

UNDISCOVERED BEAUTIES

(COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)
All Rights Reserved.

THE MANICURE BEAUTY.

Her Horoscope

BY MINERVA MEARES.

THIS pretty girl was born on August 12, which brings her under the dominion of Leo, one of the Fire trinity. This gave her the spirit of independence which caused her to strike out for herself rather than be content in a domestic sphere. It made her courageous in facing the problems of life. She is very independent, and when she has formed an opinion it will be hard to cause her to change her mind.

Her ideals will go beyond her environment and desires, which will cause much dissatisfaction in life. The deeply set eyes accentuate the strength of character indicated by the nativity, and will safeguard her dignity, though the lovely face and ardent temperament will bring her many temptations.

In this life the scales will see-saw continually and the fiery nature of Leo, which gives her a passionate heart, high temper and much of the aggressive in her mental attitude, will occasion frequent battles royal with her innate idealism and nice sense of justice.

The nativity indicates also the love of music, which is carried out in the fulness of the eyelid.

She has a good mental equipment, can decide matters for herself and decide them quickly, will be a clear and forceful reasoner and quite willing at any time to enter into and enjoy an argument.

While the shadow and sunshine will chase each other rather tempestuously over her destiny, a natural buoyancy will help carry her through disappointment and disillusion, and in the end she is promised fair success. She should marry a man born between March 21 and April 19 or between November 22 and December 21.



THE STORY OF HER DAY'S WORK.

SHE stands before the mirror and regards herself critically. Yes, she is pale. Uncertainly she fingers the box of pink stuff she bought last night. Tentatively she rubs a little of it upon her forefinger and then upon her white cheek. She surveys her reflection with a heightened interest. She dabs a bit upon the other cheek and beams at the result. Then she goes at it seriously. When it is finished she regards herself with complacency. She tucks her fresh white waist carefully into her jacket, puts on her hat and hurries out. It is nearly half-past eight and she is due at the hotel before then.

It has not mattered so much how she looked heretofore. They were not very particular in the "manicure parlor" which she left yesterday and where she had her training. She had to give four weeks' service to learn, but it was quick learning. Two of the girls taught her and suffered her to experiment upon their nails, and then, at the close of the second day, there was a rush of customers and she was given one. She remembers how her hands trembled. She got through somehow and by the end of the first week she was working hard, although she was still afraid. When the tension of the long day was over she would shiver between the bed covers. Twice her scissors slipped and she brought blood. She does not like to think of that now. When the "learning time" had elapsed they gave her eight dollars a week. She earned it.

The place was always crowded except on stormy days and the rules were strict. Twenty minutes to a customer—no more. She worked there for ten months. Sometimes there were twenty customers a day for each girl. It was hard work, especially as many of the customers' hands were uncared for, apparently, except upon state occasions. But now—and her heart leaps within her—she is

expert. Yesterday she was taken on at the hotel, where you get half for every customer—"half of fifty is twenty-five; two customers an hour for nine hours, that is eighteen customers; eighteen times twenty-five, eight fives are forty, eight two's"—she loses herself in her calculating as she enters the hotel.

The forewoman looks her over critically. The new girl is a little afraid of her and she shivers a little as the cold gaze travels up from her feet to her head. Hotel girls must come up to a certain standard, both in appearance and in manicuring. The woman's gaze travels past a polished high heeled small boot and a tidy skirt hem up to an immaculate white starched and ironed waist, past a coquettish frill, a white collar to a tiny pointed chin, a full lipped scarlet mouth, a delicate nose, thick dark lashes fringing downcast lids under arched brows. A deeper shade of the pink she so carefully applied is flooding the charming face; it turns rosy the tips of her tiny ears, crimson the white brow to the roots of her fluffy masses of black hair piled high upon her head. The woman nods.

"You may sit here," she says. The downcast lids suddenly lift, revealing what has heretofore been hidden, a pair of glorious violet eyes. She places her hat and jacket and seats herself as she is bid, while the head woman lingers near. She has not seen the new girl's hands to-day. A manicure's hands must themselves be in perfect condition. She smiles as she sees them. She had approved of the new girl's hands yesterday and they are even better cared for to-day. Long, tapering fingers with rosy nails ever so little pointed, white skin, soft as a baby's—a girl with hands like those will need watching.

A man enters and takes the chair opposite hers. She

holds out her hand and takes his. He starts a little. She raises her eyes. He is a man of perhaps forty-five, florid, a trifle stout, commonplace, rather loudly dressed. He starts again as he looks into the violet eyes.

"Whew!" he whistles. "Say, Peaches, give me a quick one."

It is her turn to start. In the "parlor" she has worked entirely for women, mainly housekeepers with stubby fingers. Never has she been addressed like this, nor has she ever worked with such a hand. It is fat, soft and dimpled and the nails are almost perfect. She begins. When she releases the hand and places it in the hot water she wonders. Did he really press her hand or did she imagine it? The lovely color again floods her face. The man bends closer.

"Say, Violet, going anywhere to-night?"

In sheer surprise she stammers:—

"No."

"Well, then, it's fixed. You and me to the show, to supper and anything you like to drink." He beams upon her.

Now she understands. She polishes his nails savagely and bites her lips. But the man still leans over.

"Say, where'll I meet you?"

Stung into a reply, she raises a very white face under the pink powder.

"You are insulting me," she says.

The man starts angrily, draws his hand away, slams down a dollar and departs. The head woman is at her side in a moment.

"What did you do to that gentleman?" she demands.

"He isn't a gentleman," says the girl indignantly; "he insulted me."

The forewoman sneers. "He did, eh? How?" The girl tells the story hastily and then looks up and is appalled at the look upon the woman's face.

"Well, I never. Insulted you! Now you see here. We don't want the girls here to make dates; they get fired if they do, it's bad for the hotel. But when you're asked out refuse decent. Trump up an excuse, say you've got a date or a husband or a sick mother—anything, but take the invitation as a compliment. And don't you chase away another patron or you walk—see?"

She sees. She sees in that one speech thousands of things. Life hereafter will be a constant battle between pleasing the head woman and patrons and maintaining her self-respect.

In the afternoon she goes upstairs at the forewoman's bidding to attend two women guests in the hotel, numbers 282 and 283. Number 282 is a faded little blonde with a pathetic droop to her mouth. The girl shudders as the woman calmly tells how her husband neglects her, of his dissensions, his brutal conduct; all the most intimate confidences of married life are poured into her unwilling ears. She is glad to escape to 283, a haughty matron who calls her "young woman" and directs every step of the work so sharply that the girl keeps her hands steady by sheer force of will. "Be careful!" is hurled at her every time she takes the scissors. When she goes downstairs there is a steady stream of men flowing into the room. All of them are not like the first.

Two of them give her money for herself. The forewoman claims half, but still she has fifty cents. Some of the men seem nice, although she hardly looks at them. As she puts on her jacket the forewoman approaches.

"See here, you needn't be a rascal. Don't give 'em a

The Precious Jewel of Beauty.

"WHAT is your fortune, my pretty maid?" "My face is my fortune, kind sir," she said.

And do you, pretty girls, realize that it is a fortune, and that it is just like other fortunes, in that it can be stolen from you if you are not watchful? And do you realize that it is, like a jewel, of much greater loveliness if cut and polished and set correctly? And do you realize that if you keep it cared for as something precious others will value it also, but if you cheapen it yourself it will appear cheap to others?

All of these things are very important to you beautiful girls if you will just think about it a bit, and it rests with you, with all of you, to be clever as well as bright.

How can your pretty face be stolen from you? Very easily, and you will probably find yourselves helping on the theft. Oh, yes, indeed! And I will tell you how.

There is a fable that tells us about two great rocks that sailors had an awful time avoiding. In trying to keep away from one, called Scylla, they were apt to wreck themselves over the other, called Charybdis. And these are like the two thieves that lie in wait for that pink tinted skin of yours, and the one is called Starvation and the other Gluttony.

You have your little ten or twenty cents for your lunch, but you want some combs with imitation diamonds in them, so you eat a five cent sandwich noon time and save up for the combs. That is how you scrape against the first rock. Or you spend you twenty cents, and you buy chocolate eclairs or mince pie and coffee—and you strike against the other rock.

Your skin looks just as clear for a while, but it won't for long. By the time you have worn the combs till the imitation diamonds begin to fall out your color will have faded and your skin and lips will begin to look the shade of putty, and the doctor will tell you that you are anaemic and charge you a dollar. Or the chocolate eclairs will make the skin coarse and bring out unhealthy blotches and turn the white of the eye yellow. And in either case the system will run down from what is called malnutrition—which means that you have not eaten food that nourishes. And your prettiness is gone.

Then perhaps you go to and from your work on the street car or in the train, and you take a "thrilling" story by Laura Jean Libbey, and in the crowded and swaying car you try to read. This soon means crow's feet at the corners, weak looking eyes and then glasses.

And instead of the novel, which brings oculist bills, why not do as one bright little girl did, who always carried a small book of good poetry, and memorized a verse or two, with closed eyes, each trip? She found the pretty, musical words rested her wonderfully after a long day's work as they sang a little song in her head to the rumbling of the car, and a glance now and then at the book was all that was needed.

As you sit at your work have your chair well forward, so that you sit up straight. Do not lean forward. When you do you strain the muscles of the spine holding the weight of the body at an angle. Let the weight rest squarely on the seat, hold the shoulders back and down. Every little while inhale to the full extent of the lungs. This will help the heart action and strengthen you.

All this means the care and "polishing" of that jewel, your pretty face.

And if you would have men admire you be gentle. Men stare at the girls who are noisy in public places, but they do not admire them, and your little ears would sting if they could hear what is said about you. All men respect the girl who keeps her little armor of reserve and girlish dignity around her. They may chaff and laugh at the other kind, but they do not marry them.

Show these men that your character is as sweet and dainty as your face is pretty. It is a very wonderful and very precious gift this that nature has made you.

frost. Be nice and jolly, but hold your own." Then with a momentary pity for the tired face she adds, "You'll learn."

The new girl hurries through crowded streets to her boarding house. After dinner she and her roommate, who is a cloak model, sit on the bed and talk it over.

She is very tired; the tension of the work, the absolutely necessary control of the fingers, the varying temper of the patrons have worn her out. She has felt all those before. But the men—they are a new trouble. She has half a mind to leave.

The cloak model smiles; she is three years the older. "It's all right; you'll learn."

She has a feeling that it isn't all right, but she gets a pencil and paper and counts—sixteen customers at twenty-five cents. She may make four dollars a day—and tips. No, she cannot afford to go back. And they say she will "learn."

And she is learning. It isn't an easy task to mix a little impudence with a great deal of discretion, to smile openly yet guardedly, to look into the face of a leering man with eyes grown suddenly blank and firm lips, to be animated, sprightly, attractive, yet reserved as a sphinx and unapproachable as an iceberg. It is worth even a salary of four dollars a day, which you get sometimes—and tips.

Part of that sum, as the girl well knows, must go away, for the day is coming when no matter how expert she has grown she must stop. As long as the slender form is youthful, the soft cheek rounded, the hair black and fluffy, the skin unwrinkled, she may stay, but at the first touch of time her occupation is gone; even the head woman is barely thirty. There is no place for a manicure who is old.

A charming portrait of an artist's model, painted from life by Mr. Leo Mielziner, will be published next Sunday.