

MERCHANTS OF NEARBY CITIES ENTERTAINED AT BIG BUSINESS SHOW

Visiting Business Men Find Much of Value to Office Efficiency in Extensive Exhibits

VIEW "HUMAN" MACHINES Merchants and business men from near-by cities are the guests of the First Annual Philadelphia Business and Efficiency Show today at the First Regiment Armory, Broad and Callowhill streets.



Photo by Photo Crafters. EDWIN MOORE

EDWIN MOORE, MADE RICH AND FAMOUS BY PUSH PIN, EXPIRES

Man Who "Built a Big Business on a Little Thing" Dies at His Home Here of Pneumonia

BEGAN ON SMALL SCALE

Edwin Moore, of "Moore Push Pin Fame," who was known throughout the United States as the man who "built a big business on a little thing," died at 10:30 o'clock today at his home, 2225 West Venango street, following an illness of five weeks.

Mr. Moore was one of those observant opportunists described so aptly by the Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell in his famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds." He conceived an idea so simple that it seemed absurd that somebody hadn't thought of it before.

Mr. Moore's great asset was an unbounded confidence in the merit of the pins and great faith in publicity. In describing that trying period in his business career, Mr. Moore said, sometimes before his death: "I had but \$112, which was largely used in the purchase of materials. I made push pins one day and went out to sell them the next, so I could get money enough to manufacture more. I was both manufacturer and salesman."

Mr. Moore was born in Northumberland, Pa., 41 years ago. He was the son of the Rev. Alexander Davis and Maria L. Moore.

PHILADELPHIA BUSINESS SHOW 1916

Today is OUT-OF-TOWN MERCHANTS' DAY

It is well worth a special journey to see the many efficiency devices and methods that are being shown.

First Regiment Armory Broad and Callowhill Sts. Open 1 P. M. to 10 P. M.



Consequence, the Lieutenant told the jury Pennock at a hearing today.

WILL ENLARGE HOSPITAL

Nine Wards and Other Additions for West Philadelphia Homeopathic

The present maternity department of the hospital is too small to take care of the number of increasing cases. The new building, which will be thoroughly fire-resisting, will measure 93 by 47 feet, and will be of brick, stone and concrete construction.

TRIUMVIRATE HOLDS REINS IN CITY

Continued from Page One

Commissioner of William S. Robertson, a son-in-law of Mayor Smith, to the \$1800 position of Chief of Investigation and Research, according to Civil Service Commissioner William Kreider, who takes credit for the appointment.

MAYOR SMITH SURPRISED

When asked to explain why such an important place was created for the youth, who, being in the noncompetitive class, does not have to undergo the usual tests, Commissioner Kreider told this story: "I knew of young Robertson and thought he would be a good chap for the place."

Police Court Chronicles

Charles Grand believes his name is justified in account of his general attitude. He is ambitious and has a vivid imagination, which has brought him much woe.

Sometimes Grand thinks he is wealthy. Then he puts on a high hat and strolls about behind a 5-cent cigar.

Grand was very much peeved. He denounced the cop for daring to annoy him and declared that he had enough political pull to get the blueset freed.

While they were talking an inquisitive Chinaman who was passing down the street stopped to listen to the argument.

"You are the most disorderly orderly I ever had before me," said the Judge, "and I'm going to allow you to be a free patient at the county prison."

Pastor Quits Church to Join Sunday The Rev. Isaac Ward, for three years pastor of the Fourth Reformed Church, Manayunk and Levering streets, Roxborough, has resigned to take up work with "Billy" Sunday. Mr. Ward is now in Baltimore.

WOMAN'S PAGE IS BEST EDUCATOR FOR THE SEX, SAYS LILLIAN RUSSELL

"Their Faith in It Is Beautiful and It Solves So Many Problems of the Household"

"NOT FROTHY OR USELESS"

"Men hate to be reminded that women are 'getting on' as much as I do that I am 'getting on'."

Lillian Russell raised herself onto a white enamel high-chair in front of her make-up shelf in the seclusion of the green-and-white dressing room, with a star on the door, at Kelt's, Charming Lillian was in high good humor.

"I'M A SUFFRAGIST"

"Men are afraid we'll get to know too much. I'm a suffragist, you see," said the vivacious Miss Russell. "The visitor forgot his embarrassment at the great heaps

of distinctly feminine apparel hung on every possible peg about the room, and sat down.

"The woman's page of a newspaper is the greatest single educator of woman-kind that I can think of," continued Miss Russell, almost wrinkling her perfect brow.

"Aren't you beginning to like newspaper work better than the stage?" the visitor asked suspiciously.

"The beautiful Lillian laughed. 'The stage is an old story. Some day I am going to be a newspaper woman. It is fascinating, and it's so educating. I think I'll write a book about my experiences. The faith of women in the woman's page is beautiful, and that is why the women editors go to no end of trouble

to give correct answers to queries and never advise hastily. The woman's page to a young girl is just like a mother. One careless thought in the page might ruin some pretty and trusting creature's whole life. Besides reading advice in ethics, she can keep abreast of the times and not be a back number.

"For grown-ups, too, it is highly educating. A hundred problems of the household are solved every day—ways of making housework a pleasure rather than a drudgery are unfolded, and she finds lots of hints that she can apply every day. I do not think the subject matter is at all frothy or useless."

"The former comic opera star damped again. 'I got about 250 letters a week,' she said. 'One girl wanted to know how to illuminate pimples. I suppose she wanted to know how to eliminate them. A man wanted me to send him \$48, so he could go on a vacation. He said if I would send him \$10 extra he could get his teeth fixed. A woman asked me to send something for fat and another something for bowlegs. I don't know whether they want to acquire or get rid of what they ask for, so I send replies to cover either emergency. A pathetic letter came last night. A girl who works in a laundry has so many to take care of at home that she is afraid she'll never be able to get another job. 'I get so tired of the wash,' she said, 'How can I be a great actress like you?'"

"Do you think more men would improve from a perusal of the woman's page?" Miss Russell was asked.

"Oh, yes. It helps him a lot through this life to see things through a woman's eyes. But in general I believe in packing the woman's page with a lot for women only." Miss Russell said. "Men are so hopeless, anyway."

"BEAUTY WORTH STRIVING FOR" "Do you think that beauty is after all the greatest ideal toward which a woman should strive?"

Mrs. Ross, a sister of Miss Russell, who had wandered in, shook her head. "No," she said. "In all the glory of her own make-up she looked at herself in the glass. 'Beauty of manners, beauty of thought and speech, beauty of cleanliness as dress, yes, but beauty of features—no. There are women physically charming without any perfection of facial features. The stately woman is beautiful; the athletic girl is good to look at, as is the woman who knows how to dress. Then there is the ideally graceful woman. I consider this beauty and worth striving for. Life surrounded by beauty is worth living. I preach this every chance I get in my column.'"

"Do you write all your own stuff?"

"Every word. My husband, who is a newspaper man, you know, often gets impatient with me when I insist on writing," chuckled Miss Russell, "and wants me to let him have some one in his office write the stuff for me. But I don't believe they could, for I have a style all my own. My gospel for staying young is not to be idle, and I work every minute of the seven days a week."

There was a knock on the door. "Here's your taxi, Miss Russell," hawled the doorman.



IRELAND UBER ALLES

by PETER B. KYNE

Capturing the Appam, running the gauntlet of the British Navy and bringing the ship into a neutral port under a prize crew was an exploit no more thrilling than the feat performed by Capt. Murphy and Chief Reardon of Cappy Ricks' ship Narcissus.

In this four-part story in the famous Cappy Ricks Series, foreign secret service agents capture an American ship and all but accomplish their plan to turn her cargo of steam coal over to the German fleet.

A rattling deep-water sea story of timely war-time interest.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST OUT TO DAY

Five Cents of all Newsdealers and Post Boys

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SISTER PLEADS FOR BOY

Girl's Entreaties May Save Youth and Companion From Prosecution on Theft Charge

A sister's entreaties may save a youth and his companion from prosecution on a charge of stealing magnetos and other automobile accessories.

The boys under arrest are Arthur Hunter, 20 years old, of 5218 North 6th street, and Adolph Junker, 20 years old, of 4855 North 14th street. They were apprehended last night by District Inspectors Dougherty and Davis. They are charged with stealing automobile supplies after the accident at 4th street and the Boulevard several days ago, when Edward Winter and James R. Keel, students of the University of Pennsylvania, were taken down an embankment and taken to St. Luke's Hospital.

The accused are said to be members of good families, and have never before been arrested. When they were taken to Broad and Callowhill streets, a sister of the boy went to the hospital, and after obtaining permission from the physicians, interviewed Winter, owner of the car. She pleaded with him to be lenient with her brother and his friend. The incident was so overcome with her pleading that as soon as he was strong enough to reach a telephone he communicated with Lieutenant Hamilton at the police house.

In consequence, the Lieutenant told the jury Pennock at a hearing today.