



# UNDISCOVERED BEAUTIES

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## THE ARTIST'S MODEL BEAUTY



### Her Horoscope

BY MINERVA MEARES.

OCTOBER 29 was the natal day of this pretty model, and though she is of the Oriental type of beauty, her nature is far from indolent. She is shrewd, venturesome, positive in her opinions. The eyes are well apart, with a suggestion of the upward slant at the outer corner indicative of the Oriental, and the face shows distinct strength of character, which she needs to balance the impetuosity of her natal sign.

She is prone to go to extremes in everything, is of a highly nervous temperament, daring and original in her ideas, impatient of criticism or restraint, and the complexities and opposition which she will meet in life will but accentuate her aggressiveness and self-will.

While the shape of the lower part of the face shows determination, the great vitality of her natal sign will create a stormy character, buoyant and optimistic one moment and profoundly depressed the next.

She has a clear and logical mind, and though she will be dictatorial and very independent she will aspire to the better and higher things of life, and much of her emotional impatience with "things as they are" will arise from her failure to realize her ideals. Her nativity gives her good taste in dress and an impressive personality.

Even though her temperament be ardent, as is seen in the sensuous lips, soft eyes and cleft chin, her mind will be analytical at all times—that is to say, mentally she will never lose grasp of the tiller, although temperamentally she may head out toward seas and storms, little heeding the risks and dangers.

Her best chance of harmonious marital conditions would be in union with one born in the sign of either Virgo or Pisces, the former governing from August 22 till September 23 and the latter from February 19 till March 21.



### Cultivation of Beauty.

WOMEN do not realize that beauty is largely a matter of habit. While beauty cannot be acquired through habit, yet that which makes for beauty in facial expression can be greatly influenced by habit, the unlovely eliminated, the lovely retained.

In the first place, American women are naturally vivacious, and when they talk they gesticulate with their hands and talk with their features as well as with their lips and vocal organs. The result is that even the very young girls of our country are noted for the strained, eager expression of their faces, which settles quickly into fixed lines and wrinkles. The *masseuse* is then called in, but the years of tense muscular effort have done their work pretty thoroughly and artificial aids to beauty come too late to be very beneficial.

English girls are active and healthy, but they are taught the art of being still. Consequently English faces do not wrinkle till very late in life, and then comparatively little. American girls, on the other hand, wrinkle the forehead, frown, wrinkle the nose, also the eyes, purse up the mouth and play a game of complicated gymnastics with every facial muscle generally. This is not at all needed. You are stealing from words the eloquence that is their due, and language that is quiet and collected is far more impressive than when accompanied by excited and often exaggerated expressions and mannerisms.

Yawning, for instance, is natural and beneficial. But when you yawn do not screw up the eyes, stretch the mouth and corrugate the brow with a network of anguished lines. That is not necessary. The yawn will materialize and fulfil its mission quite as satisfactorily without constantly undermining your good looks.

Do not depress the corners of the mouth. When thinking intently about your shopping list or the style of your new gown do not assume the expression of a feminine Atlas and look as though you had the weight of the universe on your shoulders. Think as intently as you wish, but meanwhile let your face "rest." Study your mental attitude. Keep your mind and nerves calm, keep the face calm, and you will find that the habit of calmness will be a good one and that your general poise will improve. And your appearance will improve vastly.

These bad habits are but good habits inverted. So transpose them and give the same earnestness to the practice of that which is beneficial as you do to the mistaken intensity with which you carry the little responsibilities of everyday life.

One does not have to live one's life in a few hours. There are more days. And then will come the long, long rest. Look up where are the great revolving spheres—

Sure stars and sole to steer by.

There is no haste, no confusion there. Instead there is the great, silent system, swift and strong and sure. Just forget now and then the "thundering anthem of our clanging cars." Check your racing thoughts and bring them down to minutiae, gracious and sweet and stately.

Stand porter at the door of your thought and keep out hurry, discord. The mind has immeasurable compelling and impelling power, and, as like seeks like, the mind that keeps itself clean, serene, will attract conditions that are sweet and tranquil and lovely.

And all this your face will reflect.  
At times I see upon sweet, pale faces  
A light begin  
To tremble, as if from holy places  
And shrines within.

## HOW SHE EARNS HER DAILY BREAD.

THE rays from the skylight fall upon the girl's head. Tense, immovable she stands, one arm clutching the crimson draperies about her bared shoulders, the other stretched backward by her side. Her sandalled feet have been arrested in flight, one is advanced, the other raised upon the toes ready for the next step. Scarcely swaying, her form rigid, her features strained to an expression of intense eagerness, she stands, hearing, heeding nothing of the sounds of the street without as they float in and down about her.

"That will do." The voice comes somewhere from a far corner of the studio. The tense figure relaxes and suddenly drops in a heap upon the platform. Then the girl pulls herself together, rises, and, one hand still clutching the draperies, approaches an easel in the far corner. "Shall you need me to-morrow?" she asks. The man at the easel turns.

"I shall need you again to-day. Rest a moment." The girl obeys. She sinks into the nearest chair, every muscle relaxed. She shakes back the hair from her forehead and closes her eyes. The man at the easel glances at her carelessly. The abundant wavy hair which gleams like copper in the sunlight is dull and colorless, the long, pallid face, the dark, heavy lids, the severe chin, these convey no sense of beauty. The mouth only suggests possibilities. Exceedingly full are the lips, and vividly red, a blotch of crimson against the white skin. The long throat is perfect in contour, the bared shoulders curve in gracious lines,

The recumbent figure starts as the man leaves the easel and approaches. The heavy lids lift, revealing eyes of hazel, queer, penetrating eyes, scarcely ever fully open, but lurking under their lashes and gazing through half veiled.

"Do you want the runner again?" It is a wistful, shy voice, oddly at variance with the voluptuous form revealed as she rises.

"No, I want a new pose. Come." She follows him to the platform.

"Sit on that chair." She drops into the low seat. "Now draw your knees together, pin that stuff about your shoulders and put your elbows on your knees, your chin in your hands." Silent, she obeys.

"Now look at me, hard—raise your eyes a little." The man draws back as she speaks.

"You are Cleopatra, Circe, a woman who wants me to come to you; you are drawing me by your eyes, your mouth, your smile."

Who doubted this girl's beauty? Responsive to every word, the hazel eyes have grown subtle, alluring, the curves of cheek and chin have softened, the muscles of the body relax, the vivid mouth is smiling, drawn into seductive lines. The man catches a paper and outlines rapidly in charcoal.

"I will call it 'The Enchantress,'" he mutters. At the end of a half hour he says—

"You can go now." Again the tense figure relaxes. Then

the girl raises her arms high above her head. They are wonderful arms, firm, white, tapering. The man approaches her.

"You may come to-morrow at two." He drops two dollars into her hand. She takes them with a murmured thanks and goes into the tiny closet denoted by courtesy a dressing room. When she emerges she is clad for the street. The artist is again at his easel. He does not notice her. Slowly she descends into the street. It is almost dusk. She walks rapidly through the crowds, turns from the main thoroughfare into an unfrequented side street. At the grocer's shop she purchases cheese, bread, butter, olives and a bottle of cheap wine, and carries the things to her room.

It is a large room, up under the eaves of an old house. The roof slopes, and it is very bare, save for the hangings and pillows she has contrived. But it has two windows with seats and a view far over the houses below. She lays aside her jacket and begins to arrange the meal. Then when all is ready she draws the tiny table to the side of her couch, takes off her street dress, puts on a flowered gown and curls up on the pillows, munching sandwiches as she dreams.

This has been a good day. In the morning she went to the man who gave her her first work. He is hard man to work for. He arranges her in positions that suit his fancy, as he would a jointed doll. She shrank from him at first, and he emptied vials of wrath upon her. Then she

found that he regarded her as an automaton, and she yielded to his jerking her arms and head into position. He is very moody, very rude, very startling, but he pays. And he lets her alone.

He is not like the man in the studio over his own, who tried to embrace and kiss her the first day she posed for him. There are many like that, but she can manage them now. She curves scornful lips as she remembers how she sneered at him. And, curiously enough, he seemed to respect her for it. And then, this last man, for whom she posed this afternoon, he is a good man. He gives her one dollar for every hour, and he pays right away. If only he would talk to her a little!

Her thoughts are back with the days before she became a model—when she was in the big store. It was hard, hard work and she was desperately poor, but there was life in the place and she was not as lonely as now. She recalls the day a man passed her counter and returned and asked her to pose for him. She was half afraid, but she went one Sunday. He was cross, but it seemed so easy, and in two hours she had earned a dollar and a half! Then she left the store.

She had a hard time at first; models were plenty and she knocked at many doors in vain. Then when she was in despair work came—enough to justify the room under the eaves and the flowered gown. She knows how to pose now. Her plastic features can assume the chaste look of a Diana or the leer of a Bacchante at will. She lives the

characters she pictures, the emotions within the flexible body answer the thought of the artist. Sometimes she is half afraid of the spirit that rises within her.

But every night as she comes to the room under the eaves and the enthusiasm leaves her and she is very tired, for the strain exhausts her, she is very lonely. The cheese and bread are eaten—the glass is empty. The moon streams in at the windows, and she lies motionless and stares out at the sky. "A model's best years are between eighteen and twenty-five." She heard a man say that yesterday. She is twenty-two. There are three more years before she goes down to seventy-five cents, then to fifty cents an hour. Three years, and then—she pricks her nails into the palms of her hands.

"Sometimes," she thinks half shyly, "artists marry their models." Her cheeks grow rosy in the darkness. Perhaps, perhaps before that time comes some one may care enough for her. She turns and hides her face in her arm. In a few moments she is asleep.

When she awakes she is cold. She rises miserably and creeps under the covers. A clock in the distance chimes two. The moon has gone—it is quite dark. The hope that creased her has vanished. The ever present feet beneath the eaves; two or three more, and then—what then! She turns again and places her head upon her arm, but this time her pillow is wet with tears.

A charming portrait of a milliner's model, painted from life by Mr. Leo Mielzner, will be published next Sunday.