

2000 AUTO FANS AT THE BIG SHOW DESPITE RAIN

Exhibition, Gorgeous and Amazing, Fills Visitors With Delight

A GLITTERING SPECTACLE

Rain may dampen the enthusiasm of the automobile fans, but it fails to cast a shadow of gloom on the 2000 or more persons who stormed the doors of Convention Hall today during the early hours following the opening of the biggest automobile show Philadelphia has ever seen. True, the men and women who were there for the opening at 10 o'clock were there as socialists, but even their umbrella, coats, hats, and rubbers had no effect on the gorgeous display. They just tramped along, happy and smiling, from the highest priced car to the humitest accessory.

The setting is at Convention Hall, Broad street and Albrecht avenue. It's a spectacle that will never be forgotten by any one that sees it, and it's expected by the Automobile Association under whose auspices the show is being held, that more than 100,000 Philadelphians will pass through the doors before they close on Saturday night. The scarlet, white, green, orange and every other color of madam's gowns and dresses, passing up and down the aisles like the colors in a kaleidoscope, the million and a half dollars worth of sparkling cars at every turn, the rise and fall of a continuous stream of chatter, gossip and business, and the lively airs of a 40-piece orchestra, all add to the brilliancy of what is admitted on every hand to be the beginning of what is going to be the most successful of all the auto shows in this city.

It's worse than an afternoon about the good ship Oscar II to listen to all the theories expounded at the show. Every one present has an idea, and every one who listens to the expounding of this idea seems to have another idea.

WONDERS OF BIG SHOW.

Ten million questions have been asked so far as we are concerned in trying to pin down the success of the show. There has never been so much interest in the public in the latest fads, additions and improvements in the equipment of the various makes. This is official of the show, is due to the fact that the average price of automobiles will only be around \$600 during the year 1916. Where one man owned his own set of wheels last year, three will own them this year, say sales managers. And the man this year will make last year's cars look like a nothing at all (so say the sales managers). But be that as it may—

"That locomotive there reminds me of an Oriental buckboard I used to have 10 years ago," said one man, pointing to a huge "dreadnought" sparkling under a bright coat of scarlet enamel and glazing with polished brass. "I sat on my buckboard to reach down and give the flywheel a flip while I held on to the hatter I made for it. I had to let the little thing get underway before I could hop in. If I jumped in too soon it would stop. Now, look at the pace a fellow can put his car through, just by touching buttons," and the two men then "chugged" along in a shower of technical terms and scientific theories as they hung over the huge car behind the rail.

STAGING THE BEAUTY SHOW.

It has been a tremendous proposition to stage this "beauty show" of modern mechanism. All questions of expense have evidently been forgotten by the committee in charge in their efforts to "put the display across." The first difficulty that had to be overcome was the provision of sufficient floor space. At least 150,000 feet of lumber had to be cut to support the foundations of the huge hall, so that an acre and a half of display room has been made available. Another problem that faces the committee is the proper heating of the building. A network of miles of piping has been laid through the hall. Twelve tons of linoleum conceal the fresh planking. Countless rolls of gay bunting have been unraveled and draped through the huge show place to relieve the black and white walls in the gaudy color scheme. Statues, statuettes and models of every kind are half hidden or boldly displayed on every hand. Most of them are reproductions of masterpiece—ancient and modern.

The most magnificent of all the decorations is a huge fresco, 15 feet high and 40 yards long, representing the population of a whole town in the ecstasies of a Greekian dance. Folks don't care to the count outside the hall to do their dancing, and that is just where the fresco has significance at the automobile show, for where in the old days the city folks were drawn to the open air and country by the dance and other sports, for which it is used as the symbol, the modern automobile now whirls them along the country roads in the pure air and sunshine. This also is explained, to any one that takes the pains to ask, by the gracious salesmen.

VISITORS AMAZED.

Gaspas are as common at the show as exclamations of pleasure over the new models on exhibition. Visitors were known to stop in the first row, cross over around the gorgeous booths and gaze at what is to be the mode in motor travel for the year 1916. Many a polite salesman had to stop to catch his breath or rub his tired jaws as he attempted to take a fresh start in answering the ceaseless flow of questions that came rattling across the rails at every booth.

"Every one paid at my booth," said one salesman, taking a hasty look at his shiny hair had not been disturbed by the clamorous visitors. "One snatches at my coat-tails, another at my elbow, while another is batting me on the back and hollering in my ear, 'yer car's a' right, 'a' right!'" And the salesman puffed his brow to emphasize his disappearance of such violent methods.

In the number of exhibitors, the 1916 show is far beyond anything that has been held in previous years. Models of cars and accessories are being shown by more than 100 concerns, which is twice the number that held forth at the first show, years ago. Most of the cars are gas-driven. There are only three electric motor cars, however—none much like the original "steamers," to be sure, that looked like a large cloud of steam rolling down the street.

12-CYLINDER MODELS.

For the first time is shown the new 12-cylinder models. There are not a few eightes, however, and the old "twelves" are to prove once more their stability and popularity by composing the major part of the exhibition. Styles in bodies have varied more in the present exhibition than for a number of years. A feature is the predominance of demountable tops, which have proved so popular and which have done as much to make the automobile an all-year-round car. Roadster types have had great attention lavished on them by builders this year, and are expected to be more popular than ever.

The reduction in cost of the cars, which is gradually coming, is due, in most factories, to increased facilities for production, with fewer parts used in the making, and these used to better advantage," said J. C. Bartlett, vice president of the association today.

Doctor Stone, who is the regular lecturer on birds, will be the first lecturer in the annual series of the bird-watching lectures that are given every year at the academy.



"TOM" VARE'S HOME
HAMMONTON, N.J.

NEW SITE FOR DIVINITY SCHOOL ON PROGRAM OF DEAN G. C. BARTLETT

Ambitious Plan Also Includes Additional Endowment and Improvements to Cost \$1,000,000

TO BE NEAR UNIVERSITY

*And unto the angel of the Church in Philadelphia write: * * * I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door.—Revelations 3:7, 8.*

When the Rev. Dr. George C. Bartlett is formally inducted into office as dean of the Philadelphia Divinity School, in St. James' Church, on Thursday, there will be inaugurated for that institution a program which, according to present plans, will embrace for it a new site, near the University of Pennsylvania, additional endowment, and general enlargement of the institution, entailing an expenditure of \$1,000,000.

The plans are at present in the hands of a committee of members of various church boards and includes Edward H. Bonnell, chairman; Dean Bartlett, Morris Earle, S. F. Houston, Lucius S. Landreth, Roland S. Morris and T. Duncan Whalen.

The first step in the new development provides for the transfer of the institution from its present site at 500 Woodland avenue to a plot of ground near the University of Pennsylvania, the exact location of which is known to members of the committee only and a few others, since its purchase has not as yet been consummated.

NEW BUILDINGS NEEDED.

It is announced, however, that the plot can be had for approximately \$300,000. The change of site is thought advisable for several reasons. Chief among them is the fact that the present buildings are inadequate.

Many of the students and several of the instructors attend or instruct classes at the University of Pennsylvania, and the distance between the two institutions is so great that it is a source of great inconvenience. Such inconvenience could, unfortunately, be experienced by the courses and library facilities of the University are of inestimable value to the students at the divinity school.

BETTER PAY FOR TEACHERS.

Other steps are intended in the salary of professors, a choir school and "Divinity School press." The new ground and buildings are, of course, the most important and the committee will attempt to raise funds for provision of them first.

Just what plan will be followed to collect the \$1,000,000 that the improvements entail is not as yet fully determined. A campaign, including the project will be distributed to the public in a short time. The committee, however, will meet on Wednesday, at which time some definite scheme of finance will be evolved.

PHOTO POWDER BLAST SEVERELY BURNS FOUR

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condition. They were both burned about the face, neck, hands and body.

Miss Marie Mills' hair was burned off, and her clothing was burned from her body, physicians say. Her mother's clothing was also burned. Mills, the proprietor of the studio, was severely burned.

Tom, who was Mills' assistant in the studio, told of the explosion as he lay in bed in Cooper Hospital, swathed in bandages. He said that he and Mills were mixing magnesia and potash in the dining room of the Mills home, at 7 Reginald avenue, which adjoins the studio. Mrs. Mills and her daughter, Marie, who is 15, the old woman, were one of the greatest stars in Haddonfield, stood by the table. Suddenly there was an explosion and a sheet of flame filled the room. The two men and women were blinded for the moment by the light and fell to the floor, unable to find their way to the street.

HOUSE ALMOST WRECKED.

The explosion was so violent that it sent the front door of the house crashing against the front of the home of Alfred Souder. He ran to the house after sending in an alarm.

A succession of explosions followed and Miss Mills, who had run through a window and her daughter was blown into a hallway and fell into the basement. The front door of the house was blown off and Teed landed in the street. Souder was the first man to reach the house and went to the rescue of the injured people. Firemen arrived shortly afterward.

They discovered that furniture all over the house had been overturned, every window shattered in the Mills home, while windows in nearby houses were broken. It is said that the fire damage will be slight, but the damage done by the explosion will amount to several hundred dollars.

Bird Lecture Tonight

Dr. Wilmot Stone, head of the department of ornithology and bird study at the Academy of Natural Sciences, will speak tonight at the academy on the varied and interesting names of wild birds.

Doctor Stone, who is the regular lecturer on birds, will be the first lecturer in the annual series of the bird-watching lectures that are given every year at the academy.

"TOM" VARE AND SCENES AT HIS JERSEY HEN FARM



"TOM" VARE IN ONE OF HIS HEN HOUSES



THE VARE HENRIES

VARE "GANG" CACKLES LOVE FOR ITS BOSS, BUT IT'S TOM AND HIS FEATHERED FLOCK

Votes Be Hanged, Says Brother of Politicians, Happy and Beloved in His Modern Chicken Plant in New Jersey

"I'd rather raise chickens any time than raise votes," Tom Vare shook the snow from his boots and jerked an industrious looking thumb in the direction of his henries. He has a flock of them.

He has a flock of them little houses, whose rigid white roofs flare out in emphatic contrast to the towering trees which encircle his pretty homestead.

Tom has no desire for politics, like his brother Ed, the Senator. He spends most of his time in his hoots. He is the absolute leader in his little colony of five acres and his constituents are his chickens; 2000 of them at this time. He gives them a square deal and they give him clear majority of about 6000 eggs a week.

And they all stand on their merits. There are no factions among these faithful fowl. They know they're sure of three meals a day and a good bed, and what more can any kind of a chicken want?

HATEFUL CITY LIFE.

It doesn't bother Tom in the least because politicians have never heard of him, for he believes that hatching chickens is just as important as hatching political schemes. He does not care anything about the fuss and feathers of city life. He has a taste of the life of earlier days, and always had a yearning for the country. He is happier in his working clothes and his boots than when togged out in cit' attire, and his rugged features and spry step show that he is one of nature's real sons.

Such statements were not made by Tom, mind you, but his reluctant admission that many of his eggs were shipped to "private" trade in New York, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia warrants such assumption.

AFTER THE TRIP AROUND THE PLANT.

It is true, however, that the market eaten this morning by Senator Penruett, self-confessed statesman, may have come in its original form from Tom Vare's henry. And, who knows, maybe some of the White House salads may have been garnished with Vare eggs.

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LATER HE INVENTED SEVERAL MACHINES USED IN THE IRON INDUSTRY.

About 15 years ago he became interested in the chicken-breeding business, and realizing that it would be profitable he started his plant at Hammonton, beginning with very few chickens, but the flock increased until it now numbers thousands.

"How do you manage to get such a large number of eggs each week?" he was asked.

CHICKS ARE HAPPY.

"I try to give the chickens the same conditions in the winter as we have in summer," said Tom, "and they have to scratch among oyster shells for their food. A chicken is like a man, if you give it too much to eat it becomes lazy and indifferent. And a chicken likes a change in its bill of fare just like we do. So I change its food around as it will be content."

"You've been talking for an hour," said Mrs. Vare from the kitchen door.

And Tom went back to lay the carpet.

DIRECTOR KRUSEN DISCUSSES GRIP

Continued from Page One.

"It is impossible for the Department of Public Health to take care of the grip cases," he said. "We can't treat it as a contagious disease, for it isn't one. Of course, there are certain secretions of the nose and mouth that make the disease communicate, and that is why we say when a person has the grip he sneezes, spits and so on. But these acts communicate other diseases besides grip."

"Grip is an ailment that has many complications. We can't take the patient off to a hospital for contagious disease, and it is necessary for the patient to have medical attention. Grip never is dangerous if a doctor is called in right away. The danger lies in the neglect of it or not knowing what to do or doing the wrong thing."

Darting quickly through the chicken plant he led the visitor around the chicken plant.

If there's such a thing as a chicken parlor it's one of Tom Vare's henries. Each is white throughout, with a separate little drinking trough in each compartment and a carpet of golden shavings. In keeping with the atmosphere are the hens and hundreds of White Leghorn chickens. They are as prou as peacock, incidentally, and regard visitors with a quizzical eye.

Each house is electrically lighted throughout, and in addition to having a reliable thermometer there is an electric alarm connected with Tom's bedroom. It awakens him when the temperature gets too low or too high and he's out of bed in a jiffy with his lantern.

Tom's faithful Fredale also hears the alarm and is always at the kitchen door to accompany his industrious master to the scene of trouble.

MIDNIGHT ALARMS.

In the broader houses there is also an alarm attached to the incubators. These have a capacity of 800 eggs. Often it happens that a little chick makes its debut at night. Sometimes when it peeps through the shell the bird finds this world entirely too cold and is about to make a hasty exit when the alarm goes off.

In a few minutes Tom is on the scene.

He turns on the heat another notch and the chick is safe.

Thus the spirit of loyalty is born.

Is any wonder that all the chickens lay industriously and that the eggs are in

the henries?

GIVES CAMP FOR BOY SCOUTS

Alexander Van Rensselaer Fite Up Old Mill for Youngsters' Use

An old stone mill at Camp Hill, the estate of Alexander Van Rensselaer, has been fitted up by him as a Boy Scout camp, it was announced by Philadelphia

Scouts' Council, Inc.

CLARK.—Suddenly, on January 9, 1916, at Garfield, N. J., CLARENCE HOWARD CLARK, 27, died. His funeral services were held at the First Methodist Church.

HUTTON.—On January 8, 1916, FRANK C. HUTTON, husband of Anna A. Hutton, age 57 years, died suddenly at his home in New York and Boston.

LEARY.—On January 8, 1916, at Chillicothe, O., PAULINE, wife of the late Abraham Levy, formerly of Philadelphia, age 75 years, died suddenly at her home. Her funeral services were held at the First Methodist Church.

THOMPSON.—On January 8, 1916, LETITIA, widow of James J. Thompson, died at her home in New York. She was 80 years old.

STINSON.—On January 8, 1916, at Ashland, Ky., ROBERT J. STINSON, aged 57 years, died suddenly at his home.

THOMAS.—On January 8, 1916, at New York City, VIRGINIA COFFEE, widow of Robert J. Thomas, aged 57 years. Death notice of Mr. Thomas was dated January 7, 1916.

WHITE.—On January 8, 1916, at New York City, MARY FRANCES, widow of Frank White, died at her home in New York.

WILLIAMS.—On January 8, 1916, at New York City, MARY WILLIAMS, widow of