

6,000 DINNERS ON DRY DOLLAR

LONG TIME SINCE THE BOWERY HAS HEARD THAT NAME USED.

The Blossom Spring It yesterday in a speech of welcome—Dole of Shoes and Pipes, With Sarsaparilla Riley's Camera Eye Out for Four-footed Men.

Mr. Sarsaparilla Riley stood yesterday at the head of the stairs at the Timothy D. Sullivan Association rooms at 207 Bowery flashing his camera eye on the surrounding lines of Bowery lodgers who came to enjoy Senator Sullivan's hospitality. Years of practice in cutting out the goats from the sheep had made him so expert in detecting repeaters that no trick could deceive him. The most glib tongue stuttered into silence before his stony glare. Hour after hour he held a vigil at the head of the stairs, looking like a moving picture machine.

With his "Nix!" "Nix!" uttered with a wink and his tongue with his cheek was fatal to the hopes of many a guest who hoped to check out with two tickets for shoes and one of the one ticket that the Big Fellow's munificence had provided.

It really didn't make the slightest difference whether a constituent had a money ticket or not, and the wily ones who tore their tickets in two and slipped out a card to a pal laid an unnecessary snare on their souls. The Big Fellow had given the usual instructions to his lieutenants, "See that everybody gets enough to eat and don't turn away the man who can't show tickets." But as usual at the Christmas dinners tickets entitling the recipients to a pair of shoes and a pair of stockings on February 6 were issued, and since there were only 5,000 of these tickets somebody had to keep an eye on the repeaters.

The spread was ready for the first comers before 11 A. M., and the gloomy assembly room up one flight had taken on an air of Christmas cheer that was pleasing even to folks who hadn't been invited. At the back of the room where an orchestra played tune after tune for seven solid hours (and goodness knows how many times it played "Sullivan") hung the oil painting of Big Tim and Little Tim done more than twenty years ago. Little Tim with his dark, serious face, Big Tim with his boyish smile and his plump cheeks it was noticeable that nearly all of the feasters expressed their gratitude to the artist by firing the rings of coffee or beer to the dingy painting. It was "Little Tim, God rest him" or "Here's the Big Fella."

"And I tell you," said Alderman Johnny White, who was around and about in general direction of the festivities, "there isn't enough money in New York to buy that picture from the Timothy D. Sullivan Association."

From this honored portrait loops of Christmas greenery swayed around the walls connecting oil paintings of other statesmen who are friends of the Sullivan's—(C) Tom Foley, J. Judge Tommy Dineen, ex-Governor Acriello, Senator Jack Fitzgerald, leader now of the district and several Justices of the Supreme Court. And over the painting of Big Tim and Little Tim was displayed in a border of holly this greeting from the host:

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, JOHN C. FITZGERALD.

In the room fronting on the Bowery, from whose windows you could see the lines of men that reached up to Rivington street and down to Delancy street, hundreds and hundreds of men on whom misfortune or liquor or disease had left their marks, a dozen white aproned waiters hovered over baskets of turkey and chicken, stacks of apple and mince pies that leaned against the wall like towers of Pisa done in dough, pots of steaming mashed potatoes, kegs of beer poised on dripping ice, urns of coffee and enough of glass mugs to stock a store.

In the main room, the long assembly room that runs backward from the Bowery for a considerable distance toward the East River, three long tables were set in places at the three and at each of the tables were half a dozen waiters to see that every one of the guests got all the food and drink that was built to carry. While Alderman Johnny White was the master of ceremonies and Harry Applebaum, Big Tim's secretary, stood at the head of the stairs giving out show tickets and Mike Summers, who had been marshal, flanked the tables, the chief of the waiters, a man who had been a waiter at the Sarsaparilla Hotel, occasionally the voice of Sarsaparilla would croak indignantly, "That's that guy, Mike, he's a ringer!" But it was Alderman Johnny White who made the most of the occasion, and many a Christmas feast.

Inside Mike Summers, done up in an apron and a big smile, split the crowd in two and led a grand march at a dance parts a column of marchers and halves it left and right. It was all carried on with so much system and precision that it was a wonder that the waiters occasionally the voice of Sarsaparilla would croak indignantly, "That's that guy, Mike, he's a ringer!" But it was Alderman Johnny White who made the most of the occasion, and many a Christmas feast.

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AGED POOR FEAST AND DANCE

WHO COULD RESIST THE IRISH REELS WITCHERY?

Not the Young Colleens of Sixty and More, as Mr. Crimmins and Family Well Know for These Many Years—Leonard of Roscommon, Aged 91.

The Christmas dinner to the inmates of the Home for the Aged Poor, in Seventieth street near Third avenue, was served yesterday at noon by John D. Crimmins, "founder of the feast," and members of his family, as it has been served year after year for so many years that Mr. Crimmins himself doesn't remember just when the custom began.

"How long have we been doing this, sister?" he asked a Little Sister of the Poor, who stood by while with a vast white apron over his morning coat he heaped cranberry sauce and dressing on the plates.

"No, I'm sure I don't know that, sir," she told him. "It's twenty years I've been here myself, and you did it the year I came."

For twenty years at least, then, the house of Crimmins has been making Christmas cheer among the aged poor. In just one way this is unfortunate. If there had been only one dinner the veterans from the old sod could and surely would date time from it. Now their great basis for reckoning is the year of the big wind, which seems to have come before the birth of most of them, though you have to be sixty to qualify for admittance into the home. That makes its Christmas dinner a select and exclusive affair, together with the limited capacity of the home, which shelters only 300 persons of both sexes.

In most of them the thin blood warms and tingles when "The Wearing of the Green" is played, but they are quite democratic, as witness Peter Beranger, the French Canadian, who hunted and trapped through Ontario almost in flintlock days, or Sol Herrman, from the south of Prussia, who may have been at Sedan, or and chiefly Aunt Eliza Anderson, who owns to 80, and was once of the old negro colony on Long Island.

"No, suh, no suh. Ah neveh teches one," said Aunt Eliza proudly when someone said that she hadn't a beer glass and wondered if she was neglected.

Downstairs, in the dining room, where dozens of sixty-odd are secluded, that their romping may not bother their elders—dancing began before dinner, promoting appetite and digestion, besides giving out-let to girlish high spirits. A Hungarian violinist named Clancy, with a compatriot harpist accompanying him, played the old Irish jigs and reels for ten wild minutes, and in the aisle between tables Catherine Sullivan of the County Clare, Bridget Carroll of Mayo, Catherine Cotter and Mary Hyland of Roscommon and many more sweeteyed things bobbed and swung partners in the strictest time, cheered by Mr. Crimmins. One fine lump of a girl, not much over a bit but waddled across the room, did a little dance all alone with such good will that the soon sat down all out of breath, but blithe and smiling.

There was hung on the wall in each dining room an evergreen framed motto invoking blessings upon Mr. Crimmins and family. The mottoes were not needed a bit, for everybody was invoking all the blessings he could think of by word of mouth, but they looked well on the walls, where they will hang again next Christmas, and no doubt on many a Christmas yet to come.

When harp and fiddle reached the younger men not one of them knew how to dance, which wrote them down for comradeship and not for gay goosons. The younger men were ashamed of it. Utter disgrace to his sex, little child of the veterans' room, upstairs by Michael Leonard of Roscommon, 91 years young, who rose as beamed a lad of accomplishments and did a reel au deux with a newspaper man until the newspaper man cried quits, panting terribly, and quailed before the twinkling of triumph in Michael's bright old eyes.

While the drumsticks were in picking the fiddle began to croon "Rory O'More" against a background of mellow chords from the harp, and drifted from that into "The Rose Tree" and "The Young Man's Prayer," and no one was quite as happy until the song had ended. It made rather a pleasant unhappiness, though, for that, and an Irishman and a cunning hand and he knew how to get his melody down into all the deeper places of a man, especially of a man who had left the post boys and the heather long ago.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

GOOD HEALTH GOOD CHEER EVANS' REE

AS WELL AS GOES WITH GOOD SPIRITS IT IS CONSTANTLY DOING GOOD FOR ALL MANKIND

KNOW CHRISTMAS IN LONDON? NOT WELL, LET A TRAVELLER TELL YOU ABOUT IT

And Contrast It With the Good Cheer of One in New York—The Globe Trotter's First Experience With Theories Luncheon—Hunt for a Shyve and a Seal.

A man who has spent so much of his time travelling that he has few friends here was discovered sitting in the lobby of the Waldorf yesterday after luncheon smoking a cigar and apparently in a happy frame of mind.

"With whom did you eat your Christmas luncheon?" he was asked.

"With myself. I am never lonely when I can eat a Christmas dinner here. I can see human beings about with the same speech as myself, and I can talk to one of the clerks or a manager, and if I want to buy a drink I can get it."

"A solitary man can manage to have a pleasant Christmas in New York, even if all his closest friends are away. He can get a snug meal at any time of the day he wants it; he can go to the theatre in the afternoon, if Christmas is a weekday, and he can go again at night if he wishes, while on a Sunday night he can go to a music hall. New York is all right in that way in spite of all you read about its unsociability."

"London is the place I don't care to get caught in. It's happened several times, but it won't happen again if I can help it. The first Christmas I spent in the Bloomin' town will always remain absolutely the dreariest experience of my whole life."

"It was my first trip to Europe. For two weeks I was busy in the Paris office of the firm, and then I was sent suddenly across the channel, landing in London on the night before Christmas eve. It was raining heavily, and I was the most homesick cuss I ever saw. I didn't know a thing about the town, and it was not till the next day that I could find out London manager, an American. He was slipping over to Paris that day, for he knew what a London Christmas was, and he said I could occupy his flat in Ferny street while he was gone. Well, he left behind so much correspondence and other work for me to attend to that it was 3 o'clock on Christmas morning before I could get into bed."

"I awoke while it was still dark and looked at my watch by the light of a match. It was 12 o'clock noon on Christmas Day. I got up and looked out of the window, and saw that a heavy smoke was over everything and I set it down as a real London pea soup extinguisher and rang for the valet who was attached to the house. I had a headache and was feeling blue and not hungry, so I told him to bring me a cup of coffee and let it go at that. The stuff he fetched me tasted like diluted mud and I did not attempt to swallow it."

"Then I thought I would have a look at the town and searched through my trunk, but there was not a sign of a razor. After an effort I remembered that I had used one of my collection the morning before I left Paris and must have left the lot on the bureau of my room over there. By the time I was dressed, and as the fog was lifting, I decided I would go out and look for a barber shave."

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Christmas At Howard & Co.'s NEW GOODS 10% AT A REDUCTION OF FROM THE REGULAR PRICE PEARL NECKLACES DIAMOND JEWELRY OLD ENGLISH SILVER FRENCH NOVELTIES GOLD JEWELRY FRENCH NOVELTIES FIFTH AVENUE & 47TH STREET

"Sorry" Our Ready-for-Delivery Two-Letter Monogram Crane's Paper and Correspondence Cards were so popular, the demand for some combinations exceeded the supply. Our presses, in a few days, will supply those few monograms. Hereafter we shall always have in stock every combination of the alphabet—same price 75 cents—1 quire and envelopes—full size letter paper, or cards.

PASTOR OUT OVER MONEY. Says He Wasn't Paid—He Was, Says Church Board. RED BANK, N. J., Dec. 25.—The Rev. Clarence E. McKelvey, who has been pastor of the Methodist Church of Navasink since last May, has been removed by the Rev. Dr. John Handley, superintendent of the New Brunswick district of the Methodist Conference.

TO DISCUSS LEGAL ETHICS. Lawyers to Talk on Abuses in Practice and Procedure. Plans for a series of conferences on legal matters of public interest, exist in procedure or practice that now exist and the reforms that are needed, were announced last night by the New York County Lawyers Association.

Hospital at Montclair Hard Up. MONTCLAIR, N. J., Dec. 25.—The advisory board of the Montclair Hospital has made a special appeal to the people of Montclair, Glen Ridge, Bloomfield, Caldwell and Verona for contributions to the hospital's support.

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH. Oil Stove Exploded—91-Year-Old Grandmother Rescued. An oil stove exploded and set fire to the home of George Trenkler in Trotting Course lane, Masspeth, L. I., last evening and his seven-year-old child Lena was burned to death.

PACKARD COMMERCIAL SCHOOL (Fifty third year) Will reopen, day session, Tuesday, Jan. 2 Evening session, Wednesday, January 4 Commercial and Stenographic Courses