

Organ and Christmas Carols at 9; Band and Organ at 5
Chimes and Brass Quartette at Noon

WANAMAKER'S

Store Opens at 9

WANAMAKER'S

Store Closes at 5:30

WANAMAKER'S

WEATHER
Mostly Cloudy

Giving, Giving, Giving Is the Thought in Every Mind—It's Behind the Smile on Every Face You Meet

From the Writings of the Founder

It Is a Pleasure to Remember a Day in Edinburgh

with Dr. Horatio Bonar, the poet preacher of Scotland, who wrote much that still prolongs his useful life. This for example:

"He liveth long who liveth well,
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day."

What are we here for if it be not to make life easier and sweeter for all about us?

[Signed] *John Wanamaker*

There's Gladness in the Air and More People Than Ever Are Realizing What a Great Thing This Yule-Tide Is, With Its Santa Claus, and Its Thought for Others and Their Happiness, and Its Closer Fellowship

But the Biggest Gift That Can Come at Christmas-Time Is the Privilege of Being of Use to Some One Else

ALL day today, from earliest morning—and far into the night, Wanamaker delivery trucks will be chugging along city streets and suburban roads, laden with the last of the Christmas gifts for which the doors of the homes are so gladly opened and hands so eagerly outstretched.

One could hardly think of a higher privilege for a great business organization than to work so closely, so intimately to make happy the greatest home festival that the American people celebrate.

BUT It's Been Christmas Here for Weeks— and Every Hour a Pleasure

People, people everywhere. Thousands and thousands of people from the Main to the Eighth Floor and down again to the Down Stairs Store.

People of all sorts. Big people and little people; city people and people from out-of-town; young people and old people; men and women and children unnumbered; people of every profession in life but predominantly those who belong to the splendid profession of MOTHERS, and who are cheerily shouldering the whole family's shopping.

From the packages under nearly every arm and the smiles that radiate from every face one can guess how few have come on an errand for themselves.

THEY Came Alone, Perhaps, but Have Left With a Thousand Friends

For where there is so much of Christmas there is bound to be the warmer feeling of friendship.

They have met in the Grand Court, have thought the Christmas decorations magnificent and have gloried in the soft, rich waves of melody that roll from the many gilted throats of the Great Organ.

Sweet carols of Christmas were played and the people have joined in the singing—the most unusual kind of carol music ever heard—all unrehearsed, its background the massive walls of a huge and humming business house, its singers strangers to one another, casually met, "like ships that pass in the night"—

YET Bound Close in Spirit and Sympathy by the Music of Christmastime

But most of them, came mainly to do their Christmas shopping in the pleasantest and quickest way, with the best return for their money in permanent satisfaction.

And the store has endeavored to serve satisfactorily.

We believe that when the presents purchased here are taken from the gift table and put to the test of use—the new slipper worn, the new gloves drawn on, the new books read, the new lamps lighted, the new piano played—it will never be said, "I'm sorry I went to Wanamaker's."

There was no effort spared, nothing overlooked to make each Christmas gift the best. Every market in the world, every corner where human energy and human ingenuity are producing things was searched in this relentless quest for the best.

Of course, human relations are not yet perfect, even human love is full of flaws, and so are the things that mere humans produce, but the gift things here are the most perfect, the most flawless to be found on earth.

And we are glad for our confidence that no matter what gift was purchased here—from a grand piano to a child's toy, from a magnificent circlet of diamonds to a pound box of candy—it has been of a quality that neither seller, giver, nor recipient need blush for.

So with a sense of having done our best to help you do your best to make others glad, we say

Merry Christmas to All and to All a Good-Morrow

Now the Christmas happiness turns to other corners. Mansions on the glassy boulevards where handsome limousines roll, great estates looking proudly down upon the whole country-side, little cottages nestling close to some mountainside as if for warmth, or lowly places in the shunned streets of the city are all akin as Christmas nears.

There's one feeling everywhere and everybody's helping to spread it.



AND It Would Be Lots of Fun to Peep Into Most of These Homes

Everybody flying about with arms full of gifts, white paper rustling, scissors snip-snipping and getting mislaid in the transfer from hand to hand:

The best tyer of bows in the family having her hands full, especially with the lovely, glistening ribbons of silk or tinsel unraveling too fast, as it always does:

The Christmas seals threatening to give out (as they always do) until somebody saves the day (as is always done) by discovering in an overlooked corner an unopened box of the prettiest ones of all ("Don't you know, we came across them that Wednesday in Wanamaker's?");

Somebody catching sight of a gift she or he was never, never meant to see until twenty-four hours later—and then registering in an elaborate obliviousness which would do honor to a girl sitting on a porch, who sees with the tail of her eye a boy coming along the street to call on her;

Somebody else seized with an all-but-fatal lapse of memory as to where he, she, has stowed away the most important gift of all, and the whole busy group amiably dropping work to go whole-heartedly into the search (invariably successful):

Gifts popping out of Wanamaker gift boxes, gifts being popped into them:

Such priceless freightage of Christmas good will going into each box, each package, however small, and however uncostly its contents, as to make it worth its weight in gold on the kind of scales that really count—

What a day is the day before the day before Christmas!

Only two days eclipse it in importance, and we have just named them above.

SO It Goes at Christmas, the Whole Land Over

Stores are crowded, jammed, busier than you wish they were. There are people everywhere, all laden with bundles, all in a hurry, all tired out, but all happy.

There's a hubbub in homes, everybody's got too much to do, everybody wishes it was all over—yet everybody's glad there is a Christmas, even though it comes but once a year.

Merry Christmas to All
Says Wanamaker's

DURING CHRISTMAS WEEK

Almost Everybody Visits Wanamaker's

It's holiday time and folks must go sight seeing.

One of the sights of Philadelphia surely is the great Wanamaker Store.

Yes—To Be Sure, Visit Wanamaker's!

Be sure of your welcome, even though you are only passing through the aisles, or showing friends the sights of the Store; a welcome which is not "put on" for appearance sake, but which is the spiritual cornerstone of this whole great material structure of service;

Be sure of complete comfort in going about and seeing, perfect security even for the little children you may bring with you to enjoy the great Toy Store and the other wonders of Wanamaker's (no roomier, pleasanter, better safeguarded store in creation for the little folks to visit!);

Be sure of mingling with the best kind of people, whether friends or strangers to you (and that does make a difference, in atmosphere and in other ways);

And above all, be sure of the substantial value of the goods displayed on every side, whether you mean to buy them today, next week, next month or never.

Walk into Wanamaker's with absolute assurance that you'll not walk out of it overreached, overcharged, disappointed or dissatisfied with its merchandise.

Christmas did not "bleed us white" of worth-while goods, despite the most tremendous season of holiday selling in our history. New, fine stocks were flowing into our store-houses, and our shelves, and our counters, while the last of the Christmas gifts were going out, and even earlier.

Worth-while goods are all that we deal in. We have no scrap-tables heaped with fearful and wonderful assortments of odds and ends which "missed fire" as Christmas gifts and are good for nothing else.

"Sure-fire" buying and selling is what has made Wanamaker's Wanamaker's. We cannot keep some people from buying trash, but we can and do keep all people from buying it here.