

Evening World's New Perfect Figure Contest

To Make Perfectly Proportioned for Their Height Women Who Are Fifteen or More Pounds Over or Under Proper Weight.

\$100 in Awards to the Six Contestants Whose Weight and Measurements After a Three Months' Course of Diet and Exercise Most Closely Approximate Those Designated as Perfect for Their Height.

Illustrated Lessons, Prepared by Miss Pauline Furlong, Will Be Published Daily in The Evening World.

WEIGHT AND MEASUREMENT CHART. Table with columns for Height (5 feet to 5 feet 10 inches) and Weight (108 lbs to 165 lbs).

By Pauline Furlong

ALREADY a great many women have applied to enter the Evening World's new Perfect Figure Contest. Monday I will begin receiving those applicants with whom I have already made appointments in a private suite of offices which The Evening World has opened in order to give my callers absolute privacy.

If you intend to enter the contest, I advise you to write your application with the least possible delay, particularly if there is some hour of the day which is most convenient for you to call on me, because appointments at preferred hours are becoming increasingly difficult for me to make owing to the great number of requests. This contest is open to all women, twenty-one years of age or over, who weigh fifteen or more pounds more or less than they should at their height. You can determine your eligibility by comparing your present weight with that given as proper for your height in the chart printed above.

Entry in the contest can be made only through a personal interview with me, as all contestants must be weighed and measured by me before the contest starts. Write me a letter asking for an appointment and stating your present height and weight. Sign your name and address. I will then mail you an appointment card for you to bring with you to my office when you call.

The \$100 in awards will be distributed in six prizes, one of \$50 to the contestant who ranks second, one of \$10 to the contestant who ranks third and three prizes of \$5 each to the contestants who rank fourth, fifth and sixth. A bound book containing all the illustrated lessons published in the contest course will be presented to every woman who finishes the contest.

To assist every contestant in either reducing or developing her figure to proper proportions each one will be given a personal chart, which will show her present weight and measurements, and will also indicate those to which her individual figure must conform to be considered "perfect."

Answers to Queries. OLIVE OIL.—N. B. V.: Olive oil taken internally would not be likely to make the skin sallow. On the contrary, it would be more apt to clear it, because it corrects constipation. It is said, however, that olive oil applied to the skin as a massage will darken it.

LARGE ABDOMEN.—H. F.: Less foods of all kinds and body bending, twisting and trunk raising exercises are the best for large abdomen. Only through this method can you hope to reduce it, as no corset will do so.

WINNERS OF CONTESTS.—MRS. G. R.: Mrs. St. James lost twenty-three pounds in four weeks. The winner of the prize in the last contest lost thirty-nine pounds in eight weeks.

HOT WATER ON FACE.—KATHERINE D.: It is best to avoid the use of hot water on the face at all times, unless treating the complexion for blackheads and greasy condition. If

ADJUSTING A STORM SASH FROM THE INSIDE OF A HOUSE.

By applying the following method, a storm sash may be adjusted from the inside of a house, says Popular Science Monthly. Two pins are driven into the top rail of the sash and holes provided in the window casing at the top to receive them. The pins may be made either of three-inch nails with their heads removed or short lengths of dowels.

To install the window, push it through the opening left by raising the lower sash, set the pins in the holes and pull the bottom part in held with two small hooks. Storm sash provided with holdings of this kind require no ladders to put them in place on upper windows.

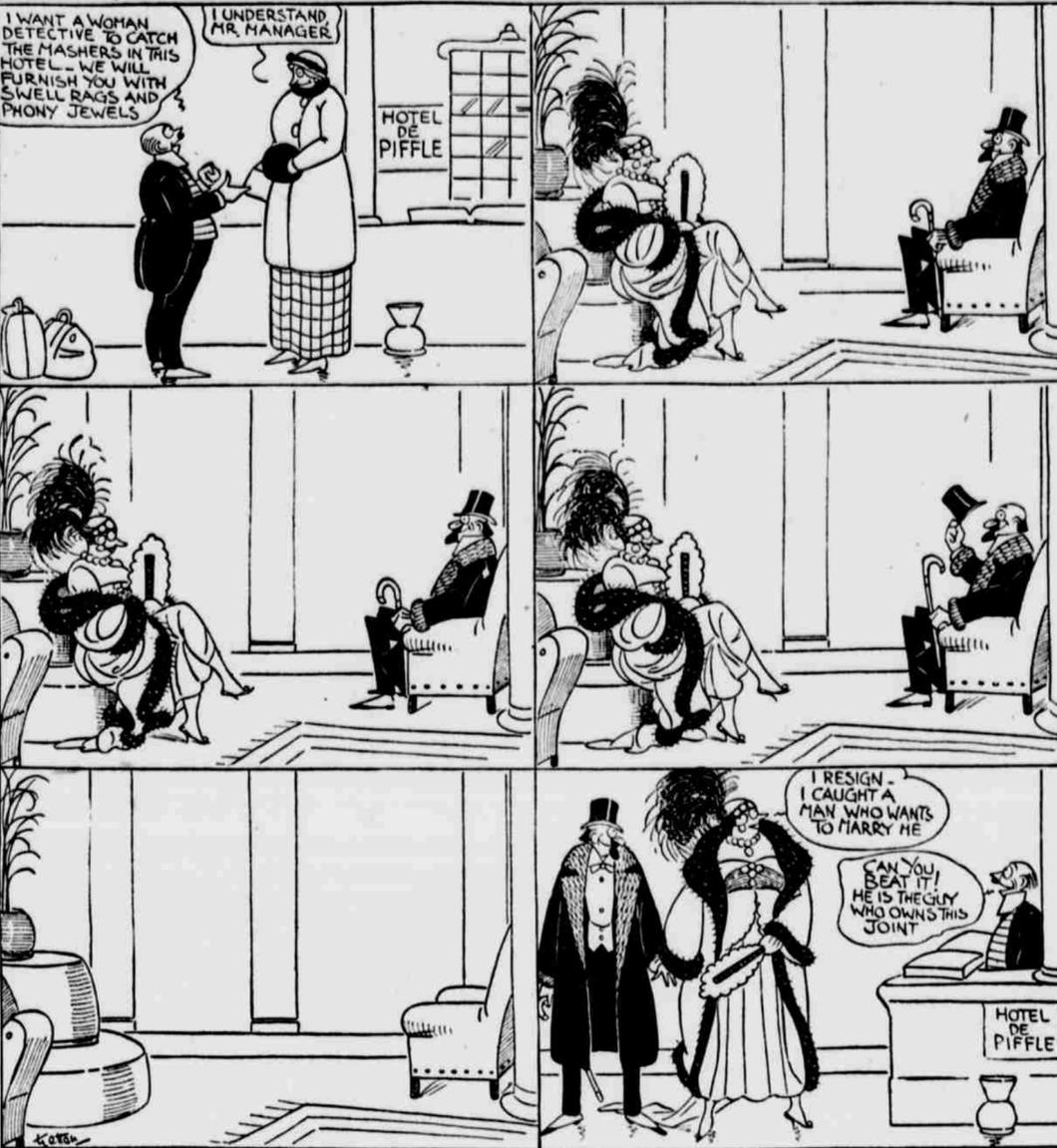
HIGHER MATHEMATICS. SOME people will never realize that there are more ways than one of arriving at the same result. They are like the shock-headed boy who was asked to add six and four. He guessed nine, eleven and twelve.

"No, no, you are only guessing!" expostulated the teacher. "But why didn't you guess ten while you were about it? Six and four make ten." "Oh, no; they don't!" triumphantly replied theurchin. "You told me yesterday that five and five make ten!"

Can You Beat It!

By The Evening World Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Maurice Ketten



THE FROZEN PIRATE Lost on an Iceberg, a Poor Sallorner Finds Treasure and Adventure Awaiting Him By W. Clark Russell

tract of whiteness, had fortified my spirits, and I determined to begin by exploring the forecastle and ascertaining if more bodies were in the schooner than those two in the cabin and the giant form on deck. I threw some coal on the fire, and placed an iron log along with the cheese and a lump of the frozen brandy in a panikin into the oven, and then, putting a candle into the lantern, walked very bravely to the forecastle and entered it.

I was prepared for the scene of confusion, but I must say it staggered me fresh with something of the force of the first impression. Sailors' chests lay open in all directions, and their contents covered the decks. There was the clearest evidence that the majority of the crew had quitted their boxes to cram their money bags and jewelry into their pockets, and heededly flinging down their own and the clothes which had fallen to their share. I saw several very heavy trunks in the middle-to know if they were tenanted. Some were heavier than the others, but all of them much lighter than they would have been had they contained human bodies. By this rapid method I satisfied my mind that there were no dead men here.

There were no ports, but a hatch below the lantern-light—the candle making the darkness but little more than visible—I fetched from the arms room a handspike that lay in a corner, and as he lay close to the hatch I cracked all around it and the cover rose. I pushed it off, and down rolled the sunshine in splendor.

Close against the after bulkhead, that separated the forecastle from the cook room, was a little hatch. There was a quantity of wearing apparel upon it, and I should have missed it but for catching sight of some three inches of the dark line of a woman's hair. Her bow was more raised, and she lay over further by the depth of a plank.

I made a plentiful meal, feeling the need of abundance of food in such a temperature as this, and heartily grateful that there was no need why I should stint myself.

While I ate, my mind was so busy with considerations of the change in the ship's posture during the night that it ended in determining me to take a survey of her from the outside, and then warm it, and put it in a round before I fell to any other work. I fetched the cloak I had stripped from the body on the rocks, and then considered it, and put it in a round before I fell to any other work. I fetched the cloak I had stripped from the body on the rocks, and then considered it, and put it in a round before I fell to any other work.

I calculated there would not be less than fifteen tons of coal in it.

CHAPTER XII. I twelve o'clock by the fine watch in my pocket I got dinner. I had a mind for a lighter drink than brandy, and went to the lazarette and cut out a block of the wine in

I started, stopped, and fell back a pace with a cry. When I had put the figure before the fire he was in the same posture in which he had sat at the table, that is, leaning forward with his face hid in his arms. I had laid him on his side, with his face to the furnace and in that attitude you would have supposed him a man sound asleep with his arms over his face to shield it from the heat. But now, to my unshakable astonishment, he lay on his back, with his arms sunk to his side, and his face upturned.

I had made a great fire, and its light was strong, and there was also the light of the lantern. But the furnace flames played very lively, completely overmastering the steady illumination of the candle, and the man's figure was all a-twitch with moving shadows, and a hundred fanciful shadows seemed to steal out of the side and bulkheads and disappear upon my terrified gaze. Getting my agitation under some small control, I approached the body on the floor and held the lantern to its face.

He looked like a man of sixty years of age. His beard was gray and very long, and lay upon his breast like a cloud of smoke. His eyes were closed. The brows were shaggy, and the dark scar of a sword wound ran across his forehead from the corner of the left eye to the top of the right brow. His nose was long and hooked, but the repose in his countenance, and said a faintly in English, but with a true French accent, "This is a hard bed, sir."

I had speedily mended that, said I, and once fetched a mattress from the cabin next mine. This I placed beside him, and dragged him on to it. I then brought clothes and rugs to cover him with, and made him a high pillow, and as he lay close to the furnace he could not have been angrier had he had a wife to tuck him up in his own bed.

My former terrors had vanished, but my awe continued great, for I felt as if I had wrought a miracle, and I trembled as a man would who surveys some prodigy of his own creation.

He followed me about with his eyes, but did not offer to speak. Perhaps he could not speak, for he was lying on his back, and when the water boiled made him a pint of steaming brandy punch, which I held to his lips, and he drank, while he supported his back with my knees. He sipped it slowly and painfully, but with unobtrusive relish, and fetched a sign of contentment as he lay back, and then he would need something more sustaining than brandy and water; and as I guessed his stomach, after a prodigious fast, would be too weak to support such solid as beef, or pork, or bacon, I mused a little, turning over in my mind the contents of the lazarette, all of which time he eyed me with bewildered staring in his face. And I then thought I could not do better than manufacture him a broth of oatmeal, wine, horseradish, and a piece of tongue, minced very small.

This did not take me long in doing, the tongue being near the furnace, and soft enough for the knife, and there was nothing to melt but the wine. When the broth was ready I knelt as before and fed him. His eyes grew bright, and when the broth was gone looked as if he would have been glad for more.

CHAPTER XIII. IT was now time to think of myself. The watch showed the hour to be after six. While my supper was preparing I went on deck to close the bulkhead and found the weather changed, the wind having shifted directly into the West, whence it was blowing with a good deal of violence.

I closed the fore-scuttle, but on stepping aft came to the two bodies, the sight of which brought me to a standstill. There was life in one, thought I, life may be in these, and I felt as if it would be murdering them to leave them for the night. But said I to myself, after all, these men are certainly insensible if they be not dead. The cold that freezes on deck cannot be different from that which froze them in the cabin than here. It will be all the same to them, and to-morrow I shall perhaps have close the companion door upon me. The Frenchman was sleeping heavily and snoring loudly. I got my feet under the same aspect of the mound of clothes he made on the deck—a motley heap indeed, with the colors and the finery of the lace and the fringe of the hat, and I stepped upon him, and fell into some startling considerations of him. Was it possible, I asked myself, that he could have lain in his frozen stupor for fifty years? But why not? For suppose he had been on this ice for a year only, nay, six months—an absurdity in the face of the manifest age of the snow, and his furniture—would not six months of lifelessness followed by a resurrection be as marvellous as fifty years? Had the compass ceased to revolve when the snow of the ice seized him as he had now? I answered yes, for the current of life having been frozen, his appearance could remain as it was.

At 8 o'clock the fire was low. Nature was working out her own way with the Frenchman and I determined to let him sleep where he was, so, loitering to see the last gleam of fire extinguished, I took my lantern and went to bed, and finally to sleep. It was a light sleep, however, and I lighted the lantern, but upon entering the passage that led to the cabin I observed that the schooner had not only heeled, but that it was further "down by the stern" to the extent of several feet.

It was freezing cold, and I made haste to work to make broth, and by some still coal enough in the corner to last for the day, and before long the furnace was blazing cheerfully. I went to work to make broth, and by some still coal enough in the corner to last for the day, and before long the furnace was blazing cheerfully. I went to work to make broth, and by some still coal enough in the corner to last for the day, and before long the furnace was blazing cheerfully.

The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Corner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

Dicky and Dot in the Wonder City

By Mary Graham Bonner

"WHAT I don't understand at all is"— "Tell me quickly, Dot," said Dicky. "I'm just longing to find out something more interesting to-day than on any other day."

"Well, maybe," said Dot, "this won't amount to anything." "Tell us what it is," said Uncle John, "and I'll see what can be done about it."

"I have been wondering for some time," said Dot, "how all these hundreds and thousands of people in the Wonder City get their water. Now, back in the country after a dry season, often the well goes dry and we have a very hard time to get water. How can such lots and lots of people manage?"

"I don't see how they can manage either," said Dicky. "How do you feel about taking a little walk?" asked Uncle John, after a moment.

The children thought that probably Uncle John had forgotten about their question as he had something else he especially wanted to show them. They knew they would enjoy it no matter what it might be—so they said: "We'll love to take a walk. We'll be ready in a few minutes." And soon they started.

Down to Central Park they went and by a lake Uncle John stopped and said, "Here is the answer to your question." The children both looked at the lake, and then they laughed.

Cousin Eleanor's "Klub Kolumn"

DEAR COUSINS: I just couldn't begin to count the letters I've gotten from Kiddie members saying that they are making Kiddie Klub pennants. Now I'm afraid that all these pennants are different colors and that would never do! So the only way out is for us to vote for Kiddie Klub colors so that all the pennants will be alike.

Below is a little voting ballot. Fill it out and send it to me post haste and we'll know by next week what colors we stand under beside the Stars and Stripes. The ballots will be printed through next week. There will only be four printings of the ballot, and no votes will be accepted after Wednesday, Jan. 10.

So vote TO-DAY, my dear cousins. I am anxious to see what colors you shall choose. COUSIN ELEANOR.

"Klub Pin" ors and that would never do! So the only way out is for us to vote for Kiddie Klub colors so that all the pennants will be alike. Below is a little voting ballot. Fill it out and send it to me post haste and we'll know by next week what colors we stand under beside the Stars and Stripes.

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THE BLIND MAN'S EYES By William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer Begins on This Page Monday, Jan. 15

PIN COUPON NUMBER EVENING WORLD 107 "KIDDIE KLUB"

WRONG COMPANY. The teacher was quizzing her class of boys on the strength of their desire for righteousness.

"All those who wish to go to heaven," she said, "please stand." All got to their feet but one small boy. "Why, Willie," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "do you mean to say that you don't want to go to heaven?" "No, ma'am," replied Willie promptly. "Not if that bunch is going."—Young's Magazine.