

UNDISCOVERED BEAUTIES

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THE STENOGRAPHER BEAUTY.

Her Horoscope

BY MINERVA MEARES.

THIS Titian haired beauty was born in the fire sign, Leo, which governs August the second. She will be able to adapt herself to many conditions in life, and the underlying trend of this nativity is a determined effort for justice and purity, with pronounced religious inclinations.

She will experience many changes, as there is always a vague lack of decision, a desire to seek better conditions and surroundings; but many sorrows come to these people. All looks hopeful and bright, and though there are periods of intense depression the end is generally spiritual and calm.

She will have a buoyant disposition, will be artistic in her dress and taste generally, will be high strung and of a nervous temperament and will be critical.

This nativity loves prominence and has a strong desire to be noticed. It gives a love for the arts and sciences, where planetary conditions have been favorable for the development of these tastes, and the people born under this sign have their own ideas as to how a home should be arranged and managed.

The commercial instincts are fair and there is a strong desire to possess plenty of this world's goods and to achieve position; but these ambitions are met by many disappointments.

She will be proud, quick in thought and act, generous, with a strong love of her home and family. But the longing for change and possible improvement will somewhat militate against harmonious conditions in the home life. This will cause her unhappiness, but her natural cheerfulness and adaptability will carry her along safely through her little flurries.

She will make a very good mother, will be very fond of music and will be sensitive to the mental condition of those with whom she associates. This nativity gives a strong curiosity and intense interest in the smallest incidents occurring around them.

She should marry one born between March 24 and April 19 or between November 22 and December 21.



THE JOYOUSNESS OF BEAUTY.

MANY and various are the forms in which Beauty reveals itself to human souls. And it is well that it is so, for every time that we learn to appreciate a new manifestation of this divine gift to man we have added a joy to life.

The increase of joy, clean, wholesome, unselfish joy, means a greater power for good. Happiness radiates good will and sunshine. The men and women whose eyes see only the gray commonplace of life's daily struggle fall in their duty to the world and themselves.

Happiness helps; pessimism hinders. If we love beauty, if we can discover it in many forms, we will be happy.

To one, color brings delight. A bank of flowers, a sunset sky, the sheen of wonderful fabrics, the glories of autumnal foliage, are to him the most beautiful things in the world.

To another, form, the harmony of line, is enchanting. Sculpture, architecture, the tracery of winter boughs against a brilliant sky, the grace of youth, mean beauty to him. While to others the one supreme call which beauty makes is music. Color and line are sealed sources of enjoyment to them.

Wordsworth said:—

"My heart leaps up
When I behold

A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life
began,

So is it now I am a man,
So be it till I die."

That is what beauty, in its various and wonderful manifestations, should do for all of us. Our hearts should thrill with joy because we have caught this fleeting vision of color or form or harmony.

What aspiration for joy, what power for good there may be in a beautiful woman's face! Churlish and cynical indeed must be the man, envious and small souled the woman, who cannot unselfishly rejoice in such loveliness!

And when, to exquisite color and delicacy of line is added the serene graciousness of a beautiful soul, then this woman becomes an inspiration for poet and artist. She makes it possible for them to create that which will bring joy to thousands of men and women whose lives are cast in commonplace lines.

THE PROBLEMS OF HER LIFE.

BUZZ-ZZ-BUZZ-ZZ-BUZZ—

The blond head bent over the moving machine lifts with a jerk; the white fingers drop from the keys. Hastily grasping a soft pencil and notebook, the girl enters the rear office. The Head of the Firm looks up glumly as she enters. "Range three files," he snaps.

The girl sits down. She might tell him that she has had six interruptions during the transcription of one letter, but—what is the use? She would be told to return that if she had a hundred it is her business to obey that buzzer. The Head of the Firm has his gouty foot propped up on the chair before him. He glowers upon her savagely as he begins:—

"Letter to Page & Sydney.—Dear Sirs—Your report concerning last shipment is incorrect according to statements in this office—damn 'em, like to know when their reports are correct—ah—um—kindly examine figures in columns seven and eight—no, in seven and nine—ouch—that foot's jumpin' for all it's worth—I wish you'd call up the doctor and make an appointment for to-day—and, and"—A man appears at the door.

"How do, Westfield? Come in. Sit down—Get all that, Miss Mills? I didn't finish it? Read what you have—um—um—well, send back corrected copy at your earliest convenience. I'll want you later."

She slips from the room. Her head is a queer mix-

ture of columns and reports, but she has it all down and she will be able to decipher it later. She goes to the telephone, makes the appointment with the physician, enters it upon the memo slip, sends it in by the office boy and seats herself. Hardly has she done so when a second buzzer rings wildly. She takes pad and pencil and enters the manager's office. The manager is bland.

"Ready? Messrs. Black & Co.—On Tuesday last I purchased at your store some ladies' underwear for my wife. There were in all six pieces, consisting of"—

The girl grows pink to the tips of her ears. The manager is a fussy mortal, and the details are personal in the extreme. When she comes out of his office her cheeks are scarlet.

She sits down at the machine and begins again. Her fingers fly. Suddenly a third buzzer sounds. This time it is the secretary. The secretary is a young man, exceedingly well dressed, immaculately groomed.

"Good morning," he says, smilingly; too smilingly. "Good morning," she answers, her pretty lips drawn into stern lines.

The dictation begins. It is very rapid, very accurate, but it does not preclude the stare of a pair of bold eyes. She keeps hers steadily upon her book. It lasts nearly an hour. As she is leaving he re-

mains, tentatively:—

"I've two tickets for the theatre this evening. Would you?"

"Hope you enjoy the play," she promptly interrupts, and the door closes with a bang. Her bosom is heaving and her breath comes in little gasps. This is a battle that has been on for months. For a time she thought of leaving, but the pay is good—she earns \$12 a week—and in every office there is something unpleasant.

She looks at the clock. It is lunch time. She puts on her hat and coat, crosses through crowded streets to a restaurant, orders a sandwich, a charlotte russe and a cup of coffee and meditates as she consumes them.

She remembers the first office in which she worked. It was the salesroom of a wholesale cut glass house and in addition to her stenographic duties she had to dust the samples. She stayed there six weeks, just long enough to learn that she was pretty. One day when a buyer impudently told her so and her boss merely laughed she put on her hat and walked home.

She has been in four places since. Some have been pleasant, some have not, but always in the office or coming into the office there has been some one who annoyed her with his attentions. This time it is the secretary, who is discreet, but nevertheless annoys her until she is almost at her wits' end to know just

how to treat him. She finds it more trying than the head of the firm's temper or the manager's personal letters. She sighs and glances in the mirror opposite. She knows very well that she is pretty. She buys the nicest frocks, the daintiest frilled collars, the trimmest belts her modest salary will provide. She is always trig and neat. It has become a sort of gospel with her.

When she started she was ambitious. Now she knows she has almost reached the limit of her ability. She is an excellent stenographer, but she hasn't a business head. The second man for whom she worked told her that. He was a maker of slot machines and he sold them at any price, the same machine bringing anywhere from \$50 to \$100. When she understood she was agast. She told him in her straightforward fashion that he was a liar and a cheat and that she would not work in his office. At all of which he smiled and remarked:—

"You'll never get on. You've no head for business."

She hasn't. It's all a frightfully muddled up unfair thing to her, and without a business head she cannot get more than fifteen dollars. That isn't much to look forward to. She finishes her coffee and returns to the office. For two hours she works steadily. Then she stops a moment, goes to the window and opens it. At the same time the manager enters.

"Having a little rest?" he suggests affably. Well, then, you won't mind staying awhile to-night. I shall have important letters in the late mail."

It is nearly nine when she reaches home. There is a cold supper waiting. She eats, washes and dries the dishes. Her mother, a careworn little woman, greets her kindly:—

"John was here."

"Yes?"

"He's a nice fellow." The girl recognizes the appeal in the tone.

"Yes, I know. Good night, mother."

She goes to her tiny room. In a little while her mother, pushing open the door, fancies her asleep. But she isn't. The brown eyes are wide open. She is trying to think.

It is all a vague jumble—the office, the work, the secretary, the head of the firm's temper, her own weariness. And there is a way out. John—yes, she knows John is fond of her. And in a way she likes John. He is a "nice fellow" and he can take care of her; his salary is good. But she doesn't love him. Maybe she is silly, maybe she ought to—maybe she could—maybe—the brown eyes close and the struggle is carried into the land of dreams.

Poor little puzzled girl woman! Wait just a little. Sometimes, even in this dreary hard world, Love points a way. It may be John, it may be another who will help you to the path where happiness and duty walk side by side.

A portrait of the Waitress, painted from life by Mrs. G. G. Wiedersheim, will be published next Sunday.