





EW YORK. — [Special Correspondence.] — Can hardly be-lieve she is one and the same girl, can you? With but five y duckling" and the beauty? I wish you might see her in the flesh that you could fully appreciate what transformation has been accomplished in this girl who came to me five weeks ago downcast of expression, much underweight, miserably unhappy because she believed she was the omeliest girl in the world, ignorant of becoming dress and coiffure and graceful carriage, which further accentuated her unhappiness, super-

censitive and melancholic. Today I present her to you registering photographically a marvelous change, but my regret is that I cannot portray for you her rosy cheeks, her clear, fine skin, the rejuvenated spirit of happiness from which she had well nigh estranged herself by her unfortunate belief that she was doomed to hopeless oblivion because of

Every Little Bit Helps.

A real girl? As real as you and I are folk of flesh and blood! There were but 109 nounds of her five weeks ago. Today she carries fifteen added pounds, making a grand total of 124. Fifteer pounds added in five weeks to what you already have, meager though it may be, mean something besides just a little bit more doesn't it? They mean covering for a number of bones and a hiding place for numerous angles, better health, a smile on the lips, and many other graces which I shall enumerate later.

Yes, it was just five weeks ago I was introduced to Miss Ruth through a pitiful letter from her to me signed."
The Unhappiest Girl in the World." Yesterday she told me she would write me another just so she could sign it 'the happiest girl on earth," which

she now claims to be.

Before and After. I will confide that Ruth G. is not her real name. But you appreciate why she prefers to have her own withheld and I would not break confidence with her after her faithful cooperation with me in an experiment I have been wanting to make for some time-to prove the wisdom of the old French adage "there are no ugly women in the world, only those who do not know how to be beautiful."

Her before and after photographs bear mute testimony to a number of things, don't they? What a girl can do for herself if she makes an improvement in appearance a straight business venture; what a smile on the lips will do toward beautifying a woman, and if I may be excused for no small amount of pride in this particular accomplishment, what a beauty editor may do for an unhappy member of her sea, that member willing to give wholehearted cooperation.

Weeps for Joy. Pictionists have repeatedly used the theme of the ugly duckling weeping by the fireside, lonely, beau-less, young, and pining for a Prince Charming. who does come to her quickly enough after she discovers it was all pretty much a trick of dress and buoyant epirits, good health and a happy ex-

But here in Miss Ruth you have the truth that is not stranger but much better than fletton, for she is a real flesh and blood git, fifteen pounds real er in flesh than she was five weeks ago, with real chier in her cheeks, a real smile on her lips, and so real a joy in her heart that she wept tears of happiness when a certain boy whom she has always liked told her "ahe was positively beautiful" the other Isn't that better than fiction? Well. Miss Ruth and I agree it is, at

Telling It to the Beauty Editor. Would you say it is vanity alone that bestire a woman, whose youth spon and wholesome desire to be loved, admired, and a success in life are threatened with an early demine in to find out how to regain the sym-

metry and the graces of a former day? Or, on the other hand, one with so

own carelessness about skin and dress, teeth and hair? There is grief and

tragedy and romance and jealousy and

other elemental requirements of a fic-tion tale in many of these letters that

But best of all I love the letter from our Ruth signed "The Unhappiest Girl

in the World" because it brought her

to me and because that meeting has in

five weeks' time so transformed the girl that I feel her accomplishment

will be an inspiration to many an-

other discouraged one, and because they, too, may follow Ruth's own story and profit immeasurably thereby.

youth has no right to be unhappy nor

and pathetic in her letter that I was

touched deeply and resolved at once

that through no fault of mine would

she retain that mental and physical at-

titude toward life. This is what she

Unhappiest Girl in the World.

your many articles on beauty and what

you have done to help people. I know

girl who wrote you and you never

saw such a change in her. But I don't

expect you can do much for me. I

am so homely. I don't believe there

is a homlier girl in the world. I am

so unhappy I would just like to run

away and hide where I never would see

old. I never had a beau or what you

could call one. And all the girls I know have good simes, but I never do.

I just have to sit and listen to them

talking of parties and dances and fun.

was taken along a couple of times,

but I would have been happier if I

had stayed home, because the fellows

did not ask me to dance, and never

would make a date with me. I have

overheard them calling me 'string

bean ' and 'toothpick model,' and a

remarks some of these people pass. I

feel so blue when I see the other girls

going out all the time. I have a good

disposition, but being homely and thin

holds me back and makes my life mis-

erable. I am a failure in life. I don't

have luck getting a job, either. The

employer just looks at me and tells me

the place is filled. If you could help me

put on some fat and become better

looking I would be the happiest in-

IN ACCORDANCE WITH

MARGIE'S DREAM.

T was my misfortune several years

age to be in a hospital for two months. Time passed slowly until

I made the acquaintance of another

patient who proved to be more than

congenial as the days passed by.

Among her daily visitors we even

shared our callers was a charming

young girl who my friend explained

was engaged to her son. I happened

to be wearing a dramend at the same

time, so it was only natural that I was

much interested in their leve affair

linb, the son, was with the American

stead of

"I just feel ack of living through

lot of other names like that.

"I am an orphan and I am 20 years

"Dear Miss Donnelly: Lhave read

ere was appeal so direct, straight,

to look it.

great a dearth of poundage as to ex-pose bones, knuckles, and paisful I sent her an answer, with the reangles? Or one whose complexion is sailow, blotched, or blemished? Or she quest that she come to my office. She came the following day. who suddenly awakens to a widening She was thin, all right. The dress chasm between her and the one who she wore and the hat accentuated the sometime back promised to cherish and to love her, due perhaps to her

Homely? I made a mental appraisal: Particularly good eyes.

attention; easily enough remedled. Hair good color, dark brown, but bobbed with shears nowise concerned about aiding and abetting the cause of beauty. Straight like an Indian's, brushed sharply back off a high forehead, caught with a comb that was without decorative intent, and hanging straight over the ears, with a dip down on its backward course, which was most unbecoming. But the long slender neck and shapely head promised well for future operation on a coffure handled expertly.

Complexion: Skin with slight and easily remedied blemises, but colorless. Figure not so good. Walks badly; stands badly; nervous awkwardness about it, showing decidedly in the carrying of hands and feet. Corrective exercise, deep breathing, food to rebuild, instructions on grace and carriage-and that could be changed read-

fly enough. Expression: Discouraged, unhappy, drawn down mouth corners, all regis-tering her hopeless attitude toward life in general. Easy to change that.

Sees Her Possibilities.

Clothes: Therein lies much of the discouragement, if she but knew it. Dull, dead black taffeta dress with wrong lines for one so thin; hat with upturned brim carrying on its upward trend an exaggerated tilt to her nose. Shoes-well, they could be improved upon. Feet quite good and ankles neat.

"I paid \$35 for this dress," she told "I don't know how to dress. I always buy the wrong thing." She confided she had some money she would gladly spend for the right dress and hat if I thought that would help

Summarizing: Although a casual observer may have doubted her possibilities, I saw that wonderful things could be done for the girl. So I extracted a promise, eagerly given, that she would put herself in my hands for five weeks, at the end of which time I could pretty safely guarantee her a smiling, 1922, up to the minute model Ruth. Certain forms of exercise-not strenuous-were to be done daily; certain foods to be eaten; certain daily care of skin and hair and hands, and then a final shopping trip, with no extravagance to be indulged in, how-

tures, she was an apt pupil. She ac-quired a graceful walk, a well poised make it milky. "The Unhapplest Girl in the World."

REAL LOVE STORIES

his letters, little incidents in his life

that the mother related, and the in-

terest others displayed in him it was

easy for me to imagine what an ideal

sort of a chap he must be. Up to that

time his life had been apparently one

of sacrifice. He had given up school

early that he might work and make

life easier for his mother and the

After war was declared he enlisted

and was sent almost at once to France.

The savings from his small monthly

check were divided equally between

his mother and Margin, "the girl.

The whole family fairly radiated love,

and already Margie seemed to be one

of them. It was she who paid the doc-

tor for the operation when the mother

was pussiing how it could be managed

-paid, too, with the money Bob had

sent her and which she had hoped

the same unselfish way she cared for

the younger children during the moth-

beaming. A letter had just come from

Bob telling her he was on his way

home and wanted to marry her as soon

exclaimed, "only last night I dreamed

" And can you bragins, mother," she

as he reached New York.

One morning she burst into our room

some day to use in her own home.

younger children.

troops in France at the time. From that he fell in love with a nurse and

manner in addition to her fifteen pounds, a real honest to goodstess rosy "P. S.-I hope you will answer my letter with good news."
Making a Survey. complexion, a winning expression, and a number of other assets, all of which I shall reveal to you in a series begin ning next Sunday on "How I Transformed Ruth Into a Beauty."

DISGUSTED: THEN I WOULDN'T try so hard a diet. Go at it easily. Pretty good teeth, in need of a little In fact, I think it an excellent idea to begin by shaving off at every meal, eating the same things you have been, which seem to tickle your palate so, but one-third less quantity. Then reduce to one-balf the quantity, and if you survive that and still have pounds spare, go on the rigid fast.

ELSIE DE R.: RHUBARB IS AN excellent spring food. There is a great deal of iron in rhubarb. People do not eat enough of it. Beets, too, are health ful for the same reason. In fact, any apring fruit and vegetable may be consumed in generous proportions with the knowledge that it is going to produce a better complexion and digestive thing to do with your general health, since direction tils and constinution are the base of 75 per cent of the ills o

Answers to Beauty Queries.

(Mishkin Photo.)

HELEN: USE SPIRITS OF CAMphor for the hands. The formula you refer to is equal parts of the cam phor and glycerin. It will work won dere. Rub it into the skin thoroughly before retiring. It is both softening and whitening. Be careful to dry you hands well after washing. Not doing so causes chapped hands.

L. H.: LEMON JUICE IS GOOD for whitening the skin of the neck: But, dear, you must not expect rea thick slice rubbed over the neckat night before retiring, and allow it to dry on. I would certainly advise against the peroxide bleach.

VIDA: THE WHITEHEADS MAY be easily removed by pricking the cover with a sterile needle, and pressing out the contents. They do not recur as persistently as blackheads, and the local care of the skin will prevent further trouble.

FATTY: FOR WHAT IS CALLED the "old lady slump" between your shoulder blades I have some perfectly good exercises that will rid you of it quickly. Send s., a. e. In the mean-time, learn to stand correctly and sit and walk with body erect.

GUSSIE: YOU CAN SOFTEN hard water by using the following Put one pound of bran into a muslin place in four quarts of water, and boil for fifteen minutes. Add enough of the bran water to the bath water to

Both laughed at the impossibility of

such a situation and began at once to

In due time Bob arrived in New York

but wrote that he was being sent to a

hospital in the east to take treatments

he could leave he would be home, and

Two weeks passed, full of anxiety or his part to be with the family and

Margie. Then came a week with no

came home bringing a bride with him,

Margin was crushed. My heart

went out to her. Perhaps the bride

deserved some sympathy, too, for sha

Bob had changed, the mother told

went into a home filled with resent-

me, and had fortified himself with such

once had he broken down, she ex-

plained, and then to exclaim, " O, moth-

I have often wondered whether the

thought to that dream as I have.

wall of reserve that questions and

ment instead of love.

atraight home!"

news another, and then the blow! He

nurse he had met at the hospital.

for concussion deafness. The minute

never married me at all!"

make plans for the future.

# FARM AND GARDEN

### Federal Tests of Cattle Gaining on Tuberculosis

By Frank Ridgway. Tuberculosis germs are doomed. Se entists are gaining control and killing them as rapidly as state and federal funds can be apprepriated to carry on the testing work. No victous escaped convict was ever feared more than is this destructive microbe. Dairymen veterinarians, and the general public are members of the posse that is out to eradicate tuberculosis.

15,000 Herds on Government List. Dalrymen are realizing that the value of their herds is greatly in-creased by the removal of infected animals. Farmers can no longer ignore the importance of having their herds tested and put on the government's accredited list. Most dairymen know this, but they are divided into two classes. One group wants to clean up its herds and cooperate with officials in every way; the other submits to

the test to help the sale of stock. Interstate shipping laws, compelling farmers to test cattle before shipment out of the state and retesting by the new owner within sixty days, have had much to do in interesting farmers in the federal government's accredited herd plan. There is no restriction on interstate traffic in cattle where the

owners are on the accredited herd list. Evidence of the farmers' interest in eradicating tuberculosis is shown in a recent summary of the government's work in cooperation with forty seven states. Approximately 15,000 herds, representing 325,378 cattle, are on the accredited list, which means they are free from tuberculosis. More important than this is the fact that 2,263,-578 cattle are now under government supervision, in the process of being accredited. There would be more on the list if funds were available to carry on the testing and pay indemnities,

Interest in Test Increasing. The report showing that there are 700 Illinois herd owners with nearly 15,000 cattle waiting to be tested indicates that dairymen are much in-

BEXTET OF PEEPERS They look like three prairie chickens and three quall just pulled from an old hunter's bag and strung along the wall to cool; but they are chickens used in J. G. Halpin's recent test made at the Wisconsin station to show how protein of milk influences growth. Trio on the right was fed corn and green clover; trio on left received corn, clover, and skim milk. Average weight at same age sens, respectively, \$5 grams and 260 grams. All chicks were of same hatch, Poultry experts say corn and clover or school and clover are not deficient. in energy, minerals, or vitamines, but the mixture is not as good as when milk is udded.

terested in the plan. There are three times as many on the waiting list in New York, and 132,129 in Michigan.

The interest in testing has become so reneral and the demand so great that H. M. Davidson, director of agriculture, and F. A. Laird, state yeterinarian, recently found it necessary to call a conference of farmers and veteri-narians in Illinois to decide upon the heat method of carrying on the testing. Dr. Laird opposed the area plan. The conference approved of it and recommended that the appropriations for indemnities of state and federal governments be divided; three-fourths to be used among the countles testing on the area basis and one-fourth for general

#### Wallace Favors Area Plan.

Five counties-Edgar, Montgomery, McLean, Tazweil, and Woodford-are now on the county unit basis, and six or more others will start the work after July 1, when the federal approprintion becomes available. After that date the federal government will have

\$1,728,000 set aside to pay indemnities and \$850,000 for operating expenses. Illinois has an appropriation of more than \$200,000 for indemnities. The government will pay \$25 for grades and \$60 for pure breds if they are con-

#### Pure Bred Hog Pays for Her Owner's Home

Hogs have been famous as mortenge lifters for many years. they are becoming prominent as home builders. "The House that Rose Built" is the most recent addition to hogdom's hall of fame. Rose, a Poland China sow, is queen on an Oklahoma ranch as a result of her con-tribution. She was a mere pig when brought to M. A. Shuler's farm near Lakamp, Okla., five years ago. With-in five years her owner has sold \$5,270 worth of her progeny, and still has seven fine pigs left. Pive thousand dollars of this money was used to pay for "The House That Rose Bullt"

## MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

The One Track Menu.

A few months ago while traveling with my husband in the south we dined with friends. Although I do not like oysters, I managed to consume the oyster soup which was the main part of the meal without appearing to be dissatisfied with the menu. The rest

of the crowd praised the soup highly. Last week, while we were visiting my aunt, these friends of here invited my husband and myself to dinner. Just before the maid announced dinner I happened to remark that it was a punishment for me to eat oysters and I did hope that she had not been the martyr that I was when our husbands had been so lavish in the praise of that oyster soup for which that southern restau-

rant was famous. My hostess said nothing, but the queer expression on her face was explained when the maid brought in oyster cocktails, then oyster soup, and later large fried oysters with the third course. As the woman had no sense of humor and wore a distressed look all through the meal, which for me consisted principally of potatoes, salad, and dessert, I had no opportunity to make light of it.

This Is a Sad Tale.

That this incident happened neither last year nor the year before you may know from the fact that at that time it was the proper thing for the girls of the upper classes at high school to wear their skirts to their ankles. I was lamentably out of the mode until the day I made my first public appear-

ance before the entire school assembly to show my skill in public speaking. That was to be a great day for me, and to celebrate it properly I was to

wear my first long skirt.

The day arrived, the hour drew near, the minute loomed. Mine were the parched mouth and the shaking knees, but I felt if those helpless knees would only carry me past the end of the platform and up three steps the worst would be over. I would stand face to face with the whole throng. Then, with my mouth once opened and the first word over, all would be well. In that trying approach the skirt alone would sustain me. It would be my one comfort. It was new; it was loud; it

It alone pried me from my seat, bore me up the long aisle. I could hear whispered comment of approval and admiration. That skirt steaded shaking knees, lightened my sinking heart. It lifted me up the first two steps of the rostrum i of the waiting throng, and there it betrayed me. Its unaccustomed length got under my feet on the top step. stumbled, ploughed forward, and faced my astonished audience on all fours, like an excited dog plunging suddenly from his kennel. Curtain. Emsig.

A Woman of Determination.

My moment of greatest embarrassment came on my wedding day. The ceremony had been carefully planned, and I knew where everyone was to

As I descended the stairs to the strains of the wedding march. I found. to my surprise, that the minister had

ferent way.

Just as I reached my place I interrupted his opening words by exclaim-ing, "O, this isn't how we should

Now my husband has a hard time convincing our friends that he isn't henpecked.

G. C. J.

She Forgot Harself.

Although I am but 11 years old, I have experienced a most embarrassing moment. One day I was called upon to read history. All went smoothly until I came to the "Star Spangled Banner.

I got to "Whose stripes and bright stars through the perilous flight," when I heard loud laughter, I stopped and came to myself. I

found I was singing instead of reciting. I hurriedly got through and went to my seat,

Too Late! Too Late!

I was at dinner at the home of a friend and, desiring to entertain, I told a story-true about a woman whe had brought her husband to court for nonaupport.

The worthy husband's defense was that he was a second lieutenant to the army, on special service, and couldn't afford to support himself, not to mention a wife.

And then it dawned on me mine host was second lieutenant on special service and his wife was working to help the family budget.

One of those heavy stiences followed.

asked him where he went or what he

nights were absolute vacations, small

did, and he never asked her.

# Is Marriage a Failure?

It's the Deadly Monotony.

When you were tired of school you probably played hookey for a day, and had a great time all by yourself. Even if you didn't play hookey there were vacations sprinkled through the whole

There are few jobs that do not offer some kind of a vacation through the year, and if they don't you will usually find some way to take one. Why? Because a vacation is good for you, gives you new life and pep-is different from he usual treadmill of things.

Married folks need a vacation from each other every once in a while,

Each needs to meet people, have good actly as they chose. The wife never times, and go through experiences that the other does not share. From my own case and those I see around me every day, I know it is the deadly monotony after the first year that breeds so much discontent. What could be worse than to be forever in the company of some one whose friends, thoughts, habits, and doings are just as familiar as one's own? There is

night a week they would do just ex

preference for a certain tooth powder

he was completely sold out of that

But, alackaday! Our hero caught

the flu. For five days he tossed fever-

ishly on the guest room bed while my

good mother plastered and doctored

and fed him; and I, my heart in my

throat with anguish and dread, was

kept rigorously away from his room.

But on the sixth day I was allowed to

carry his supper tray to him. Trem-

blingly I fluffed up my hair, donned

my prettlest middy, and ravaged my

pansy bed of its choicest blooms for

rapped gently upon his door. I

nothing to talk about. I know one couple that has stayed happy and contented through a long life together. They both may it is because of a plan they worked out, when both confessed to each other a dread of marriage. They agreed that one

After the children came they took different nights, but kept it up just the same. Lecture, play, movie, visit with friends, a new book—anything they wanted to do filled that evening. The others they had together, but this one gave a little touch of mystery, and they had lots of fun about it. Those

> ones, but they were all that was needed to break that feeling of being chained. There is no couple that can't figure out some sort of a vacation idea. And the best and queerest part of it is that no matter how much you want to get away from everything, you are usually just as glad that there is an end to the vacation.

> > "With All Her Faults-"

When I come home and find Mary has been housecleaning my rolled top deak, arranged all my junk in neat tiers, and burned some greasy papers I especially prized, I wonder if marriage is worth while.

And when I say to Mary, " Where's my pipe, that old one I always liked?" and she answers, "That awful black thing?" "Yea" "The one that smells so perfectly horrible?" well, I know she has made away with it, and I sigh for bachelor days.

When I recall the purple socks I used to wear and the plaid ties and green hat bands, which I gave up for Mary's cake, I half wish I'd taken Harry Jones' advice and stayed single. And this morning when I got ready a share and found my lone reser blade was dult and Mary suggested

that there must be a safety blade around some place, because she had ripped seams with it yesterday, why for a few minutes I vaguely wondered what I'd seen in Mary that evening eight years ago when she stood under the rose arbor looking up at me with the sweatest amile in the world except those she gives me today.

And I'll tell you what, when I come home to a coay fireside, and a good supper, in a wife who is always pretty and cheerful and true, who never nage or freis or complains, who inspires me to be all that I am, and then calls me a wonder, I thank my looky stars I married Mary.

### That First Love Affair had told the crowd of the young man's

BITTERNESS OF DISILLUSION. T is a weeping shame when one becomes so callous that one is willing

to retail one's shattered infant romance for a bit of cold cash. However, il faut de l'argent, which in this case means, the rent's due again While I was a sophomore in high



school a young man came to our town to conduct a series of evangelistic services in the church of which dad was pastor. He was a most beautifu young man-I use the adjective ad isedly-with the crisp curls of an Apelio and the langulating lashes and melting eye—two of them, in fact—of Every female in town be tween the ages of 15 and 50 was promptly assailed by the pangs of religious ferver, and tumbled pell mell

The evangelist, naturally, stayed at our house and I became the envy of why didn't they let me come every girl in school. I alone could tel what shaving snap our idol used, how or Margie has given as much sleaves, and whether he liked his aggs hard or soft. The drugglet told dad that within an hour and a half after

explanations seemed impressible. Only over each other in their capernous.

entered. And once again I looked upon that beloved eduntenance. Then I hastily set the tray down and closed my eyes, vainty trying not to see what had seen. Something seemed to have gone wrong with the beloved countenance. I know of nothing which da-

the dear invalid.

tracts more from the remantic appearance of a man than a five days' growth beard and a large blue woolen sock about the thrust. The cretwhile Homeo had both Also he snuffed-dread-fully! My hero! Snuffling! And he wore a nightablet! Not a debonair pair of eilk frogged pajamas, but a nightshirt, a hideous woolly one with brown splotches! And the ment of the lawly action from the quite plobian plaster on his man'r bosque well nigh

avergowered me! Well, that's all. I've never used his favorits tooth powder since.