

TORY OF THE BEAUTY QUEST



MISS DELLA CARSON ADJUDGED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN CHICAGO

Is a simple Chicago working girl the most beautiful woman in America? That is the claim made by the Chicago Sunday Tribune for Miss Della Carson, who has been declared by expert judges to be the most beautiful woman in Chicago.

Miss Carson was crowned as Chicago's queen of beauty over more than 6,000 competitors, after a beauty contest that involved a \$50,000 wager and the expenditure of \$25,000 in advertising and prizes. This was the most remarkable as well as most romantic beauty quest in history, and has grown into an affair of national importance involving nearly every city in the country. The fact that the young woman declared to be the supreme beauty of Chicago is not a society girl, but a \$12 a week stenographer, is the most astonishing fact of all, for among the contestants were many rich and fashionable women. Professional beauties, actresses and artists' models alone were barred from competition.

The story of the great Chicago beauty quest is more like a fairy tale than any other of the twentieth century, and yet perhaps only this century could have made the story possible. The contest grew out of a wager between two millionaires over the beauty of a photograph. A young man from the east, who was visiting in Chicago, happened to be showing a photograph of his sister, a young woman of unusual beauty. "I think it is a pity," remarked the eastern millionaire carelessly, "that Chicago, with all its riches and enterprise, cannot produce beautiful women of this type."

This touched the local pride of the Chicago man. He decided that the easterner was mistaken, that Chicago contained more women of great beauty than any other city in the world. The easterner smiled indulgently. "I'll bet you \$50,000," declared the

western man, "that I can bring you the photograph of a Chicago woman whom competent judges will declare to be more beautiful than your sister—with all due respect to the latter, whom I admit is a great beauty."

The wager was accepted on the spot, the judges agreed upon and a stipulation made that the names of the principals be not revealed. Then the easterner returned home, and the Chicago man set out to find his beautiful woman. He studied all his beautiful social friends and acquaintances, but he was not satisfied with the results.

"I wish I could get a picture of the most beautiful woman in Chicago," he sighed, for he not only wanted to win his wager, but he felt that the honor of his city was at stake. But how could he find the most beautiful woman? Being a Chicago business man, the natural answer suggested itself at once. "I will advertise for her," he declared. "He went at once to Lord & Thomas, advertising agents, and explained his

dilemma. Lord & Thomas were amazed. They thought they had carried on all sorts of advertising campaigns that were possible. But here was a new one—they never had advertised for a beauty before. But the money was ready to pay the bills and they undertook the commission.

Modest announcements were made in the Chicago daily newspapers of the terms of the wager, with a request that photographs of beautiful Chicago women be sent to the advertising agents. The returns were not satisfactory. A few hundred photographs came in, but the millionaires felt that they were not likenesses of the most beautiful women in Chicago. He began to complain. "We have undertaken a bigger thing than we realized," said the agents. "We must advertise on a more comprehensive scale to arouse public interest. We must offer prizes, we must appeal to the friends of beautiful women to come to our rescue, since it is clear that the

women themselves are too modest to send in their own photographs."

"Then why don't you do it?" asked the millionaires. The ad man figured a minute.

All Chicago Stirred.

"If you will authorize us to spend \$25,000 we will agree to get you 5,000 photographs of the beautiful women of Chicago."

"Go ahead," said the millionaires, who had \$50,000 at stake. Lord & Thomas went ahead. They stirred Chicago until the strange wager and the romantic beauty quest became one of the greatest things in Chicago history. Photographs poured in until, when the judges came to make their selections, they had more than 8,000 beautiful women from whom to choose the most beautiful woman in Chicago.

In order to stimulate interest in the contest, Lord & Thomas had offered prizes to the first, second, third and fourth most beautiful women, and had agreed to publish the names and photographs of the four winners. But when the judges came to select the winners, they made the astonishing announcement that while they had agreed on the first, second and third prizes, that they had found among the 8,000 photographs 38 other women of surpassing beauty, and recommended that the entire 34 be declared prize winners.

The Chicago millionaire was game. This recommendation of the judges meant that he would be obliged to pay out a lot more money for prizes, and that he would be obliged to publish the names and photographs of 34 beautiful women instead of three or four. He still said "Go ahead," and everybody in Chicago was waiting anxiously for the day set for the announcements. All wanted to see the pictures of the 34 beauties and learn the names of the prize-winners.

Then occurred the third act of this wonderful modern drama. The Chicago Sunday Tribune offered to pay the expenses of the advertising campaign, as well as the prize money, for the exclusive privilege of publishing the photographs and announcing the names of the winners. The Chicago Sunday Tribune was willing to pay \$25,000 for the photographs of 34 beautiful women and the news story of the selection of the beauties. It was an unheard-of thing for a newspaper to pay more than \$150 apiece for a group of nearly a hundred photographs.

At first the millionaire was inclined to refuse, but Lord & Thomas reasoned with him. "The Tribune publishes the leading Sunday paper in Chicago," they urged. "There is nothing in the terms of your wager that would forbid your giving them the exclusive story and the photographs. It will relieve you of all expense and \$25,000 is not to be thrown away lightly, even by so rich a man as yourself."

"Go ahead, then," he said once more, and Lord & Thomas turned the entire beauty quest data over to the editor of the Chicago Sunday Tribune, stipulating only that the names and photographs of the 34 prize-winners be published as they had announced in their advertisements. This, of course, the Sunday Tribune was glad to do, and the pictures of the prize-winners have been appearing for the past few weeks.

Who Won the Prize? All the pictures were published before the names of the prize-winners were announced, and their contestants and their friends and everybody else in Chicago have been speculating anxiously on which one of the 34 would win the first prize.

The winner of the first prize—therefore officially as well as really the most beautiful woman in Chicago—is Miss Della Carson of 1248 Diversey boulevard. Her name, address and photograph, as the winner of the first prize, are published today in The Journal.

Then occurred the third act of this wonderful modern drama.

The Chicago Sunday Tribune offered to pay the expenses of the advertising campaign, as well as the prize money, for the exclusive privilege of publishing the photographs and announcing the names of the winners. The Chicago Sunday Tribune was willing to pay \$25,000 for the photographs of 34 beautiful women and the news story of the selection of the beauties. It was an unheard-of thing for a newspaper to pay more than \$150 apiece for a group of nearly a hundred photographs.

At first the millionaire was inclined to refuse, but Lord & Thomas reasoned with him.

"The Tribune publishes the leading Sunday paper in Chicago," they urged. "There is nothing in the terms of your wager that would forbid your giving them the exclusive story and the photographs. It will relieve you of all expense and \$25,000 is not to be thrown away lightly, even by so rich a man as yourself."

"Go ahead, then," he said once more, and Lord & Thomas turned the entire beauty quest data over to the editor of the Chicago Sunday Tribune, stipulating only that the names and photographs of the 34 prize-winners be published as they had announced in their advertisements. This, of course, the Sunday Tribune was glad to do, and the pictures of the prize-winners have been appearing for the past few weeks.

Who Won the Prize?

All the pictures were published before the names of the prize-winners were announced, and their contestants and their friends and everybody else in Chicago have been speculating anxiously on which one of the 34 would win the first prize.

The winner of the first prize—therefore officially as well as really the most beautiful woman in Chicago—is Miss Della Carson of 1248 Diversey boulevard. Her name, address and photograph, as the winner of the first prize, are published today in The Journal.

Our readers are now able to see how this young Chicago beauty looks. They are able to study her photograph and see if there is any truth in the Chicago Sunday Tribune's contention that she is the most beautiful woman in America, and if that paper is justified

in challenging the country to produce a beauty that is her equal. What do you think of her? She is beautiful, certainly, but is she the most beautiful woman in America? Are there not women in our own city who are more beautiful?

Miss Carson is a medium blonde, and she is 24 years old. She has been working since she was 19, and her pay is \$12 a week. Her father died some years since, and she has been the main support of her mother and two sisters, with whom she lives. She has been known as a great beauty among her friends and acquaintances, but the great social world knew nothing of her. Her home on Diversey boulevard is in a respectable, but not a fashionable neighborhood. She is modest and quiet and sensible.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing in the beauty contest is that the first prize was won by a working girl. Is it possible that with all their aids to beauty, the women of fashionable society must yield the palm to the young woman who works who leads simple lives and have few pleasures and little opportunity for culture?

The rest of the country has not permitted the Chicago Sunday Tribune's challenge to pass unnoticed. There are beauty contests now going on in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco—in fact, in nearly every city in America. Leading newspapers have taken up the game and are conducting beauty competitions. When they discover the most beautiful woman in their own towns then they will compete with the Chicago beauty for the prize. In the end, no doubt, the most beautiful woman in America will be discovered.

The beauty quest thus inaugurated in Chicago by an idle wager of two millionaires has become a national affair, and the most remarkable thing in the history of the world's great beauties.

The Journal does not propose to permit Oregon to be left out of this contest. We believe the world's prize beauty lives right here. Perhaps you know her. Perhaps she is a relative or a friend of yours. Then send her photograph to this paper, for we are determined to find the most beautiful woman in Oregon, and have every confidence that the beauty crown of the whole country will come here when the contest has been ended.

The Magic of a Pretty Face

THAT the magic of a woman's pretty face has a subtle and witching influence on all mankind has been exemplified by the experience of Miss Dorothy Deane, a Chicago artist and one of the prize winners in the Sunday Tribune's beauty contest. Miss Deane came to Chicago five years ago from Galesburg, Illinois, where she was graduated from Knox college, and at once established herself in a studio on the south side. Recently her photograph was published in an eastern magazine and since then she has received a barrel of love letters from all over this country, and even from Europe.

With only her photographed face as a magnet, hundreds of worshippers have written to tell her of their love and to propose marriage. In addition to the flood of letters one Iowa young man packed his trunk and, with letters of recommendation from practically all of the ministers and business men in his native town, hastened to the first train that would carry him to the young artist's studio. Coming from one of the best and wealthiest families in Iowa, this love-wrought youth thought he would only have to make his love known to the owner of the photographed face in order to win her as his bride. Miss Deane was compelled to call a policeman to help her convince him that she was working out a destiny along lines that were not in harmony with his proposition.

Picturesque Proposal From Idaho. As a sequence of her published picture Miss Deane has a letter from an Idaho miner and a photograph of him, showing him with a huge roll of bank notes in his hand and with his broad brimmed hat tilted back on his head at a comical angle. The dandy shirt is open at the throat and his whiskers, which are thickly matted, have the appearance of having caught a small swarm of bees. He claims to have separated from the "Blue Dog," but near Silver City.

"I am ever so peculiar in the paper," writes he, "and I that as how you appear a likely gal I would like to let you no that you can marry me any time you say the word. I have made my pile and the Blue Dog is still long on pay dirt. I am forty years old and been in my forty-first so you can see for yourself how good looking I am. I don't appear as sold as my photograph when you look at me first hand. I have got the dust and I will guarantee to make you happy. Rite soon because I no longer get what would like to marry me. She says it ain't every man that owns a blue dog, but you can have first chance because she don't look as likely as you. How old are you and was you a divorcee or no? You don't look like a divorcee though so I think we could get along happy. Rite to me quick as I will no what to tell the other gal because she is gettin anxious and I want to let her drop easy. Yours truly, HENRY DUSTAIN. Silver City, Idaho."

Left Henry to the Other Girl. Miss Deane was not favorably impressed by the miner's proposition. "Goodness me," she said, glancing around her crowded little studio. "I don't know where I could put him or how I ever could buy soap and toothbrushes enough to make him presentable." From his "photograph" Dustin looks as if he might be big enough to crush the dainty little artist in either of his big paws, and in spite of his effort to look pleasant when the picture was taken he does so about the first time anything went wrong at the "Blue Dog." "I guess I shall let the other gal have you, Henry," mused Miss Deane, as she put his picture back into her scrap book.

Not so gruff or pointed was the letter that came from Oliver Pendleton, who represented himself as a law student at Oxford university, in England. Oliver is convinced that no artistic temperament can find a congenial atmosphere in a community that boasts of its commercialism with such flaunting aggressiveness as does the city in which

Miss Deane has chosen to make her home. Oliver also opines that a woman of delicate sensibilities, such as she takes the liberty of suggesting as one of his picture heroine's many virtues, could not possibly develop her talent to its deserved dimensions in a city necessarily contaminated by stockyards. Says Oliver:

"Compare the rush and turmoil of that great metropolis with the peace and quiet of the old English country seats. Do you not, Miss Deane, often long for an atmosphere of tradition in which to work out your own destiny? Are you sure the complex commercialism of that great city will not lessen your vote for those high artistic ideals to which true artists cling with a childhood's faith? You are no common woman, Miss Deane. Your eyes depict you as inherently devoted to all that is beautiful and artistic in life. With its history, its memories and its sacred traditions the old world offers you the things that must come to your own land only with the drifting centuries. Think of your art. Think of all the subtly corrupting influences that surely must undermine your real ambition in surroundings so blighted by commerce and the dull round of strife. With our own Wordsworth, let me entreat you to come forth into the light of things. Where nature can be your teacher."

Oliver only asks of Miss Deane that she pack up her duds and come to England. Just why he is so particularly interested only in the "destiny" of the photographed beauty, young Mr. Pendleton neglects to state, but it is Miss Deane's opinion that he has reserved that information for a later letter. Perhaps he means to whisper the secret in her own pink little ear after she is settled down by her transported artist temperament in the dusty old traditions of England. At any rate, his letter failed to have its desired effect, for the reason that its pretty recipient is well satisfied with commercial Chicago and its highly original brand of elfactory music from the stockyards.

Most of the letters that come to her with every mail Miss Deane does not

read further than to learn their purport. All sorts and conditions of men write to her, some proposing marriage, some merely profess their love, and others to ask only for her friendship and the privilege of corresponding with her. In all she has received about 1,500 letters, and they are still coming at the rate of four or five a day. Some of these self-appointed correspondents have adopted the "follow up" system of this query, but the question is not one that can be settled offhand. Out of the many beautiful women, one will be considered more beautiful than all the others, but she may not be proclaimed the most beautiful woman unless all beautiful women are brought in comparison with her.

The Sunday Journal is seeking the most beautiful woman in Oregon. Oregon is a land of fair women, and it is no easy task to find the most beautiful. But the most beautiful must be found. When the time comes to proclaim one of Oregon's daughters the fairest woman of the land, The Journal must be right in its choice.

When The Sunday Journal scooped at the idea of the windy, smoky city of Chicago producing a woman as beautiful as Oregon, it spoke for every man in the state. Any one would have individually taken up such a statement out of hand and set about to refute it. The Sunday Journal has made it an easy matter for the men of Oregon to refute this statement. It has made it known in every part of Oregon that it has undertaken to answer Chicago's boast in kind and produce a more beautiful woman.

The men of Oregon have shown their gallantry by sending to The Sunday Journal many photographs of their fair women friends. Many more men are needed to show a similar gallantry before The Sunday Journal receives enough photographs to feel in a position to proclaim one of them as the most beautiful woman of Oregon.

If you have the photograph of a woman whom you consider the most beautiful of Oregonians, and do not send it to The Sunday Journal, some other woman may be chosen, while your friend may be really the most beautiful. It is up to the men of Oregon not to let such a mistake happen. The women themselves cannot be expected to send

Who Is Oregon's Fairest Woman?

WHO is the most beautiful woman in Oregon?

So far the question has hardly more than been raised. The Sunday Journal has received many photographs in response to this query, but the question is not one that can be settled offhand. Out of the many beautiful women, one will be considered more beautiful than all the others, but she may not be proclaimed the most beautiful woman unless all beautiful women are brought in comparison with her.

The Sunday Journal is seeking the most beautiful woman in Oregon. Oregon is a land of fair women, and it is no easy task to find the most beautiful. But the most beautiful must be found. When the time comes to proclaim one of Oregon's daughters the fairest woman of the land, The Journal must be right in its choice.

When The Sunday Journal scooped at the idea of the windy, smoky city of Chicago producing a woman as beautiful as Oregon, it spoke for every man in the state. Any one would have individually taken up such a statement out of hand and set about to refute it. The Sunday Journal has made it an easy matter for the men of Oregon to refute this statement. It has made it known in every part of Oregon that it has undertaken to answer Chicago's boast in kind and produce a more beautiful woman.

The men of Oregon have shown their gallantry by sending to The Sunday Journal many photographs of their fair women friends. Many more men are needed to show a similar gallantry before The Sunday Journal receives enough photographs to feel in a position to proclaim one of them as the most beautiful woman of Oregon.

If you have the photograph of a woman whom you consider the most beautiful of Oregonians, and do not send it to The Sunday Journal, some other woman may be chosen, while your friend may be really the most beautiful. It is up to the men of Oregon not to let such a mistake happen. The women themselves cannot be expected to send

usually taken up such a statement out of hand and set about to refute it. The Sunday Journal has made it an easy matter for the men of Oregon to refute this statement. It has made it known in every part of Oregon that it has undertaken to answer Chicago's boast in kind and produce a more beautiful woman.

The men of Oregon have shown their gallantry by sending to The Sunday Journal many photographs of their fair women friends. Many more men are needed to show a similar gallantry before The Sunday Journal receives enough photographs to feel in a position to proclaim one of them as the most beautiful woman of Oregon.

If you have the photograph of a woman whom you consider the most beautiful of Oregonians, and do not send it to The Sunday Journal, some other woman may be chosen, while your friend may be really the most beautiful. It is up to the men of Oregon not to let such a mistake happen. The women themselves cannot be expected to send

Trinidad and the probable existence of other mines render it likely that this substantial addition to the world's visible supply of manjak will considerably extend its present sphere of utility and stimulate inventors to find new uses for it.

Spend Two Weeks in Jail. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The judge and the district attorney lunched together at the end of the coal-stealing case.

"Three months," said the district attorney, "was a merciful sentence, sir."

"Perhaps, perhaps," the judge agreed. "Did you ever spend three months in jail?" he asked.

"Ha, ha, no!" laughed the district attorney. "Of course not! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, if you had," said the judge, "perhaps you wouldn't think so lightly of it." He knitted his brows. "The evil-tasting food, the prison smell, the prison morals—pah!"

in the photograph. The Sunday Journal cannot burglarize the mantelpieces of all the young gallants of the state. They must take sufficient pride in their choice of beauty to be willing to show it. They may feel assured that the photographs will be carefully cared for and returned to the senders.

Do you feel that you may offend a lady by telling her that she is beautiful? Try it and have no misgivings. That is a matter about which you may feel perfectly safe. All women appreciate such a compliment. Just now you have an opportunity to show that you mean what you say. The most certain proof of your good faith in telling a lady that she is beautiful is in sending her photograph to be entered in the beauty contest. By so doing you not only show her that you consider her the most beautiful woman in Oregon, but the fairest of the land. You could not pay a lady a higher compliment than that.

Address photos to Beauty Editor, The Journal.

"I went on," "spent a week in jail before I entered my judgeship. I ate the prison food. I slept in a cell. I conformed with all the prison rules. I wore the prison clothes, I did the prison work."

"Thus I learned the value of the sentences I was to mete out later on. I got to know what a week, a month, a year in jail meant. As a result I am more merciful than most judges."

"I think it would be a good thing if every judge, before taking office, would spend a little while in jail as I did. He would then know the value of prison sentences, a thing he doesn't know now. Now he is like a cashier who attempts to pay out money in a coinage of which he is ignorant."

"In Baden this thing I speak of must be done. Every judge in Baden, before he takes his seat on the bench, is required by law to pass two weeks, like a common prisoner, in jail."