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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REDUCING EXERCISE—NO. 3

See Description in To-Day's Lesson

Reducing Course. Lesson III.

MOST persons who are trying to diet and have a desire for certain foods will find that if they satisfy this craving with any tasty non-fattening foods they will lose all longing for ones which are forbidden in the obesity diet. For instance when a person is really hungry most anything to eat smells and tastes good, and if the longing is for pork chops, a hearty meal of lamb, beef or any other meat allowed, will amply satisfy the appetite. If the craving be for candy or other sweets, stewed fruit, sweetened with any sugar substitute will overcome this. All persons really in earnest about losing weight should adhere to this and make it a habit.

PAULINE FURLONG

TO-DAY'S EXERCISE.

TO-DAY'S exercise is just a trifle more advanced than lesson number two and is another one for the lower portion of the body, abdomen, hips, thighs and dormant leg and trunk muscles. Take your position flat on the rug, arms and legs extended, as shown. Slide the left foot along the floor until it is on a level with the right knee. The right leg is then bent at the knee. Proceed and lift the left foot until it comes as near the right knee as possible. Rest the sole of the left foot on the right knee meanwhile. Repeat the movement ten times, alternating with each leg and relax the entire body between each leg raising. This exercise is also beneficial for stiffness in the knees, rheumatic pains and constipation.

SUGGESTED MENU.

LUNCHEON or breakfast: Stewed prunes, sweetened with some sugar substitute, soft boiled eggs, gluten bread, black coffee. Dinner: Lamb chops, cauliflower, spinach with egg, orange or pineapple ice.

HEALTH AND REDUCTION AIDS.

READERS must not neglect to take the hot lemon water; glass hot water and juice of half lemon a half hour before breakfast, if it is agreeable to them. Breads of all kinds must be eaten sparingly and only dark ones are allowed. These must be eaten without butter. If breakfast is eaten early and you feel very hungry before dinner, eat some fruit, any kind except bananas or grapes, or take a glass of buttermilk. Do not go hungry for food. Most important of all are the deep breathing exercises, which aid so materially in burning up superfluous fat, and they must be made a regular habit to accomplish best results. When time permits, take a tepid shower, or cold one, and follow it by an alcohol rub in the morning. This tones the system for the entire day.

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, to be awarded the woman in each class who accomplishes the greatest improvement in her figure. They will follow the courses of diet and exercise lessons prepared by Miss Furlong and published daily for the benefit of all EVENING WORLD readers.

Answers to Queries.

SHAMPOO—MARGY. To shampoo the hair provide yourself with a good bath spray to remove soap and dirt. Wet hair thoroughly with hot water and a strong flow from the spray, after brushing it well and then pour on some liquid shampoo. Never use soap from the cake. Rub scalp briskly with tips of fingers in circles for five minutes or more. Never use finger nails on scalp. Work well behind ears, at nape of neck and on top of head, at forehead to remove dandruff. If hair feels harsh there is not enough soap on it. Rinse suds with strong spray of hot water and apply more of soap mixture. Rub this in for five minutes and then wash it out with hot water until all traces of soap have disappeared. Then allow cold water to run through the hair and on the scalp for five minutes more. When drying the hair never use a rough Turkish or bath towel, because this presents a glossy appearance and leaves lint on it. Use soft hand towels. Do not dry the hair in the sun, but fresh air is advised for drying, if it is not too cold. When dry, brush thoroughly the hair from ends up with a clean brush. Do not brush hair until thoroughly dry if you would have the hair appear bright and glossy.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR—SADIE R. You must have a competent operator to remove superfluous hair with the electric needle.

CAMPHOR FOR PIMPLES.—E. N.: You should not use camphor on the face. It is a powerful astringent and will cause wrinkles. Treat the system internally with light nourishing foods and copious water drinking to purify the blood. Practice deep breathing also, as this is a wonderful beautifier and stimulates sluggish blood. Put a little alcohol on the pimples, after you have opened them with a fine needle, previously dipped in hot water. Do not rub olive oil into the face. Any rich grease continuously rubbed into the skin may encourage the growth of hair, and pure olive oil is one hundred per cent. fat.

DIET FOR CONSTIPATION.—MRS. E. R. S.: Foods taken with a view of overcoming constipation should contain more cellulose—the coarse, fibrous, woody elements contained in certain kinds. Bran products are among the best foods for costiveness, because they are natural laxatives and contain a certain amount of "roughage"—undigested solids, which force the colon to exercise itself, by gently stimulating it to action, and thus discharge its waste matter. Bran may be purchased ready to eat as it comes from the package, or it may be made into delicious muffins, gems, bread and other tasty dishes which will be relished by both the young and the grown-ups, who find medicines distasteful as well as ineffective.

TO DEVELOP—E. F. Y. Most certainly the chest can be broadened, no matter how narrow or flat it may be and through what cause. Do not expect to accomplish this in such a short time. It takes several years to show a marked improvement in the size of the muscles when one is not robust and inherits extreme thinness.

The Day of Rest

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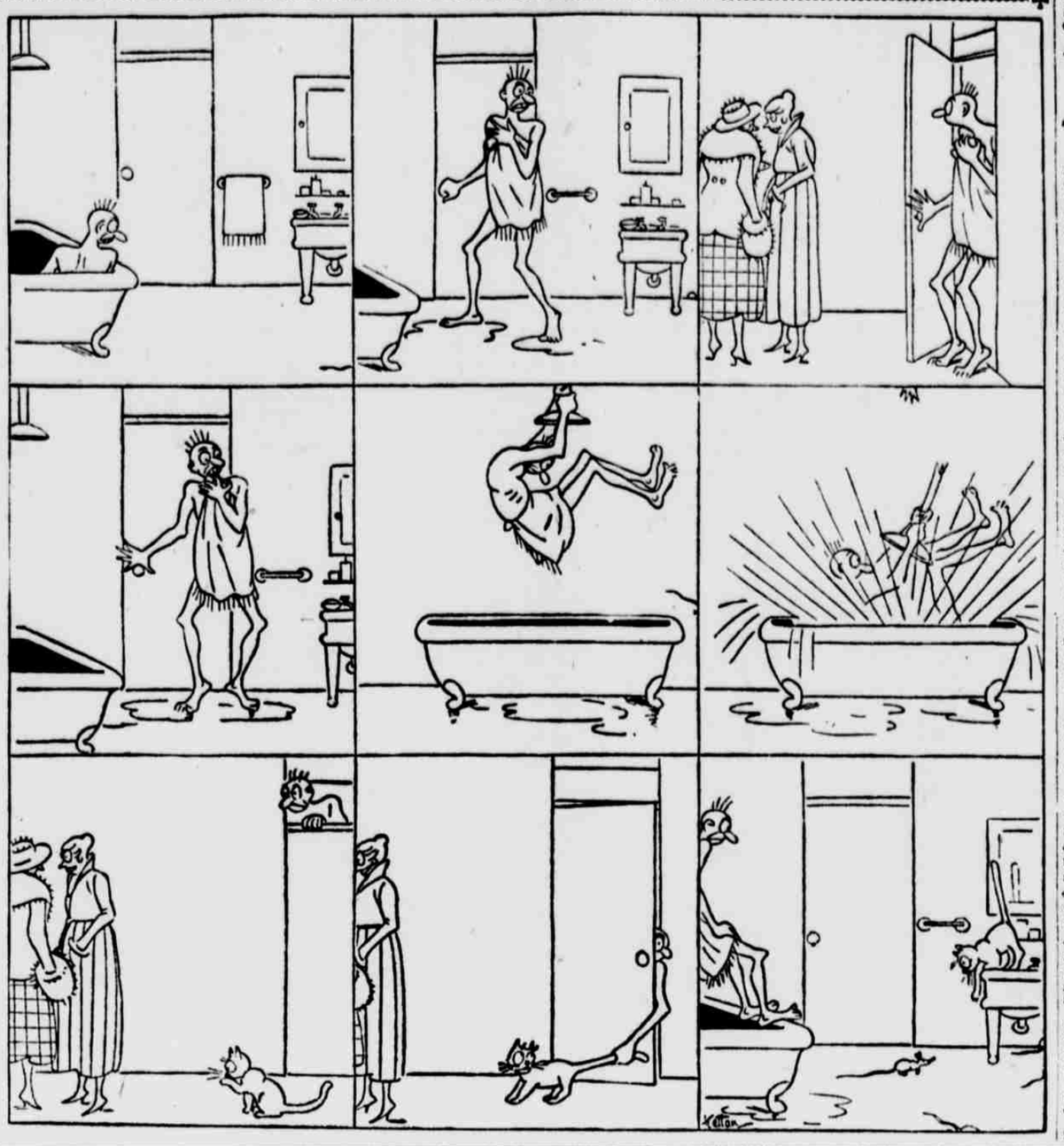
By Maurice Ketten



Original Designs for The Home Dressmaker

Advice in the Selection of Materials and Styles for All Types Furnished by The Evening World's Expert.

By Mildred Lodewick

THERE are so many women given to the habitual use of blue that numbers of them come to feel no other color is quite as becoming. Although blue is indeed universally becoming, there are other colors more especially suited to many types. To form the habit of always wearing one color is not doing justice to one's self, for different colors have different effects on one's own coloring of eyes, hair and complexion.

Next, sea green silk would be delightful for the afternoon frock shown to-day. A blonde with plenty of color in her cheeks would find the black velvet collar exceedingly effective. This is the most distinctive feature of the waist, flaring away from the pointed neck and trimmed with eyelets of green silk on one side and buttons of the silk on the other.

The sleeves are close fitting to the elbow, where a soft puff is attached with a pretty flare of black velvet. The bodice, which drops a half inch below normal, fastens at the left side and is entwined at the waistline with a black velvet ribbon. The bow in front, although seemingly unpretentious, is artfully placed to relieve the plainness of the bodice. The skirt harmonizes in dressiness with the sleeves, making the frock suitable for informal afternoon occasions.

Emerging in prim tucks from under the bodice at the sides and back it billows out in soft, cascading ruffles at the side-fronts. The panel distance between them is supplied by the silk gathered from a short yoke. A velvet band which finishes the bottom of the skirt is restrained from crossing the front by the cascades.

In the back view, where plaid silk is suggested as an excellent material for this design, the band on the skirt and the bodice are cut on the bias of the goods. Pipings of velvet and trimmings of plain silk complete an admirable combination of fabrics in a way to accentuate the distinctive lines of this simple design.

PRACTICAL, BUT DISTINCTIVE AFTERNOON FROCK.

Answers to Queries.

Fashion Editor, Evening World:

What could I trim an old rose velvet dress with, namely, collar, cuffs and belt? AGATHA.

Dull blue would be pretty if your old rose is deep enough color. Have a draped belt with two ends dropping. White satin collar and cuffs could be used with narrow black velvet belt.

Fashion Editor, Evening World:

I would like some distinctive design for a dark [illegible] harmeuse dress, not too dressy. I am thirty-five years of age, 36 size. I have some steel buttons if you think I could use them. MRS. N. E.

Double rows of silver soutache braiding are held with steel buttons. Use gray faille ribbon tied at waistline.

Fashion Editor Evening World:

I have golden brown hair, with eyes the same color, and a fair skin with slight color in cheeks. What would be a becoming color for an evening frock? Am twenty-two years of age. DORA E.

A frock of brown tulle to match your hair and eyes would be excellent. Bronze beaded slippers and brown stockings could be alternated with others of golden hue.

Fashion Editor Evening World:

Will you kindly help me concerning a dress for informal musicales? I have half a yard of light blue velvet brocaded chiffon, which I would like to use with whatever material you might suggest. I am a blonde, 5 feet 6 inches tall. A READER.

Light blue satin for the skirt and chiffon for blouse, with black velvet collar and cuffs matching two ends which drop from a rose at centre front of girdle.

Fashion Editor Evening World:

What color would you advise me to get for a winter suit, also what material? I am thirty-one years old, have gray eyes, dark brown hair and rather dark but clear skin with some color. MRS. H.

Either Burgundy red or amethyst would be becoming. Wool velour is the most popular fabric just now.

Fashion Editor Evening World:

I am eighteen years of age and desire to make my own dress of inclosed sample goods, four yards blue velour. I am 5 feet 5 inches tall, have brown hair, brown eyes and good color. Will you suggest a design for me which will not be too hard to make? M. F.

Narrow blue silk collar and cuffs. Red velvet tie and pipings. Buttons down centre back.

To Mrs. C. D.: Shorten your skirt by cutting it off at the top, so as to take up the hem. Would make it still narrower. Gather the fulness into an Empire belt.

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.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.

The body of Lotta Cameron, once the possessor of a fortune, is found in the river. Pennington Tyler, a broken old man and former speculator, admits that she was his niece. Craig Kennedy, detective, and Walter Jameson, reporter, go to work on the case. Kennedy affirms that she was not drowned. They hear that she had been fleeing from some mysterious influence called the death thought and that her with a Dr. Alterego, mystic. Then Tyler dies mysteriously in a street car. The case now has a visit to Alterego, where Kennedy submits a fictitious chemical for analysis. They take rooms in an adjoining hotel and install a dictograph to overhear Alterego's seances.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued.)

The Spell Worker.

FROM the machine came a long series of cryptic utterances, of a modern Black Art of which I had no conception until now. Was it the creation of the fertile brain of Alterego?

"A large body of students from every walk of life," he was saying, "have been making great demands on me, have forced me to gain an understanding of what I call the science of mind. This knowledge has uncovered to me a strange power which I may call the benevolent thought and the malevolent thought. To one who is filled with the benevolent thought the malevolent thought exercised against him by another is powerless, false, though subtle. I will teach you how to wrestle with it to overcome it, make it unreal.

"I know in my inner consciousness when I am attacked by this malefic force, this mental malpractice which in its efforts would frequently attempt to destroy me, to intimidate me, or at least discourage me and cut off my usefulness. My defense is, as your defense must be, the benevolent thought. There is no power or presence which can successfully oppose it, neither man nor spirit, god or devil. It is powerful, this mental defense, and if you are always loyal to me you shall always have it."

Soothing and encouraging as these words sounded, I could not help feeling that there was a sinister corollary. I felt that I could supply the words that if they were disloyal all the powers of mind would be let loose against them. As he proceeded, a gradual comprehension of the tragic series of events that preceded began to dawn on me. I shuddered at thought of the powerful, intangible forces that this man laid claim to. I turned to Kennedy. He was listening in silence. Alterego was talking of his doctrine of two beings in one—a mortal being and a mental being, the "absolute," the former of which could do things without in any way involving the latter, and which the latter could properly deny or repudiate.

Down there below us, I thought, in that room where nightly a number of his students met, they were sending out this adverse mental influence as well as throwing mental protection about one another. To those who were being thus adversely influenced, warnings I knew must often be sent by others, offers of assistance or encouragement, like the Marie T. Aime letter which had been found on Lotta Cameron, and had been so puzzling. Such letters made matters worse for the victim; they must throw him into a veritable panic, and create all manner of fear about accidents, disasters and lies circulated to his disadvantage. In the very trying to help and ward off there were thinly veiled threats of more or less vague calamities in store. The benevolent thought might be all right, but I could easily see how the malevolent thought might be a veritable bete noir in the age-old recrudescence of the fight between good and evil.

"People will sometimes send me as if by a hand," one of the students was saying, "and I cannot flee from them."

"In extreme cases," Alterego was advising, "when you know that some one is trying to kill you mentally, it is proper for you to defend yourselves and work against them by every means in your power."

"Do you see it? Do you see it, Walter?" cried Kennedy, in great excitement. "That is the scheme. First get control of a person by reading a dream, or curing an ailment, or settling a financial or family trouble. Overwhelm him, as Alterego has tried to overwhelm us, with mystery. Then go further at the next visit, and gain more and more power. I see their method. Over and over again the same thought is to be repeated against an enemy: 'You know you are going to die! You know you are going to die!' That is probably done for an hour at a time. Or any other thought, a benevolent thought, may be repeated. Others—the whole class—may be put to work also. If a student attempts to get away from Alterego then the method is to treat him so as to make him harmless, perhaps insane, or mentally confused, afraid to talk, paralyzed, or even to commit suicide, or be killed by accident or otherwise. The 'fear thought' is put on him to make him afraid."

I was following Kennedy's reasoning closely. At last the thing was dawning on me. I could readily understand how persons of a certain type of mind would unbalance themselves, thinking about and fighting off imaginary troubles and terrors. Such people might be quickly controlled. They would be the kind to get into business or social difficulties easily. Financial ruin, severed friendships, stifled love, wrecked homes, suicide and death had followed, I knew, in the wake of this terrible "death thought"—a state of affairs which a week before I should have pronounced utterly beyond the wildest bounds of the imagination. Yet here it was—I had seen it in action. It was incontestible.

Did auto suggestion or self-hypnotism explain it? I asked myself. Had the victims, whom we had seen been driven to death by their own fears solely? I tried to run over the cases of Lotta Cameron and Pennington Tyler in my mind, but somehow or other the theory that it was purely fear that had driven them to death did not satisfy me. I could not help thinking that it had not been merely subjective. There was some objective force or forces at work here.

I watched Kennedy narrowly to see how he took it, hoping to gain some inkling. The more I watched the more I became convinced that he, too, believed there was something more than psychic in these deeds. There was something more in this terrible power than moved in darkness and mystery through the thoughts of even Alterego's most humble follower. This mumbo jumbo much as the Haytian old man sticks pins in a doll, or melts a wax figure of his enemy, was only an outward sign. Back of it was something deeper.

Alterego had long ceased talking when we retired in the hotel room in preference to returning to our apartment uptown. Early in the morning Kennedy had me up, ready to start again. He was to remain in the room, listening to the dictograph, while I was to go up to the laboratory and develop those spirit photographs.

I left him, still thinking of the revelation of the night before, and wondering if my negatives might not contain some clue. Nor did I forget it even when immersed in work, as I literaly became when I turned photographer.

Nobody who has owned a snapshot camera and carelessly snapped two different views or persons without rolling the film between the snaps needs much explanation of the making of ordinary spirit photographs. There is nothing occult or psychic about these cheap delusions, and only the perverse mind of the most prejudiced believer could be deceived by a likeness taken upon a prepared plate. Astral photographs have figured so long and so often that I flattered myself I could not be deceived. I knew exactly how it was possible to take a photograph of a person with a beautiful female ghost hovering over him. But this was something different. If these spectral photographs were fakes, they were fakes taken directly before the eyes of two persons looking for flaws.

There could be no question here of a double exposure, first of a ghost or skeleton, and then to a person. The mirror game, by which a ghost behind a screen is reflected into the lens of the camera, though the sitter cannot see it, was known to both of us, and had been guarded against. It was my own camera. There could be no placing of a positive image on thin glass the size of a plate in the holder as usual, resulting in a weak image super-imposed on the final product—a person plus a ghost. No, there were none of these things possible in Alterego's case. And yet the longer I worked the more excited I grew. For there certainly was something on those plates besides Alterego, Kennedy and myself. There was a ghostly form floating over us, a form which we had not seen, but which the eye of the lens had caught and fixed on the sensitive plate.

At last the door opened and Kennedy hurried in. I handed him the photographs, and he looked at them intently for a moment, but said nothing.

"Humph! Just what I thought," he remarked. He walked over to the cabinet, where he had placed the jar in which were the collar and tie that Pennington Tyler had worn on his last journey. The glass jar had assumed a strong violet tint.

"What is it?" I asked, astounded, as he picked it up gingerly and set it down on the laboratory table.

"Well, I've found the cause of the death of one of them," he replied coolly. "This, as many people who have experimented know, is the invariable effect of radium on this kind of glass."

He had pulled out the collar button from the back of the collar and was holding it thoughtfully with a pair of tweezers.

"There is hardly any need of going further in the examination of this button and jar," he continued. "I know precisely now what I shall find. I shall find that the bottom of the shaft of this collar button contains a tiny speck of radium of high power, so placed that there is only a partition of a very minute fraction of an inch between it and the outside of the button, which must have rested for many days against the wearer's neck. In this harmless looking button lurks a ghastly death waiting for its wearer."

"I knew it!" I cried. "I knew that there was something else back of this death thought. It is radium."

"One moment, Walter," cautioned Kennedy. "Not so fast. This is only one case. It has nothing to do with the others as far as we know yet. Nor has it caught or convicted anybody. But this grain of radium is shooting out rays at a speed of thousands of miles a second, and the power of these rays is only partly understood, though it is known that they cause terrible injury and death, according to the length of exposure. Inconceivable dangers surround this apparently trifling button, and it might cause the death or injury of innocent or ignorant persons. In the hands of a criminal it has been an instrument for committing a crime that has almost defied detection, would have done so if I had not known well the nature of that red mark on Tyler's neck.

"This deadly substance, worn day after day over the spinal cord, just below the base of the brain, has inevitably produced many strange effects on the victim, ending with his death through some form of paralysis. Every step in the plot has been carried out with exquisite skill; every move has been covered. Gradually the stricken man has been failing. No wonder the doctor that morning was puzzled. Meanwhile a cursed lie was being circulated, and was working on his already disordered brain. It was more than flesh and blood could stand. The man was literally driven forth to die."

I looked in awe at the fatal button. I saw how cleverly Kennedy had traced back the death of Tyler to its real cause. And then I stopped. That was as far as I could go. It was as far as Kennedy was willing to go. Craig had scarcely returned the button to the cabinet for safe-keeping when the buzzer on the door sounded, and I admitted an excited stranger, who strode into the room almost defiantly.

"My name is Sidney Douglass," he announced. "Which is Prof. Kennedy?"

Craig answered somewhat coolly, but it had no effect in allaying the man's wrath. He paused only long enough for me to get a good look at him. He was not a bad-looking fellow, young, but with the air of a man who had worked hard, had raised himself through his own efforts, and was accustomed to be recognized as a leader. I am frank to confess that I did not like him. There was too much that was dictatorial about him.

Douglass's next words were, to say the least, rather peculiar. "I understand," he began darkly, "that my wife is being persuaded by some one to invest her money under the direction of a broker named Jay Gordon."

He did not say it with the air of one seeking verification, but rather as if he stated a fact which we knew, but did not know he knew. I could not help feeling that the man before us carried a chip on his shoulder, though it surprised me to see him assume the confident manner of one whose expectation it was that Kennedy should knock the chip off, for he added, advancing a step pugnaciously: "Now, I don't need to tell you, Mr. Kennedy, that this thing must stop. I am capable of putting two and two together and arriving at four. From information I have received from my servants and from—well, never mind where—I have arrived at certain definite conclusions."

I glanced at Craig, not knowing just how to take this queer development. Craig merely raised his eyebrows. "Indeed?" he replied, coolly.

"Yes, this thing must stop. If my wife is to be persuaded to invest her money, it shall be done with my consent and approval—not secretly."

(To Be Continued)

HANDICAPPED By Jackson Gregory

The Story of a Tenderfoot Who Made Good

Begins in The Evening World Oct. 30