

WINNERS OF BEAUTY QUESTS COMPARED

Contrasted With Miss Vira Stewart, Winner of The Oregon Journal's Contest--Other National Winners Compared With The Journal Winners

Miss Marguerite Frey, Pronounced the Most Beautiful of Women.



MISS MARGUERITE FREY, DENVER, CO., WINNER OF NATIONAL BEAUTY CONTEST. PHOTO ADELINE DE LUX. COPYRIGHT DENVER POST PUB. CO.



MISS VIRA STUART, WINNER OF OREGON JOURNAL CONTEST. PHOTO C. ELMORE GROVE.



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MISS VIRA STUART, WINNER OREGON JOURNAL CONTEST. PHOTO BY C. ELMORE GROVE.



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MISS MARGUERITE FREY, NATIONAL WINNER. PHOTO BY ADELINE DE LUX. COPYRIGHT DENVER POST PUB. CO.



MISS VIRA STUART, WINNER OREGON JOURNAL CONTEST. PHOTO C. E. GROVE.



MISS EOLA THORNTON, RICE, 3RD, WINNER NATIONAL CONTEST WASHINGTON D. C. TIMES.



MISS LENA C. PARISSI, 3RD, WINNER OREGON JOURNAL CONTEST. PHOTO BY E. W. MOORE.



MISS GABRIELLA WORSLEY, UNION GROVE, WIS., 2ND WINNER NATIONAL CONTEST. PHOTO BY MATZENE. COPYRIGHT MILWAUKEE SENTINEL.



MISS GENETH ROBERTSON, 2ND WINNER OREGON JOURNAL CONTEST PORTLAND. PHOTO BY E. W. MOORE.

WHAT MARGUERITE FREY LIKES BEST WINNER OF SECOND PRIZE IN NATIONAL CONTEST--Gabriella Worsley, Wisconsin Farmer's Daughter--Who She Is and What She Likes

USIC, moonlight, roses, either pink or white; white kittens, chocolate creams, matinees and sad love stories. What Marguerite Frey, the most beautiful woman in America, hates most of anything in the world. Affection, cruelty, envy, snakes, gossip and underdone meat. Marguerite Frey's ideal of a good time: A bunch of violets, a box of chocolate creams, a rowboat on a still lake, with the moon shining on the water, a good looking young man row-

DOES IT PAY TO BE BEAUTIFUL?--By Marguerite Frey, the Most Beautiful Woman in America, Winner of the National Beauty Quest

I don't know whether it pays to be beautiful or not, but I do know that it does pay to have people think you are beautiful. Why, just think of it! A few months ago I was so delighted to get a place where I could make \$8 a week that I didn't know what to do; and now--oh, I can't believe it, I'm afraid I'll wake up and find it's all a dream, like the time I dreamed that I had a white embroidered muslin de soie dress for my graduation, like the dress the banker's daughter wore. How good everybody is. I don't see how people can think that this is a sad world. I have all I can do to keep from singing all the time. I am so happy. Of course, it wouldn't pay to be beau-

tiful if it made you mean and selfish and silly, but I don't believe you could stay beautiful very long if you were any of those things, do you? My mother says that you couldn't, anyway. I wish I were clever, like some of the girls that were in my class at school, there are so many things I'd like to say, but I'm not a bit clever and I'm ashamed to try to pretend that I am by writing articles. Somebody asked me the other day what was my chief ambition, and I said it was my chief ambition to be a good woman like my mother, to have a kind heart like my sister and to be honest and to work hard like my good brothers. The person that I said this to laughed. I don't see why, do you?

THE second most beautiful woman in America is a country girl. In fertile southeastern Wisconsin, some two or three miles from the little village of Union Grove, lies the farm that for years has been the home of the Worsley family. Here Gabriella Worsley was born and here she has lived the 23 years of her life. The fact that she has been awarded second place in the great national beauty quest is especially interesting because she is a farmer's daughter. It proves the value of the life in the open, of the pure healthful air of the country and of the close contact with nature. The selection of Miss Worsley for second honors demonstrates the thoroughness with which the quest was conducted by 27 of the leading papers of the country for the most beautiful woman in America, covering practically every section and shows that no spot where beautiful women dwell was too remote to come within the scope of that search. It would be reasonable to expect that in the great centers of population possibly than in the country districts and that in the cities the quest could be prosecuted with greater success than in the rural regions. And yet it was in a farm home that the second most beautiful woman in America was found. Aside from the perfect features with which nature has endowed her, Miss Worsley owes her beauty to nothing so much as to the healthful life in the country. As a child she roamed the fields in search of the daisies and buttercups and enjoyed to the full all the pleasures and advantages that fall to the lot of every youngster whose good fortune it is to be born on a farm where childish pastimes can be indulged in without the restraints necessarily incident to life in a great city. As a young

woman she still finds her greatest pleasure in the simple farm life at home and her marvelous beauty furnishes ample evidence of days spent close to nature. Friend of All Animals. Since her childhood days she has made friends with every animal on the farm. She is proud of her pet foxhound. She is naturally at home in the saddle, and what is more rare, a thorough horse woman. She not only knows the points of a good horse, but understands the equine good qualities and failings and knows how to make the most of them. Another outdoor sport at which she is proficient is hunting. She is an expert with the shotgun, rifle or revolver and when she goes afield it's rare ill luck that prevents her from bringing home a full bag. Miss Worsley's appearance naturally gives evidence of these healthful pursuits. Her cheeks have the color that only the fresh, pure air of the country can impart, and while her bearing is distinctly womanly, she is athletic and her graceful carriage testifies to her familiarity with pastimes of that nature. All her life she has been an enthusiastic country girl, devoted to outdoor life, fond of the country pastimes and not shirking the country duties. Her time, however, is not by any means devoted exclusively to the pleasures of outdoor life. She has many accomplishments, and among them she does not consider most lightly her proficiency in the household arts. In fact, she is probably prouder of her ability to make a good strawberry shortcake than she is of her seat in the saddle or the sureness of her aim with a rifle. Moreover, she has found time to master the guitar, the piano and that difficult instrument, the harp. Miss Worsley is of the tall graceful type that has come to be regarded as distinctly American. Her soft, wavy brown hair frames an oval face of clas-

sic loveliness. Her features are regular to perfection, and yet there is not lacking from her face that elusive and indefinable charm that is sometimes sufficient to render attractive a face otherwise plain and which is seldom found in connection with perfect contour. Her clear brown eyes and her abundant color add greatly to her beauty and their charm can be but imperfectly recorded by the photographer's art. Her beauty is of a type that could never be classed as mere prettiness.

There is nothing doll-like about the beauty of the second most beautiful woman in America. Her face radiates intelligence and her expression changes with the rapidity that is natural in a woman of many interests and a well-trained mind. Although locally famous for her beauty since childhood she is quite unspoiled by praise and is extremely modest in demeanor. Miss Worsley is the daughter of the late Thomas G. Worsley and a sister of A. A. Worsley who, in 1898, received the populist nomination for governor of Wisconsin. She is one of a large family, being the youngest of four daughters. She now lives on the farm that has been the family home for many

years with one of her five brothers and two sisters. Her education was obtained in the local schools and at the St. Catherine's academy of Racine, from which she was graduated several years ago. While at school Miss Worsley was a proficient student and in addition to the regular course, received instruction in several branches of music, including the piano, guitar and harp. For this latter instrument she possesses an especial aptitude and she looks forward to a further course of study with the possibility in view of taking it up professionally later on. She has received much encouragement and it is possible that in the not distant future she may become as famous for her skill as a musician as for her beauty.

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MARRIED MEN'S FLIRTATIONS--Nothing More Reprehensible in Any Man; Condemned in Both Sexes

By Mrs. John A. Logan. (Copyright, 1907, by W. R. Hearst.) WE regret to see in a long article by John Strange Winter a tendency to apologize for this species of vanity and infidelity on the part of married men. The writer strains the point by saying that without this privilege there could be no social life and insists that if a man devotes all of his time to his wife and is dominated by her, he would not have even the privilege of dancing with any one else. Nobody imagines that the civilities that obtain in social life border on flirtations. There would be few women who would allow themselves to dance with married men if they thought that by so doing they would be the victims of flirtatious propensities of their partners. No sane woman would expect her husband to be always in her company. On the contrary, a woman is very glad when other women admire her husband, as it, in a word, commends her choice, but it is known that this same woman would not be at all satisfied if she discovered in her husband a

disposition to carry on a flirtation with other women. There can be no more reprehensible tendency in any man than that he should allow himself to indulge in foolish attentions to either married or unmarried women. Women are also warned of the consequences of their accepting these attentions seriously, and are given good advice. It is quite true that all flirtations end unhappily, and not infrequently in the disgrace of the parties to such illicit relations. There is no such thing as an innocent flirtation, and the same may be said of platonic friendships between men and women, as there is a limit even in the warmth of regard manifested for one's dearest friends, and the moment that one steps outside of the properties which govern the intercourse of men and women, that moment one may be subject to criticism and to misconstruction of one's feelings toward another. Loyalty in thought, word and deed should govern every married man and woman, and when that loyalty does not exist, there is much misunderstanding, heart burning, and all too frequently ultimate separation.