

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 (feet and inches) and weight (pounds).

By Pauline Furlong

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) VERIFIABLE flood of application letters daily is pouring into my office at The Evening World from women who wish to enter the Perfect Figure Contest.

I must ask all who write for appointments to remember that the contest is open only to women whose weight is at least fifteen pounds greater or less than it should be for their height, according to the weight and measurement chart printed above. Also, I can grant no appointments for any purpose other than that of entering the contest, and each applicant must be not less than twenty-one years of age.

My appointment calendar already is completely filled for every day this week until Friday, so no more appointments can be granted now earlier than that day.

For the benefit of those who have not already made application I will explain that to enter the contest it is necessary for you to first write me, care of the Perfect Figure Contest, Evening World, 63 Park Row, N. Y. City, and ask for an appointment, stating your height and weight, and giving your name and address. I will then mail you an appointment card, directing you where to find me, and at what time.

When you call I will weigh and measure you, and if you are eligible you will be entered as a contestant. A suite of private offices has been opened by The Evening World for the contest purposes, where you will come in contact only with me, the young women who are acting as my assistants in various capacities and possibly other contestants who may be waiting their turn to see me.

The contest will commence with the publication in The Evening World of the first of the illustrated daily lessons Monday, Jan. 22, and will continue for twelve weeks.

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 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. ALUM SOLUTION FOR SOFT FLESH—MRS. H. L.: Use cold alum solution to harden the flesh under the chin. Take two table-spoonfuls powder of alum and one pint hot water. After twenty-four hours strain and use the clear portion as often as convenient.

TOO THIN—J. G.: Space will not permit me to answer your query in full and outline exercises and three meals a day to help you gain weight. You can send me forty-eight cents and I will send you the entire developing course.

DANDRUFF—M. K.: This subject has been covered at least once a week for many weeks. Dandruff is a foreign substance on the scalp and should be removed. It may be of dry or oily variety and arises from different conditions. Poor circulation is probably the greatest cause of dandruff. Dry dandruff must be brushed from the scalp with a stiff brush and kept away by oil massage applied nightly.

TOO FAT—A. B.: If you have become disgusted with yourself you should stick to the obesity course until you have reduced. It is not a difficult matter to do so. You are nearly fifty pounds too heavy now. If you are this heavy at twenty-four years of age you will be dangerously fat a few years from now, and should try to reduce for health's sake any day.

SWIMMING—MRS. G. T. S.: Swimming, like other exercises, develops the muscles and reduces excess fat. It is one of the very best all-round exercises for all.

ANAEMIA—MRS. KATER: A lack of red corpuscles in the blood causes this condition. Weakness, loss of appetite, headaches, faintness, constipation, pale lips and cheeks are some of the symptoms of anaemia. Rest, plenty of fresh air and night, daily warm baths and cool sponge baths, massage, nourishing foods, green vegetables, salads, raw eggs and milk will improve this condition. Drugs and iron tonics are not advised unless prescribed by your doctor.

PREPARE FOR THE FACE—M.

Such Is Life!

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By Maurice Kettner

THAT LEAK WAS OUTRAGEOUS! THOSE SPECULATORS WHO TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ADVANCE INFORMATION FROM WASHINGTON TO CREATE A PANIC AND ROB THE POOR SUCKERS IN WALL STREET OUGHT TO BE MOBBED



I ADMIT IT WAS PRETTY ROUGH ON THE FELLOWS WHO WERE NOT IN ON THE TIP

THINK OF THE POOR WIDOWS AND THE POOR SUCKERS WHO WERE CAUGHT IN THE SLUMP! TO MAKE MONEY LIKE THAT IS A SIN! WORSE THAN ROBBERY!



PRETTY TOUGH! BUT I DON'T GIVE A HANG! I HAD INSIDE INFORMATION MYSELF AND CLEANED A NICE LITTLE PILE

O, IS THAT SO! NEXT TIME YOU GET A TIP LIKE THAT, LET ME IN ON IT



THE FROZEN PIRATE

Lost on an Iceberg, a Poor Sallorman Finds Treasure and Adventure Awaiting Him

By W. Clark Russell

BEST NOVELS PUBLISHED ON THIS PAGE COMPLETE EVERY TWO WEEKS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. The good ship Leander May is wrecked in a storm in the North Sea, and the crew only escape after four days at sea in a leaky boat. After four days at sea, Rodney discovers a man frozen in the ice. Rodney carries one of the frozen men to the cabin, and finds that the man is a Frenchman, who tells him that he is a Frenchman, and that he is a Frenchman.

CHAPTER XIV. LIGHTED a pipe and sat pondering his story a little while. There was no doubt he had given me the exact truth so far as his relation of it went.

The impression he had made upon me was not agreeable. To be sure he had suffered heavily, and there was something in the telling of the story—a spirit I am unable to communicate, as it owed everything to French vivacity, largely spiced with devilism and sudden turns and ejaculations beyond the capacity of my pen to imitate. But a professional ferocity ran through it, too.

"I smell something good—something I am ready for. There is no physical like sleep, and he stretched out his legs with a great yawn, then roared, kicking the clothes and mattress on one side and bringing a bench close to the furnace. 'What time is it?' 'Something after twelve by the captain's watch,' said I, pulling it out and looking at it. 'But it's guesswork, and some pieces of money, and a few watches in the pocket.' 'The captain's watch?' cried he, with a short laugh. 'You are modest, Mr. Rodney.' 'Yes, modest, Paul Rodney. That watch is yours, sir; and you mean it shall be yours.' 'Well, Mr. Tassard,' said I, coloring in spite of myself, though he could not witness the change in such a light as that. 'I felt this, that if I left the watch in the captain's pocket, it was bound to go to the bottom ultimately, and—' 'Bah!' he interrupted, with a flourish of the hand. 'Let us save the schooner, if possible. There will be more than one watch for your pocket, more than one doubloon for your purse. Meanwhile, to dinner! My stuper has converted me into an empty hounded, and it will take me a fortnight of hard eating to feel that I have broken my fast.'

With a blow of the chopper he struck off a lump of the frozen wine, and then fell to, eating perhaps as a man might be expected to eat who had not had a meal for eight and forty years. 'There are two of your companions on deck,' said I. 'He started. 'I mean frozen,' I continued; 'they'll be the bodies of Trentanove and Joam Barros.' 'He nodded. 'There is no reason why they should be deader than you were. It is true that Barros has been on deck while you have been below, but after you pass a certain degree of cold fiercer rigors cannot signify.' 'What do you propose?' said he, looking at me oddly. 'Why, that we should carry them to the fire and rub them, and bring them to life if we can.' 'Why?' 'I was staggered by his indifference, for I had believed he would have shown himself very eager to restore his old companions and shipmates to life. I was searching for an answer to his strange inquiry, 'Why?' when he proceeded: 'First of all, my friend Trentanove was stone blind, and Barros nearly blind. Unless you could return them their sight with their life they would curse you for disturbing them. Better the blackness of death than the blackness of life.' 'There is the body of the captain,' said I. 'He grinned. 'Let them sleep,' said he. 'Do you know that they are cutthroats, who would reward your kindness with the point of their swords? You might not tell tales against them, or claim a share of the treasure in this vessel?' Of all desperate villains I never met the like of Barros. He loved blood even better than money. He'd quench his thirst before an engagement with gunpowder mixed in brandy. I once saw him choke a man—till he is very well—leave him to his repose.' 'You knew those men in life,' said I. 'If the others are of the same pattern as the Portuguese, by all means let them lie frozen.' 'But, my friend,' said he, calling me mon ami, which I translate, 'that's not it, either. Do you know the value of the booty in this schooner?' I answered, no. How was I to know it? I had met with nothing but weariness, and very brilliantly—to be sure, I am obliged.' 'The world is certainly before you, as it is before me,' said I, 'but that's all; we have got to get there.' 'He flourished his pipe, and 'twas like the flight of Death through the gloomy air. 'That must come. We are two, yesterday you were one, and I can understand your despair. Courage! between us we shall manage. How long is it since you sailed from England?' 'We sailed last month a year from the Thames for Callao.' 'And what is the news?' said he, taking a pannikin of wine from the

aven and sipping it. 'Last year! The twelve years since I was in Paris, and three years since we had news from Europe.' 'It is blowing hard,' said he; 'the harder the better. I want to see this island knocked into brags. Every sea is as good as a pickaxe. Hark! there are those crackling noises I used to hear before. I want to see this stuper. Where do you sleep?' 'I told him. 'My berth is the third,' said he. 'I wish to smoke, and will fetch my pipe.' He took the lantern and went aft, acting as if he had left that berth an hour ago, and I understood, in the face of this ready recurrence of his memory, how impossible it would be ever to make him believe he had been practically lifeless since the year 1753. When he returned he had on a hairy cap, with large covers for the ears, and a big flap behind that fell to below his collar, and was almost as long as his hair. He produced a pipe of the Dutch pattern, with a bowl carved into a death's head, and great enough to hold a cake of tobacco. The skull might have been a child's for size, and though it was dyed with tobacco juice, and the top blackened with the live coals which had been held to it, it was so finely carved that it looked ghastly and terribly real in his hand as he sat puffing it. He eyed me steadily while he smoked, as if critically taking stock of me, and presently said: 'The devil hath an odd way of ordering matters. What particular merit have I that I should have been the one hit upon by you to this? Had you brought anyone of the others to, he would have advised you against reviving us, and so I should have passed out of my frosty sleep into death as quietly—aye, and as painlessly, as that puff of smoke melts in to clear air.' 'Then perhaps you do not think you are obliged by my awakening you to life?' said I. 'Yes, my friend, I am much obliged,' said he, with vivacity. 'Any fool can die. To live is the true business of life. Mark what you do. You make me know tobacco again, you enable me to eat and drink, and these things are pleasures which were denied me in that cabin there. You recall me to the enjoyment of my gains, nay, of more of my own and the gains of our company. You make me, as you make yourself, a rich man; the world opens before me anew, and very brilliantly—to be sure, I am obliged.' 'The world is certainly before you, as it is before me,' said I, 'but that's all; we have got to get there.' 'He flourished his pipe, and 'twas like the flight of Death through the gloomy air. 'That must come. We are two, yesterday you were one, and I can understand your despair. Courage! between us we shall manage. How long is it since you sailed from England?' 'We sailed last month a year from the Thames for Callao.' 'And what is the news?' said he, taking a pannikin of wine from the

CHAPTER XV. WHEN his pipe was out he rose and made several strides about the cook-room, then took the lantern, and, entering the cabin, stood awhile surveying the place. 'So this would have been my coffin but for you, Mr. Rodney,' said he. 'I'll be like living on the roof of a house. I have a mind to see how she lies. What d'ye say, Mr. Rodney? Shall I venture into the open?' 'Why not?' said I. 'You can move briskly. You have as much life as you ever had.' 'Let's go, then,' he exclaimed, and, climbing the ladder, he pushed open the companion door, and stepped onto the deck. 'Hark!' cried he, grinning to the smart of his cheeks, 'this is not the cook-room, eh? Great thunder, you will not have it that this ice has been drifting north? Why, man, 'tis a letter by 20 degrees than when we were first locked up.' 'I hope not,' said I; 'and I think not. Your blood doesn't course strong yet, and you are fresh from the furnace. Besides, it is blowing a bitter cold gale. Look at that sky, and listen to the thunder of the sea.' 'May the blessed Virgin preserve us!' he said. 'Do you say we have drifted north? If this is not the very heart of the South Pole you shall persuade me we are on the equator.' 'There are your companions,' said I, pointing to the two bodies, lying a little distance before the mainmast. He marched up to them, and ex-

claimed: 'Yes, this is Trentanove and that is Barros. Both were blind, but they are blinder now. Would they thank you to arouse them out of their comfortable sleep, and force them to feel, as I do, this cold to which they are now as insensible as I was? By heaven, for my part, I can stand it no longer,' and with that he ran briskly to the hatch. 'The heat comforted him presently, and he put a lump of brandy into his mouth to melt, and this comforted him also. 'I was struck with the notion of the bed of ice on which the schooner lay going afloat, and said, 'Are sea and wind to be helped, this way? If the block on which we lie could be detached, it might beat a bit against its parent block, but would not unite again. The schooner's canvas might be made to help it along—though suppose it capsize?' 'We must consider,' said he; 'there is no need to hurry. When the wind falls we will survey the ice.' He warmed himself afresh, and, after remaining silent with the air of one turning many thoughts over in his mind, he suddenly cried: 'D'ye know, I have a mind to view the plate and money below? What say you?' I answered instantly: 'Certainly, I should like to see this wonderful booty. It is right that we should find out at once if it is there; for, supposing it vanished, we should be no better than madmen to sit talking here of the fine lives we shall live if we ever get home.' 'He picked up the lantern and said: 'I must go to you cabin; it was the captain's. The keys of the chests should be in one of his boxes.' He marched off, and was so long gone I was almost of belief he had tumbled down in a fit. However, I had made up my mind to act a wary part, and particularly, never to let him think I distrusted him, and so I would not go to see what he was about. But what I did was this: The arms-room was next door. I lighted a candle, entered it, and swiftly armed myself with a sort of dagger, and my boarding-knife, a very murderous little two-edged sword, the blade about seven inches long, and the hilt of brass. There were some fifty of these weapons, and I took the first that came to my hand and dropped it into the deep side pocket of my coat, and returned to the cook-room. 'It might be that he was long because of having to seek for the keys; but my own conviction was that he found the keys easily and stayed to rummage the boxes for such jewelry and articles of value as he might there find. I think he was gone near half an hour. He then returned to the cook-house, saying loudly: 'I have the keys,' and flinging them, and after warming himself, said: 'Let us go.'

I was moving toward the forecastle. 'Not that way for the run,' cried he. 'Is there a hatch aft?' I asked. 'Certainly, in the lazarette,' said I. 'I should have been spared a stinging scramble over the casks and raffle forward.' He led the way, and, coming to the trap-hatch that conducted to the lazarette, he pulled it open and we descended. He held the lantern and threw the light around him, and said: 'Aye, there are plenty of stores here. We reckoned upon provisions for

The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer



THERE THEY VISITED GEORGE WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

Dicky and Dot in the Wonder City

By Mary Graham Bonner

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) WE shall take a trip to-day up the Hudson River," said Uncle John.

"Oh, what fun!" exclaimed Dicky. "Are we going to any special place?" asked Dot.

"Yes," said Uncle John, "we are going to see Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh."

So, on a boat Uncle John took Dicky and Dot, and up the Hudson they went. They looked at the beautiful Palisades on one side, and on the other the tall buildings of apartment houses with so many windows, and so many homes.

"What quantities of people live in the Wonder City," said Dot.

"Of course," laughed Dicky. "Don't we see hundreds every day? There have been crowds wherever we have gone."

"But it seems as if there were so many more, somehow, when we see what lots of homes there have to be for them all," said Dot.

At last the boat reached Newburgh. There Uncle John took the children to the house where at one time George Washington made his headquarters.

They looked about them at all the things that George Washington used, but many seemed much the same. They just had a different meaning because such a great man had owned and used them.

Uncle John showed them letters that George Washington had written, and after they had looked at them a little while, Dicky exclaimed: "I'm sitting in the chair that he used to sit in!" Of course Dot had to try it too!

Before they left they wrote their names in the big book in which are written the names of visitors who come from all over to visit the headquarters of Washington, which are so beautifully situated.

In front of the house Dicky and Dot saw a large cannon which they were told was fired off every year on the Fourth of July, when some one made a patriotic speech, and when fireworks lighting in the evening's celebration.

Back once more they went in the boat along the Hudson to the Wonder City. And, as the tall buildings came in view again, Dicky and Dot were thinking of all the marvelous things that existed in the city, Dicky said: "There would never have been a Wonder City if it hadn't been for George Washington. I'm so glad I've taken that trip."

"And I'm glad," said Dot, "that we've written our names in the book of visitors."

The idea for to-day's story was suggested by Maria Glasser, age 6, of North White Plains, N. Y.

The Evening World will pay ONE DOLLAR each for accepted ideas for these Wonder City Stories contributed by Kiddie Klub members. Suggested only REAL "wonders" which Dicky and Dot might see in the big city!

Write only on one side of the paper. Put your name, age, address and membership certificate number at the top of your first page. Mail to Wonder City Editor, Evening World, No. 63 Park Row, New York City.

Cousin Eleanor's "Klub Column"

DEAR KIDDIE COUSINS: Once again I have received a letter from a boy cousin telling that he sent me a poem on Dec. 20, and has not seen it printed in the Klub column as yet.

Now I know that each "Klub Pin," and every kiddie who contributes to the "Korner" is anxious to see his or her poem or story printed, and for that very reason I am most careful to publish all efforts in the order in which they are sent to me. That is why my cousins must be patient and await their fair turn to see their contributions published and must realize that I am doing my very best for them and keeping their interest at heart every moment of the day.

I WOULD LIKE THE KIDDIE KLUB COLORS TO BE

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Certificate number \_\_\_\_\_

Questions and Answers.

Q. If you send in a Dicky and Dot suggestion, must you send a name?

A. Yes, you must send a name. If you do not, we cannot publish it.

Q. If my Wonder City story is 475 words, will it be published?

A. Yes, you may send in a story of any length, but we will only publish stories of 475 words or less.

Q. May I send in a story of my own?

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

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