

Mr. Louis Stewart, Merchant
Mr. Henry Sidenberg, Merchant
Mr. James F. Sullivan, Banker
Mr. Brent M. Tanner, Merchant
Mr. Henry S. Thompson, Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas and
Electricity, New York
Mr. H. H. Topakyan, Consul General of Persia
Mr. Oscar Tietz, of Berlin, Merchant
Mr. Edward A. Van Valkenburg, Publisher
Mr. Louis Wiley, Advertiser
Mr. Patrick A. Whitney, Commissioner of Correction, New York
Mr. E. A. Westfall, Advertiser
Mr. Benjamin G. Wells, Publisher
Mr. F. W. Winterburn

BOOK FOUR.

PRIVATE TRIBUTES.

CHAPTER I.

ANNIVERSARY DAY, MARCH 13, 1911.

MR. WANAMAKER'S BREAKFAST TO HIS BUSINESS CHIEFS
IN EGYPTIAN HALL.

WHEN the business chiefs of the Store were invited to breakfast with Mr. Wanamaker at five minutes before eight o'clock on the morning of March 13, 1911, few of them realized why this hour was to be specially marked.

But it was, by the tick of the clock, the anniversary of a significant moment, as explained in the program which each one received and carried away as a souvenir.

The Wanamaker business took possession of the building at Sixth and Market Streets on April 2, 1861, opening its doors to the public on April 8, a few days before the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter.

Fifteen years after that the business was moved to Thirteenth and Market Streets, the Grand Depot—a men's clothing store—being started in the Spring of 1876.

By the next year the business included the selling of dress goods and silks, and the opening of this larger store took place on Monday, March 12, 1877, when, at five minutes before eight, Mr. John Wanamaker himself opened its doors to the public.

Just thirty-five years later, on Monday morning, March 13, 1911, at five minutes before eight o'clock, Mr. John Wanamaker entertained his business chiefs.

ORDER OF EXERCISES IN EGYPTIAN HALL.

Organ.....Mr. J. Granville-Smith, A. R. C. O.

Blessing.....Dr. Stanley L. Krebs

Song—Auld Lang Syne

Breakfast

Presentation of the "Jubilee Colors" to the

J. W. C. I. Corps.....Mr. Wanamaker
"Semper Fidelis," J. W. C. I. Military Band and Boys'
and Girls' Bugle Corps

Address Mr. Wanamaker

Song—America

Organ Recessional.. Mr. J. Granville-Smith, A. R. C. O.

After the impressive singing of "Auld Lang Syne" in chorus by the assembled guests, the breakfast was served.

Following the breakfast, the members of the John Wanamaker Commercial Institute Battalion, the Boys' and Girls' Bugle and Drum Corps, and the Wanamaker Military Band marched in and formed a hollow square around the breakfast table facing Mr. Wanamaker, who presented the Battalion with the Jubilee Colors—a large gold-bordered American flag bearing the inscription "Jubilee Year, 1861-1911." The presentation was made with this speech:

*"Colonel Scott and Comrades:—*For you are comrades, though you are younger than most of us—may I say to you this eventful morning that nothing that may come today will move my heart so much as the sight of you—as the movement and the music and the future that looms up before me as I look into your faces. To say that I am proud of you is but faint and inexpressive.

"I have great hopes for you, expectations of great things from you, and visions of your future—of a great future, an honorable future, a useful future. I wish I could paint the picture of it for you, but you can paint it yourselves, because you must have some vision of it and you have the making of it. It should be beautiful, but it may be otherwise should you fail or falter.

"It is a great satisfaction to me, as well as a wonder, to hold this beautiful flag—the most important in the world—and to hand it to your officers as one of the Jubilee memories, a token of patriotism, a token of the future. I have presented flags to you before on various occasions. It is a solemn thought that some one else—perhaps one of your own number—may be presenting the next Jubilee flag. I rejoice to think that none of the flags that you have borne proudly among your people, and in the sight of the citizens of this city, have ever been stained or trailed or dishonored.

"My belief in you this morning is that you are patriotic, young as you are, and that you would fight as your fathers fought against any dishonoring of the old flag of our great country. I pass it over into your keeping, and I hope that the coming days will bring anniversaries and occasions when you will add to the staff of colors behind which you march, and that you will keep them sacred, as inspirations for our future lives.

"May God add His blessing to every moment that we spend together in trying to do our best work."

Mr. Franklin N. Brewer, representing the business family of Mr. Wanamaker, followed with a few remarks, introducing Mr. Joseph H. Appel, one of the Store's executives, who, speaking for the business chiefs of the New York and the Philadelphia Stores, paid a sincere tribute to their chief's qualities as a student of human nature.

"Mr. Wanamaker," said Mr. Appel, "a few years before you opened your first store at Sixth and Market, Henry W. Longfellow read a poem in Cambridge, Massachusetts, upon the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Louis Agassiz. So applicable to the present occasion are these verses that I shall read some of them:

"It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud
A child in its cradle lay.

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy father has written for thee."

"Come wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is yet unread
In the manuscripts of God."

"And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

"And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

"So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud."

"These lines are applicable to the present occasion because you, like Agassiz, have wandered 'into regions yet untrod,' with the old nurse, Human Nature, by your side, reading and interpreting the great story-book of life. To you also, the world has sung a marvelous song, which you in turn have unfolded to the people. At times your heart, too, must have almost failed, and the way must have seemed long. But by keeping always the trusting heart of a child, while growing a giant intellect, you have ever remained a student of life.

"Agassiz was the great Naturalist. You are the great Human Naturalist. Agassiz was a student of animal life. He studied the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, the insects of the forest. He analyzed and classified animal nature, collating laws, truths and principles which are everlasting text-books. You are a student of human nature. You have devoted your wonderful life to the study of Man—his wants, his needs, his desires. And you have ministered unto them.

"But you have done much more than merely supply human needs, as they daily arise. You have gone into the homes of the people. You have looked into their minds, their hearts, into their relations with one another—and you have raised their standard of living by supplying them with new comforts and conveniences, by bringing art and culture into their lives, giving them a new outlook, surrounding them with a new environment. And we change men by changing their environment.

"Even this great work is but a small part of your accomplishment. The world has a way of raising up men to meet the emergency. History teems with examples. In the short life of our own nation, Washington was such a man. Jefferson was such a man. Lincoln was such a man. When trade, in its evolution, reached the point where it was possible to discard old, unfair practices, and to set up in their places new and equitable methods of dealing, you, Mr. Wanamaker, were called of God, I verily believe, to lead the way.

"I have not been privileged, as others have, to stand physically by your side in all these fifty years of laboring for the right as you saw it. But in the preparation of the Golden Book I have at least mentally trod many of your rock-strewn paths, and I know that only one thing kept you at your task—and that was the inspiration that you were called into service for a high purpose. Your faith was God-given.

"Recently I have looked over your first cash-book, beginning with the day you took possession of Oak Hall, April 2, 1861, where in your own handwriting you have set down in cold figures, that even the dullest may read, the story of your early trials and sacrifices as well as of your hopes and ambitions and your everlasting faith in man and the fight.

"This is your Jubilee Year. Your chiefs of staff, representing as they do all your business family, are here at your cordial invitation to breakfast with you at the hour you swept the floor and opened the doors of the old Grand Depot—the New Kind of Store.

"They have felt in their hearts that some slight tribute of their affection and regard for you would not

be unwelcome. But they feel still more that the best Jubilee gift they can make to you is their pledge that they stand linked together for the further extension and perpetuation of your great work for Humanity.

"In official meeting assembled on Saturday last they unanimously passed these resolutions:—

"*Be it resolved*, By the chiefs of departments of the Wanamaker Store, Philadelphia, in official meeting assembled, Saturday, March 11, 1911, that the chair appoint the chairman of a committee, with power to select other members who will act in conjunction with Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, in the formulation of a plan for the public recognition and perpetuation of the fifty years' work and achievements of Mr. John Wanamaker and as a token of their personal affection and admiration.

"That suitable forecast of this action be made to Mr. Wanamaker on Anniversary Day, Monday, March 13, the complete announcement to be withheld until Jubilee Day, to be celebrated in the coming autumn."

"That committee, composed of Mr. Brewer, Mr. Nevin, Mr. Haddock and myself, acting for all your people, have signed a letter which is in this envelope, addressed to you, and which I hand you now with the request that it remain in your safe with seal unbroken, until Jubilee Day shall be celebrated in the coming autumn, when the plans we have in mind shall be divulged.

"There is mystery now in these plans; there will be mastery we hope, in their unfolding.

"The letter, you notice, is tied to one red rose. There is triple meaning in this sentiment.

"FIRST, being a single rose, it stands, not for your fifty years of achievement that are past, but for the opening of the first year of the next half century of achievement that shall stand and grow on your well-laid foundations. You have always faced the East instead

of the West; and the sunlight of what is to come, instead of what has been done, is ever in your eyes.

"SECONDLY, being a rose, the flower carries another sentiment. When William Penn gave to his daughter, Letitia, the first brick house erected in America, the house that still stands in Fairmount Park, he deeded it to her, together with a square mile of land, on the condition that she pay him each year one rose. Later, Baron Stiegel adopted this beautiful custom in deeding to the people the old church at Manheim, Pennsylvania, where to this day the one rose is paid over annually to his heirs in the festival called 'The Feast of the Roses.'

"And LASTLY, being a red rose the symbol is complete. Old John Burroughs says that the flame of the log on the hearth is a part of the big red heart of Nature. Surely, then, this beautiful red rose can speak for the heart of man.

"You, who have given us so much and exacted so little, will you now accept this single red rose, as Penn accepted it from his daughter, knowing that it symbolizes the hearts of your people, from your dear son, Rodman Wanamaker, who for the day stands with us in the ranks, down to the newest recruits in your service?

"Mr. Wanamaker, there are many men in the world whom we like, many whom we honor, many whom we admire. But you—and I say it for all—you, Mr. Wanamaker, we love."

Mr. Wanamaker then made the address of the day, thanking his people for their loyalty and asking them to lend their best efforts—as they had done in the past—toward the development of the business. He spoke of the methods which had won the confidence of the public, as "truth, honesty and justice in dealing." He asked his guests to accept from him a picture of himself as a token of his esteem and regard for the work they had done.

Mr. Wanamaker said:

"I am very sure that all the members of my family—whose hearts seem to be so close to me this morning—will know that I am still too young not to be greatly affected by surprise—the entire surprise of this moment. The very wonderful speech, that is so rosy as to the business, and that blooms so beautifully in our minds as to the future, overpowers me.

"I have always felt that I was in the ranks with you. I have always had a broom in my hand, since the morning of which this is the anniversary, trying to sweep the way clear for your work, and to sweep out new paths for you to walk together in. And, while I have been your chief, I have never set myself above you, because we have walked abreast.

"We are still walking abreast, with sunny and heroic spirit, following the red rose, which has been like a brilliant star guiding our way through all the years—and they have not been long. You and I have simply found some work to do, and we have borne hard on it.

"We have not grown old. Years do not make age. Given good health, which is—or ought to be—the personal care of each one of us, the only thing that can make us old is losing sight of the star, and losing interest in each other and in what we have to do.

"I do not doubt—from the feeling I have at this moment, when words fail me to express the gratefulness of my heart, not only for so much that referred to the past but also for the one thing that is the Blue Ribbon of all things this morning; not only for your words but also for the manner of expressing them, for the tears in our eyes as we hear them—I doubt not that we love each other, that we have not lost regard or respect, though these may often have been strained by business circumstances of which time did not permit an explanation.

"We have marched on together. The people whom I have seen grow up from young manhood, people who were boys like those about us, had nothing like the opportunities of the young men and women who are here, who are doing so very splendidly. I have seen you grow to your present honors, many of you to great distinction as experts in your particular calling, and I thank God for the privilege of having lived with you.

"I am not going to promise that I can do a thing that may be impossible. You have given this envelope into my keeping. I am sure you will agree with me that it is mine—but whether I can sleep at nights without finding out what is in it I am not going to promise you yet, but I will try!

"I could not foresee, when I received your telegrams and your letters of congratulation, that there would be such a wonderful setting for our breakfast. It might be very difficult to meet men and women holding important places such as you do, if it were not for our dear friendship.

"There is something else in business than the mere contract that binds us in each other's service. I am so pleased that everything about us expresses this to you and to others who have followed. It has been the common practice for many years—and still is in many cities—simply to live by a bond that is written in black and white. Our bond is quite a different one: it is written in the whiteness of honor and in the redness of the fervent love in every one of our hearts. This is the tie that binds, and it is stronger than any other bond that could possibly be written.

"This is not simply an anniversary breakfast. It is a wedding breakfast, in the sense that it will wed us closer together for the greater things that are ahead of us. I know it is a common thing to say that there is no sentiment in business. But it seems to me, as I stand here before you at this table at which we are gathered, that in all the experience of my life I can think of nothing that will remain in my memory so beautiful as this will. Because I see the faces not only of comrades but of friends. I seem to feel myself passing upward as though in an aeroplane.

"I believe it will do us good to rise above the little things, the disappointing things, the difficult things, and to see the larger things that are now facing us and to ask ourselves how we are to meet them. It is not possible for all of us to be captains. Happy is the man who knows his own limitations—happy the woman who has risen to a place far beyond her expectations—happy are all who adjust themselves with contentment to do their very best, still hoping for a larger growth and a larger opportunity. It would be a great loss if ambition were to be blotted out of our program, but worry, fear, the sense of not being properly recognized, of not rising to the point to which some one else has risen—these are a great detriment and hindrance to any one.

"Dear me—I often think I would like to go back and hunt for hazelnuts in the woods, and trap rabbits and squirrels, and listen to the rustle of leaves and the singing of birds. I know you have had hard places, some of you, but there are others who have had sleepless nights and long, long climbs. We must have sympathy for each other, but we must go on to a finish. But why do I say that, when deep down in my heart I know that there is no place we can come to and say that our work is 'finished?' Life is inconclusive. At the end there is an open road, and we have still to go on.

"I am calling you this morning not to go back and dream over the things that have been done—the conquering of prejudice; the overcoming of studied opposition to a new thing; the certainty of old merchants that we had come to the wrong place and at the wrong time, that we had made a wrong beginning in such a large thing; the combined opposition of storekeepers; the queer opposition of the newspapers—the Sunday newspapers (not such as we have today—but of a far different standard from the present Sunday press); the utter abandonment of sympathy by the banking interests of the city—no sympathy from any of them. And here we stood and worked together, and by the goodness of God marked out a new road which has brought us up to this morning.

"We can never have so many discouragements ahead of us as we had away back in the past. I tell you—with a memory that I think is clear—that, except for the men like Richard Irwin and Josiah Bunting and a few others whose names I could mention, who had the courage to leave their situations and come and enter our service, I do not believe there was another man in the city of Philadelphia—save your speaker—who had absolute faith in the undertaking that began here. I shall thank you if any of you recollect any man in the city who believed in what we were doing. But because of the rightness of the principle, and the intelligent and unmeasured labor that was behind it, we are here this morning.

"You will find in the old Guild Hall in London the unit of linear measurement—a yard stick. You will find in Washington the foot rule, another linear standard,

and standards in liquid measurement. We were making standards and units for the future mercantile business of this country.

"So you can regard your store as a different kind of store. When you read this in our advertising, do not say that it is just an advertisement. You are a different kind of man, you are a different kind of woman, because we have lived together and have studied the possibility of honor in business; of truthfulness in statements, oral or printed; justice in every transaction—in the quality and value of the goods and in the exactitude of representations made.

"Our Anniversary Jubilee is not to be measured simply by the month of March. I cannot quite tell you the reasons why it is to be lengthened out, because I do not know them all. It is due partly to the incompleteness of our present arrangements, the unfinished condition of parts of our building—some fixtures are not yet here and could not come until we can thoroughly satisfy ourselves as to the proper location of departments. And so, some things which might have come into this part of the Jubilee celebration are only postponed until the fall, when we shall come back and try to complete some things that have been thought of, things in which you are all personally interested. It will not be long."

The exercises were brought to a close by the singing of "America" by the assemblage, and an organ recessional.

CHAPTER II.

"JUBILEE NIGHT," FOR THE BUSINESS FAMILY,
OCTOBER 28, 1911.

NOT the least interesting part of the Jubilee in the Wanamaker Store was a celebration which the public did not see. It was a private store-family affair, which brought together six thousand five hundred men and women, boys and girls, on October 28, 1911, after business hours, in the great building just completed.

All the members of the Philadelphia house, many from the New York Store, and representatives from the London and Paris offices assembled early in the evening and formed a pageant, which marched for two hours through the Grand Court, where a reviewing stand had been erected. This was occupied by Mr. Wanamaker, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, members of their family, and a number of other personal guests, chiefly New York and Philadelphia journalists.

The pageant was headed by the Fellowship Club of Philadelphia, the Seventh Regiment Band of New York, and the delegation of one hundred and fifty from the New York Store. Just back of the band marched Father Knickerbocker, with two aides, one carrying a great cluster of yellow chrysanthemums fully five feet high, the other carrying a similar bouquet of white chrysanthemums.*

*The Chrysanthemum or Kiku, as it is called in Japan, symbolizes the sun, and in the orderly unfolding of its petals it marks perfection. Coming at the ripeness of the year—October—it symbolizes human perfection. Its lasting qualities give it a meaning of longevity. This is taken literally by the Japanese who put it in their tea and water which they drink to increase their days on earth. It is popularly supposed to have the power of prolonging life and strength.



Jubilee Night, October 29, 1911

The opening scene of the occasion is thus described by one of the newspapers:

"The band passed the reviewing stand and wheeled into position alongside of the great row of seats for Mr. Wanamaker's special guests, and then ceased playing. Father Knickerbocker, in his velvet suit with silver-buckled shoes, stepped to the front and addressed Mr. Wanamaker, who had risen to review the pageant. Lifting the golden bouquet he raised it above his head and presented it to Mr. Wanamaker as a token of the esteem of the New York employés. The white chrysanthemums were presented to Rodman Wanamaker. The New York delegation then took seats on the north side of the reviewing stand."

Attached to each of the bouquets was a card bearing an engraved greeting. The cards read as follows:

TO THE
HONORABLE JOHN WANAMAKER

Fifty golden "Kiku" flowers—
Symbolic of FIFTY FRUITFUL YEARS,
Emblems of human perfection and enduring worth—
Ripening in the Autumn of our year
They fittingly typify the fullness
And lasting qualities of your
Achievement, and our reverence.

THE NEW YORK DELEGATION.

TO
RODMAN WANAMAKER

Fifty White Chrysanthemums—
Emblems of the Rising Sun—
Symbolic of the strength and power
Required and possessed by you
To fill the coming fifty years
With their potential possibilities.
Token of the unswerving faith and loyalty of

THE NEW YORK DELEGATION.

October 28, 1911.

Following the New York contingent came the eleven sections of the John Wanamaker Commercial Institute, composed of all the younger boys and girls in the employ of the Store, headed by its First Regiment Military Band, with the Boys' Bugle Corps of the Institute, and the Girls' Bugle and Drum Corps. Battalions and bands executed a number of figures in front of the reviewing stand, and then countermarched through one of the side aisles to form a solid square directly in front of it, standing at attention during the remainder of the procession.

Behind these marched the various sections of the Store forces. The fifty young colored men who form the elevator squad carried a banner and sang as they marched. The cooks, waitresses and waiters connected with the Store restaurants had a unique display: on one store truck was built a pyramid of fruit sixteen feet high, and on another a pyramid of fine game and fowl dressed and ready for cooking. A picturesque figure led the Section which sells jewelry, watches and clocks—"Father Time," gray-headed and gray-bearded, his scythe over his shoulder.

Each section carried banners announcing the merchandise it represented. The Sporting Goods Section boasted a number of baseball heroes, impersonated by its members, and also a small trotting horse—a real one—which holds a racing record.

Toward the end marched the electricians employed in the Store, with a brilliant electrical display. The men carried electric torches, and were preceded by a large truck arranged as an electrical bower whose lights flashed out in full splendor as it passed the reviewing stand.

Much of the color of the scene was lent by the festal attire in the marching columns. Many were in special costumes, gay and picturesque, including those who impersonated the ten great nations. The J. W. C. I. cadets

were in dress uniform. All of the women wore light gowns, and the men were in evening clothes.

As one newspaper commented: "A notable feature of the procession of 6,500 persons was the great number of men and women who have grown up in the Wanamaker Stores. While the younger people gave enthusiastic salutes, these older ones looked up to their Chief with something more than enthusiasm. Friendship, kindness, and fellowship beamed from their eyes, and were reflected back from the face of the man with whom they had grown old in business."

Many of the 6,500 store people carried yellow chrysanthemums, and these were showered upon Mr. Wanamaker by the hundred as long as the march continued.

The Grand Organ, the Wanamaker Chorus, the New York Seventh Regiment Band, the bands of the J. W. C. I., two groups of Highland pipers and the voices from all parts of the long procession in song and national hymn—all these made the building echo with music and song.

As the procession ended, all the divisions grouped themselves in place facing the reviewing stand. There was a bugle call for silence, and then—led by the Grand Organ—the great throng burst into the singing of "America." As the last note died away, suddenly, spontaneously, they lifted arms and voices in cheer after cheer of unrestrained salute to their Chief. Mr. Wanamaker no longer attempted to suppress the emotion which shook him.

Another bugle call for attention, and the addresses of the evening began.

The first address was made by Mr. Joseph H. Appel of the New York Store, who held in his hand the envelope and the red rose which he had presented to Mr. Wanamaker at the breakfast on March 13th.

As the representative of the 13,000 employés in the

two Stores, Mr. Appel broke the seal and revealed the secret which the envelope contained, and presented Mr. Wanamaker with the Jubilee gift which had been purchased by his store family. He spoke as follows:

"Friends and Business Associates, honored Guests of the Press, and you, Sir, our General:— Tonight again, as fifty years ago, the air is vibrant with martial strains and echoing tread. Once more a great army has passed in review and is encamped in this historic square of William Penn. But, thanks to the good God, it is an army of Peace and Goodwill and Prosperity.

"Strange, indeed, this army must appear to General Grant, made up as it is of beautiful women handsomely gowned, of gallant men fashionably attired, of boys and girls, the very flower of youth—with no guns nor bayonets nor swords, armed with nothing but natural strength and talents and love.

"Yet this army is of vastly greater power in the going forward of the world than any armed force that ever assembled because it is an army of Humanity. It flies the banner that brought victory to the Black Prince on Crecy's Field—that always brings victory—with the motto: *'Ich Dien'*—I serve.

"Not the service of feudal times. Not the bondage of militarism. No hand of iron nor fear of tyrant holds this army together. No command even of its general summoned it hither. Its members are bound to one another and to their commander by the great spirit of Mutuality.

"Had we consulted your own wishes, Mr. Wanamaker, we would not have come. Never in a single moment of your fifty years in business have you questioned the loyalty of your associates. Nor have they questioned that of each other.

"We are here now not to pledge anew our fealty to the cause and to you. That would be like pledging ourselves to ourselves; for you have made us one. Your work is ours. Our work is yours.

"We are here for a single purpose—to complete the tribute which began last March at the opening of your Jubilee, when at that historic breakfast in Egyptian Hall you got us up so early in the morning and we turned the tables by handing you a sealed envelope which we asked you to put in the safe and keep sealed until this meeting.

"By your leave I have taken that envelope from the safe and will let out the secret tonight.

"At that breakfast, as a mark of our love and affection, we also handed you a single red rose. That rose is now faded and withered, as you see, but—

'It is a fragrant retrospective,
For the loving thoughts that start
Into being, are like perfume
From the blossom of the heart.'

"The retrospect, begun then, now reaches back fifty, sixty, seventy years, to the time when you were a boy at your mother's knee.

"It reaches back to one of the humblest sections of this Quaker City, where you were born, along old Buck Road and Dunk's Lane, near Gray's Ferry Bridge, across which Washington journeyed on his way from Mount Vernon to New York to assume the Presidency. Nature has her own way of drawing great men and great events out of humble and obscure places and causes.

"Of course, there were day dreams, then, in your young mind, but not of that which today is epitomized in this majestic building and in your great business as an eternal reality.

"Yet the germ was there—of the system, the Store equipment, the organization and the merchandise which have now become the world standard of retail commerce.

"Back to those dear old days, back to the very place where you were born, we ask you to go with us tonight that we may make you a slight tribute of our affection and esteem.

"We have purchased your birthplace; not the

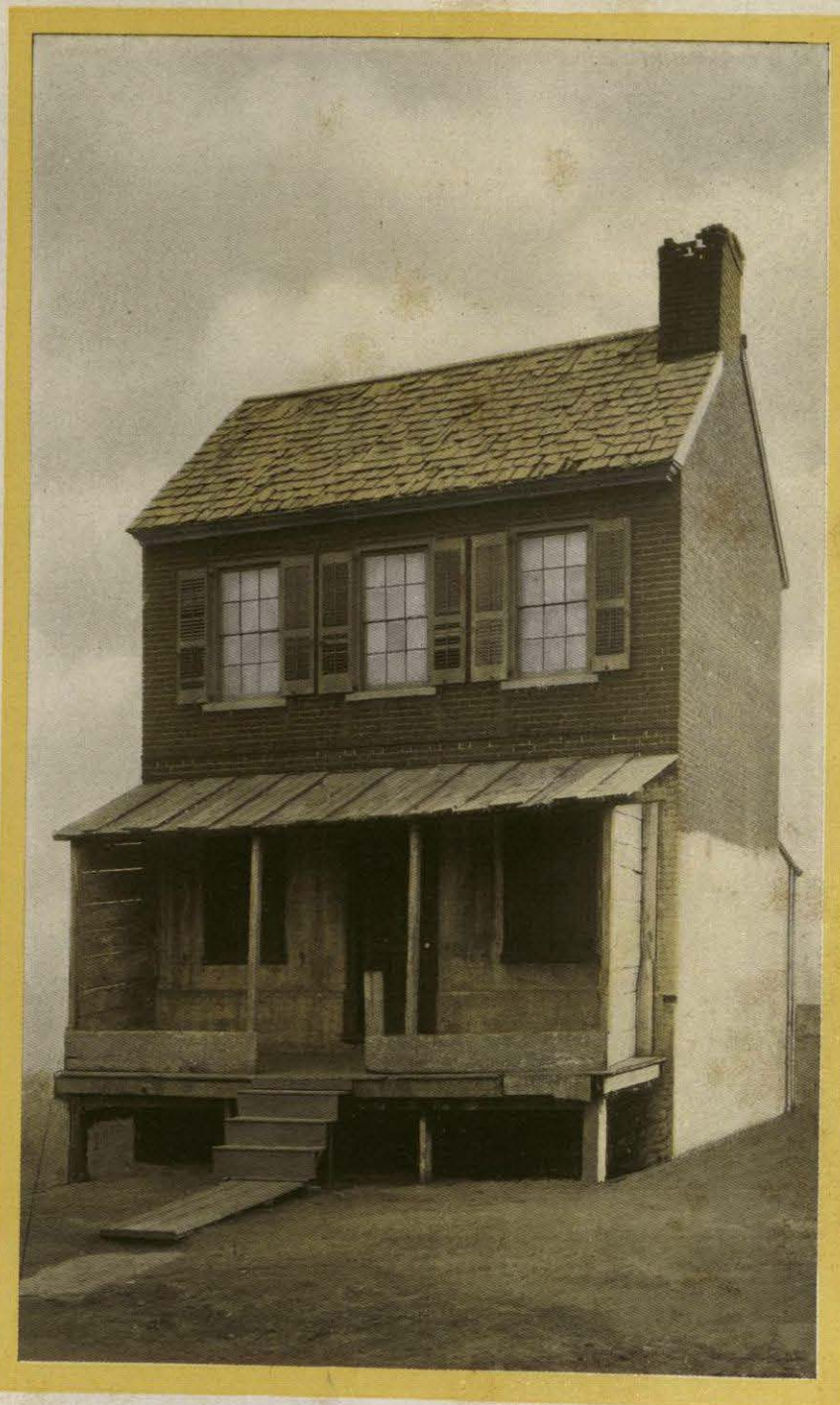
house, for that is no more; but some of the ground on which your home stood.

"We are going to give you this property to do with as you will. The legal deed is here in my hand. We all wanted to sign that deed—nearly 13,000 of us—for the gift comes from us all, from the newest baby in your business family up to your second self, Rodman Wanamaker. But the Registry office said no; it would block the real estate business to record these names. So we have done the next thing—we have written our names in this Jubilee Book, which goes with the deed, bearing our congratulations and recording our love.

"From far-away Paris and London, from your organizations there, have journeyed by the world's fastest steamer two special commissioners, bringing personally with them the greetings from those who could not come, but who have already signed the Book.

"From New York, by special train, headed by your dear old friend and associate, Mr. Ogden, escorted by that superb Seventh Regiment Band, and led by Father Knickerbocker, Alexander Turney Stewart, who predicted that you would one day become a greater merchant than he, and by genial old Peter Cooper, whose Institute you have seen daily out of the windows of your New York office, and whose life was always an inspiration to you—from New York come these Captains and Captainesses (a sure mark that woman's suffrage is already here in business at least) to represent the great body of loyal workers in your New York Store, all of whom have also signed the Book.

"And here before you, led by the J. W. C. I. Band, which plays so splendidly; by the Boys' and Girls' Bugle Corps with their glorious fanfare and by the J. W. C. I. Battalion, who have more than once equaled the regular army in their marching, is the entire membership of your



Birthplace of John Wanamaker

Philadelphia Store, working by your side every day, speaking for themselves with deeds rather than with words. Representing the Mother Store, they have inscribed their names in the first half of the Book.

"And as a special and personal compliment have come two-score of the great Editors and Publishers of the American Press, many of them your long-time friends, some of whom were in Washington when you were there in official life.

"With the Philadelphia delegation, has come out of the past to greet you, the North American Indian, the original owner and tenant of this soil; and with him the great founder of our City—William Penn, standing there under his broad Quaker hat and saying again what he said to the Indians, and what you, Mr. Wanamaker, have always said to the people: 'We are met on the broad pathway of good-faith and good-will, so that no advantage is to be taken on either side, but all to be openness, brotherhood and love.'

"Here, too, is Benjamin Franklin, who often trod this very ground, and whose great grandson founded on this very site the first High School in America.

"Here is General Washington, whose Philadelphia home, while he was President, stood on the ground at Sixth and Market, where you opened your first store fifty years ago.

"And there is your friend, General Grant, saying again to another of your old-time friends, George W. Childs, as he said in your Grand Depot: 'It takes as much generalship to organize a business like this as to organize an army.'

"Surely this is an assemblage without precedent in the commercial history of the world!

"Let me now read in this distinguished presence, speaking the words for each one who would like to speak them to you personally, the inscription in this Jubilee Book: