Every Woman Has Secret Pity for the Man Who Has to Advertise for a Wife

Special Features of Interest to Women

Some Early Fall Frocks and Suits

By OLIVETTE

The little frock we picture is of plaid ratine combined with chiffon and white satin. A vest of the white satin buttons down the front with tiny pearl buttons, and over this fall the deep bretelle like revers, ending in fringe.

The chiffon is shirred down the shoulders and forms the under arm of waist and sleeve alike. The sleeve ends in quaint cuffs of the plaid, and these continue in a narrowing line of cloth up the chiffon sleeve. The chiffon crosses the satin vest and ends in a tiny knot.

The skirt is entirely of the plaid ratine or boucle cloth, and is girdled below the hips by a self sash which has long fringed ends. From beneath these ends the skirt falls in the fullness of a double inverted pleat.

A suit modeled for early fall wear is that of the second picture. The costume is a tailored suit of black broadcloth with a high luster. Its trimming is wide Hercules braid, a bit of Balkan embroidery and some tiny frogs and ornaments of narrow braid.

The coat is a long "swallow tail," bound in the braid, with an odd vest of the braid continuing in a scarf down the front and ending in huge tassels.

The sleeves widen into great bell shaped cuffs over the wrists and have long simulated caps of the braid ending in a bishop's mitre near the cuff.

The skirt has a long pointed yoke extending well down the front, and to this the material is fulled ever so slightly.

She's Not Interested

"IS—ER—is he the best you can do?" inquired the young woman's father, as the young man left them. The young woman's father had just arrived for the weekend with his family at the summer hotel.

"Really, father," began the young woman with great dignity. "I"—

"Pussy Foot Timmons!" gurgled her younger brother. "That's what the kids call him, dad! He walks this way"—

"Richard," said his father, "don't be rude! I hadn't noticed the young man's method of locomotion. It was the general effect that obtruded itself on my notice."

"I am sure," said the young woman, eyeing her parent with vast disapproval, "I can't see what you find to object to in Mr. Timmons! He is the most popular young man here. All the girls are wild about him. You should see him dance—and his manners are perfect. His father has an immense house and owns blocks and blocks of"—

"Yes, only it's not his father that I'm interested in," interrupted her parent. "I'm considering Mr. Timmons apart from his family. That's the way you have to take men, you know—by themselves—irrespective of their immediate relations. I doubt if any grocer would be willing to take a tango two-step in payment of his bill."

"I think you are perfectly horrid!" said his daughter. "You act as though I intended to marry Mr. Timmons! And if I did"—

"Then I suppose you would," said her parent placidly. "I don't expect any little prejudices that I may have to influence you especially. All I can do is to steer you mind the right way and let you do the rest yourself. As you say, you and Mr. Timmons may be only the most casual friends, but I was a detective in a former existence, and in our brief 15 minutes interview I thought I discovered signs of your vivid interest in each other. I can't say that I wonder at it—he'd naturally like you because you're a bright, pretty girl, and, of course, the fact that he imports his ties with sucks to match and never pays less than $80 for a suit of clothes and ships five pound boxes of chocolates from town to you every day or so counts"—

"Who told you about the chocolates?" asked his daughter, hotly. "Richard"——

"Dickey never said a word," protested her father. "Just looking at Mr. Timmons was enough to tell me that. Only remember that you'd get indigestion and lose your figure if you ate chocolates that way very long. I'll bet he's told you already that life in America is crude and he intends to pass the most of his time abroad, with perhaps a small chateau in France or a villa on Capri—"

"Somebody has been eavesdropping!" cried the young woman, pale with wrath. "I just know Dickey—"

"Your little brother is a perfectly innocent child," insisted her father. "I never heard of Mr. Timmons till I met him this morning. Does he do anything?"

"He's been traveling since he left college," said his daughter, frostily. "He had to quit in his senior year because of eye trouble. What are you laughing at? It was too bad, because he belonged to the most fashionable fraternity there. Of course, he expects to work—his father owns the Timmons wheel plant and he's the only child, and—"

"Can he make a wheel?" asked her parent with interest.

"My goodness, father!" cried his daughter. "He doesn't have to do manual labor like that! They employ men to do those things! He got the tennis championship at—"

"I never heard of tennis paying the dry goods or the butcher's bill," mused her father.

"I wish," said his daughter, tremulously, "that you wouldn't be so perfectly horrid and materialistic! There are other things in life—"

"Not many," said her father. "That is, that you can use in daily life. When your Mr. Timmons can make a real wheel from start to finish, bring him around. Until then—"

"I'm not going to bring him around," said the young woman, a little limply. "I'm not going to be tormented this way by my own family. "What do you suppose I care about him, anyway?"

"Ha-yee!" whooped her little brother, rushing up. "Pussy Foot Timmons has taken that new girl out canoeing! You're left, all right, smarty!"

"He can take a dozen new girls for all of me," retorted his sister. "I'm getting kind of tired of him, anyway."

Up-to-Date Jokes

There is situated about a quarter of a mile from a certain pier a hotel for the convenience of excursionists. On a tree close to the pier is fixed a board which informs all comers that the hotel is only one hundred yards away. A gentleman, thinking to joke at the expense of the landlord, remarked to him one day:

"I say, landlord, you have peculiar ideas of distance, haven't you? That board down at the pier says it is only 100 yards to the hotel; that can't be right, you know."

"Excuse me, sir," said Boniface, "the board is perfectly correct, but the man I employed to fix it put it up in the wrong place."

* * *

He was a country bred lad and it was his first experience of city lodgings. Naturally, he had a healthy appetite, and the meager breakfast served up to him by the landlady vexed his rustic soul. As he gazed sadly at his microscopic ration the other morning the landlady entered and rebuked him for getting home late the night before, necessitating her rising out of bed to let him in.

"If I'm tae get mony mair breakfasts like this," he retorted, "ye'll nae need to bother risin'. I'll manage tae crowl through the keyhole!"

* * *

The sweet young thing was being shown through the locomotive works.

"What is that thing?" she asked, pointing with her dainty parasol.

"That," answered the guide, "is an engine boiler."

She was an up to date young thing and at once became interested.

"And why do they boil engines?" she inquired again.

"To make the engine tender," politely replied the resourceful guide.

* * *

A celebrated Irish counsel, as remarkable for his brogue as for his bon mots, being retained against a young officer, opened the case in the following manner:

"My lord, I am counsel for the crown, and I am first to acquaint your lordship that this soldier—"

"Stop, sir!" said the military hero. "I would have you know, sir, I am an officer."

"Oh, sir, I beg your pardon!" said the counsel, very dryly. "To speak more correctly, this officer who is no soldier!"

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

THAT DEPENDS ON HIS AGE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I. K. says when a young man asks a young lady to go out the proper way is to ask the mother first if he may take the daughter, while L. S. says it is just as proper to ask the young lady and let her ask the mother. L. S.

It was an old fashioned custom, unfortunately passing into disuse, to ask the mother's consent first, no matter what the girl's age.

It is still the correct thing to ask her consent if the girl is young. It is most unfortunate that this courtesy, due the mother and which safeguards the girl, is not always observed.

TAKE THE ONE YOU LOVE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been keeping company with two young men and both have asked for my hand. One makes a very large salary, but I like the other better, who does not make so much. Would you advise me as to what I am to do? PERPLEXED.

If you knew the value of love you would not hesitate a moment. Take the one you like the more, my dear, and take him knowing that a marriage of love and poverty is better than a marriage of wealth without love.

TELL HIM SO

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Some time ago a young man told me he loved me and I shunned him. Now I see my mistake, and am deeply in love with him. I see him every day. Let me know how I can win his love back again.

A CONSTANT READER.

Love is too precarious to be lost when a word from you will save it. The next time you see him, give him to understand that you have changed your mind, and knowing his constancy, are sure he still loves you.

Tell him this; don't write it. The written word might cause you embarrassment if he has changed his mind.

HE DOESN'T LOVE YOU

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been keeping company with a young man 23 years of age for two years. I had a diamond ring from him at Christmas and somehow or other we had a quarrel and I returned the ring. He still calls to see me, but he never asked me to take the ring again. Now he has gone to the country for business purposes and sent me a few letters and I answered them. Lately I wrote him several letters and he never answered. A.

I am afraid, my dear, that you have lost him. I am very sorry, but, believe me in this: Fretting will never bring him back.

If he doesn't hunt you up when he returns and renew his attentions it will prove that he no longer cares. Love is so precious a possession I am more than grieved that it was risked in a quarrel.

TRY STRATEGY

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Met two young ladies two years ago, and became engaged to one of them a year ago. We expect to get married this year, but this other young lady is in our way. Wherever we go she goes with us.

I do not speak to this young lady, and I don't want her to come up to my lady friend's home, but she is there when I am there. She comes to my home on Thursdays. M. C.

I am quite sure you have exercised a man's privilege and complained to your fiancee, and just as sure that it was without effect.

Suppose you try being a little attentive to this woman. I am positive your sweetheart will resent it, and show her resentment by keeping the troublesome third party away.

TRY INDIFFERENCE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 18 and in love with a man three years my senior, and we are employed in the same place. When I was first employed there he spoke quite often to me. Now he never shows the slightest attention to me. Kindly let me know how I can gain his love. ANNA BELL.

I am afraid that in your eagerness for love you have showed him you care for him.

Don't speak to him; don't look at him. If there is any chance for his caring for you your indifference will awaken his interest quicker than an attitude of interested anxiety.

I am so anxious for you to know the joy of loving and being loved that I don't want you to lose it.

ASK HER

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 21 and have known a girl of 17 for the last two years. In the last six weeks I have learned to love her dearly. While speaking she always tells me that she wants to marry an actor, but shows by her actions that she cares for me.

How can I find out whether she really loves me or bring her to understand the true feeling that I have for her? A. W.

I am quite sure she holds that phantom actor before you to torment you and that she really cares for you. Don't let it worry you. If she is a sensible girl she will soon outgrow such foolish notions.

Tell her you love her. Don't expect such an avowal from her until you have made it first.

THAT IS POSSIBLE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been keeping company with a young man for the last eight months, and his parents object. Do you think that if he cared for me he would listen to his parents and leave me? S. R. N.

I do not know his age or circumstances, nor why his parents object. If he is very young and you are some years his senior, if he is dependent on his parents, if they doubt your motives, these and many other reasons should lead him, if he is a good son, to heed their objections.

WITHIN THE LAW

Greatest Serial of the Day

By MARVIN DANA From the Play of BAYARD VEILLER

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Continued from Yesterday

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"Can you beat that!" he rumbled with a raucously sonorous vehemence. He regarded Mary with a stare of almost reverential wonder. "A crook apealing to the law!"

There came a new note into the woman's voice as she answered the jibe.

"No, simply getting justice," she said, simply. "That's the remarkable part of it."

She threw off her serious air. "Well, gentlemen," she concluded, "what are you going to do about it?"

Burke explained.

"This is what I'm going to do about it. One way or another I'm going to get you."

The district attorney, however, judged it advisable to use more persuasive methods.

"Miss Turner," he said, with an appearance of sincerity, "I'm going to appeal to your sense of fair play."

Mary's shining eyes met his for a long moment, and before the challenge in hers his fell. He remembered then those doubts that had assailed him when this girl had been sentenced to prison, remembered the half hearted plea he had made in her behalf to Richard Gilder.

"That was killed," Mary said; "killed four years ago."

But Demarest persisted. Influence had been brought to bear on him. It was for her own sake now that he urged her.

"Let young Gilder alone."

Mary laughed again. But there was no hint of joyousness in the musical tones. Her answer was frank—brutally frank. She had nothing to conceal.

"His father sent me away for three years—three years for something I didn't do. Well, he's got to pay for it."

By this time, Burke, a man of superior intelligence, as one must be to reach such a position of authority, had come to realize that here was a case not to be carried through by blustering, by intimidation, by the rough ruses familiar to the force. Here was a woman of extraordinary intelligence, as well as of peculiar personal charm, who merely made sport of his fulminations, and showed herself essentially armed against anything he might do, by a court injunction, a thing unheard of until this moment in the case of a common crook. It dawned upon him that this was, indeed, not a common crook. Moreover, there had grown in him a certain admiration for the ingenuity and resource of this woman, though he retained all his rancor against one who dared thus to resist the duly constituted authority. So, in the end, he spoke to her frankly, without a trace of his former virulence, with a very real, if rugged, sincerity.

"Don't fool yourself, my girl," he said in his huge voice, which was now modulated to a degree that made it almost unfamiliar to himself. "You can't go through with this. There's always a weak link in the chain somewhere. It's up to me to find it, and I will."

His candor moved her to a like honesty.

"Now," she said, and there was respect in the glance she gave the stalwart man, "now you really sound dangerous."

There came an interruption, alike unexpected by all. Fannie appeared at the door.

"Mr. Edward Gilder wishes to see you, Miss Turner," she said, with no appreciation of anything dynamic in the announcement. "Shall I show him in?"

"Oh, certainly," Mary answered, with an admirable pretense of indifference, while Burke glared at Demarest, and the district attorney appeared ill at ease.

"He shouldn't have come," Demarest muttered, getting to his feet, in reply to the puzzled glance of the inspector.

Then, while Mary sat quietly in her chair at the desk, and the two men stood watching doubtfully the door, the maid appeared, stood aside, and said simply, "Mr. Gilder."

There entered the erect, heavy figure of the man whom Mary had hated through the years. He stopped abruptly just within the room, gave a glance at the two men, then his eyes went to Mary, sitting at the desk, with her face lifted inquiringly. He did not pause to take in the beauty of that face, only its strength. He stared at her silently for a moment. Then he spoke in his oritund voice, a little tremulous from anxiety.

"Are you the woman?" he said. There was something simple and primitive, something of dignity beyond the usual conventions, in his direct address.

And there was the same primitive simplicity in the answer. Between the two strong natures there was no subterfuge, no suggestion of polite evasions, of tergiversation, only the plea of truth to truth. Mary's acknowledgment was as plain as his own question.

"I am the woman. What do you want?" • • • Thus two honest folk had met face to face.

"My son." The man's answer was complete.

But Mary touched a tragic note in her question. It was asked in no frivolous spirit, but, of a sudden, she guessed that his coming was altogether of his own volition, and not the result of his son's information, as at first she had supposed.

"Have you seen him recently?" she asked.

"No," Gilder answered.

"Then, why did you come?"

Thereat, the man was seized with a fatherly fury. His heavy face was congested, and his sonorous voice was harsh with virtuous rebuke.

"Because I intend to save my boy from a great folly. I am informed that he is infatuated with you, and Inspector Burke tells me—why—he tells me—why—he tells me——" He paused, unable for a moment to continue from an excess of emotion. But his gray eyes burned fiercely in accusation against her.

Inspector Burke himself filled the void in the halting sentence.

"I told you she had been a former convict."

"Yes," Gilder said, after he had regained his self-control. He stared at her pleadingly. "Tell me," he said with a certain dignity, "is this true?"

Here, then, was the moment for which she had longed through weary days, through weary years. Here was the man whom she hated, suppliant before her to know the truth. Her heart quickened. Truly, vengeance is sweet to one who has suffered unjustly.

"Is this true?" the man repeated, with something of horror in his voice.

"It is," Mary said quietly.

For a little there was silence in the room. Once, Inspector Burke started to speak, but the magnate made an imperative gesture, and the officer held his peace. Always, Mary rested motionless. Within her, a fierce joy surged. Here was the time of her victory. Opposite her was the man who had caused her anguish, the man whose unjust action had ruined her life. Now, he was her humble petitioner, but this servility could be of no avail to save him from shame. He must drink of the dregs of humiliation—and then again. No price were too great to pay for a wrong such as that which he had put upon her.

At last, Gilder was restored in a measure to his self-possession. He spoke with the sureness of a man of wealth, confident that money will salve any wound.

"How much?" he asked, baldly.

Mary smiled an inscrutable smile.

"Oh, I don't need money," she said, carelessly. "Inspector Burke will tell you how easy it is for me to get it."

Gilder looked at her with a newly dawning respect; then his shrewdness suggested a retort.

"Do you want my son to learn what you are?" he said.

Mary laughed. There was something dreadful in that burst of spurious amusement.

"Why not?" she answered. "I'm ready to tell him myself."

Then Gilder showed the true heart of him, in which love for his boy was before all else. He found himself wholly at a loss before the woman's unexpected reply.

"But I don't want him to know," he stammered. "Why, I've spared the boy all his life. If he really loves you—it will—"

At that moment the son himself entered hurriedly from the hallway. In his eagerness, he saw no one save the woman whom he loved. At his entrance, Mary rose and moved backward a step involuntarily, in sheer surprise over his coming, even though she had known he must come—perhaps from some other emotion, deeper, hidden as yet even from herself.

The young man, with his wholesome face alight with tenderness, went swiftly to her, while the other three men stood silent, motionless, abashed by the event. And Dick took Mary's hand in a warm clasp, pressed it tenderly.

"I didn't see father," he said happily, "but I left him a note on his desk at the office."

Then, somehow, the surcharged atmosphere penetrated his consciousness, and he looked around, to see his father standing grimly opposite him. But there was no change in his expression beyond a more radiant smile.

"Hello, dad!" he cried, joyously. "Then you got my note?"

The voice of the older man came with a sinister force and saturnine.

"No, Dick, I haven't had any note."

(Continued Tomorrow)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Mary Turner, an honest girl, is forced to take employment in Edward Gilder's great metropolitan department store. She is wrongfully accused of theft, and sent to prison for three years. Before going to jail she tells Gilder that when she comes out she will make them pay for every minute of her imprisonment. After serving her term Mary Turner tried to find honest employment, but could not, owing to the police, who warned employers against her. In despair she attempted suicide, but was saved by Joe Garson, a notorious forger, who took her to the apartment of Aggie Lynch, a girl who had been a fellow prisoner with Mary in the penitentiary. In this atmosphere Mary decides to operate "within the law," getting money dishonestly but safe from criminal prosecution. While engaged in these operations she meets Dick Gilder, son of the man who sent her to prison. On a morning while Mary is away from the flat keeping an appointment with young Gilder Detective Cassidy warns her friends that Mary must leave the city. After her mysterious appointment with young Gilder, Mary goes to the office of her attorney, Harris. Later in the day she takes part in the settlement of a breach of promise suit which Aggie Lynch brought against General Hastings. Mary is visited by Helen Morris, a girl who had worked at Gilder's store, and who is just out of prison. She admits to having committed the robbery for which Helen was convicted. However, Mary gives her money to begin life anew. After the Morris girl leaves Mary announces to her friends that she was married that morning to Dick Gilder. Gilder comes to claim his bride. But she refuses to go with him until his father gives his blessing to their strange wedding. Then Demarest, the district attorney, and Police Inspector Burke come to the house and demand that Mary leave the city.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

FAMOUS ACTRESS LOSES 70 LBS. OF FAT

Texas Guinan, Star of the "Passing Show" and N. Y. Winter Garden Co., Offers Her Own Marvelous New Treatment to Fat Folks

NEW TREATMENT GIVES ELEGANCE OF FIGURE AND STARTLING RESULTS QUICKLY

Eat All You Want and Grow Thin--Reduce Rapidly as Much as Desired--The World's Youngest and Most Beautiful Star Shows All Womankind the Way to Slim Grace and Beauty

"Texas" Guinan, once a plain, stout girl who suddenly and mysteriously reduced herself to fawn-like, fascinating, fairy proportions, now idolized by the thrilled and dazzled audiences before whom she appeared in "The Passing Show of 1912," "The Kiss Waltz" and "The Kissing Girl," a peerless artist whose immaculate melody of voice and bewitching beauty of face and figure have taken American theatergoers by storm. It is said she was pronounced by New York's foremost theatrical manager as "The most perfectly formed woman alive."

As Texas Guinan had to perform at the matinee it seemed the easiest thing in the world to arrange an interview without consulting her. The vigilant stage doorkeeper was easily passed. The dressing room was hospitably turned open by a maid, and then—well, Miss Guinan, that is, what is left of her, appeared.

"So you have come to learn the story of my weight reduction, have you?" said Texas in her breezy style, with her glorious countenance beaming in smiles at her supreme gladness realizing how appreciative the world was in bestowing admiration and applause upon her, all on account of the new glory of her form, which she transformed almost as if by magic with her own marvelous new treatment.

"While you are not going to get away with my secret," said Texas, "it is true that my seventy pounds of weight reduction was brought about with my own delightful treatment, but it cost me a pretty sum of money to learn it, and I am not giving my secret of how I lost my weight free to reporters, but I have written a book telling all about this wondrous new treatment which rescued me from the thraldom of fat. This book has just come off the press and is offered free to fat-burdened men and women, as I early learned in life that **the only way to know happiness was to give it to others,** and if by letting the world know of this harmless, quick method of reducing weight I can do a great good, then I will feel that I have not lived in vain."

"But won't you give me an inkling of its component parts? Just a suggestion as to what it is or will I have to be content to read your free book telling all about it?"

"That is exactly it," said Texas, "but I don't mind telling you what the treatment is not. It does not consist of internal drugs or medicine; there is nothing to take internally. Neither is there any pink colored camphor water, or worthless, harmful stuff to rub on the body. There is no sweating, no bandages, no Turkish baths. The treatment does not consist of a single exercise or physical culture of any description. There is no diet. One may absolutely eat all the food they desire of any kind, and go right on reducing without depriving themselves in any way.

"There are no enemas or flushing of the colon, no harmful massaging, no sweating garments to wear, no immersing yourself in hot baths with the tub filled with **obesity water** or **epsom salts,** nor does it include any concoction of any doctor, and it has nothing to do with any drug store prescription to have filled. There is no formula to carry out, no soaps to rub on the skin; neither is it a religious faith cure or Christian Science stunt. It is not a vibratory electric massage treatment, mental suggestion—no, and it is not a belt of mechanical device of any kind.

"I have tried many such fakes. I tried drugs, pills, capsules, harmful concoctions to rub on the body. I have tried sweating and taking Turkish baths, exercising, physical culture and everything known to science without result, and without losing weight. As I was about to despair and give up in disgust all further efforts to reduce my enormous weight, which was two hundred and four pounds, I, by lucky accident, learned of the most simple, harmless, rapid, safest fat reducing treatment on earth. I tried it on myself with astonishing results. My friends stood aghast in amazement, marveling at the wondrous change in my appearance. My fat just rolled away. After the first three days I noticed it beginning to leave me. My reduction grew greater and greater until finally I was almost appalled with delight when I realized the stupendous success of my efforts and when I awoke to the fact that I had reduced 70 pounds of my fat without leaving a wrinkle, and the glory of my new figure and grace and beauty of my curves gave me the admiration of the world. I enjoyed the triumph of my life and the success of my whole career when my manager, Mr. Shubert, on account of my glorious new figure, made me the star of the "Passing Show," and, mind you, this very same manager had said I was doomed to oblivion just a short time before when I tipped the scales at two hundred and four pounds. I was crushed and bewildered when he told me he could not give me a part in the 'Passing Show' unless I could reduce my enormous weight, and my heart hangs heavy with the memory of the fat days that are gone when my fat, ungainly figure made me realize that I was doomed to despair and failure.

"My success in reducing my own fat proves that there is no such word as 'fail.' I simply would not be resigned to my fate, and although every one said "Texas, there is no way out of your dilemma," and told me that no fat reducing specialist could reduce my weight, I determined not to give up in despair, with the result that I absolutely conquered my fat. My new, great book on obesity, which gives full particulars of my simple, safe, quick, harmless, fat reducing treatment, is now ready and will be sent free to all who wish to reduce their weight any number of pounds."

It is simply astonishing the furore this new treatment is causing among the intimate friends of Miss Guinan to whom she has given it. A letter from the world's most famous dancer, La Petite Adelaide, says: "Dear Miss Guinan: Let me congratulate you upon the high excellence of your remarkable new obesity treatment, which I find reduces me as rapidly as I desire. Sincerely, Adelaide." Other letters of praise and gratitude are pouring in to Miss Guinan from all parts of the country from those who have reduced with her successful treatment. Louise Brunell, the Quaker maid, one of the earth's greatest beauties, states she lost 10 pounds the first week with this astonishing new treatment. It is said this remarkable treatment is not unlike the treatment used by the court ladies and famous actresses of the Old World, who have been using a similar remedy throughout Europe, and the remarkable thing is that Texas Guinan is the first to introduce it in America. Her free book, which is now ready for distribution, should be requested by all who desire quick reduction. It is written in a fascinating style. It explains how, by her treatment, Texas Guinan, who is acknowledged America's most successful star, reduced her own weight seventy pounds, and conquered the monster FAT.

This glorious little woman is doing her utmost to benefit fat men and women who are in need of a perfect home treatment. Everything will be sent to you in a perfectly plain package so that in your own room, away from all prying eyes, you may plan to reduce your weight at once. Miss Guinan wants to help all who are burdened with superfluous fat, and thereby make life really worth while.

Write her at once, and learn the anguish she felt when her girlish beauty started to develop to abnormal proportions. Read of the tears she wept when that monster "fat" made her realize that she must give up her profession and fade into oblivion. Learn how she experimented, how she tried everything, and, finally, with patient effort and determination, she conquered her fat. Learn of these things so you may improve your own form and destroy your own fat so it will not be longer necessary for you to suffer the jibes and sneers of others. Remember there is no exercising or physical culture of any description in her treatment, no harmful massage or worthless poison body lotions. You may eat as many meals daily as you desire and go right on rapidly reducing. A most astonishing part of this fat reducing treatment is that it does not produce wrinkles or leave the skin flabby. All who have been dieting and starving themselves, trying to reduce their weight, and who have been taking exercises and internal baths and who have been taking internal and external remedies should write for a copy of her great FREE book entitled "RAPID WEIGHT REDUCTION WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR INTERNAL REMEDIES," so that you may start to reduce your burdensome fat as rapidly as you desire. Simply write a brief letter or postcard and ask for her new book. Everything will be sent absolutely free. **Do not send any money,** because it is **absolutely free.**

Address **TEXAS GUINAN, Suite 802 Lanco Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.**

MISS TEXAS GUINAN
Star of "The Passing Show of 1912," "The Kiss Waltz" and "The Kissing Girl"

Copyright, 1913.

"The Girl All America Has Raved Over!"
—Press.

MISS TEXAS GUINAN,
who it is said King Edward declared was "God's masterpiece and the world's most fascinating actress."