

Is She the Most Beautiful Woman in America!

Newspapers all over the country printed portraits of Miss Della Carson last week, and several of them while admitting her great beauty have declared that their cities possessed even more beautiful women. To these The Sunday Tribune has replied that this paper is willing to leave the comparative beauty of Chicago's beauty and those of other cities to impartial judges.

Among the newspapers is the New York Sunday World, which believes in New York it can find a more beautiful woman than Miss Carson. Anybody who has seen Miss Carson's pictures knows this will be no easy matter, so the Sunday World has offered prizes of \$300 for photographs of the most beautiful women in Greater New York. As in the Chicago contest portraits of professional models and actresses are excluded.

St. Louis, of course, thinks that its girls can outrival any Chicago beauty. The Republic of that city has essayed the difficult task of finding one. It says:

"The Republic believes that Chicago does not monopolize the beauty of the United States. It knows that there are prettier girls in St. Louis—scores of them," but good naturedly adds: "And this statement is made without any reflection whatever on the judgment of those who have chosen Miss Carson."

Which concession is kind on the part of St. Louis, to be

Every reader of The Sunday Tribune will have a chance to decide for himself or herself, as the newspapers who are seeking to find more beautiful women have agreed to permit The Tribune to publish pictures of their prize winners when they find them.

sure. The prizes offered by the Republic are the same as were awarded in Chicago.

Milwaukee also is in the ring. There the Milwaukee Sentinel will try to make the city famous for something else besides its beer. Says the Sentinel:

"The Sentinel purposes finding the most beautiful woman in Wisconsin. It has undertaken this quest primarily to prove that the women of the great Badger State are more beautiful than those of Chicago. Miss Carson is beautiful, but not more beautiful than hundreds of the fair daughters of Wisconsin."

The Sunday Tribune naturally has no fear of the verdict in a contest with New York, St. Louis and Milwaukee, alone or separately. If impartial judges decide that Miss Carson is not so beautiful as a woman in one of these three cities the Sunday Tribune will admit it gracefully. But first Chicago will have to have proof.

Can New York, St. Louis, or Milwaukee produce a more handsome woman than the most beautiful woman in Chicago?

WATCH THE SUNDAY TRIBUNE EACH WEEK AND SEE

George Ade's Version of Enoch Arden

How long would Mrs. Arden wait before closing a new deal? and what would Enoch see when he peeked through the Window.

ONE of the most unsatisfactory recitals that ever opened the floodgates of Parlor Sentiment is that of Enoch Arden. Enoch certainly got his. He was jailed from the get-away.

First he performed at the Altar, then he became overstocked with Children, then he boarded a ship and started for China to get a bank roll, so that on his return he would be elected to Parliament; then he was shipwrecked and cast away and lived on shell fish and bananas for years; then he succeeded in paring his way back to the old Stamping Ground, only to learn that friend Wife had hooked up with Philip and was wearing Bells.

So the only thing for Enoch to do was to evaporate. He faded away and kept under cover just because he did not wish to embarrass his Relations and separate them from their Soft Picking.

If he had talked to a Lawyer he never would have lived in poetical Fiction as a self-sacrificing Hero, but he might have made a proud showing as a keen young Business Fellow.

He had a chance to get after Annie for Bigamy, replenish the Piano, sue for possession of the Children, and demand \$50,000 damages from Philip for alienating Affections of Running Mate.

Proposition, the same as taking out a nine-nine year Lease.

Nobody went in on Probation. Those who tackled it said good-by to their Friends and settled down for a Life Sentence.

Enoch staid away a great many years, without sending home even a Souvenir Post Card, and when he floated back into town he expected to find Annie waiting for him with a Hot Supper all ready.

No man ever knows when he is going to cross the Home Plate again, but he thinks that Wife ought to know. It is her duty to be hitched up and standing on her tiptoes, ready to jump, the same as a Horse in the Fire Department.

Whether he blows in at 5:30 in the Purple Twilight or shows up at 2:30 G. M., with chalk on his Hat and a Breath like a Gas-leak, he thinks that when he steps across the Threshold the Canary should start to sing and the Missus should begin throwing Hand-springs in his Honor, and never dare to ask what kept him.

Enoch Arden had the immortal nerve to think that he could jim around some remote corner of the Earth for years and years and then come home, when all the other places were closed up, and find his Smoking Jacket laid out for him and the Evening Paper right on the Center Table.

When he discovered that some one had picked the word "Welcome" out of the Door Mat and that his old friend Philip was now the Plot of the Piece, he went right up in the Air like a Toy Balloon.

He looked in through the Window and saw that his Wife was happy with No. 2 and that no one seemed to be tacking up any Grape on his account.

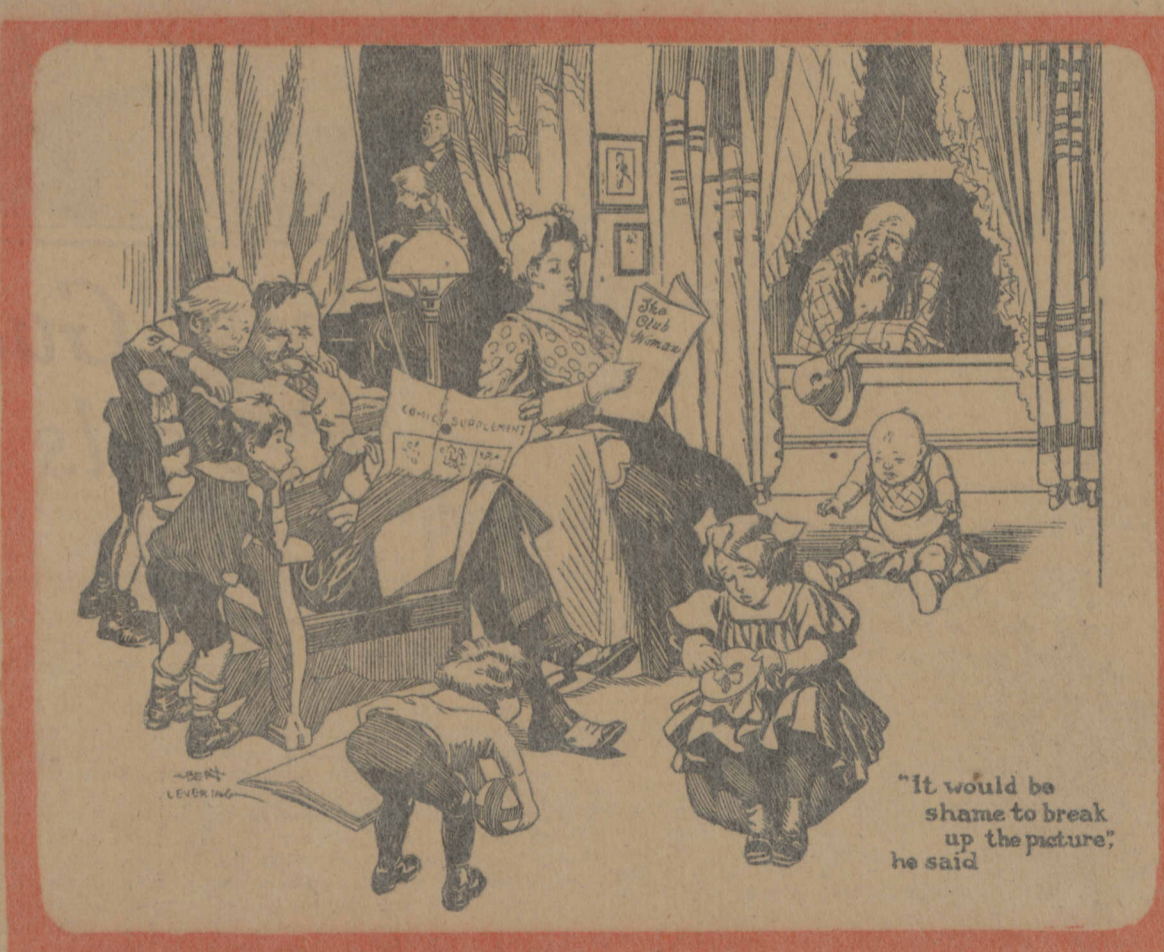
"It would be a shame to break up the Picture," he said. "I am to this joyous Family what Free Silver is to a reunited Democratic Household—a sad, sweet Memory. Me for the Subway."

The question is, What did Enoch see when he peeped up behind the Currant Bushes?

The whole story is an Invention, specially made to order for Weepers, and if the Finale is too sad for the present light hearted Generation and violates all laws of Probability, we have a right to read proof on Tennyson and adapt the windup so as to make it harmonize with new Conditions.

It is probably true that Annie put her tag on Enoch in preference to Philip.

She was a true Child of Romance. Philip had a hatful of Money, but Enoch had Curly Hair.



"Not at all," replied Annie. "A real bright woman who can play Bridge and has got the Club Habit can keep house for weeks at a time without having a Husband near the place."

"Have you been true to the Vows you made at the Altar?" asked Enoch.

"Four times," was the reply. "You see, after you had been away eight weeks without dropping even a Remittance, I was told that I could prove a case of Desertion, so I cut the Cable and made a satisfactory Matrimonial Arrangement with Philip. We got along well for two years, but when we repaired the Front Room he selected a design of pale Morning Glories, while I preferred a Holland Effect with funny Pictures around the Border. We could not agree, and in view of this Incompatibility of Temper there was only one thing to do. I told him to roll his Hoop, and one morning I went up to the Courthouse and got my second Decease."

"Then, why do I find him here, frolicking with the children?"

"The Court has given orders that he shall be allowed to come here one day every week. We are good Friends. There was a time when a woman usually had a prejudice against former Husbands, but nowadays a more liberal spirit seems to pervade the upper strata of Society. After I gave Philip his Walking Papers and mailed No. 3, he came over quite often to show the New One how to regulate the Furnace."

"Where is No. 3 now?" asked Enoch, taking a Pencil from his pocket and checking them off.

"He wears out my cooking," explained Annie.

"The Judge decided that Fudges and Tea every Sunday evening constituted Cruelty on my part. I did not make any fight on the spittoon, because I got half of the Property."

"Being once more free, what was your next move?"

"I did as all the others do—I went out looking for more trouble. No. 4 was what you might designate an Onion. He had lived at one of those European hotels thirty years, and I had an awful time getting him house broke. I learned that when a man past 45 gets married he isn't looking for a Wife at all. What he wants is a Trained Nurse. I rescued him from the Hotel because I needed a large Limousine Car. But even with my Long Experience and Angelic Disposition I could not put up with his Grouch."

"Is he still on deck?" asked Enoch.

"I canned him last week," said Annie, softly.

"I still have the Limousine Car. You can see that I have had a lot of Trouble since you went away, and also quite a wad of Experience."

"How about No. 5?"

"How dare you?" she asked, with womanly indignation. "Do you think I have no regard for the proprieties? I always wait a reasonable time, and besides the supply seems to be a little slack just at present. Have you any Open 'Pines'?"

"I am free as a bird," replied Enoch. "I am glad I happened along when you were not tied up, because Winter is coming on and I must get planted somewhere. I suppose there will be no objection to my going back on the Old Job?"

"None whatever. If you hurry you will be able to get a License before the Clerk's Office closes. Be sure and put in the customary Cause about either party having a right to give a Two Weeks' Notice in case of dissatisfaction."

"It will cost two large Iron Dollars to get the license," suggested Enoch.

Annie slipped him the money.

And that is how it happened that Enoch Arden, instead of coming home as a hero of a broken heart, found awaiting him the love of a rich and beautiful Wife and the companionship of many well-to-do Children.

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Instead of which he retired to a Boarding House and never came out again.

Any one who has Relatives that go Broke occasionally will grasp the subtle Humor of Tennyson's story.

Enoch was the only Prodigal who ever came home Busted and did not demand Chicken three times a day and the keys to the Wine Cellar.

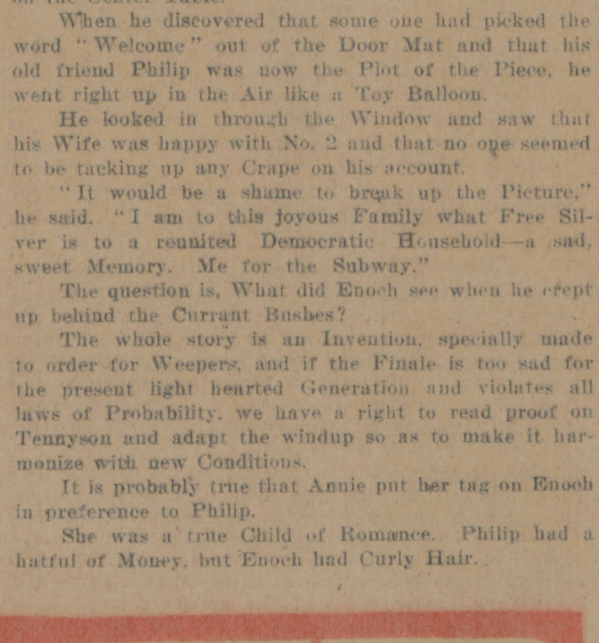
He overlooked a Good Thing. Probably he had lived alone on the Tropical Island so long that he was a bit Gougly—not a clear case of the Bats, but the Sun had got to his Head and made him what Specialists call daffy, or bug.

He had sense enough to be a Hero, but he was shy on sizing up his Legal Rights.

Everybody who reads Enoch Arden weeps a little, but probably a Lawyer would weep harder than anybody else.

The whole story is now drifting into the Joke Class, because it is based on the played out Theory that the Marriage Contract is binding and perpetual.

In England, when the story was written, this thing of getting married was a copper riveted, tight, cinch



So the Marriage Bells pealed merrily forth and the gay young Couple went directly from the Church to a suburban Cottage and began to throw domestic Utensils at the Wolf.

Enoch took an Invoice after a few years and found that he had here and there a Child and one Boat. He figured that it would require about 150 years at the rate he was going to make himself Independent, so he began to investigate the get-rich-quick Schemes.

Somebody told him he could do well in China.

There you have it. The Easy Money in this World is always at the other end of the Line.

Every man who is patrolling Broadway on his Up-pers knows that he could make \$80,000 in three months if he were in Los Angeles. Oklahoma looks mighty good to the humble Farmer who owns a large store full in Illinois, and the main reason why so many energetic people want to get to Nome City is that the Ticket costs more than they can scrape together.

Enoch probably read some Folders issued by the Dream Department of a Transportation Company and he could not see anything on the Map except China.

Before sailing away he staked Annie to a modest little Shop and assured her that she would have no difficulty whatever in downing the big Department Stores and beating the Trusts at their own game.

It is not recorded that Enoch hired any Private Detective Agency to watch the House or arranged to have his sister-in-law write and let him know how Annie was behaving.

He was the genuine old fashioned type of Trusting Husband—the kind that shows up in Melodrama and never suspects his wife's except when she is Innocent.

Enoch was shipwrecked and found himself so far away from any of the lines controlled by Harriman that he could not make Connections or touch the wire for a small Loan.