

UNDISCOVERED BEAUTIES



HER HOROSCOPE.

BY MINERVA MEARES.

THIS pretty waitress was born February 14th. According to the planets that governed at her birth she will be strongly attached to her home and her own people, but her life will be filled with changes.

She is impractical, a trait which is denoted by the line of the eyebrow. She will not be enthusiastic about anything, will be slow to favor innovations and generally apt to throw cold water on suggestions.

Her imagination is strong, and where she lacks in enthusiasm she will still show a quiet persistence in investigating anything that attracts her interest.

She will love finery, will be rather critical of her associates, and prone to dictate. If angered she will be exceedingly caustic, and her imaginative temperament will cause periods of melancholy for which she can give no defined reason. Although impractical she will do well in routine work and show executive ability in those lines.

Her religious tendencies are pronounced and her mind pure. She will be very fond of poetry and of music, and her thoughts will run in the imaginative channels—will be given to vague dreaming, rather than in finding enjoyment in the more boisterous forms of amusement. This natal indication is verified by the eyes, which are wide apart, with drooping lids, and are of the meditative type.

The lips indicate the placid temperament, and while the character is neither strong nor aggressive there is a quiet tenacity of purpose denoted in the nativity, which is also indicated by the chin and line of the cheek.

She will ask advice on many matters, and rarely take it. She will be nervous and diffident about her world interests and about the opinions of people.

While she will not acquire much information through study, she will still have a faculty of absorbing information without apparent effort.

She will find a tranquil happiness if she marries one born between November 22 and December 21, or between March 21 and April 19.



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THE WAITRESS BEAUTY

The Universal Appeal of Beauty.

It is a curious thing how universal is the love of beauty. In lives where we least expect to find it, lo! suddenly we discover it. From peasant to king, from coal heaver to millionaire, one and all of us respond to the appeal beauty makes.

The laborer may look with derision on the Greek statue that delights the millionaire, but that does not imply that he is blind to other forms of beauty. It simply means that his taste has not been educated up to that standard. A chromo in a magnificent gilt frame may give him as great a satisfaction as the connoisseur finds in the rare marble.

While the lady of fashion takes delight in the wonderful shapes and colors of orchids, the washerwoman in the tenement thinks the pot of red geraniums on her windowsill the prettiest thing she has seen in many a long day.

What is it that makes the street sweeper pick up a crushed rose, brush off the dust, and put it in the buttonhole of his coat? It is because that bit of gorgeous color, that remnant of sweetness, calls out to him, and 'way down deep in his heart there is a response to the call.

This craving for beauty is an instinct. We are harassed by many petty cares, we are oppressed by the sordidness of the life around us, then suddenly our eyes fall upon something that makes a direct appeal to our sense of beauty. Involuntarily we say, "Oh, how lovely!" For a moment all the ugliness of which we were conscious has gone. We are happy in the vision granted us.

It all depends on what we look for. Traces of beauty can be found in almost every woman's face. In discovering them we have unconsciously increased our own artistic perceptions.

ACTIVITIES THAT FILL HER LONG DAY

"HAM'N eggs—one coffee—butter cakes." She sings out the orders in strident tones—one to her right, one to her left, one to the rear. The men in white aprons behind the long counters repeat the orders mechanically.

"Ham'n eggs."

"One coffee."

"Butter cakes."

She pours a glass of water, picks up a tiny napkin and slams them upon the table in front of the customer. Then she moves to the side wall, leans against it, places her hands upon her hips and relaxes. She has need to rest. In a few minutes the noon rush will begin. She half closes her eyes.

"Butter cakes!" The loud call arouses her at once. She goes to the counter and gets her orders.

Her table fills with marvellous rapidity. There are six seats upon each side and in them sit twelve hurried men, all anxious to eat, and to eat at once. She takes their orders and holds them firmly in her mind. Woe betide her if her memory prove treacherous! For every error in service there is a fine.

She rattles off the orders, rushes for napkins, silver and water. She fills four glasses and hastens back, two in either hand. An outgoing patron jogs her elbow. Crash! a glass is shattered to pieces upon the stone floor. The head waitress and the manager are upon the spot in an instant. Discretion keeps them silent. They note the extent of the damage and her number and she is permitted to go rushing on again, eager to make up the time lost.

For two hours she takes and serves orders at a rate that is breathless. At a quarter-past two, as suddenly as it began, the rush ceases. In contrast with the comparative quiet is startling. As she sings out the order for a late luncheon her own voice sounds loud and resonant in her ears. She half pauses, dismayed. She did not use those tones before she came here. The man notices her delay.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" he demands. "Can't you see I'm late?"

Thus reproved she hastens to serve him, but she has incurred further censure. The head waitress is upon her. In tense, even tones she says:—

"You were put at that table because you're a good

looker. There's a chance for tips there. Now stir yourself and make good."

She stirs. She hadn't an idea of tips. She has been upon the side marked with a gilt sign, "Tables reserved for ladies," until to-day, and she never got any tips there. On the men's side she might. She serves the order with alacrity. The head waitress has tactfully smoothed the patron's ruffled feelings and he is almost gracious. He leaves five cents beside his plate.

The head waitress approaches. "There, what'd I tell you? There's lots of 'em. Keep your eyes open and you'll get them steady. I've given you a fine chance." She passes on with the air of a gracious benefactor. The little waitress is sincerely grateful. She ties the nickel in her handkerchief and steals a glance at the mirror. They say she is good looking.

She pulls her apron more snugly about her waist. A man enters. Involuntarily she goes forward and pulls out a chair. The man sees her, takes in with a keen eye the attractive little figure, passes three tables and sits at hers. The head waitress smiles.

With the thought of that tip the little waitress serves him deftly, admirably. The man smiles broadly.

"Say, you're a little peach," he remarks. He talks a good deal as he eats, and she grows uneasy. He has asked her when she finishes work, what she does with her evenings, and she has given him evasive, half truthful answers. When he goes she shivers in sudden relief.

At four-thirty she eats her dinner, and rests for a few moments, smooths her hair, washes her face and prepares for the dinner rush. At the close of the day, at eight o'clock, the manager calls her.

"You're very careless," he observes, severely, as she trembles beneath his stern look, "but I've decided to give you another trial. You're a nice looking girl and if you ever learn you'll be worth while. I've fined you one dollar."

She goes home depressed, seriously studying the financial situation. She works from eight in the morning till eight in the evening. She gets \$6 a week and two meals a day, and a cup of coffee and rolls if she wants it besides. Her room costs her \$2.

Her meals on Sunday, when the restaurant is closed, average sixty cents. She usually loses fifty cents a week on fines.

There are so many fines! There is one for lateness, one for absence, one for breakage, for using extra towels, for soiling more than the regulation number of aprons, for serving wrong orders. Her laundry costs her seventy-five cents—that leaves her one dollar and fifteen cents. And now she has been fined that extra dollar!

In the morning she is at her post early. She hopes for more tips. She serves two men, her first customers, quickly and eagerly. The first man smiles complacently.

"I tip these girls regularly," he remarks, "and they all know it."

"Queer," responds the other, "how much trouble they'll take for a nickel."

Standing against the wall, she hears every word. Her pale cheeks flush scarlet. They do not know, they think; then the proud little head lifts itself erect. Let them think. She is glad they do not know, they cannot know how much she needs that nickel.