

Evening World's Figure Improvement Contest

Diet and Exercise Lessons in New Courses for Stout Women Who Wish to Reduce and Thin Women Who Desire to Develop Their Figures.

Conducted by Pauline Furlong.

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DEVELOPING EXERCISE—NO 2. Side Leg Raising.



Developing Course. Lesson II.

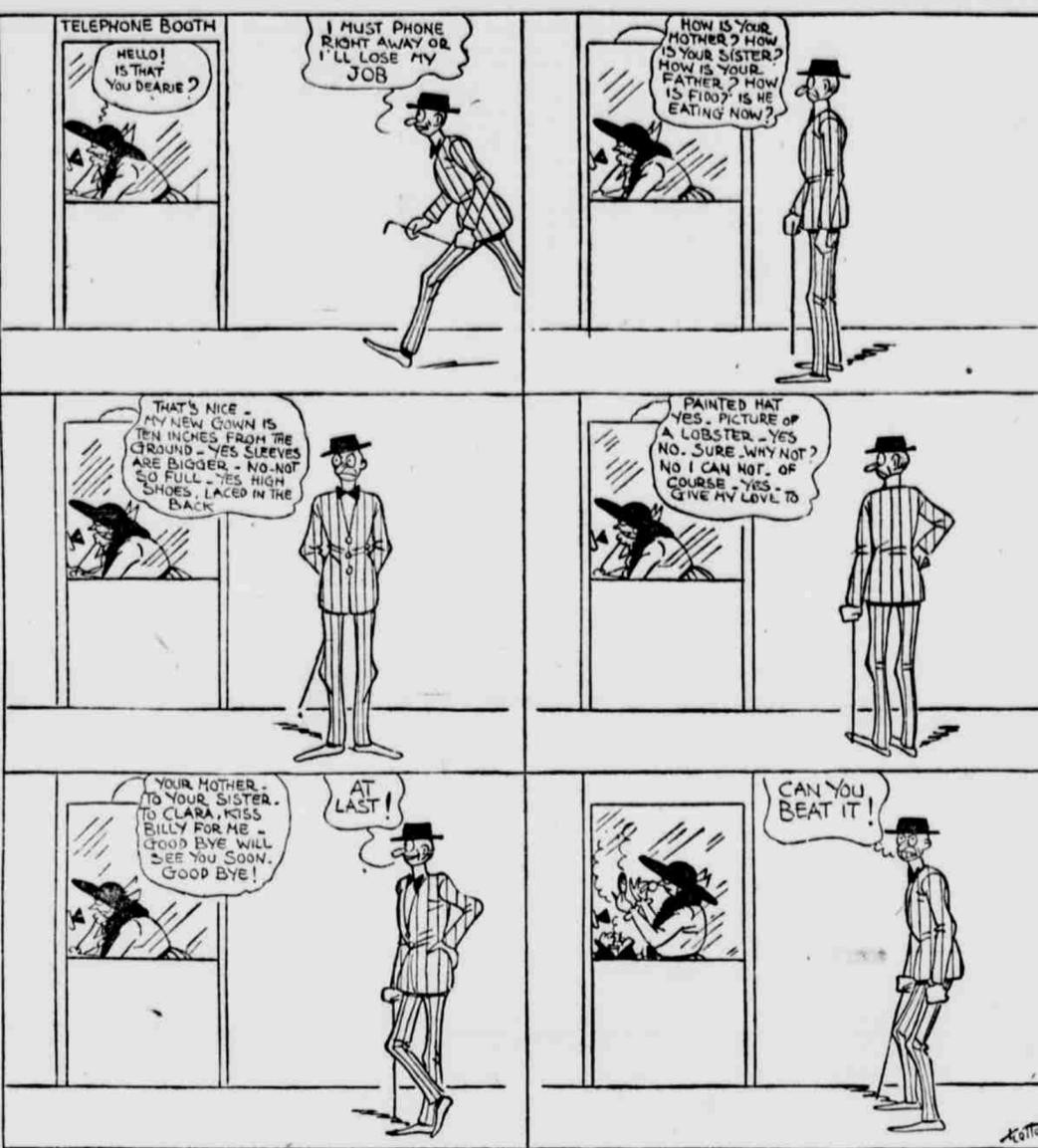
GOOD health is always to be attained if one but gives the thought and time to the few hygienic rules necessary to follow in order to gain and keep it. Poor health will mar whatever beauty you may possess and also interfere with your business and social resources...

A class of six stout women who wish to reduce their weight and one of six thin women who desire to gain weight, for eight weeks are competing for two prizes of \$50 each...

EAR WAX—R. L.—Use the blunt end of a hairpin to remove it, but be careful and do not dig deeply in the ear. SPECKS BEFORE EYES.—Mrs. George M.: All of the conditions which you outline to me are the result of indigestion and constipation...

Can You Beat It!

By Maurice Ketten



Why Don't Men Propose?

What Are the Reasons for The 1916 Husband Famine?

Are Bachelors Alarmed by Marriage Failure Statistics? Is There Warrant for a Fear That Young Women of To-Day Are Potentially Incompetent Homemakers? Opinions of Evening World Readers Are Invited.

ALTHOUGH many women seem to agree with the mother who wrote me that the young men of New York show an ever-growing aversion to matrimony and the girls an unwillingness to begin marriage on a small income...

is cold, and love ain't enough for a soldier. TOO MANY GIRLS WANT TO MARRY MILLIONAIRES. Nor for any other man, either. The truth is, I think, that nearly every American girl sees in herself the future wife of a millionaire and trains for the job...

THE DEATH THOUGHT

Craig Kennedy at His Best—Begin it To-Day

By Arthur B. Reeve

BEST NOVELS PUBLISHED ON THIS PAGE COMPLETE EVERY TWO WEEKS. (Copyright, 1916, by Street & Smith.) SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS. The body of Ietta Cameron, once the peeress of a fortune, is found in the river...

it up in that farthest corner and take a flash light of me, you will see on developing the plate that your camera takes what even your mortal eye cannot see in the light. You saw it when the room was darkened...

place alive, since he must know what was passing within ourselves? Already I could feel what a dread spell this man might cast about those whom he had convinced of his magic powers. Indeed, he had me more than half convinced, and I winced at his glances as if he were a mental surgeon laying bare the innermost secrets of my soul.

But as for any means of getting a connection with it, I knew that it was as impossible to get down through the roof of Alterego's house as it would have been to get in at the front door, so carefully was it guarded.

press my astonishment, "what is this—magic?" "Scientific magic, perhaps," he laughed. "This is just our old friend the dicitograph. You saw the machine I left in the room down below in Alterego's."

CHAPTER V. The Psychic. AS he spoke, however, the lights seemed to grow dimmer. "Take that hand," he said, in a low, vibrating voice. Suddenly in the half darkness a glowing hand appeared before us. I started. Alterego laughed. The hand was moving slowly about. I nerved myself, reached out and grasped it. It was cold as death. The lights flashed up. I was holding a hand of wax, just a hand and wrist.

Half convinced already, I set up my camera, touched off the flash, and took a picture. "Take another," urged Alterego. "I took another. Then, at his bidding, Kennedy assumed his position, after glancing about, much to the amusement of Alterego. "No mirrors here, Mr. Kennedy," he said.

Kennedy assented with every manifestation of gratitude, and, conducted by Miss Brownlow, we departed, jumped into our waiting taxicab—and rode around the corner to the front entrance of the hotel, where Craig dismissed the cab, and entered.

CHAPTER VI. The Spell Worker. OR what purpose Kennedy had been lavishly using good copper wire down on Alterego's roof I did not know, but while he was at work I had been going over in my mind hastily the trend of some of the questions he had asked. I knew that in the room where he had left the little blank disk the so-called psychic school would meet that night, and as I looked at my watch I realized that the time for its meeting was fast approaching.

Now it is not enough for a woman to contribute a certain amount of half and eyes and skin to a marriage. Yes, these things and the ability to run up bills are all many a young fellow needs to get a wife. But the girl with whom he goes through a ceremony of marriage. Because such a being is not really a wife—she is a leech—however kindly and affectionate she may be. There are too many such beings, so many that young men, observing their selfishness and inefficiency, are discouraged from matrimony. And many sweet and intelligent and efficient girls wonder why they do not receive proposals. There is another side to the picture, of course—the young man who is not good enough for the partnership called marriage. We will discuss him in a future article.

Answers to Queries. DEVELOP BUST—MARGARET T.—The following is the Vancouleur tonic and bust developer. It develops the entire body gradually, and also acts on the breast glands and is effective and entirely harmless: Lactophosphate of lime, 10 grams; fluid extract of ginseng, 30 grams; tincture of fennel, 10 grams; simple syrup enough to make twelve ounces. Take two spoonfuls before meals three times a day.

Handicapped. The Story of a Tenderfoot Who Made Good Begins in The Evening World Oct. 30

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MOTHERS WON'T LET SONS GET MARRIED. I believe my case has a great deal to do with the marriage question of to-day. I am a private secretary with a large concern in New York and earning a salary large enough to sustain one comfortably. Am twenty-one years old. About a year and a half ago, I met a young man, who was persistent in his love-making from the very beginning and continued to press his attentions upon me, despite the fact that I did not encourage them. After many months and after much more persistence on his part, I really grew to love him with all my heart and soul. When we had been going together about a year, his parents began to nag him about keeping company and urged him to give me up for the reason that they educated him and they thought he should remain a bachelor and pay them back for the several thousand dollars they spent on him. After six months of extreme nagging and abuse on the part of his parents, he decided in their favor and gave me up. Why don't men propose? Their mothers won't let them. Not in all cases, but in many. RUTH.