

UNDISCOVERED BEAUTIES

THE SWEDISH-AMERICAN BEAUTY

HER HAPPY FATE

FRIEDA stood on the deck of the steamer close by the rail and looked out on the promised land. How tall were the queer, narrow buildings, with row upon row of windows. How odd that there was no green to be seen—only buildings, high and low, with paved streets between. She leaned far out and scanned them intently as the steamer slowly came up the river. She was twenty, was Frieda, and she had come to America to forget Gustav. A year ago she had been accounted the prettiest maiden in the Swedish village. There were many suitors, but openly and above all she preferred Gustav. So, with much ceremony and much envy upon the part of both men and maidens—for Gustav was also good to look upon—they were betrothed.

Alas for the faith of Frieda! Gustav, tiring of his fair conquest, sought Elsa, a maiden in a town near by, and breaking his troth was secretly wedded. When the truth was known there were dark days for Frieda. A maiden jilted is less an object of sympathy than of ridicule and scorn.

Two years ago, wearying of a land which has no place for dowerless, homely maids, Pauline had gone to the New World. Pauline's letter was glowing. She was well, she was happy, she was governess in a good family to two lovely children. Frieda, heart-sick and weary, was seized with an idea. Why should she not go to America? She ran to her father. It was long before they consented, but finally, tears streaming down their cheeks, they bade her God speed.

Frieda, looking out over the tall buildings, is conscious of a sudden pang of homesickness at the memory of the loved ones. At the dock there is much excitement. Finally she reaches Pauline, a very trim Pauline indeed, in a tailored suit and smart hat. "I cannot keep you with me," she explained in German as the two made their way to a car. "I have got you a room near by."

"Ja," assented Frieda, meekly. She felt bewildered by the noise and traffic and nodded abstractedly to all Pauline's suggestions. The room was a bare little place and she sank down on the bed wearily.

"How long before I can work?" she asked. Pauline shuffled her feet uneasily.

"See here, Frieda," she said, "I never meant to tell, but you had better do as I did at first and go into service. You speak no English; until you do that you cannot find a place like mine."

Frieda stared at her aghast. Go into service, she who was graduated from the master school, who spoke both German and French and read in Greek and Latin! Pauline, too, had been in service.

Pauline went on hurriedly. "It costs much to board and study. How much did you bring?"

Frieda untied a little bag which hung about her neck. Pauline counted.

"You must have the money changed, Frieda. You will have two hundred dollars. You should not spend it; put it away for your marriage."

Frieda's thrifty instincts responded yes, but her soul rebelled. In the end she yielded.

It was desperately hard that first year. She found at last, when some of the two hundred dollars had vanished, a place as maid of all work in a small apartment. Her room, little more than a closet, opened out of the kitchen. There was just enough space to stand beside the cot. Her clothes hung back of a curtain improvised from an old sheet.

Because she knew so little English she was often stupid, and her mistress stormed at her. She was a fussy little woman, the mistress, and she was socially ambitious, which to Frieda simply meant innumerable dinners and suppers to cook and frills and ruffles to press.

Her Thursdays were her gala days. Pauline took her to the wonderful shops and gradually she acquired an American wardrobe. Then Pauline took her sightseeing. She was delighted with the great city. She wrote glowing letters home, never mentioning her true position.

Her eyes regained their brightness and her cheeks their rosy hue; she was again beautiful, more beautiful than ever, for her heartache had brought meaning into the eyes, a subtle charm to her rosy mouth. People turned to look at her in the street. The knowledge pleased her. She rarely thought now of Gustav.

She mastered English rapidly. At night she studied the papers; she appealed constantly to Pauline. At the end of her first year she applied for a place as nursery governess. It was a very different place from the first. The mistress listened gently to all she said, and then, before Frieda knew it, she had told her the whole story of home and Gustav and the year past. She paused in confusion at the realization, but to her great surprise the mistress engaged her at once.

Her new work was thoroughly enjoyable. She had a large, sunny room; she had her meals with the children, whom she loved at once, and the mistress treated her with a friendliness that surprised and delighted her.

She had been there six months when one day a man came into the nursery. It was the twilight hour and she was telling a story. Lucy, the three-year-old, was curled up in her lap, and Horace, five, sat at her feet with his head against her knee. Behind them an open fire glowed. The man stood in the doorway a long time.

Then he came forward, and with screams of delight the children deserted her and threw themselves upon him. She regarded him curiously. His hair was streaked with gray, but how young he looked! Then he glanced at her and smiled, and the mistress, coming home an hour later, found them chatting in German, quite like friends.

After that he came often to the nursery. He was a cousin of the mistress. It seemed strange to Frieda that he should talk to her so much when he came. But the mistress did not seem displeased.

Then one wonderful day he turned to her, quite suddenly, and asked her in English to marry him.

When she stood still a moment he repeated it in German, and then she found herself in his arms, and she was saying in a voice that sounded not at all like her own: "I know it in English—I love you." She had quite forgotten Gustav.

To-day she is the happy wife of a very rich man and they call her the Swedish beauty. And next summer they are to go back to the village in Sweden and see the dear ones again. She wants them to see her, how pretty she has grown, how fine her husband is, and, for she is purely feminine, she is going, in her most stunning gown, to call on Elsa and Gustav.

Her Horoscope

By Minerva Meares.

BORN on May 14, this little Swedish maiden would be patient and persevering in what she felt to be her duty and work, and her chief desire in life would be the establishment and maintenance of her home.

Coming under one of the signs of the earth, triplicity, she will have great powers of endurance, will be alert and quick in movement, and under a quiet and unemotional exterior she will have an exceptionally strong will and a deeply emotional nature.

She will be sensitive to the conditions that surround her, and to the thoughts and acts of those with whom she comes in contact. Though her nature is reserved, kindness and affection will appeal to her keenly and she will require much affection.

Her mind will be clear and discriminating, with a distinct mathematical bent, should planetary influences turn her to a business life.

She will experience many changes in home and surroundings, owing to her ambition to better her condition.

She will make many friends, who will care for her chiefly because of her steadfastness and reliability.

In matters of the house, she will wish things pretty and attractive, and she will be hypercritical in her observance of domestic routine. She will strive to attain harmonious home conditions, will love music and will have an appreciation of poetry and the arts.

She will be studious, but will accept the thoughts of authorities rather than originate her own ideas.

The nativity indicates the facile gift of adaptation, the ability to fit herself to the customs of whatever plane of society on which she finds herself.

She will be devout and zealous in church affairs, and sanguine in any cause she may espouse.

She should marry one born between December 21 and January 20 or between September 23 and October 23.



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