

Grand Organ at 9 and 5:15  
Moment of Meditation and Chimes  
at Noon

WANAMAKER'S

Store Opens 9 A. M.

WANAMAKER'S

Store Closes 5.30 P. M.

WANAMAKER'S

WEATHER  
Fair

# OPENING THE DOORS TO THE CHILDREN Of "Christmas As Usual"—

## "Toyland, Joyland, Little-Girl-and-Boy-Land"

### Was Never More Wonderful—Ready Tomorrow Morning at Wanamaker's!

#### To the Good Little Girls and Boys Who Helped Mother

Do housework when there was sickness at home

#### Kris Kringle Has Been Told About You

and from the way the old fellow's eyes sparkled when he heard how patient and quiet you were when you stopped in the house so long, he surely has some nice things stowed away for you, to reward you.

We dare not tell all the secrets of Santa Claus, but we just have to tell this one: Old Kris has snapped his fingers and his eyes, and said that if ever it be so that there are not enough toys and playthings this year to go around, the preference must be given to the homes where little children had to be kept in the house in October.

Dear, kind old Kris, so we are to have a big Christmas this year after all!

[Signed] *John Wanamaker*

**N**OW, if you don't like toys—  
And don't like children—  
And don't like poetry (see below)—  
And agree with Old Scrooge about Christmas—

Write and tell us what you do like, and if we have it in the Store (and we have most things), we will write you an advertisement about it that you will like.

In the meantime, we are going right ahead and telling you what a wonderful Toy Store we have ready this year for people who are 100 per cent. human—which includes not only children, but people who like children, and toys, and cheer, and Christmas, and we are quite sure that it includes you.

#### "HAVE A HEART"

ATTENTION, DAD, UNCLE, ET AL: If you MUST do this—and you know you will—it had better be a Wanamaker Toy, for reasons stated in Column Two.

#### Before Christmas

AS SOON as I am safe in bed I hear my dad downstairs. A-rollin' up the parlor rug and pullin' back the chairs. An' then I hear the hiss o' steam an' somethin' rumbly round.

An' by an' by I hear a bump, an' then a crashin' sound, An' I just CANNOT get to sleep, because I know, you see, He's a-playin' with the train o' cars he said he'd get for me!

Last year I got a motor boat, that had a reg'lar screw. Dad he supposed to run around like great big vessels do. But dad he got a hold of it an' wound it up too tight. An' when I got it Christmas Day it never would run right. Of course, if I'd a got it first, I'd not of let him do it, But he can't wait till Christmas Day—he always beats me to it.

Same way with that there dynamo I got two years before. Dad started it the very night he brought it from the store. An' run it for a week or two, an' I could hear it hum. An' hear him say, "Just see 'er zip! Guess that is goin' some!" Of course, I know it gave my dad an awful lot o' fun, But when I got it Christmas Day it wouldn't even run.

I s'pose it's nice to have a dad that 'preslates little boys. An' knows exactly what they want when buyin' them their toys. But, somehow, when it's Christmas time it gets me kind o' sore. To know that all the things I get has all been used before. But, anyway, it ain't no use to make a fuss or cry. So all I do is hope that dad will grow up by an' by.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Toys to overflowing! Plenty for every one. Good toys, too—not a mean-quality or a makeshift article among them, that we know of. And here is the biggest and best thing about the toys in this best and biggest of Toy Stores—

#### Made in America!

That means the greater part of them. But you will also find toys that represent the genius of England, France, Switzerland and Japan.

No bad countries represented: only those that love little children, those of other lands as well as their own.

**W**HEN you visit this fairyland that's been set up on the Seventh Floor, you will not only believe in fairies, and believe in Santa Claus—impossible not to, with his throne in full sight and his mailbox around the corner, and those dear little chickabiddies already posting their letters in it!

—But you'll believe in American toymakers, too. They have done finely. Had to, for Wanamaker's.

The war has not demolished a single outpost of our well-known standards of excellence of its kind for every toy sold here, whether it be a 15c toy cannon or the most magnificent doll on the floor. If a regular toymaker couldn't satisfy us, we went out of the beaten track and employed factories that had never made toys before.

For example: There's the tiptop army autotruck, which you'll of course notice, being new this year. (It, not you!) It was made in a piano factory! Made of the same fine wood as is used in making high-grade pianos, and by the same skilled fingers that are accustomed to putting together the delicate mechanism of musical instruments.

Even the ribs that hold up the cloth cover of the truck are made of piano wire.

We would rather go toyless through a Christmas than put a worthless plaything into a trusting child's hands. But when you get off that elevator on the Seventh Floor it won't strike you that we are toyless.

**O**NE-AND-A-HALF acres of floor space has been given over to this great assemblage of toys—and good gracious, we needed it!

For the tiniest Toddlekins there are stuffed animals galore; red rubber and white rubber toys—in fact, all the soft, squeezey, squinchy things that can't hurt Baby or be hurt in return.

This of course includes rag dolls. If interested, be sure to ask to see the Pat-a-cake ragbaby. A more seraphic expression of chubby innocence never was painted on a ragbaby's face than that on hers, and no wonder, when she knows she's made flat, so as to both invite and survive ardent hugging.

Dolls, which are always glorious, this year are gloriouiser and gloriouiser—to use an Alice-in-Wonderlandism. Gone some years ago was the meaningless doll-stare, and in their stead have come faces as beautiful and natural as those of the dream-children Ik Marvel used to see when he lit his pipe.

There are frivolous dolls from France; serious, dutiful dolls that have been recruited into the Service as sailors, soldiers and nurses; lovely new arrivals from England; almond-eyed babies from Japan; and the very real "character" dolls that are "made in America," including the indestructible wooden dolls whose faces have not what we call wooden expressions.

Or if so, some of us would—or should—be willing to exchange our own expressions for such wooden ones, just as we may envy them their sturdy little limbs and steel springs and joints.

**B**UT if one's limbs or heart seem in danger of taking on age, one of the best of cures is a half hour or half day spent in this Toy Store, tagging after a lively child.

Playground opens Saturday, you know, with swings, slides, chutes, sand piles, seesaws, swinging horses and happy squeals.

"Mirth and youthful jollity?"

Well, rather!

Swinburne says something to the effect that "all the birds in Heaven may sing, all the bells in Heaven may ring," but that these and all other sweet sounds sink into nothingness

"When the soul of all delight  
Fills a child's clear laughter."

Not the tenth part of all the sources of that bubbling joy which are to be found in the Toy Store can be told here. But there are:

Musical toys, that passed the U-boats on their venturesome trip from Switzerland.

Toys tinged by the war spirit—ranging from soldier suits (of a quality we would like you to examine at close view) to the most elaborate and shining specimen of a nickel-plated cannon, looking so much like business that the natural exclamation is, "It beats the Dutch!"

Machine guns, of course—airplanes—seaplanes—"sub-swatters," which we hope you know means submarine chasers, big enough to hold a boy; but mounted on wheels, so don't worry about his running away to sea with it!

And the dove of peace is not far away, either. Squeeze it and it will soo. Made of nice white rubber.

That reminds us: Noah's Ark is back in fine fettle! You know they were scarce last year and the year before, and Christmas certainly seems not quite complete without that perennial favorite. These were made in America, and have nice, novel little touches, like the simulated windows painted on the hold, or steering, in modern parlance, whence the second order of creation appears to protrude inquiring snouts, trunks or fierce whiskers.

**A**NOTHER dear old toy of which a new and improved edition has just "come out," is the first good American-made toy horse, a strongly constructed, spirited representation of a lusty, white-tailed Percheron.

He even runs away! (from Wanamaker's). Maybe he'll run your way.

Games and puzzles, galore are here, including many new ones, and many that will interest the big boys in camps.

Looming big in boy-life are the instructive, structural, mechanical toys, which are doing so much to develop the small hand and brain nowadays; the steel, wood and stone building outfits; the wireless outfits; the electrical experimental toys; the miniature telephone that really PHONES, not plays at it, and can be made to operate a considerable distance by proper relays.

A long, long step in advance of the tin can and string which you and Bill remember!

A boy can learn how to run a real, live automobile and remain a real live boy, by putting together a little clock-winding, knockdown automobile which, after he's put it together, is exactly like his father's car, with the exception of gasoline and dangerous accidents, such as can happen even to father's car (and which make this realistic toy not without its instructive features for even grown men and women). Complete in every part—has a motor, a differential, and exactly the same transmission gear as a man-size automobile.

And did you know that for a boy with a mechanical turn of mind there's a dandy little machine shop, no bigger than a hand-sewing machine, but wonderfully complete? Has a turning lathe, band saw, drill press, grinding stone for sharpening tools, and counter shafts to give proper speed. Just attach it to any electric socket, and zip! there's something doing or making at once, even if it's only a happy boy.

**A** PLAINTIVE voice from Doll-land breaks in just here: "My clothes! Did you forget to tell 'em about my clothes?"

Oh, Dolly, who could forget those clothes? And what but a Wanamaker Toy Store could have produced them? All conceivable kinds, any conceivable number of sweet, little garments, from party gowns to kimonos, from kindergarten frocks to skating costumes. New designs from Paris—copies, some of them, of pattern dresses. Hand work on lots of them, clever touches on all. Hang-ers come for them, as cunning as you please.

#### Remember This?

"There were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers, all brothers, for they were all the offspring of the same old tin spoon. Each man shouldered his gun, kept his eyes well to the front, and wore the smartest red-and-blue uniform imaginable.

"The first thing they heard, in their new world, was a little boy clapping his hands and crying, 'Soldiers, Soldiers!'"

—FROM "THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER," BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

If you don't remember the story, you remember the little boy, for it was either you or your brother.

One of Mark Twain's dry sayings was: "There are no agnostics among college students. Lack of positive knowledge comes later."

Similarly, it may be said that

#### There Are No Pacifists Among Small Boys

Each and every one of them loves a new tin soldier as Sis loves a new doll, or Nursie a new policeman, and twenty-five soldiers are twenty-five times better.

There must be fully 25,000 tin soldiers encamped in the Toy Store at Wanamaker's—infantry and cavalry, fully uniformed and equipped—awaiting transference to the scene of warfare. We don't think we ever saw a finer or better disciplined lot.

(Seventh Floor)

Then there are triumphs in doll millinery; sweaters for the cold snaps; shoes for every occasion—even rubber boots for the ambitious doll who will go to school in the rain.

The Toy Store decorations are a s'prise, so we won't tell you a single thing about them till you see them. Oh, we don't mind saying that if you look up above you'll see stars—fact!—and real Christmas trees, twinkling with gay Christmas lights and fragrant with the Christmasy smell, whose tops touch the same lofty ceiling from which the starlight streams—another fact. We'll show you where their roots grow, too—and we promise you'll not trip over them.

Talk of your interesting corners in Wanamaker's! Why, the Toy Store isn't one of them!

It's the whole thing!  
Ask the children.

#### AMONG THE TOYS NEW THIS YEAR ARE

Those tanks! Just wait till you see them.  
Engine houses to the life. Garages, too.  
Armored electric trains, clock-winding.  
A regular, modern blow-up fort—trenches, dug-out and all—and when your cannon hits the right place, bing! up goes the roof of the dug-out in the air, and another victory's won.  
Uncle Sam's service army of dolls; jolly Jackies, khaki-clad soldiers, both white and black; irresistible Red Cross nurses. Equally up to date are—

#### Unbreakable Dishes! Now, Did You Ever?

This is the first season for these dainty yet durable dolls' tea sets, made of celluloid in three styles: white, light blue and white with pretty flower decorations.  
Mechanical dolls that didn't walk from France, but that came from France and that walk. Others play harps, drums, dance or whirl the giddy hours away in merry-go-rounds.  
Periscopes, real ones, not made for toy shops, but made for the United States Government, and the only reason they're here instead of in the trenches is because of a slight defectiveness in the finish that Uncle Sam's eagle eye couldn't pass by, but which doesn't affect their capacity to give joy to your boy or any boy.  
Realistic building blocks, with bricks light and dark, spindles and beams, that make 'most anything in furniture or architecture, from an arbor to an apartment house, from dolly's bedstead, buffet or swing, to a realistic windmill—and that can't fall to pieces, and can be lifted up and moved about, until you choose to take out the pegs you put 'em together with.  
A toy toy shop—a bit smaller than Wanamaker's; but the stock is new and well chosen, as any doll can see that looks in the big show window.  
Miniature military autos, including armored cars, Red Cross ambulances, and some even equipped with searchlights. Clock-winding.

Oh, this is the life!

(Seventh Floor)

# JOHN WANAMAKER