

The stable of Bethlehem and its inmates always remain the center of the great scene, the rest is merely the setting. The crib means much to the family. After weeks of careful, painstaking labor everything is ready, but the holy family is not there. After supper on Christmas eve the parents, domestics and children gather about the crib, the gospel scene is read aloud, and the little ones, quick to detect the absence of the "Christkind," are told that the holy family are still seeking a shelter and hiding none. The sadness that at first expresses itself on their innocent faces soon gives way to joy as they recall that perhaps there is room in their own home—at least they will make room. At midnight the solemn church bells call all to mass, and when the family returns, lo! there lies the infant in the manger, while Mary and Joseph kneel in humble adoration at its side.

CHRISTMAS CARDS



Christmas Adventure

ONCE on a time in a queer little town
On the shore of the Zuyder Zee,
When all the good people were fast asleep,
A strange thing happened to me.

Alone the night before Christmas,
I sat by the glowing fire,
Watching the flame as it rose and fell,
While the sparks shot higher and higher.

Suddenly one of the sparks began
To flicker and glimmer and wink
Like a big, bright eye till I hardly knew
What to do or to say or to think.

Quick as a flash it changed to a face,
And what in the world did I see
But dear old Santa Claus nodding his head
And waving his hand to me!

"Oh, follow me, follow me!" soft he cried,
And up through the chimney with him
I mounted, not daring to utter a word
Till we stood on the chimney's rim.

"Now, tell me, I beg you, dear Santa Claus,
Where am I going with you?"
He laughingly answered: "Why, don't you know?
To travel the wide world through."

"From the crystal palace, far in the north,
I have come since dark, and see
These curious things for the little folk
Who live on the Zuyder Zee."

Then, seating himself in his reindeer sledge
And drawing me down by his side,
He whistled, and off on the wings of the wind
We flew for a midnight ride.

But first such comical presents he left
For the little Dutch girls and boys—
Onions and sausages, wooden faced dolls,
Cheese and gingerbread toys.

Soldiers that marched at the word of command,
Necklaces, bracelets and rings,
Tiny gold watches, all studded with gems,
And hundreds of exquisite things.

Straight to America then, where I,
Perched on a chimney high,
Watched him scramble and bustle about
Between the earth and sky.

Many a stocking he filled to the brim,
And numberless Christmas trees
Burst into bloom at his magical touch.

Then all of a sudden a breeze
Caught us and bore away to the south
And afterward blew us out west,
And never till dawn peeped over the hills
Did we stop for a moment's rest.

"Christmas is coming!" he whispered to me.
"You can see his smile in the sky.
I wish merry Christmas to all the world.
My work is over. Goodby!"

Like a flash he was gone, and I was alone,
For all of this happened to me
Once on a time in a queer little town
On the shore of the Zuyder Zee.

"Who Gave Us Christmas Day?"
A happy, happy Christmas
Be yours today!
Oh, not the fading measure
Of fleeting earthly pleasure,
But Christmas joy abiding.
While years are swiftly gliding.
Be yours, I pray,
Through him who gave us Christmas day!

GIFTS FOR HIM

FOR men—and they are generally the stumbling block at Christmas time—there are a few new conceits. The "pipe holder" is a brand new idea.

Or try a copper chafing dish, book rack, half a dozen white dress ties, razor roll, box of favorite shaving soap and powder, bookcase, writing table fitted with assorted stationery, gloves, suit case, collar bag, Malacca cane, sapphire or opal scarfpin, bedroom slippers and seal ring.

If he travels a case fitted with toilet necessities, like the one illustrated, would be appreciated.

Handkerchiefs of pure linen with an embroidered initial are \$1.50 for a box



of half a dozen in some of the good shops.

Beautiful neckties are to be had for \$1.50 and quite magnificent affairs for \$3 and \$5.

Heavy gloves are \$1.50 and \$2 a pair. Dogskin and pigskin with one button are what the man of the moment likes.

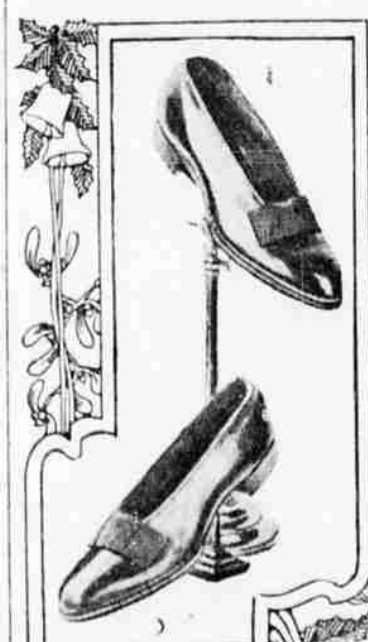
Pictured are interesting fobs; others desirable may have college or more personal emblems attached.

More mannish and serviceable are leather wallets or bill folders of pig-



skin, hand sewed, from 50 cents up; cardcases of pigskin for \$1, cigarette cases \$2, crystal and leather flasks from \$1.50; morocco tie, handkerchief or collar boxes, jewel boxes of pigskin, retender lined, \$1.75; razor rolls \$2.

There is one sort of handkerchief case that is useful in travelling. It has a case on each side like a pocketbook, and the back is lined with heavy pasteboard, padded. It shuts up and fastens with a clasp. A soiled collar bag, made of linen, is a good thing. It should not be constructed with a draw-



string at the top, but should have the back fastened straight on a brass rod or reel.

Or give him a gayly painted photograph frame to hold pictures.

More personal in their uses are a cane with handle of horn or ivory (in gold design if he is strictly up to date), a pipe of briar or meerschaum with mouthpiece of amber, a blanket bathrobe amply large for comfort, an umbrella with handle of hobsnails, carved ivory, sterling silver or natural wood. Or, if he is fond of dancing, a stunning pair of patent leather pumps like those illustrated might walk directly into his heart.

GIFTS for HER

THE Ideal Christmas gift is a useful luxury—a luxurious necessity, as it were—something that one wants and needs, but hesitates to buy for oneself.

A unique gift is a samovar for milady's tea table. The cut shows a beautiful one in copper, but even rarer ones may be found in the brass and copper antique shops that thrive in



some places. Delectable goblets in metal on a matching tray come to serve tea in, along with samovars.

We have come to recognize the bayberry candle as typical of the Christmas season. It is made from the fruit of the bayberry bush and is a very lovely transparent green. This candle does not smoke when lighted and exudes a pungent odor, which is not unlike the breath of the pine trees.

Nothing could be more suggestive than a gift of Christmas candles, which could be accompanied with a pair of either silver or glass candlesticks in which burn the Christmas candle.

A box of silk stockings makes a fastidious gift. From the picture we get a hint of them in bright shades for



sports, others in striped effects and still more that aim to match the smart silk sweater, which would also be appreciated by any man's "best girl."

Here's a regular long list to pick from: Large silver hairpin, Dresden penholders, opera glass holders, silver glove buttoner, a wastepaper basket, bag for opera glasses, a silken chair drape or rug for chair, a leather shopping bag, silver shirt waist studs, glass or china puff box, two silver coffee spoons, sterling silver penholder, sweet grass workbasket, one silver strawberry fork (or more of them), a Dresden china table bell, Japanese bedroom slippers, belt of gold or



silver braid, elderdown dressing jackets, sterling silver heart brooch, sterling silver or gold trinkets.

Purses are a wide range. The one illustrated is rather elaborate and may be mounted on material like milady's afternoon frock. The embroidery in gold thread and jeweled clasp are in keeping with the choice fittings inside.

For the motor girl are a dinner basket, fur robes, rubber robes, foot warmer, leather coat, map measurer, set of road maps, "overnight" bag, compact mending outfit in case, small cushion, goggles, fur gloves, motor cap, automobile horn, knitted muffler, linen dust coat, tool kit, folding toilet case, automobile clock, automobile mirror, automobile flower holder and tour book.

Professional Directory

FRATERNAL ORDERS

A. F. & A. M.—La Grande Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M. holds regular meetings first and third Saturday at 7:30 p. m. Cordial welcome to all Masons.

ROBERT S. EAKIN, W. M.
A. C. WILLIAMS, Sec.

B. P. O. E. ELKS, La Grande Lodge No. 433. Lodge meets each Thursday evening at eight o'clock. Home and club privileges cheerfully extended to all Brother Elks.

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L. O. O. M.—La Grande Lodge No. 850 Loyal Order Of Moose holds regular meeting every Wednesday night and 8 p. m. in Eagle Hall, fifth floor Foley building on Adams Ave. Visitors always welcome. Dues payable at Young's Sweets.

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o'clock at Eagle Hall. Visiting members are welcome.

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DR. J. L. INGLE—Osteopathic physician.

DR. MARGARET INGLE—Osteopathic physician. Diseases of women and children. Third floor New Foley Bldg. Hours 10-12 a. m.; 2-5 and 7-8 p. m., and by appointment. Office phone, Red 1761; residence Red 881.

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DR. H. W. RILEY—Graduate Veterinarian Hospital, 1409 Madison Ave. State Station Inspector and Inspector of stock for shipment. Home independent Phone, Black 41. Farmers Co-operative Phone, Main 112.

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Sell it—The Observer want ads will sell it.

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in a Few Days

Bad for Herbert.

"So," said the smitten girl, whose father had been talking seriously to her, "you dislike Herbert, and you will not recognize him?"

Twice As Much.

A sailor on being asked how he liked his bride is reported to have remarked: "Why, d'ye see, I took her for only half of me, as the parson says, but dash me if she isn't twice as much as I am. I am only a tar, and she's a tar-tar."—New York Telegraph.

"That's it," he replied. "If he does not keep away from here I won't recognize him, and neither will his own mother."—London Answers.