

UNDISCOVERED BEAUTIES

THE LADY'S MAID BEAUTY

Her Horoscope

By MINERVA MEARES.

BORN February 1, this nature will be proud, truthful, conscientious, with profound respect for religion. This girl will have a good intellect and reasoning powers, and will be proficient in any occupation in which she is engaged.

The evidence of the natal sign is corroborated by the face, which, with its low, broad brow, level eyebrows, eyes well set apart, with drooping lids, indicates dignity, intelligence, reserve and pride.

The ear is well placed, showing good mental balance, and the nose, slightly Romanesque, and strongly turned chin mark strength of character, which will jealously guard its dignity and honor.

The birth sign indicates a nature thoughtful and intuitive, prone to wander in the realms of the spiritual and mysterious—a nature that will strive quietly and patiently to overcome obstacles, but whose efforts will begin and end vaguely and darkly.

To this tendency the eyes bear witness, as people with the level, brooding gaze of the picture are always questioning the Sphinx, and back of their apparent serenity are invariably hidden pools of world weariness and silent disapproval of the great scheme of things generally.

This nativity will have great sympathy for its own people, but it will not extend beyond that circle.

It will be very sceptical, will be hard to rouse to enthusiasm in anything, and will require considerable convincing before it accepts or evinces interest in material affairs.

It will have a good deal of light which it cannot express, and will consequently live chiefly within itself, which will militate against its worldly progress.

Where enthusiasm is lacking it will be replaced to a large extent by quiet executive ability; the memory will be exceptionally good, and there will be no desire to waste money or moments.

Aquarius people are generally tall, dignified, healthy, with clear complexion.

If married to one born between March 21 and April 19 reasonable happiness is promised. A marriage with one born between November 22 and December 21 will be harmonious, but there will be no monotony about it, owing to the quick inspirations of both nativities.

THE STORY OF HER DAILY LIFE

"RONIN" still? Goodness, how many ruffles?" The pert, rosy parlormaid flips her feather duster aggressively as she speaks. The tall figure behind the board raises the frilled frock which she is pressing.

"I do not know," she returns, smiling. "I've lost count."

The parlormaid seats herself on the edge of the nearest chair.

"Well, she's awake," she vouchsafes. "I heard her ring. She'll be howling for you soon."

With a smothered exclamation the girl behind the board gathers up the frills, sets the board in place and vanishes up the stairs. The parlormaid calls after her:

"What's your hurry? Let 'er fume." But the tall figure needs not. She hurries through the long corridor to the front of the house. A bell is ringing wildly. She pushes open a door and then pauses for an instant, surveying the scene before her.

In the corner of the dainty room, upon the faintest of white beds, lies a woman. The room itself is a chaos of disorder. White slippers, silk stockings, lingerie, fan, gloves, silken skirts, occupy every available chair and are strewn over the velvet carpet. A voice from the bed calls dimly:

"It's you, is it? I've rung till I'm exhausted. I didn't call you last night. There aren't many women who would be so considerate, but it was after three, so I undressed myself."



The tall girl stands by the bed, listening. She looks rather pityingly at the small, sharp face propped up on the pillows. The scant golden hair, the big baby blue eyes, the pale cheeks and pointed little chin have a pinched, pathetic look. Even the occupant herself feels it, for she mutters with a tinge of jealousy:—"Good gracious, Porter, you're an abominably healthy looking thing. I'm frightfully fagged. Get my bath."

Quiet Obedience.

The tall girl's lips set themselves firmly, but she obeys. A more discriminating observer might have called her a superb looking woman. Tall, modelled on generous lines, she carries her head with the regal air that comes to two classes only—those born of long generations of gentlefolk and the peasant women who carry upon their heads heavy jars of water.

This girl, however, is no peasant. Every feature of the reserved face, every line of the well poised head and shoulders, betrays both birth and breeding. The severe coronet of dark braids surmounting the high forehead, the steady gray eyes, the straight, well cut nose, the tense lips, the square chin, contrast oddly with the service she renders. There is an air of repression about the whole figure which carries a subtle annoyance to the woman on the bed.

"Porter," she asks abruptly, "do you ever smile?"

The girl stops in the act of picking up a jewelled

buckle torn by impatient fingers from its satin slipper and shivers.

"Not often," she answers evenly.

"Well, if you did"—the small figure has risen and is crossing the room to the bath—"I think you would be quite handsome."

The girl, still with the buckle in her hand, goes to the mirror. She raises the window curtain to its highest point and deliberately gazes at her reflection. In three years she will be thirty. The face she looks at is intelligent, cold, reserved, well balanced and rather attractive. But if the eyes should sparkle and the lips relax their firm lines, if the cheeks should glow and the mask drop and the woman leap into being—she sighs and falls to arranging the dresser. Her mistress, emerging from the bath, claims her attention.

"I have an engagement to breakfast at eleven. Hurry my hair, get out my green suit, be as quick as you can."

The girl's fingers fly. The scant yellow hair is curled and dressed until, with the addition of switches and puffs, it becomes a modish coiffure. The stays are laced, the boots buttoned, the garments fastened one by one.

Unwelcomed Admiration.

Finally it is over and the girl starts for her own

room. In the hall she comes face to face with a man—a guest of the house. He blocks her way and eyes her admiringly from head to foot.

"D'ye know, I took you for a friend of Mrs. H.'s last night," he says, nonchalantly. "You needn't color, you look the part all right."

The girl glances about her hopelessly. The way is blocked. The man is a little—a very little—tipsy. He spreads out his arms.

"One kiss for toll. By Jupiter, but you're a handsome girl!"

She is a handsome girl. The gray eyes are wide open, the nostrils are dilated, the red lips apart. She flings her whole weight upon the outstretched arm, breaks through and runs panting to her room. She sinks on her knees beside her bed, buries her head in her hands and cries. It had never been so bad as this. Two years ago, when she found herself alone with the problem of self-support before her, the way seemed easy. She would teach. But impoverished gentlewomen were not sought as teachers; one must be an expert in pedagogy. Pedagogy was not in the curriculum of the boarding school which she had attended. A hundred brilliant ideas which she had were abandoned one by one.

Comfortably Housed.

Finally she came here. She is a success. She pleases her mistress, she is comfortably housed, well fed and her salary is adequate for her needs—twenty-five dollars a month more than provides for her

Adornment of Beauty

Nothing is individually of taste and selection more necessary than in the little incidentals of a woman's toilet. "It is the little things that count," and this truism applies with much emphasis to the details that go to enhance a woman's beauty.

As types of women are many, so also styles, coloring and lines must be many, and woe to the woman who relies upon the fashion plate instead of her mirror to tell her what to wear. Two women may weigh the same, have the same complexion and be the same height, yet there will be a difference that is intangible, yet unmistakable, which will necessitate widely different styles of costuming.

This cannot be taught, but can be individually studied, and the wise woman is the one who gives careful and searching scrutiny to her best "points" and thereafter, whatever the temptation of bargain or changing style, sternly refrains from wearing any but the mode best suited to her own peculiar type.

A striking example of the slavery of woman generally to the dictate of fashion has been in the pompadour roll for the hair, false rolls and puffs and distorted outlines of head. Utterly oblivious of the fact that she was marring her own appearance and detracting from what claim to beauty she did possess, the woman slave of the fashion plate promptly adopted the rigid pad for her head, strained her hair up and back over it, added ten years to her apparent age and detracted ninety per cent from her attraction. Yet a little study shows that very few women have the low, broad brow which alone can stand the stern and uncompromising beaddress of Mme. Pompadour. In the second place, Mme. Pompadour's hair was not her own, but a wig of softest silver, which offered no striking contrast to the face. For this reason blondes have stood the recent roll effect much better than brunettes.

Again, the pads and rolls of fearful and wonderful construction profaned that first and strictest canon of good taste, "Art must conceal art." The mechanically accurate "Marcel wave" and flagrantly false pad and puff would prove grotesque and distinctly astonishing in marble. And that is always a safe test for the application of the rules of beauty.

Hair, gown or hat that is a monstrosity may attract attention, but it does not attract admiration. The cannibal belle with the brass nose ring is an interesting looking lady, but though she may be a joy forever in her own set, we cannot honestly term her a thing of beauty.

Each woman is a type. Let her find out what type she is, dress accordingly and she will discover that she has individuality. The stately and dignified type does not appear to advantage in fluffy ruffles, and the piquant woman should not go in for tailors and serge. The Madonna face, with smooth bands of parted hair, has a charm of its own, while the same face with hair done high is commonplace. Black hair wants much brushing and no curling iron. Its beauty lies in its satin sheen. Hair light and fine, on the other hand, should fluff loosely around the face.

Where hair is lovely a spray of fern will enhance its loveliness. Where hair is unlovely nothing should be done to draw attention to it. Study Nature, follow her lead, carefully, cautiously, and the result will not be startling, but it will be satisfying.

simple wardrobe. Her mistress is kind to her—after her own fashion. Occasionally she is the recipient of a gown, which brings a fair price from the clothes dealer. She must stay; she dare not try the outside world again; she cannot do it.

She dries her eyes and begins to sew. A torn luncheon gown sounds. She descends and enters the servants' dining room. The second man and the parlormaid, who are enjoying an amicable fracas over the feather duster, stop suddenly at her approach. The rest file in. She makes an effort to be pleasant and turns to the butler.

"It's a fine day."

"Yes'm."

"We are having a great many guests. You must be busy."

"Do you think the new car will come to-day?"

"Probably, m'm."

She gives up in despair, swallows a few morsels and retreats. Arrived at her room, she hears merriment and laughter from below. She must, she must eat alone in her room! She is a damper upon those folk, who ought to be happy. She fits nowhere; even the servants will have none of her. Her bell rings. She hastens down the corridor.

"Porter, get me into that blue gown. Quick, we've guests for luncheon."

Defly she removes the green suit and substitutes the blue. Her mistress runs out volubly:

"Get out the new chignon, the corals and the fan to match for to-night. Have the tongs hot at six-thirty—I want my hair the new way. My nails must be done, and my feet hurt awfully—you will have to do them, too. And Mrs. Lewis, in the blue room, came without a maid. Go to her. She wants some things pressed. Do what you can for her. She's an awful crank—I do wish people would bring their own servants—and, Porter, you've been worked hard lately—here's a five—here's something for you." She lays a bill upon the dresser. The girl flushes, murmurs her thanks and goes to the blue room. Mrs. Lewis opens the door.

A Busy Schedule.

"Oh, you're the maid. Unpack my trunk and lay out the black gown and the things to-night. Then press that white suit. All my brushes need cleaning, and everything is more or less mused. My bath at seven, and come in to hook me up at eight. I'll do my hair myself."

The girl eyes the huge trunk in dismay. Can she ever get it all done? Somehow she manages. She unpacks, cleans, presses, dresses hair, manicures nails, attends to madam's feet, laces, books and turns out the two women in time for dinner at eight-thirty. She is too tired to eat. They send her some chicken and jelly and tea and she nibbles a bit in her mistress' room. At the head of the stair on the way to her room she pauses. From the dining hall below comes a burst of laughter. She kneels, a miserable heap, upon the top step and listens. A belated guest descending pauses and bends over the crouching figure.

"Are you ill?" he asks kindly.

She springs to her feet crimson with shame. So it has come to this—she must eke her meagre joy from the joy of others, as a sneak—a thief. She answers with a strangled sob. The man, uncomprehending, gazes wonderingly after the retreating figure. Then he pursues his way.

The girl has thrown herself face downward upon the bed. She makes no sound, but the cry in her breast is the cry of the tortured soul throughout all ages:—

"How long, O Lord, how long?"