

DOONER BROTHERS MAKE AGED HAPPY

Follow Custom Started by Their Father Forty-one Years Ago

FOOD FROM SOUP TO NUTS

By KNOX

Just about everybody knows the Dooner boys. They are brothers three. They run a hotel. It is a good hotel. It is on Tenth street about ninety steps north from Chestnut street. There may be some food for man, who sometimes is called a beast.

If you ever wandered into Dooner's hotel you would find it a cheery place. Ducky waiters would take the warmest kind of a personal interest in you. And you would go into the outer world well fed and content and you would wonder whether there must not be a soul back of the Dooners to make it such a satisfactory "chow" place. ("Chow" means eat.)

Dooners has a soul. It has four of them. Souls sometimes have names. They do in this story. This is a story of three live souls and the memory of a soul—and the memory is the best soul of all.

"Bill" Dooner is a big sort of a chap. He asked me on Saturday night—a rather fake sort of a Christmas Eve this year—whether I would take a Christmas jaunt with him come tonight. "The Home for Aged of Both Sexes, without regard to Creed or of Nationality," under the care of that self-sacrificing band of devoted women who are known as the Little Sisters of the Poor. The home is under the invocation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

"Bill" Dooner rang the "day bell." The door swung open and "Bill" got a real Christmas greeting from the sweetest faced Sister of the Poor man ever laid eyes upon. We were hustled into a tiny room where it became obligatory to don a big white waiter's apron that covered one from neck to midway from knee to ankle. Then the good Christmas work started.

"Forty-one years ago," a little Sister whispered in my ear—a French sister who had her heart over there where her sisters are fighting—"Peter Dooner founded the custom of giving our old men and our old women something to remember that Christmas was for them as well as for the rich. And every year since he died his sons have kept up the good old custom."

I felt a grip upon my arm. "Time to get to work," said "Bill" Dooner. And I found myself before a huge pile of plates. It seemed that the Dooner boys had impressed a lot of the loafers and harpies of a big hotel into some real service.

They sat in rows at long tables around the rooms, these old folk who had been taken in without regard to religion or nationality.

"Bill" Dooner put on an apron. So did Frank. And so did Ed. And so did those wives of those harpies who happened to have wives. And every one smiled and looked terribly happy. Which they were.

Then in the men's dining room, in the women's dining room, in the men's infirmary, in the women's infirmary, much food was served, including all that should be in a Christmas dinner, turkey and all its trimmings, and plum pudding and cake and punch—steaming hot and piping hot and—for the men—pipes and smoking tobacco and soap and two cigars and much else—and for the women packages about the contents of which it was bad form for a man to ask.

And then came Frank Dooner and the old people knew him from many years back, and applauded. And then came "Bill" and told funny stories and got a hearty "God bless you" from all the old folk who had had an ordinary day turned into a Christmas holiday.

And finally came Ed Dooner with his sweet voice and his songs of long ago. And he sang for the feeble women in the women's infirmary. And he sang for the feeble men in the men's infirmary. And he sang for the women in the dining hall. And—voice just as sweet as though he had never sung a song that day—he sang for the men in the men's dining hall.

He sang songs of long ago. Not sentimental songs. For those kind of songs make folks cry when they are in the evening of life. But sweet old Irish songs with a twist of humor to them. And there were smiles all about when he had finished.

It seems that forty-one years ago, gone yesterday, the daddy boys, the Dooner boys, dear old Peter Dooner, of blessed memory, started the custom of giving the old folk a happy Christmas. And since his death his sons have considered it a trust fund and haven't felt it Christmaside unless they made the old folk happy up at Eighteenth and Jefferson streets.

May God give Philadelphia more Dooner boys.

Miss While Preparing Holiday Meal WEST CHESTER, Pa., Dec. 26.—Mrs. Alice Bullock, nurse of the Social Settlement Society, died here while making preparations for the Christmas dinner for her family. She was recently superintendent of the Normal School Infirmary.



WILLIAM BUCHMANN

Though only six months old, he put on a uniform and shouldered a rifle as a Christmas tribute to his absent uncle, David Ahern, of Battery B, Second Pennsylvania Field Artillery, who is down on the border.

ILL MAN KILLS HIMSELF

Machinist, Unable to Work, Turns on Gas in Room

A long period of ill health is supposed to have caused George Knipe, forty-nine years old, a machinist, to commit suicide early this morning by turning on the illuminating gas in the room of the house where he boarded, at 215 West Berks street. Knipe had been unable to work for a long time, but yesterday appeared to be in better spirits than usual. He retired early, and about 3 o'clock a fellow boarder detected the odor of gas coming from his room. The door was broken down and Knipe found and taken to the Station Hospital. It was too late, however. The man was unmarried and the police are hunting for his relatives.

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DIETING RULES CITY ON THE 'DAY AFTER'

Stomach Experts, Man at the Bar and Others Explain Reason Why

CATELL HAS FIGURES

"To the day after Christmas, and all through the town the people are vying the grub they put down. Yes, pills for dyspepsia they bitterly try. And hope the Grim Reaper will please pass 'em by."

Now comes the gastronomic "morning after." If you called dear old Grandma a gourmet as she sat on her easy chair yesterday afternoon, completely under the influence of turkey and coffee, you would have been cried down as disrespectful. But from Grandma down nearly every one this day feels the result of too much feeding. It was all forecast by the nation's foremost dietitians, but hardly as they are to the jibes of jolly trenchermen, they hesitated to anoint the annual turkey with the sauce of apprehension, by telling folks beforehand to go easy with the knife and fork.

"Of course," said Dr. Wilmer Krusen, director of the Department of Health and Charities, "our citizens ate entirely too much yesterday. Feeling that there was nothing to do until tomorrow, they went at their meals as if they never expected to get another. As a dietitian said, 'There are more persons who eat themselves to death than drink themselves out of this life!' I heartily believe that. But any one knows that the average person dislikes extremely to be called a gourmand!"

"Yesterday 150,000 turkeys were consumed in this city," said E. J. Cattell, city statistician. "There are 350,000 families in Philadelphia, but hardly half of these ate turkey. It is safe to assume."

"Suppose you place all the cranberries eaten in the city on top of one another," was suggested to the statistician.

"Suppose YOU do it," smiled Mr. Cattell, retreating.

Nevertheless, some of the essential facts of yesterday's municipal bolt cannot be overlooked. For instance, if the mince pie eaten in this city were spread out flat on the ground they would nearly cover a square city block; if they were lined up edge to edge they would reach from here

to Trenton; if they were made into a porous fabric by fastening their edges together they would cover one side of the Land Title Building. Nine hundred tons of turkey were consumed, and if the turkeys who perished to make a Quaker holiday could be rejuvenated and allowed to gobble in chorus the sound would reach—well, just put it that way—"would reach."

A meal such as yesterday's set the Philadelphia people back an aggregate of 141-168 years and eight months of their lives, as authors on the subject agree that one day of the very heaviest feeding shortens a person's life two months.

"It's a peculiar thing," said Dr. F. B. Hawk, of Jefferson Medical College, "but folks who sigh as they talk of their fellow-men as wine bibbers, sit down at a meal and eat three times what is sufficient and twice what is good for them."

"People eat too much every day of the year. But on Christmas they go on a sort of debauch. It is a little extreme to say that they perceptibly shorten their lives."

"Now, it's this way," said a little man with rubbers and an umbrella, in discussing the situation over the polished wood. "I go and I buy a turkey and Ma hands it to us on Christmas. Then the next day we get it again. Then the next day



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That Wear

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we get it again—with an apology. Day after that we get a funny kind of hash that shows the influence of turkey, but Ma doesn't apologize this time, so me and the kids just butt our heads down, shut our eyes and keep going. Well, last year, on the fifth day, I went home and found a flock of the queerest little balls in place of meat. Wanting to make a joke I says, 'Ma, are you trying to ball us out?'"

The little man sighed and cried out for another.

"You don't know my wife, do you?" said the little man, wiping the sweat from his brow. "Well, when I tried to be funny she just stops dead in her tracks, puts her hands to her hips and starts in. I can give you what she said, but not the manner."

"I've been noticing," said Ma, "that you have been setting a bad example of wastefulness to the children by making faces at our turkey behind my back for two days. Now those are turkey balls, and what I want to tell you is this: If you don't like turkey, don't buy it. And if you must buy it,

and don't like it starting you in the morning a week, then, for the love of Mike, don't buy it on Christmas, and that's all I have to say to you."

Share in the Wonderful Future of the Bethlehems

THE BETHLEHEMS constitute the fastest-growing industrial community of the United States.

IN THE past fifteen months the four municipalities comprised therein have grown by leaps and bounds. But the growth has been insignificant compared with the demand. The expansion of the mighty plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company—bound to continue even after the war—and of the other industries of this most active section of the progressive Lehigh Valley, makes the construction of at least 12,000 new houses an actual present need.

AT THE moment there are approximately 50,000 people in the Bethlehems. The Steel Plant alone has more than 25,000 on its pay-rolls. Any one conversant with conditions in other industrial centers knows that 25,000 workmen should mean a community of at least 125,000. And the Steel Company—great as it is—is not the only industrial activity of the Bethlehems by any means.

UNDER existing conditions many of the employes of the various Bethlehem plants are forced to commute to other points. Their preference, naturally, would be to reside in the place of their occupation, especially considering the health and topographical conditions of this splendidly endowed section of Pennsylvania.

THIS condition of affairs leads us to comment on the excellent outlook for Bethlehem realty. Houses are being constructed on every side—well-designed, permanent residences that effectively counteract the suggestion of temporary boom—and values are increasing accordingly.

AS THE largest real estate operators and developers in the region, we are in a position to advise conservatively the prospective capitalist and investor. We personally own several hundred acres of the very best building sites in the Bethlehems. These sites are accessible to both industrial and commercial sections. We can offer the builder seeking a field for profitable operations unusual conditions and terms.

May we point to our residential parks, WEST SIDE and EDGEBORO, and to our less pretentious developments, OBERLY TERRACE and LYNFIELD, as examples of the work we are doing for the community's upbuilding.

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