

PLAY FOR CHILDREN

'CINDERELLA' TO-DAY

Edward E. Rice Will Entertain at Young Folks' Theatre.

A special performance of "Cinderella" at the Carnegie Lyceum...

For years the little folk of other lands have been amused in some such way. The children of the British Isles have had their pantomimes...

The play to-day will be taken from the tale of the little fairy, so familiar in the mind of every child...

Isabel Dalrymple, a distinctive English girl, will play the part of Cinderella. Let it only be whispered—she wears a No. 15 slipper...

Lila Blaw, who has played in almost everything that Mr. Rice has produced, will have the part of the Fairy Queen.

There will be a second part to the entertainment—John Sherman's "Enchantment"...

Mr. Rice is the man who presented Henry E. Day in "Adonis" years ago at the Young Folks' Theatre.

S. CLAUS AT 'CHANGE.

Brokers Less Active in Celebrating than Usual.

Christmas celebrations on the various Wall Street exchanges are evidently becoming a thing of the past.

There was no sign of a celebration on the New York Stock Exchange, although some of the younger and more fun-loving members indulged in a little hoopla...

The Produce Exchange does not celebrate on Christmas, reserving its entertainment for New Year's Eve...

Some of the members indulged in a little fun before the close of the year by presenting as Santa Claus, with a bag full of presents...



FINAL SCENE IN THE CHILDREN'S PLAY, "CINDERELLA," AT CARNEGIE LYCEUM.

GOOD WILL ABOUND

Continued from first page.

seen in that narrow thoroughfare, except, of course, the oldish man with the swaying request to call and thereby prove to one's self the worth of the special dinner...

The toy broker at the curb was taking the crowd into his confidence about a world-beating, last-for-a-lifetime, non-splittable, perpetually-splittable top at the profit killing price of a dime—10 cents.

If the old man with the chopouse sign had merely stood by the performing top excuse still might have been found for him.

Whether the man who dumbly calls the financial district to dinner wanted the top for himself or for a grandson or for his landlord's boy is pale as the shaking of his head and his appreciative smile showed that he meant to have one of them—that is, provided he had the price, insistently referred to as criminally moderate by the salesman—a 50-cent novelty for a dime—10 cents.

HE GOT HIS TOP.

The sign man forked up at the end of twenty seconds from what must have been a far corner in a deep pocket a nickel and two pennies.

"Want a top, grandpa?" asked the talkative dealer, tying up another box.

"How much you got there? . . . The toy is yours for 1 cent," announced the salesman, loud enough for Greeley's statue to hear.

He put the top in the outer pocket of his overcoat, and was soon rather carried by the throng than trudging toward the address in Nassau street made famous by the moving bill of fare.

"It is Christmas Eve," she said to him kindly. "Would you like a glass of beer?" He didn't hesitate; neither was there any delay when the beer was served.

"Would you like a little mushroom sauce? This is a special night, you know."

"I can eat anything—no trouble about that, you know," he said, in almost a treble, "but don't bother about mushrooms for me; not necessary. I've something here for the boy," tucking at the overcoat pocket.

GLADDENING POOR HOMES.

Special contributions of Christmas trees, toys and clothes, to be used in bringing Christmas cheer into homes otherwise cheerless, and distributed by

the visitors of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, will bring pleasant surprises into many tenement homes in the crowded sections of the city to-day.

"The association wishes to thank those whose special contributions have made the Christmas work possible. A good dinner on Christmas and simple gifts for the children often do wonders in keeping up and restoring courage in homes where the struggle to hold together is very great."

Many well laden baskets containing "good" dinners were sent into empty homes yesterday as the result of these gifts, and toys and trees and warm little garments were smuggled in, so that genuine surprises would greet the children on Christmas morning.

The Salvation Army will feed twenty-five thousand persons in greater New York, and the Children's Aid Society will give nine thousand more, enough to keep them going until long after nightfall.

Half a thousand temporarily detained immigrants on Ellis Island enjoyed a Christmas celebration yesterday afternoon, consisting of music, addresses in German, Polish and Italian and a distribution of appropriate gifts.

The poor children of Brooklyn will be provided with dinner, toys and useful articles by the Salvation Army. Mrs. Lena Sittig will hold her annual Christmas tree party for poor children in the Columbia Theatre.

"Homecoming Day" always has been observed in Erasmus Hall. The students of yesterday and of to-day will gather at the hall, just as they did yesterday, when nearly two thousand of them met Dr. Gunzlson, the principal.

For the first time in three years, Christmas will come with the thermometer at the proper pitch for the soldiers of the 29th United States Infantry, stationed on Governor's Island.

Each company has drawn upon its funds for additions to the usually liberal government issue of foods for the holidays, and the mess halls have been turned into thickets of Christmas trees and greens.

There will be special Christmas services in the chapel of St. Cornelius the Centurion, on the island, at which Chaplain Edmund Banks Smith will officiate.

It promises to be a case of from soup to nuts for thousands of men and women, as well as children, more accustomed to bread and cheese.

William Rockefeller distributed \$2,500 last night among his sixty employes at Rockwood Hall, his country seat. The gifts came as a great surprise, and the men went to their homes full of good cheer.

Mr. Rockefeller made his gifts according to time in service and every year of service. Three men have been with him twenty-one years and they received \$100 each. Many got \$25 and \$50.

ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

Many Christmas Celebrations Planned in Brooklyn.

Apart from the usual Christmas festivities in Brooklyn homes, the day will be observed in that borough by exercises of various kinds. More than five hundred tars of Uncle Sam's navy will attend church in the Brooklyn navy yard and at noon enjoy a turkey dinner aboard ship.

The navy branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, in Sands street, near the main gate of the yard, is crowded with sailors, one thousand sleeping there last night, five hundred of whom had to bunk on the floor.

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The 1st Assembly District Republican Club will provide dinners for the poor and needy children of that district. At 1 o'clock this afternoon the inmates of the Sailors' Home, No. 19 Atlantic avenue, will be served with a turkey dinner.

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John N. Robbins, head of the Robbins Shipyard, will provide a dinner for the poor children of the Red Hook section.

JOY IN ARMY, TOO.

Soldiers Will Be Able to Shout "Merry Christmas!"

The many soldiers stationed in five forts around New York City who cannot make the journey to be present at the unloading of the Christmas trees at home will make the best of it by holding entertainments at the Young Men's Christian Association.

"We try to make Christmas a bright spot in the soldier's life," said George A. Sandford, secretary of the army branch of the Young Men's Christian Association yesterday. "Most of his relatives and friends are far away, and he is more likely to get reckless and drink more than is good for him at Christmas than at any other time in the year."

Under Mr. Sandford's direction a Christmas tree was unloaded last night at Fort Wadsworth, and each soldier got an elaborately decorated calendar.

The Christmas exercises were also held a day ahead of time at Fort Wood, on Liberty Island, where the branch of the Young Men's Christian Association there superintended an entertainment by E. W. Reed, a musician, and Thomas Dobson, a humorist.

The proportion of discouraged and homesick soldiers is said to be greatest at Fort Slocum, where most of the recruits are sent, and consequently special plans have been taken with the Christmas celebration to be held there on Thursday.

BLUE CUSTOM HOUSE HOLIDAY.

No More Gifts for Clerks Under Newly Issued Order.

Yesterday was said to be the poorest Christmas Eve in years for many of the clerks employed at the Custom House, the reason being that an order had been issued forbidding employes to accept gifts of any kind from outsiders.

For a number of years it has been the practice of brokers and other persons having business at the Custom House to make small presents to members of the clerical force. In most cases it was a box of cigars, but a favorite clerk usually received a money present.

GOOD CHEER IN "THE SWAMP."

Regular Christmas Event Brings Out About Two Hundred Boys.

Two hundred boys of "The Swamp," a section lying below Park Row, held their annual Christmas reception yesterday afternoon in the heart of their home district at Vandewater and Pearl streets.

The recipients were begun fifteen years ago on a Christmas Eve, when Julius R. Smith, a wealthy stager of No. 272 Pearl street, found twenty ragged boys sleeping over the radiators outside the pressrooms

of the newspaper buildings. He gave them the freedom of a restaurant that night, and has continued the reception since.

RAILROADS' BUSY DAY

Holiday Passenger Traffic Fills All Trains.

Every train coming to and going from this city yesterday was crowded, so were all the ferryboats. It was a windy but a clear day, and railroad officials said the "regular as clockwork" term could not be used to describe the systematic handling of the Christmas Eve crowds.

At Grand Central Station the collage and the uptown New York Central trains, which were run in two or three sections, and the trains going into New England territory over the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad carried their biggest crowds yesterday.

The Erie brought in its capacity limit on every train. "I've seen more people carrying bundles and packages to-day," said an Erie traffic man, "than I have ever seen on Christmas Eve. And it hasn't been just to-day, either. There'll be a glorious Christmas in Jersey this year if the packages and bundles count for anything."

The Pennsylvania trains brought in many people in the afternoon. The ferryboats were run on their regular schedules, and were all filled with passengers.

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BLACK HAIR DANCE

Not a Blond Girl Seen at Anarchists' Christmas Ball.

All the clever girls, all the intellectual girls, all the thoroughly worthy, serious-minded, housewifely girls, sat around the walls most of the evening. All the pretty girls had partners for every dance. Young men, with pretty clothes and pretty shoes, were ready to take out small pieces who couldn't dance very well.

Still, there were a few differences. Perhaps so much densely, lustreously, trenchantly black hair, and so thickly set, never gathered in a room before. There wasn't a hair there that was anything but black, outside the coiffure of one young woman.

Once in a while some gaunt person with pamphlets bulging from his pockets would ramble across the floor, witnessing the outcome of human destiny at three inches from his nose. There was a musical, too, at which the orchestra played the "Marsellaise" and Alexander Berkman exhorted every one to enjoy the evening.

Mr. Berkman announced that Miss Flynn would address them, the young speaker whose sister Miss Elizabeth Flynn had suffered imprisonment in the cause of free speech. Miss Flynn would declaim "The Revolution." In response to it all there came a slip of a child, with a smooth, sweet forehead and blue eyes that surely were looking for fairies not many years ago.

In declaiming "The Revolution" she impersonated at different times the Spirit of Revolt, Cruel War, Heaven's Justice, and stretched out the mighty arm of Retribution. But she was all alive, to the last inch of her little face; she was charming in the most terrible passages, and when the absurd verses sank to mere pathos there was an impassioned sincerity in voice and wistful gesture that her hearers will not soon forget.

Miss Emma Goldman cheered the dancers with encouragement from a seat of honor near the orchestra. She refused calls for a speech till far into the night, when she granted a three minutes' talk, ending with the wish that the time would come when we might wish, not a merry Christmas, but a merry day every day in the year.

AMATEUR SANTA BURNED.

False Beard Catches Fire When Woman Assumes Costume.

Charleston, Ill., Dec. 24.—Wearing the garb of Santa Claus last night to amuse the children of Charleston at a public entertainment, Miss Clara McCloy drew too near the candles of the Christmas tree, the false beard she wore caught fire, and to-day she is in a serious condition from burns.

HUDSON TUNNELS CROWDED.

The carrying capacity of the Hudson & Manhattan Railroad, which operates the tunnels between Hoboken, Jersey City and Manhattan, was put to the test yesterday by the army of Christmas shoppers and persons leaving Manhattan to spend the holiday out of town.

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NIGHT RIDERS BUSY IN INDIANA.

Evansville, Ind., Dec. 24.—Dozens of hacco barns in Spencer and Warrick counties, containing many thousand pounds of tobacco, have been destroyed by fire in the last few days, supposedly by Night Riders.

GIFT FOR MILL OPERATIVES.

Profit Sharing Dividend of 4 Per Cent Paid in Fall River.

Fall River, Mass., Dec. 24.—The fortieth semi-annual profit-sharing dividend was paid to-day to the operatives of the Bourne mills. The rate is 4 per cent on the total weekly wages earned for the last six months.

The late George A. Chase was the originator of the profit-sharing plan. The scheme was put into effect in 1889 and only once has a dividend been omitted, this being in the big strike in 1904 to 1906. The dividend declared to-day on the basis of a weekly payroll of \$3,000 means a payment to the operatives of about \$4,000.

CURIOS WIFE COST HIS LIFE.

Husband Killed After Quarrel Over Christmas Gift.

Coalgate, Okla., Dec. 21.—The refusal of Samuel F. Woods, a railroad engineer, to satisfy his wife's curiosity as to the contents of a Christmas package he had brought home caused a family quarrel last night and cost Woods his life.

In the quarrel Woods choked his wife. She broke away and went to the home of a neighbor, her brother George Holland accompanying her. Woods followed and opened fire on the house. Holland returned the fire and killed Woods. Holland gave himself up.

FATHER AND MOTHER KILLED.

Were Bringing Home Gifts for Their Nine Children.

Hamilton, Ohio, Dec. 24.—While driving home in a covered wagon with Christmas gifts for their nine children, William Payne and his wife, Mary, were killed by a traction car to-day. They were hurled some distance and both died almost instantly.

CHRISTMAS EVE GLEE IN PARIS.

Paris, Dec. 24.—Favored by mild weather, Christmas Eve was celebrated in Paris by the usual festivities. Record-breaking crowds thronged the boulevards to-night and overflowed the restaurants in merry parties. There were more Americans among the merry-makers than usual. Mid night masses were celebrated at all the churches, with elaborate musical programmes.

MR. TAFT SHOPPING

IN HOLIDAY CROWD.

Buys Presents and Meets Two Convivial Strangers.

Washington, Dec. 24.—President Taft went shopping about this afternoon, playing Santa Claus in open fashion. He wandered from shop to shop, taking a hearty interest in the store windows and good naturedly returning the jostling of the crowds which jammed the sidewalks.

The President left the executive offices at 4 o'clock and walked down Pennsylvania avenue to a jeweller's shop. Here he remained some time, selecting a present for Mrs. Taft and his daughter, Miss Helen. He next walked to a leather establishment in F street, where Captain Butt halted him on the walk before the window.

"That's just the thing," Captain Butt exclaimed, pointing with his walking stick to an elaborate travelling bag of Russia leather.

"You're right!" exclaimed the President, showing the officer ahead of him good naturedly. "Let's get a cigar view."

There was a commotion in the crowded store when the President and his party entered. They remained nearly a quarter of an hour, going next to a book store, where Mr. Taft purchased a number of volumes. One of them, which he wanted to mail to-night, he turned over to Captain Butt.

"Here, Butt, you take care of this," he said, smilingly. "I've got all I can do to take care of myself."

Captain Butt put the volume under his arm, and the party returned to the jeweller's shop. The clerks had evidently made record time in packing and preparing the President's purchases, for they were ready. A Secret Service man was left behind to see that the packages reached the White House safely, and the party started up Pennsylvania avenue.

As the President passed a hotel in 15th street the pinwheel door to the bar spun merrily. Four bibulous celebrants of the holiday season emerged. They gained the sidewalk, laughing effusively and wishing one another the compliments of the season, when one spied the President.

"Merry Christmas, Mister President," he cried. "Merry Christmas!" All four managed to raise their hats. The President looked them over, and then, with a broad grin, lifted his hat.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he said. "Let me wish you the same." The President's party returned to the White House, after an absence of about an hour and a half.

TAFT GETS BIG PIE.

Not Thanksgiving One, but 'Twill Serve for Christmas.

Washington, Dec. 24.—The long list pie that didn't get to Washington for President Taft's Thanksgiving dinner arrived to-night, and will be served on the White House table to-morrow.

Of course, it's not the same pie, or it would have been barred from the White House grounds by Captain Archibald W. Butt, the President's military aid, who also arbitrates the menus of those who aspire to feed the President.

The bakers of Jersey City and New York were not taking any chances on this pie. It was packed in a heavy wooden box, four feet square, nailed with tennery nails, and all the way from New York to Washington four delegates of the bakers' unions sat on the cover, one on each corner.

The pie was taken to the White House on an automobile truck.

Heartiest Thanks to Our Patrons

It was a splendid business you gave us; the best of all the years in New York.

Though the crowds were great—the facilities of the business, being constantly improved, expedited the movements of merchandise beyond everyone's expectations.

There is great encouragement for ourselves and also for so many satisfied buyers.

It is inevitable that there should have been some blunders. The human factor is not automatic.

Please be good enough to allow us to correct any errors that have been made, and to accept our double thanks for this.

Let us know of anything broken or not right and we will send for it.

Special Thanks Also to the Newspapers!

for their vigorous advocacy of early shopping.

Great is the Power of the Press! Serious Christmas shopping may be said to have begun a week earlier than usual.

But didn't it keep up well!

John Wanamaker

The Wanamaker Store will be closed all day today—Christmas Day.

The Tribune Almanac for 1910. An invaluable reference book for the Busy Man. A Necessity for Every One. Price 25c. On Sale December 31st. Leave order early with your newsdealer for a copy. Sent by Mail, Postage Prepaid.