

How I Transformed Ruth Into a Beauty.



Five Weeks Ago.

Today.

(Mishkin Photo.)

by Antonetta Donnelly

NEW YORK.—[Special Correspondence.]—Can hardly believe she is one and the same girl, can you? With but five weeks' difference between the "home-ly 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...

metry and the graces of a former day? Or, on the other hand, one with so great a dearth of pounds as to expose bones, knuckles, and painful angles? Or one whose complexion is as raw, blotched, or bleached? Or she who suddenly awakens to a widening chasm between her and the one who sometime back promised to cherish and to love her, due perhaps to her own carelessness about skin and dress, teeth and hair? There is grief and tragedy and romance and jealousy and other elemental requirements of a fiction tale in many of these letters that come to me...

"P. S.—I hope you will answer my letter with good news." Making a Survey. I sent her an answer, with the request that she come to my office. She came the following day. She was thin, all right. The dress she wore and the hat accentuated the fact. I made a mental appraisal: Particularly good eyes. Pretty good teeth, in need of a little attention; easily enough remedied. Hair good color, dark brown, but bobbed with shears nowise concerned about adding and subtracting 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 coiffure handled expertly...

Answers to Beauty Queries. DEAREST, THEN I WOULDN'T try so hard a diet. Go at it easily. 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-half the quantity, and if you survive that and still have pounds to 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 healthful for the same reason. In fact, any spring fruit and vegetable may be consumed in generous proportions with the knowledge that it is going to produce a better complexion and digestive system. Foods, indeed, have every, since digestion and constipation are the base of 75 per cent of the ills of the world. HELEN: USE SPIRITS OF CAMPHOR for the hands. The formula you refer to is equal parts of the camphor and glycerin. It will work wonders. Rub it into the skin thoroughly before retiring. It is both softening and whitening. Be careful to dry your 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 results immediately. Apply the lemon—a thick slice rubbed over the neck—at 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 alums" between your shoulder blades I have some perfectly good exercises that will rid you of it quickly. Send a. a. e. In the meantime, learn to stand correctly and sit and walk with body erect. GUSSE: YOU CAN SOFTEN hard water by using the following: Put one pound of bran into a muslin bag, place in four quarts of water, and boil for fifteen minutes. Add enough of the bran water to the bath water to make it milky.

Unhappiest Girl in the World. "Dear Miss Donnelly: I have read your many articles on beauty and what you have done to help people. I know a 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 homelier girl in the world. I am so unhappy I would just like to run away and hide where I never would see anybody. "I am an orphan and I am 30 years old. I never had a beau or what you could call one. And all the girls I know have got times, but I never do. I just have to sit and listen to them talking of parties and dances and fun. I 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 lot of other names like that. "I just feel sick of living through 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 miserable. 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 instead of "The Unhappiest Girl in the World."

REAL LOVE STORIES IN ACCORDANCE WITH MARGIE'S DREAM. I T was my misfortune several years ago 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 to me 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 Margie, "the girl." The whole family fairly radiated love, and already Margie seemed to be one of them. It was she who paid the doctor for the operation when the mother was pushing how it could be managed—paid, too, with the money Bob had sent her and which she had hoped some day to use in her own home. In the same unselfish way she cared for the younger children during the mother's absence. One morning she burst into our room beaming. A letter had just come from Bob telling her he was on his way home and wanted to marry her as soon as he reached New York. "And can you imagine, mother," she exclaimed, "only last night I dreamed

troops in France at the time. From his letters, little incidents in his life that the mother related, in his interest 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 younger children. 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 Margie, "the girl." The whole family fairly radiated love, and already Margie seemed to be one of them. It was she who paid the doctor for the operation when the mother was pushing how it could be managed—paid, too, with the money Bob had sent her and which she had hoped some day to use in her own home. In the same unselfish way she cared for the younger children during the mother's absence. One morning she burst into our room beaming. A letter had just come from Bob telling her he was on his way home and wanted to marry her as soon as he reached New York. "And can you imagine, mother," she exclaimed, "only last night I dreamed

that he fell in love with a nurse and never married me at all!" Both laughed at the impossibility of such a situation and began at once to make plans for the future. In due time Bob arrived in New York, but wrote that he was being sent to a hospital in the east to take treatment for concussion deafness. The minute he could leave he would be home, and then— Two weeks passed, full of anxiety on his part to be with the family and Margie. Then came a week with no news—another, and then the blow! He came home bringing a bride with him, a nurse he had met at the hospital. Margie was crushed. My heart went out to her. Perhaps the bride deserved some sympathy, too, for she went into a home filled with resentment instead of love. Bob had changed, the mother told me, and had fortified himself with such a wall of reserve that questions and explanations seemed impossible. Only once had he broken down, she explained, and then to exclaim, "O, mother, why didn't they let me come straight home!" I have often wondered whether the mother or Margie has given as much thought to that dream as I have.

Telling it to the Beauty Editor. Would you say it is vanity all that betters a woman, whose youth and beauty and wholesome desire to be loved, adored, and a genuine life are threatened with a daily demise in a sea of adipose, say, in wax to be to find out how to regain the sym-

metry and the graces of a former day? Or, on the other hand, one with so great a dearth of pounds as to expose bones, knuckles, and painful angles? Or one whose complexion is as raw, blotched, or bleached? Or she who suddenly awakens to a widening chasm between her and the one who sometime back promised to cherish and to love her, due perhaps to her own carelessness about skin and dress, teeth and hair? There is grief and tragedy and romance and jealousy and other elemental requirements of a fiction tale in many of these letters that come to me...

met 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 minutes 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 to the world 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 was long. It alone prided me from my seat, bore me up the long aisle, I could hear whispered comment of approval and admiration. That skirt steadied my shaking knees, lightened my sinking heart. It lifted me up the first two steps of the rostrum into full view of the waiting throng, and there it betrayed me. Its unbecoming length got under my feet on the top step. I stumbled, ploughed forward, and faced my astonished audience on all fours, like an excited dog plunging suddenly from his kennel. Curtain. EMKIE.

Is Marriage a Failure? Each needs to meet people, have good times, and go through experiences that the other does not share. From my own case and that I see around me every day, I know it is the deadly monotony after the first year that breeds so much discontent. What would 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 nothing to talk about. I know one couple that has stayed happy and contented through a long life together. They both say it is because of a plan they worked out, when both confessed to each other a dread of marriage. They agreed that one night a week they would do just ex-

FARM AND GARDEN

Federal Tests of Cattle Gaining on Tuberculosis

By Frank Ridgway. Tuberculosis germs are doomed. Sentinels are gaining control and killing them as rapidly as state and federal funds can be appropriated to carry on the testing work. No vicious 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. Dairymen are realizing that the value of their herds is greatly increased 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 income 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 225,375 cattle, are on the accredited list, which means they are free from tuberculosis. More important than this is the fact that 2,253,578 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 about 700 Illinois herd owners with 15,900 cattle waiting to be tested indicates that dairymen are much in-



SECKET OF PEEPERB—They look like three prairie chickens and three quail 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 proteins of milk influence 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 was, respectively, 44 grams and 250 grams. All chicks were of same hatch. Poultry experts say corn and clover or wheat and clover are not deficient in energy, minerals, or vitamins, but the mixture is not as good as when milk is added.

terated 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 general and the demand so great that B. M. Davidson, director of agriculture, and F. A. Laird, state veterinarian, recently found it necessary to call a conference of farmers and veterinarians in Illinois to decide upon the best method of carrying on the testing. Dr. Laird opposed the area plan. The conference approved it and recommended that the appropriations for indemnities of state and federal governments be divided: three-fourths to be used among the counties testing on the area basis and one-fourth for general testing work. Wallace Favors Area Plan. Five counties—Edgar, Montgomery, McLean, Taylor, and Woodford—are now on the county unit basis, and six or more others will start the work after July 1, when the federal appropriation becomes available. After that date the federal government will have \$1,750,000 set aside to pay indemnities and \$50,000 for operating expenses. Illinois has an appropriation of more than \$200,000 for indemnities. The government will pay \$25 for grade and \$50 for pure bred if they are condemned. Pure Bred Hog Pays for Her Owner's Home. Hogs have been famous as mortgage lifters for many years. Now 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 contribution. She was a mere pig when brought to M. A. Shuler's farm near Lakamp, Okla., five years ago. With five years her owner has paid \$1,275 worth of her progeny, and still has seven fine pigs left. Five thousand dollars of this money was used to pay for "The House that Rose Built."

MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

The One Trick 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 hers 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 restaurant 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 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. J. H.

arranged the wedding group in a different way. Just as I reached my place I interrupted his opening words by exclaiming, "O, this isn't how we should stand!" Now my husband has a hard time convincing our friends that he isn't henpecked. G. C. J. She Forgot Herself. 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. B. B. 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 who had brought her husband to court for nonpayment. The worthy husband's defense was that he was a second lieutenant in 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 sentences followed. W. K.

That First Love Affair

BITTERNESS OF DISILLUSION. I 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, if a fault do lozenge, 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 beautiful young man—I use the adjective advisedly—the crisp curls of an Apollo and the languishing lashes and melting eye-two of them, in fact—of a Romeo. Every female in town between the ages of 13 and 35 was promptly assailed by the pangs of religious fervor, and tumbling in a mail over each other in their eagerness. The evangelist, naturally, played at our house and I became the envy of every girl in school. I alone could tell what shaving soap our dad used, how vainly he looked in his shirt sleeves, and whether he liked his eggs hard or soft. Our druggist told dad that within an hour and a half after I

had told the crowd of the young man's preference for a certain tooth powder he was completely sold out of that commodity. But, blackaday! Our hero caught the flu. For five days he tossed feverishly 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. Tremblingly I fluffed up my hair, donned my prettiest middy, and ravaged my pantry bed of all choicest blooms for the dear invalid. I rapped gently upon his door. I entered. And once again I looked upon that beloved countenance. Then I hastily set the tray down and closed my eyes, vainly trying not to see what I had seen. Something seemed to have gone wrong with the beloved countenance. I know of nothing which detracts more from the romantic appearance of a man than a five days' growth of beard and a large blue wooden comb about the throat. The erstwhile Romeo had both. Also he snuffed—dreadfully! My hero! Snuffing! And he wore a nightshirt! Not a dainty pair of silk frogged pajamas, but a nightshirt, a hideous woolly one with brown spots! And the scent of the lowly onion from the quinine plianter on his mantle began well high overpowered me! I Weid, that's all. I've never used his favorite tooth powder since. R. M. B.



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