



# UNDISCOVERED BEAUTIES

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## THE MILLINER BEAUTY.



### Her Horoscope.

By Minerva Meares.

She was born February 14, this pretty milliner girl, and is conscientious and truthful. She is sociable, wants to be among people and where things are happening. If left to herself for entertainment she would become melancholy and restless.

She is very fond of dress, and will be clever and artistic about the minutiae of her wearing apparel and surroundings. Beauty of both form and color appeals very strongly to her. Her talent for details makes her ingenious in dealing with small problems, but she lacks the initiative necessary for the execution of large plans.

She has a religious temperament, being impressed by the form and ceremony of matters spiritual, and she will need the moral strength of her religion to keep her feet in tranquil paths, as the face is that of one easily led by others, helplessly swayed by outer influence and environment.

The character is sweet and affectionate, very loyal to her people and in her friendship, with a longing for the beautiful in life. She will be honest and just, and anxious to see justice done, but she lacks the aggressive qualities necessary for leadership. For this reason she will meet with disappointment and sorrows, and chafe at her inability to relieve the suffering of others.

The stars indicate that her worldly affairs will be very largely influenced by her friends. Though fond of her friends she will not be very tolerant of their faults.

The mysterious in all things will appeal to her more than the realities of life, but her mental reach will be circumscribed pretty much by the five senses. She should marry a man born between August 22 and September 23 or between December 21 and January 20.



### The Beauty That Lasts

THE old adage, "Beauty is but skin deep," has long been the comfort of the Plain Girl. It helps to stifle the involuntary envy she feels when she is confronted with a rival who has beauty, who is a radiant vision of exquisite color and faultless feature. "Ah, yes," she says, noting the rose leaf complexion, the sparkling eyes, the ravishing contour of cheek and brow, "very pretty; yes, beautiful, but it won't last!"

Then the Plain Girl hugs to herself the secret satisfaction that she possess accomplishments much more enduring than beauty, and she goes to her books, or her music, or her art, with renewed zeal. She makes the most of her opportunities. She takes up new interests, believing, with Shakespeare, that if she cultivates the fine art of personality, then "age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety." And she is perfectly sure that age will wither that rose leaf bloom of her fair rival, and that Time's finger will deepen those fascinating dimples into wrinkles.

But how does the Beautiful Girl regard this precious gift that has been bestowed on her? Does it ever occur to her that this beauty is fleeting? That the wondrous picture her mirror reflects to her must become dimmed and marred?

No, for youth, all youth, is arrogant. And beautiful youth is the most arrogant thing in the world. Serene, therefore, in the consciousness of her present loveliness, the Beautiful Girl is content merely to be. She does not strive to become. Let others who are less fortunate spend themselves in the pursuit of knowledge and in the cultivation of accomplishments. Her own great beauty justifies her existence.

Into the joy of her possession there comes no warning of the day of defeat, the day when the Conqueror, Time, shall have dulled the sheen of the golden hair and etched the fair, smooth skin with the criss-cross lines of age.

The grim meaning of the proverb about beauty being but skin deep never comes home to her. And so she makes no effort to supplant the superficial beauty of color and contour with the eternal beauty of soul and intellect.

This spiritual beauty means the daily practice of a lot of difficult virtues. It means sacrifice, unselfishness, self-denial, endeavor, a host of old-fashioned, uncomfortable, apparently unremunerative things. Is it any wonder that one who is rich in her gift of beauty should think them unnecessary in her scheme of life?

Yet these same commonplace and stupid virtues can give an added radiance to beauty itself and can even glorify plainness. The face that glows with this inner fire of the spirit makes the prettiness of youth seem insipid. Such beauty, the beauty of character, charms, compels and endures.

Vanity and self-satisfaction are the arch enemies of beauty. Just so surely as one day succeeds another will the passing of that charm come which rests content in its own appearance. It is a sad thing, indeed, a tragic thing, to see a face where the traces of beauty still linger blurred by the marks that ignoble thoughts and selfish habits inevitably carve. The great promise has been betrayed, the flower of beauty has been crushed.

The responsibility of beauty should not be ignored. It is a sacred trust and as such is to be cherished and cultivated.



## THE STORY OF HER DAY'S WORK.

"FELICE!" The slender, black robed figure rises, places the monstrous creation of tulle and roses upon which she is working on the table and

answers—"Oui, madame." She unties the apron about her waist, slips off her thimble and enters the outer shop.

"Felice, Madame X—is not pleased with this rose. She thinks—"

"It ought to go at least two inches further back," interrupts a crisp, decided voice in direct contrast with the suave tones of the proprietress. The owner of the voice, a smart, buxom matron, places the hat in question upon her head and indicates the rightful place of the faulty rose as she continues—

"Just here, you understand? And then on the other side move the bow a trifle forward. You think you can get it right?" She turns her searching glance upon the girl, who is standing by her side.

"Oui, madame." The matron looks at her keenly, takes up her jeweled lorgnette, and calmly surveys her from head to toe. Then she turns to the proprietress.

"Dear me, Cervier, are all your girls as pretty as this? You should start a beauty parlor!"

She resumes her own headgear, gives positive orders that the hat is to be delivered before six-thirty, not a moment later, and leaves.

It is now five-thirty. The day has been a busy one and

the girl is very tired. She takes the hat in her hands.

"You wish me to alter this?"

"Yes, and hurry it." There is no suavity about the tone now; it is sharp and rasping.

"And don't lose your head over that bit of flattery, either." The girl's cheeks crimsoned. Cervier's sharp eyes look her over. She is a country girl—no one would doubt that. The soft creamy skin, the clear pink of the cheeks, tell of days spent in the open. The way hair has never known the touch of tongs, the torture of "rats" and pads and puffs. It forms an odd contrast to the marcelled and padded coiffure of the mistress. Involuntarily madame glances at the tall mirror opposite. Involuntarily she follows the double reflection feature for feature. The fresh rosy lips with their delicate curves, the bright eyes, the fine lashes, the swelling throat, throw into unfavorable light indeed her rouged and pencilled and wrinkled countenance.

Even the girl's figure with its long free lines and gently rounded contours has a peculiar charm, although madame's own is a masterpiece of the best corsetiere and supposedly unquestionable.

The comparison does not improve madame's temper. She has taken the hat from the girl; now she thrusts it back into her hands.

"Here, stop wasting my time like this—and hurry!"

The girl re-enters the workroom, puts on the apron and sets about making the changes. She rips and sews with deft fingers, but her thoughts fly faster than her needle.

Her name is not really Felice, any more than madame's is Cervier. It is good for the business to appear French. Hence the patient study of some twenty phrases, including the "Oui, madame," which constitute her stock in trade.

Up in the country village where she grew to womanhood they call her another name. She cuts a bit of thread and sighs. It was a pretty place, that village. It nestled between two hills, and over the hills one could see most glorious sunsets.

She cannot remember the time when she did not watch the wonderful colors blend with the green of the trees and the blue of the sky. She has always loved color. The flowers in the garden were her greatest delight. That is how she found her profession. The village milliner had always made her hats, stiff, queer affairs, oddly at variance with the charming face beneath. Then one day as she arranged a nosegay an idea came. If in vases why not on hats? She went up stairs and ripped her new hat to bits, sorted over her piece box and went to work. She was a bit afraid of the result, but after church the next Sunday every one admired it, and she took so many orders and remodelled so many of her friends' hats that the milliner in despair moved to an adjacent town. Then came ambition. Stories of the wonderful salaries paid to milliners in the great cities—her father was getting old. She might be able to help. She must go. And so, half confident, half timid, she came.

It was a bit disconcerting to find that she must begin

as an "improver," that she must learn to make wire frames at six dollars a week. The price of board was disconcerting, too, but somehow by dint of close economy and a goodly wardrobe brought from home she managed.

It was hard work, especially for a country girl. The rooms were close, the air foul, but she took long walks to and from work, no matter how tired she was, for the wonderful salaries were there, if she could get them, and she must keep well. Bit by bit she climbed, from frames at six a week to making hats at nine, then at ten, then at twelve.

Then she became a "copyist" and copied trimmings on imported hats. For this she received fifteen dollars. At last she became a real trimmer and designer, and now she is with madame, who gives her \$25 a week—in the season. She sighs again as she remembers that the "season" is coming to an end. She must find something to do until next season starts. The summer time is the worst. Trade stops after Easter, and work on fall hats does not begin until August.

Sometimes she is lucky. One year she did well at a summer resort. Sometimes—well, sometimes it is a hard, hard pull to keep the little hall room and to send the weekly remittance home. She cannot go home often, but the money always goes—somehow. They are very proud of her, she knows, and even when madame is most trying and things are at their worst there is infinite consolation in the thought.

"Have you finished, Felice?" It is madame's sharp voice. She places the completed hat in its box, wraps it tenderly in tissue paper, and hands it to the boy who is waiting.

It is past six. She puts on her hat and coat and hurries out. A masculine form emerges from the shadow and joins her. She starts in alarm as a pleasant voice says "Good evening!"—then smiles reassured. It is only the young man who sits next her at table at the boarding house. She knows him quite well—he is from the country, too. But he has never met her like this.

"I waited for you," he begins, embarrassed, then he blurts out desperately—"Say, will you go to the theatre with me to-night? I want you to, awfully."

She looks up and meets his honest, earnest eyes. Suddenly, though it is very cold, she feels warm from head to feet. She says, shyly, that she will go. They part at the door. She goes to her bare little room, still warm with the glow. She puts on her best suit; it is violet—does she not understand color?—a frilly waist, and a hat concocted by her clever fingers, which any grand dame might envy. Her eyes are very soft as she turns down the light and descends the stairs.

Madame and the store and the dreaded end of the season, and even the hall bedroom she has just left, seem suddenly very, very far away as she sees that some one is waiting in the hall below. Some one—for the first time in her existence—wants her awfully.

A charming portrait of a stenographer, painted from life by Mrs. G. G. Weldersheim, will be published next Sunday.