

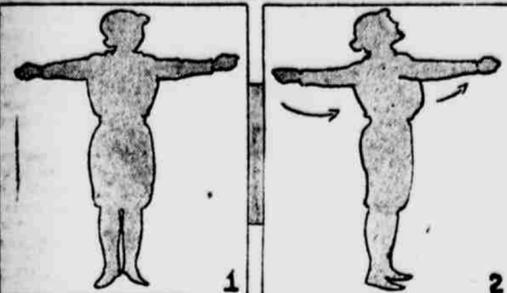
The Evening World's Perfect Figure Contest

Conducted by Pauline Furlong

To Make Perfectly Proportioned for Their Height Women Now 15 or More Pounds Over or Under Their Proper Weight.

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Developing Lesson VI.



"The Semaphore" Body Twisting and Breathing Exercise.

This lesson includes an easy body-twisting exercise combined with a deep-breathing one, and this movement is beneficial to both thin and stout readers.

Oxygen is one of the most essential requirements for the support of life, and the real purpose of deep breathing is to obtain from the air a supply of oxygen for the blood, which distributes it to the tissues and all parts of the body.

Digested and assimilated foods are stored in the tissues in the form of energy, and it is the oxygen taken from the air that brings this energy into action and sends it to the parts of the body which need it.

Capacious lung power is the most important essential for vigorous life, efficiency and endurance, and it is the greatest of all physical endowments.

Lesson Talks and Answers to Queries.

The last of the present series of deep breathing lessons will appear to-day, and I hope all readers will make a careful study of them and keep them for future reference, as they are so very important to health and good figure.

EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION-K.

R: Rub the parts often, wear clean clothing every day and apply some of the following as often as convenient: Alcohol, 1 pint; salicylic acid, 2 drams. This destroys all odors of perspiration. For perspiring hands use alcohol only, as often as convenient.

Exercise and extra physical exertion of all kinds are beneficial for the lungs because they create a desire for air, which makes ordinary breathing exercises less monotonous. Constant deep breathing maintains the flexibility of the chest, strengthens the respiratory muscles and ventilates the lungs, while all of these have beneficial effects upon the vital organs, stomach, liver, etc., which lie beneath the diaphragm.

Next week I shall have illustrated lessons for the trunk muscles, and all movements which increase the strength of the abdominal muscles are an important means of aiding and improving the breathing functions.

CHILBLAINS-MRS. F. J. Ballo chilblains in a cold solution of hydrochloric acid. Do not use this, however, if the chilblains break, as it will be very painful. Instead use the following: Olive oil, 1 oz.; benzoin, 1 oz.; turpentine, 1 oz.; beeswax, 1 oz. Mix oils together over warm water and then add turpentine.

STARVING TO LOSE WEIGHT-MRS. J.G.: You make the greatest mistake in going without food for seven and twelve hours at a time. To begin with, you are not so heavy that you have to take such drastic measures to reduce. I have repeatedly told readers that they must not practice the starvation method and expect to keep health. For luncheon there are many non-fattening and nourishing dishes that you could take. Butter, milk, an apple, baked or raw, or green salad would satisfy the hunger and not make you any fatter. Walking, when strenuous, and of any duration, will reduce the lower parts of the body. Strenuous work should be done fast and not until they are fatigued. This sort of walking stimulates the appetite and does not reduce weight.

WATER DRINKING-R. K. G.: You should not go without water just because you desire to lose weight. Water keeps the system clean and floods the important organs of the body. It also aids digestion. Drink between, and not with meals, if you are stout.

PALE LIPS AND FINGER NAILS-Pale lips and nails show an anemic condition existing, and you should take more exercise and deep breathing in fresh air and eat wholesome foods, raw eggs and milk and fruits and vegetables, to make rich blood.

GOLD, PERSPIRING HANDS AND FEET-RUTH H.: When the feet and hands perspire and remain cold all the time a nervous disorder and poor circulation are surely existing. You must correct these conditions if you expect to get relief.

STARCHY FOODS-MRS. G. R. T.: Masticating the food well will help you to digest it more thoroughly and the saliva will digest the starch for you. Starchy foods are fattening, but they must be eaten sparingly by all who are not active and eliminated entirely by those trying to reduce.

CRABBY, LIFELESS HAIR-L. L. Over-stimulated condition of the scalp causes the hair to appear greasy several days after washing it. Do not brush nor massage the scalp, and wash it with the following: Two raw eggs and several tablespoons lime water. Wash the hair thoroughly with hot water from a strong spray, and then shampoo with the above. Then remove all traces of the egg with more hot water and finish the shampoo with a spray of cool water.

A "Leak"

By Maurice Kettner



The Blind Man's Eyes

Romance and Mystery Unfold on a 'Cross-Continent Train

By William MacFarg and Edwin Balmer

BEST NOVELS PUBLISHED ON THIS PAGE COMPLETELY EVERY TWO WEEKS.

CHAPTER XXI.

(Continued)

WHAT I am leading up to, Avery, is your own connection with these events," continued the blind man. "You looked after your own interests rather carefully. I think up to a certain point. When—knowing how Eaton was—got him into a polo game, it was so that, if your interests were best served by exposing him, you could do so without revealing the real source of your knowledge.

But an unforeseen event arose. The drafts and lists relating to the recognition of the Latron properties—containing the very facts, no doubt, which had aroused Warden's suspicions—were sent through Warden's office. At first there was nothing threatening to you in this because their contents could reach me only through you. But in the uncertainty I felt I had my daughter take these matters out of your hands. You did not care then even to ask me to give them back, for fear that would draw my attention to them and to you.

"That night, Avery, you sent an unsigned telegram from the office in the village. Almost within twenty-four hours my study was entered. The safe inaccessible to you was broken open, the contents were carried away. The study window had not been forced. It had been left open from within. Do you suppose I do not know that one of the two men in the study that night was the principal whose agents had failed in two attempts to get rid of Overton for him, whose other agent—yourself, Avery—had failed to intercept the evidence which would have revealed the truth to me, so that, no longer trusting to

agents, he himself had come in desperation to prevent my learning the truth, and never knew he'd killed a man with the waste shot. When the guide didn't come back to camp, they looked for him and found his body. He was a man who never would be missed or inquired for and was very nearly Latron's size; and that gave Latron the idea.

"At first there was no idea of pretending he had been murdered. It was the coroner who first suggested that. Things looked ugly for a while, under the circumstances, as they were made public. Either the scheme might come out or some one else be charged as the murderer. That put it up to Overton. He'd actually been up there to see Latron and had had a scene with him which had been witnessed. That part—all but the evidence which showed that he shot Latron afterward—was perfectly true. He thought that Latron, as he was about to go to jail, might be willing to give him information which would let him have something from the fortune he'd lost through Latron's activities. Thus, in the name of opportunity, motive, everything was ready to convict Overton. It needed very little to complete the case against him."

"No it was completed," "But after Overton was convicted, he was not allowed to be punished."

Santonio's lips straightened in contempt. "He was not allowed to be punished?" "Overton didn't actually escape, you know, Mr. Santonio—that is, he would have escaped without help. Latron was thoroughly frightened and he wanted it carried through and Overton executed. Some of the others rebelled against this and saw that Overton got away. But he never knew he'd been helped. I understand it was a piece of Latron's insistence on the scheme being carried out that Warden found, after his first suspicions had been aroused, and that Warden tried for his life, and made it necessary to kill Warden."

"He's dead, Over—Eaton, that is, sir—hit him last night with three shots."

The blind man straightened suddenly, gripping the arms of his chair and got up. He crossed to the window, opened it, and stood there listening. "The people outside were coming up the driveway. Santonio went into the hall."

"Where is Miss Santonio?" he inquired. "The servant who waited in the hall told him she had gone out. As Santonio stood listening, the sounds without reached his ears. "They have taken Overton, Avery," he commented. "Of course they have taken no one else. I shall tell those in charge of him that he is not the one they are to hold prisoner but that I have another for them here."

"The day after we got back here from the West I got word from Latron. They didn't tell me all they needed to use me. Avery hesitated. Then he went on. 'You understand, sir, about Latron's pretended death—a guide at the shooting ledge had been killed by a chance shot in the woods; purely accidental; some one of the party had fired at a deer, mistook, and never knew he'd killed a man with the waste shot. When the guide didn't come back to camp, they looked for him and found his body. He was a man who never would be missed or inquired for and was very nearly Latron's size; and that gave Latron the idea.'

The blind man heard no answer from Avery. Those having Overton in charge seemed to be coming into the house. The door opened and there were confused sounds. "What is it?" he asked the servant. "Mr. Eaton—Mr. Overton, sir—fainted as they were taking him out of the motor-car. He seems much done up, sir."

Santonio recognized that four or five men, holding or carrying their prisoner between them, had come in and halted in surprise at sight of him. "We have him," he heard one of them say importantly to him. "We have him, sir, and also Hugo Overton, who killed Latron."

Then Santonio heard his daughter's voice in a half cry, half sob of appeal to him. "Harriet ran to him, she felt her cold, trembling fingers clasp his arm and beseeching him, 'Father! Father! They say—they say—'

He put his hands over her, clasping hers and patting it. "My dear, he said, 'I thought you would wait for me. I could not to wait for you. He heard others coming into the house now, and he held his daughter beside him as he faced them. "Who is in charge here?" he demanded. "The voice of one of those who had just come in answered him. 'I, sir—I am the chief of police.'

"I wish to speak to you. I will not keep you long." "May I ask you to have your prisoner taken to the room he occupied here in my house and given attention by a doctor?" "Some one else had come into the hall and he heard another voice—a woman's, which he recognized as that of the stenographer, Miss Davis. "Where is her, Hugh? Hugh? What have you done to him?" Mr. Santonio, Mr. Santonio! Where is he?"

The blind man straightened, holding his daughter to him. There was anxiety, horror, love in the voice he heard. Harriet's perplexity was great as his own. "That you, Miss Davis?" he inquired. "Yes, yes, the girl repeated. "Where is—Hugh, Mr. Santonio?" "You do not understand," the voice of a young man—eager and strained now, but of pleasing timbre—broke in on them. "I'm afraid I don't," Santonio said quietly. "She is Hugh's sister, Mr. Santonio—she is Edith Overton."

"You do not know me. My name is Lawrence Hillward. Santonio asked nothing more for the moment. His daughter had left his side. He stood an instant listening to the confusion of question and answer in the hall. Then he opened the door into the library and held it for the police chief to enter. "Who is Miss Santonio?" he asked. "His sister answered. 'She has been helping her father. They left word for me to be sent for as soon as you wake up, and I've just sent for them.' Eaton lay silent till he heard them coming. The blind man was unfamiliar with this room his daughter led him into. Her eyes were very bright, her cheeks, which had been pale, flushed as she met Eaton's look, but she did not look away. He kept his gaze upon her. Santonio, under her guidance, took the chair which had set beside the bed for him. The blind man felt for and found Eaton's hand and pressed it. "Who is here?" the blind man asked his daughter.

The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer



THE CHILDREN WERE GIVEN A LOAF AS A SOUVENIR.

Dicky and Dot in the Wonder City

By Mary Graham Bonner.

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Modern Bread Baking.

ANY time in the country Dicky and Dot had seen their mother bake bread. They had watched her mixing it with her hands and they wondered how their mother ever had the patience to do so much for a few loaves of bread. It took so long and on baking day she could hardly do anything else.

"I think," said Uncle John, "I will have to show you how they bake in a big modern baking factory."

They soon arrived at the big factory. "Have you seen how they mix the dough with their hands?" asked Uncle John. "How awfully tired they are," said Dot, but Dicky was laughing. "Just as you are laughing at," asked Dot.

"That's flour on their faces—they aren't pale," answered Dicky. "Don't you remember how white we used to get when we tried to stir the little bowl of bread materials that mother often left for us so we could play that we were making bread?" "Oh, yes," said Dot. "Well, I'm glad the men aren't really pale."

"They don't use their hands!" said Dicky. "How can they mix it up properly?" For the children had watched their mother make bread so often and had heard her talk so much about it that they knew quite a good deal about old-fashioned home bread-baking.

"When bread is made in a factory," said Uncle John, "he wouldn't like to see it if he thought all sorts of hands touched it. It's a little different when we know just who has made the bread."

"But I don't see how they can manage without using their hands," said Dot. "So Uncle John showed them the machines and various things that were used to make the bread without having it once touched by hands."

And then they saw the great ovens—great ovens—which never seemed to stop going. "Don't they stop some days?" asked Dot. "I should think they would close certain days for baking, too, they?"

"In the Wonder City," said Uncle John, "there are so many people that always want bread that the ovens are very seldom closed."

But just then a man in white was offering the children a loaf of bread to take home as a souvenir of the big factory, and Dot said, "I'll give it to my mother and tell her how it was made without the use of hands."

The idea for to-day's story was suggested by Ruth Lewis, aged fifteen, No. 855 Wallace Avenue, New York City.

My dear cousins: You really are the very nicest children in the world! Your heads are just filled with clever, ingenious ideas, and sometimes you tell them to me. Then I am glad, it is quite impossible for you to know how proud and how much I enjoy reading your letters as they come every time. Please tell all our cousins through your Klub column that they do not know what good for they will do unless they write a letter to the Kiddie Klub Year Book. I have only a few pages up to now, but I have a better than any book I have ever had.

I am very sorry that Cousin Dora did not give her surname and her address, so that I could tell you. But that does not make her any the less one of our dear friends. I wonder how many of you will be wise enough to follow her lead and make a book, too.

Cousin Eleanor's "Klub Column"

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TOO MUCH EFFICIENCY + By E. J. Rath The Funniest Story in Years—Be Sure to Read It. Begins on This Page February 5.

PIN COUPON NUMBER EVENING WORLD 'KIDDIE KLUB' 119