

UNDISCOVERED BEAUTIES

[Copyright, 1909, by the New York Herald Company—All Rights Reserved.]

The Russian-American Beauty

Her Horoscope.

By Minerva Meares.

This Russian-American beauty was born August 17, which gives her a nature adaptable to many different stations of life. In youth she will have strong religious aspirations and tendencies, but these fade with the years, and she will become cynical and pessimistic. She will be a good mimic and be capable in many ways. She will want her life active and filled with color, and it will be changeable.

There will be love of home, but this will find channels that will lead the interest out of domestic spheres. This nature is very buoyant and happy, rebounding quickly from disappointment and seeming defeat, and she will be exacting in the demand that affection be shown and not merely implied.

There is good executive ability, but because the nature is fiery and restive under criticism and restraint conditions will not always be harmonious.

While she will be sympathetic she will want things done as she prefers, and will lose interest very quickly in matters if her ideas are questioned or opposed.

She will be intelligent and tactful generally in handling people, and have a certain popularity for that reason, but the nativity shows many warring traits and characteristics, governed as it is by the emotional sign of Leo. As the sign is from the heart of the solar nature, it makes reciprocal centre for all the forces of humanity.

Consequently she will be apt to be led, and not always led wisely, by those professing friendship. And in this way the emotional temperament will be prone to go to extremes.

She will be clever with her hands, and will have excellent taste in her ideas of dress and surroundings. This nativity seldom makes high attainments in life, though planetary influences will sometimes aid in making the life successful.

Marriage should be with one born between March 17 and April 19, or between November 22 and December 21.



Reward of Beauty.

PERHAPS there is no more frequently quoted phrase in the English language than "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." We use it carelessly, facetiously, meaninglessly.

It is quoted by the half-fledged literary amateur, by the idle chatterer, who has picked it up from some other chatterer; even the enterprising advertiser makes it his own to extol a brand of cigars or a style of furniture.

In fact, the poor phrase has been so mistreated and so abused that it has passed into the realm of the banal.

Yet there is a wealth of meaning in these words for each and every one of us. The vision of beauty which we make our own may be always our own. In the fraction of a second we can call up memories of scenes and images long since vanished from our actual world.

One of the English poets who loved beauty with all the strength of a deeply spiritual nature found beauty in the common things of daily life. Once he saw "a host of golden daffodils," and to him that glimpse of beauty was eternal.

In speaking of this vision he said:—"They flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

These words have a message for us. We can, if we will but try, look for the beautiful here, there, everywhere around us, and so fill our minds that these remembered images may flash into our memory and be a joy to us.

HER STRUGGLE FOR SUCCESS

"WHAT an unusually striking girl!" The ejaculation came from one of two men standing upon the crowded corner awaiting a chance to cross the street. His companion looked up.

Coming directly toward them, evidently also destined for the opposite corner, was a tall, graceful figure, a brilliant combination of purple velvet and ermine. The second man surveyed it placidly, but with distinct approval.

"She certainly is a stunner," he assented carelessly. The well poised head under the ermine hat grew a trifle more erect, the curved lips closed.

Not Altogether Disagreeable.

"She heard you," said the first man. But the figure in purple velvet gave no further sign. She is quite accustomed to overhearing remarks of a similar nature. They are not altogether disagreeable things to hear, although they make her uneasy for the moment. The purple velvet and ermine add to them, she knows, but—she looks down at her white muff and strokes the delicate fur—she loves them. She is going to have them; she has earned the right to wear what she pleases!

Even the sternest critic would not gainsay her. The purple velvet and ermine are acquisitions of recent

date. The glorious masses of red gold hair, the large brown eyes, the full scarlet lips—these have always been hers; they marked her as a beautiful child when she crossed in the steerage with her parents on that terrible journey from Russia twenty years ago.

Beautiful as a Child.

She was three years old then, and the wonder and discomfort of the voyage form her first definite memory. She remembers, too, that some ladies in the saloon, seeing her, sent for her and her mother. And they, too, had admired the long braids of wavy hair, which even then were remarkable, and the clear skin and great eyes. And they had prophesied great things for her and had given her mother money.

It seemed at first as if the great things could not possibly come. Often there was not enough to eat and she went with her pail for soup to the free kitchen where they filled it for you once daily. By and by she went to school; she liked that. She passed easily to the head of her classes. From an unnoticed member she became an object of envy. Her soul was elated.

But this was not for long. One day she appeared in a new frock. A schoolmate asked her where it was bought. Innocently she replied:—

"My mother does not buy clothes, she gets them

by the mission." And she had sealed her doom.

"Charity clothes," the schoolmate retorted, with curling lip.

Caste in Dress.

That night she cast the frock from her in a passion of weeping.

"I don't want it," she stormed. "I won't wear it. You must buy my clothes by the store, not get them from the mission."

"What?" asked her mother, sharply. And she had reiterated the statement, stamping her small foot. And then her father had whipped her with the strap hanging on the wall until there were great welts on her white shoulders, and at last, very miserable, she crept upon her mattress, undaunted, muttering between her teeth:—"I'll show 'em."

It became the dominating motive of her life. She would show them. She could get the first seat in the first row; she would get other things, too. Her small being was daily torn by a conflict of passions not pleasant to look upon in a child of tender years. But somehow it helped her.

It helped her to stand the meagre fare, the hard blows, that were her daily portion. It became her religion; she would show that she could look as the best of them.

There were few child labor laws to stop her when at ten she left school and obtained her first job. She came home and told her mother with pride. She was stringing beads in a glass factory at ten cents a day. That meant sixty cents a week; she could in two weeks get a new frock.

Strangely enough, when she got it on, the worn, discarded garment of some child one step higher in the social scale, she did not like it. Her ambition had progressed. Not only did she want bought frocks, but nice ones as well.

She got them. It is a long story from the first ninety cent frock to the ermine and purple velvet. She went to night school. She progressed from the glass factory to a paper box factory, then to a candy factory. She studied hard. She passed the grammar classes and entered the night high school. There she learned stenography.

Nights of Study.

Then she did a courageous thing. She left the factory where she was making \$12 a week and started as a stenographer at \$6. She was then seventeen years old.

Night after night she continued her studies. In the course of time she left the night high school and

entered the evening law school for women. Her salary steadily increased. Then she opened a public stenographer's office, and her earnings increased to \$40 a week.

She has succeeded in her purpose. The ermine and purple velvet are the response to the cry of the child:—

"I won't wear it! I won't!" But now, strangely enough, have arisen other ambitions which even the purple velvet will not help. She is very much alone. She works all day in her office; she studies two nights a week at the law school; she has never had time to make friends.

Means to an End.

She has taken her studies as means to an end—to money. In themselves they mean nothing to her. Even the admiring looks that follow her superb young beauty, as she goes, fail to satisfy. She has missed something, she knows not what.

There are those who claim that the love of dress is vanity alone. There are women on the avenue upon which she walks who smile with arched brows at the brilliant purple and white. And yet, sometimes, it is the key to better things. Out of the purple and ermine there may arise—a soul.