

WONDERS IN PORTLAND TOY SHOPS

BUT NONE OF THE NOVELTIES TAKE HOLD OF GIRLS AS DO THE DOLLS



UNMISTAKABLY it was a "huh!" The salesman was exhibiting a waiting doll. He stuck a key into her frame, twisted it round a few times, put her on the floor, and lo! She glided about with a grace that would have delighted Mr. Turveydrop. The little girl in the blue hat was fascinated. Suddenly came that unmistakable sniff. "Huh!" about in amazement for the utterer of such an exclamation, so full of superior disgust, but there was no one in sight that could have given voice to her feelings in so very superior a manner. For, although "huh!" is quite a common exclamation, this particular one might have been uttered by Marie Antoinette. The waiting doll gave a final whirl and subsided with a click. At that moment I heard the same "huh!" right behind me. I turned, but there was nothing there but a big glass case filled with dolls. In the center was a beauty, a fair princess of a doll, a doll dressed in the height of the fashion, with the darkest hair and the bluest eyes and the clearest complexion that doll ever possessed.

"It was I," said the beauty, with more regard for grammar than most dolls. "I can't bear those vulgar creatures," she continued. "The idea of dancing before a lot of strangers." "But the poor girl can't help it," said I, recovering from the shock of hearing a doll speak. "She has to go when she's wound up."

"That's the horrid part of it," replied La Marquise. I call her that because she seemed French, and that sounds quite Frenchy. "It's almost impossible to have clockwork in your insides," she went on, "and to be wound up is no better than to become tipsy. Besides, how can people dress if their figures are spotted with keys?" and she looked with some complacency at her own butterfly reflection in the showcase mirror. "All dolls cannot have your taste," said I with a bow.

The Marquise smiled—a little one, but it was a smile. "What do you think of my companions?" she asked. I looked from the Marquise to the others. The first of her court that I saw was twins or is it "were twins?" (The language should have a dual number for use when twins have to be mentioned). These twins were just peaches, which is not an expression that the Marquise would have used, but it tells what I mean, all the same. They were about six inches long. I mean tall, and they lay side by side in a trunk that is just like the once grown up people use. In the trunk was everything that a doll could want, just like a real child's. Shoes, dresses, hats, everything. When the lid was shut the trunk was ready to be expressed by Santa Claus' reindeer team to the stocking of a little girl that hadn't been naughty during the year, at least not except when she couldn't help it. Then there were other dolls of all varieties, most of them

stuffy blondes, and all of them dressed in the most ravishing way with clothes that you could take off and put on again. Besides those in the glass case were scores of other dolls, some of them naked and shivery, others muffled up in furs like Eskimos. Some of the dolls, those with sawdust insides, had regular physical culture figures, while others were made of crockery, others of rubber, and some actually of leather. These leather dolls are the very latest thing in dolls. This is the first year they have been "on the market," and this, together with the knowledge that they simply cannot be broken, makes them very cheeky. I was looking at one of them when she winked in the most impudent manner, and sang in a regular Bowery accent: "I'm dere wit' de real, real leather. Trimmed down to de buff. And, say—in de altogether, I'm tough, tough, tough." "Dreadful!" murmured the Marquise. "I never knew dolls could sing," said I. "How little men know, anyway," said the Marquise. Then she took away the sting of her remark by adding: "I'll sing for you if you like." "I should like it of all things," I responded. And then the Marquise began to sing: "It's easy to see I'm a doll of degree. With my Frenchified manners and graces. And the dressmaker knows from the cut of my clothes They're worth it, from the silk to the laces. I beg you'll remark that my tresses are dark. For fashion has frowned on the golden. And my face doesn't smile, as of yore was the style. Some ill-mannered kid to embolden. For I, think I should faint if my beautiful joint Were exposed to be-slobbering kisses. My position as queen demands I be seen. But I loathe these vulgarish biases. It's slow, I must own, but to step from my throne My trills and my flousness would rumple. And a frock such as mine, of exclusive design Is too sweet a creation to crumple. I clapped my hands so much when this song was finished that they were quite sore, but the Marquise was pleased, so I didn't mind. "Why do you say 'fashion has frowned on the golden'?" I asked. "Dark hair is all the rage now in dolls" ("And very becoming it is to some of them," I interrupted). Children have ceased to admire nothing but those insipid, fair-haired creatures with saucer eyes and vacuous faces. The trouble is that there are not enough dark-haired dolls born to supply the demand. Now the man in charge of all these dolls called only have his orders filled in the proportion of one-third brunettes to two-thirds blondes.

"And where are you all born?" I asked. "I was born in Nuremberg." "But you have no German accent?" "Of course not; all good dolls are cosmopolitan. We can understand a little girl in Japan just as well as one that lives in Oregon or Russia. If I claimed any place as my home it would be Paris. All my clothes come from there." "Ah," said I, "I christened you La Marquise, you looked so distinguished." The Marquise really blushed. "Yes," said she, "all good dolls, when they're busted, go to Paris." "I thought," said I, "it was no place for anyone that was bust." "Oh, I don't mean money," exclaimed the Marquise, "it's sawdust. You know, we're dead when the sawdust runs out."

Too-TOOT! The Marquise and I both jumped. It was an automobile that rushed past us, a splendid enameled thing, with real rubber tires, a brake that worked like a real one, and a horn that toot-tooted realistically enough to make a person jump. The salesman was showing it to a boy, whose eyes fairly stuck out of his head with admiration. "I don't like mechanical toys," said the Marquise. "They are new every year, mushrooms, while our family can trace its pedigree back to the Garden of Eden." But the toys were very ingenious all the same. The boy whose eyes-bugled out and the little girl in the blue hat were fascinated. The salesman set all his wondrous working. There was a little girl doll that tripped along pulling a go-cart; a donkey that pumped himself a drink from a cistern by working a crank with his tail; a chicken that peep-peeped and pecked at the floor; a turkey that spread his tail with gobble pride; an airship that sailed wildly along a wire, its propellers whirling, and its Santos-Dumont sitting serenely at ease; a wonderful submarine boat that scooted along under real water; a strong man that whirled enormous weights around his head; a goat that bounded along when urged by a doll driver; and, crowning marvels, a car line with two cars, one of which runs around the track, opens a switch and starts off the other, and a splendid Alpine railroad, the engine provided with a rack and pinion attachment to climb and to descend the hills, the station fully equipped and containing a bell to warn passengers that the train is about to start on its perilous mountain climb.

All of these the salesman set in motion, and with each successive marvel the boy's eyes displayed a more and more alarming protruberance, while the little girl in the blue hat was simply lost in wonder. "Huh!" Mechanical toys could not interest her, she said, but she did shiver when the salesman sent the darling couple in their automobile off to loop the loop. Down the slope dashed the car, whirled around the loop, and up the opposite slope to safety. The Marquise cheered them just as heartily as the boy or the little girl in the blue hat, and indeed the sensation was enough to try nerves of steel, let alone sawdust, or flesh and blood.

"Let's look at the engine, paw," said the boy, and he and the little girl went to look at the wonderful real steam engine, with attachments that enabled the boy engineer to run a sawmill, a steam hammer, a windmill, and all sorts of things. There was a moving picture machine, that throws real moving pictures, and lanterns, and the old polycope, revolved, that throws on the screen with-out the use of slides any picture you put inside it. The boy was still wondering at these things when the little girl in the blue hat strayed off to see the little dolls that cost just a penny apiece, poor little mites. She gazed at the dolls' houses, magnificent structures, the trunks, baths, kitchens, and tea sets with spirit kettles, for dolls; the hats, combs, jewels, rubbers, maskintoshes, button-hooks, atomizers, musical instruments, and a thousand and one other things for dolls. She gazed at the little millinery, grocery and drug stores; little fountains that spout real wet water; tiny sewing machines that do real sewing; little typewriters that write just like big ones. All these the little girl looked at, and then, then she just came back and gazed at the dolls, even if they couldn't run about like the automobiles or chuck like the chickens or pump water like the donkeys. As for the boy, he was ecstatically gazing at a woolly dog whose tail was a handle to be twisted and whose body held a musical box that responded bravely with a tinkling tune. From that he strayed to a whale that floated in a tub and spouted water in a way to make one cry, "There she blows!" When the whale subsided, breathless, the boy passed the nearest little gas range you could imagine. It wasn't six inches long, but it connected with a gas pipe, and did real, practical cooking on pans about two inches across.

It didn't attract the boy a bit, but I inside it. The boy was still wondering at these things when the little girl in the blue hat strayed off to see the little dolls that cost just a penny apiece, poor little mites. She gazed at the dolls' houses, magnificent structures, the trunks, baths, kitchens, and tea sets with spirit kettles, for dolls; the hats, combs, jewels, rubbers, maskintoshes, button-hooks, atomizers, musical instruments, and a thousand and one other things for dolls. She gazed at the little millinery, grocery and drug stores; little fountains that spout real wet water; tiny sewing machines that do real sewing; little typewriters that write just like big ones. All these the little girl looked at, and then, then she just came back and gazed at the dolls, even if they couldn't run about like the automobiles or chuck like the chickens or pump water like the donkeys. As for the boy, he was ecstatically gazing at a woolly dog whose tail was a handle to be twisted and whose body held a musical box that responded bravely with a tinkling tune. From that he strayed to a whale that floated in a tub and spouted water in a way to make one cry, "There she blows!" When the whale subsided, breathless, the boy passed the nearest little gas range you could imagine. It wasn't six inches long, but it connected with a gas pipe, and did real, practical cooking on pans about two inches across.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN PANAMA: HOSPITALITY UNIVERSAL

THE gentlewomen of Panama are, in common with other Colombians, graceful in movement and charming in manner. The houses of the rich are large and often open on a central court, luxuriant with vines and flowers. Some of these courts are protected by awnings in the sunny hours, and some of them have perfumed fountains, which are used for baths. But, truth to tell, the Colombians do not favor much bathing. An American girl was advised that her frequent use of water would ruin her complexion. Her friends dubbed their faces and occasionally their necks with a little aquadiente, a sort of cane run, and dried them with tiny, lace-trimmed towels. The rooms do not usually contain much furniture, but are decked with a wealth of tropical flowers of exquisite fragrance. A rare plant of the orchid family bears the flower of the Holy Ghost. The petals are of an alabaster white, and within them appears a miniature chapel of alabaster, containing a dove with drooping wings, the stamens and pistils producing the resemblance to the dove form. Other beautiful orchids abound. Little upholstered furniture is used and the floors are tiled. In the sala, or parlor, is a double row of wicker rocking chairs down the center, and when a hostess re-

ceives she and her guests rock continually while they chat. The Colombians are a hospitable people and receive strangers cordially. It is customary for a stranger to send cards to those whose acquaintance he desires, and etiquette demands that the recipients of the cards call within a few days. The dining tables of the rich are spread with fine linen and set with handsome cut glass and china. Among their beverages, in addition to wines, are cebada, barley water; orchada, which contains almond juice and sugar; agrass, the juice of unripe grapes; naranjada, orangeade, and a preparation of chocolate thick as gruel. A dish for invalids is the sopa de pan; a raw egg is broken upon a slice of toast and a beef broth is poured over it. A breakfast often consists of several courses; for instance, fruit, poached eggs with stewed tomatoes and rice; fish, chops, fried in eggs and herbs, and a tortilla con queso, brain omelette; sweet potatoes or other vegetables and coffee. Saffron is a favorite flavoring for soup. Chicken or game pies contain a variety of vegetables, hard-boiled eggs, and other ingredients. A common dish among the poor is a stew called sin coche. Another standby is rice and red beans. Rice cooked in lard with a little tasado, dried beef, for a relish, is a tidbit among the lower classes. The flesh of the iguana, a species of land lizard, is regarded as a delicacy and is said to resemble chicken. The natives slit the sides of liv-

ing female iguanas and take from them strings of eggs as large as plums. They hang these eggs in the sun and dry them for future consumption. The huts of the poor are of logs, with bamboo platted sides and mud-filled chimneys. The windows have wooden shutters, but no glass. Sleeping places are bamboo benches with hide thrown over them, or hammocks woven by the women. Gourd of various shapes and sizes do duty for dishes, spoons and knives. Chairs and benches are hollowed out of wood. But the people get their living easily and enjoy life well. They delight in music and dancing, and women as well as men are smokers. Cock-fighting is a favorite amusement. The peasant women are usually barefooted and bareheaded, with mantillas for special occasions. Their dress is a short skirt and bodice, or an ample, frilled, low-necked garment called a pollera. Even the poorer classes are bedecked with jewelry. The pearls of the Gulf are very fine and the jewelers of Panama make beautiful necklaces, bracelets, etc., of finest gold threads, into which pearls are woven. Women of the upper classes take little exercise in the open air. When a family is in mourning the women frequently remain within doors for months behind closed blinds.

A Thousand Times Across the Ocean. In these days of much traveling, it is

nothing unusual to run across persons who have crossed the Atlantic 40, 50 and even 100 times. But the record of the most arduous of these voyagers pales to insignificance beside that of Mr. Thomas Kinsey, who is a purser of the American Steamship Line, of New York. Mr. Kinsey has just completed his 35th Atlantic passage, which is undoubtedly more by 30 or so than any other man alive can show. As Mr. Kinsey is by no means a man of advanced age, and as he is regularly making two trips every month, it is likely that he will accomplish a total of 100 or more crossings before he retires from the sea. The veteran traveler first crossed the ocean as a lad of 10 in the City of Manchester, one of the earliest of screw steamships. Since that time he has seen steamships multiplied in size tenfold, and the time of the ocean journey cut down from 12 days to six. He has made the ocean journey with many of the prominent men of both hemispheres. —Eagle's Weekly.

New Zealand's Socialism.

New Zealand has gone farther than any other nation in realizing the ideal state of the Socialist, where the government owns all the land, manages all the industries, and is the only capitalist in the community. About one man in every six throughout the islands is in some form of government employ, or is in receipt of a pension from the government.