

# ORPHANS' LAUGHTER FILLS CONEY ISLAND

In Autos and Taxicabs 4,000  
Children Set Out for a Glo-  
rious Day's Outing.

## HEAPS OF FUN AT LUNCHEON

Then the Little Ones Overrun Steeplechase Park—Orphans' Automobile Day a Splendid Success.

Four thousand orphans had a glorious time yesterday. It was the eighth annual Orphans' Day under the direction of the Orphans' Automobile Day Association and its President, Mrs. J. D. Smith. Everything smiled upon the occasion—the weather, the 4,000 orphans, and the spectators more joyously than any one else. It was such fun to see the kiddies have a good time.

And such a good time they had! There were 106 cars, 180 taxicabs, and 70 trucks packed full of them. They motored down Broadway, Fifth Avenue, under the Washington Arch, and through the Bowery to the Williamsburg Bridge, with no less a person than Police Commissioner Waldo himself escorting them with a squad of traffic police on motor cycles, Inspector McClusky in charge, clearing the way. Then they were turned over to the Brooklyn police, and away they went, bowling over the Brooklyn boulevards, down Ocean Parkway to Coney Island, every auto and truck looking like the home of the old woman who lived in a shoe—nothing to see but little heads all over it.

But the delights of the ride were nothing to those that awaited them at the island. They were the luncheon guests of Peter Doelger, the brewer, at Kaiser Garten Park, and after that Steeplechase Park was theirs for the afternoon. They not only could go in free, but they could do any of the jolly things to be done there, not once, but just as many times as they pleased.

Luncheon came first, however, and they were so hungry. There were innumerable little round tables, each with rolls, napkins, and spoons upon it, around which the children swarmed. Every little boy and girl carried a flag and wore a big Orphans' Day button, so that the teacher people who came along to take care of them could tell which was which and could send all the green buttons in one direction, the brown in another, and the blue still another way.

"Children, you can begin to eat your rolls immediately," said the pretty teacher of the Henrietta School of the Children's Aid Society on Sixty-third Street, to her charges, who were small colored children.

"Shall I eat it with a spoon?" asked little Lorana Dash, who is strong on manners, her kinky hair curling more closely with anxiety. It was not necessary at a picnic, she was told, and she seemed relieved.

There was a package of crispettes for each child, a special gift of Mrs. Smith each year. Mrs. L. M. Borden gave 150 pounds of chocolate, and there was an orange for every little orphan.

The procession to the island, which was arranged by Mrs. D. C. Stidham, acting secretary of the day, was a long and gay one. Every car was decorated with flags and nearly every child had a paper horn, both the gifts of George Robertson, the racing car driver, who drove one of the cars. With the President, Mrs. Smith, in her own car, were Mrs. E. S. Chapin, Second Vice President of the Orphans' Association; Chester Campbell, President of the Orphans' Day of Boston, and Matthew P. Adams, superintendent of the Children's Aid Association.

Among the ladies assisting Mrs. Smith were Mrs. Zoheth Freeman, Mrs. E. F. Austin, Mrs. W. B. Martin, and Miss Dunlap. Albert C. Rau, assistant of the Boston Orphans' Day Association, was also present. W. J. Morgan, Vice President of the association was chief marshal, and was assisted by Charles Dieges and Col. K. C. Pardee.

All the cars, taxis and trucks were donated for the occasion. Three cars were sent by Vincent Astor. Mrs. Joan Newton Cuneo, the one woman who has driven a racing automobile, handled her own auto in the parade, and Neal Wayland, a racing man, also acted as a chauffeur.