



UNDISCOVERED BEAUTIES

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THE WESTERN GIRL



SHE settles the brilliant hat with its bright green feather upon her head with a defiant air. She will wear red hats with green feathers if she pleases to, despite the insinuations cast by Mrs. de V—, who is guiding her steps societyward, that such combinations are too conspicuous. She hates Mrs. de V— and society, anyhow.

She runs down the brown stone stoop and turns abruptly to the right. The long, free stride, the swinging arms, the brilliant headgear, draw amused glances from the fashionable crowd leisurely driving and lolling down the boulevard. The glances are mingled with admiration as the strollers catch a glimpse of the face beneath the hat. Crowned with masses of black hair, set with wonderful deep blue eyes under fringed lashes, adorned with a Cupid's bow of vivid scarlet, the face is worth a second look. A faint color comes into the rounded cheeks. Turning again to the right she enters the park. After a time she finds a miniature lake upon which two bare-foot boys are sailing a homemade fleet—chiefly chips. There is no one else near. With a sigh of relief she sinks upon a bench. She wants to think.

She tears off the despised hat and surveys it critically. It suits her, but it doesn't suit that great Eastern city. She fondles it as it lies in her hands, and two great tears suddenly well up in the blue eyes. Those are for Dakota.

She was born there. In a little log cabin upon an interminable prairie she opened her eyes upon a glorious world. She loved it. From the moment her tiny hands could reach the latch and set open the door she knew no fear. Away in the tall grasses she ran. The field mice scurried, startled, about her; a host of cricket and summer flies beat about her face, but she held out her hands and laughed. They were poor then; she heard her father say so. But what did poverty matter? There was always fire in winter and plenty to eat all the year round. What mattered it if her mother wore a calico wrapper and her father patched overalls? So did all fathers and mothers.

There was so much to do—one was always happy. There were the dogs—what romps were possible with those splendid playfellows!—the cattle, the horses—she loved them the best. When she grew older one was her very own and she rode barebacked at will, long, long gallops, when the heart beat fast and the blood ran quick with the riotous joy of living.

Year by year there were more horses and more cows. If her mother continued to wear the calico wrapper it was from habit, not necessity. The log cabin stretched into a comfortable farmhouse. There was stuffed furniture in the parlor and framed prints hung upon the walls.

When the school term was over and she had completed the course her mother came for her. They had decided that she should go to a finishing school in the East. She protested. Her mother, grown socially ambitious, insisted. Finally she went.

Those two years are a remembered horror. She

neither walked right, nor stood right, nor sat right, nor ate right. She did nothing as she should have done it. There was not a single act or mannerism that escaped censure. And she, with some fifty other girls, went through the tedious daily routine calculated to turn her out a perfectly automatic lady who could do no wrong to the niceties of etiquette, learned

how to rise from a chair and how to enter a room, how to lift a fork and set down a knife, with hot rebellion in her heart.

Nevertheless she was not stupid. Rejecting firmly much of the instruction proffered, she wisely accepted that which accorded with her conception of her own personality, and upon her graduation she confessed

to herself that her two years had not been altogether wasted.

Coming in her white gown from the graduation exercises she found her mother in conversation with the head mistress. As soon as they were alone her mother became enthusiastic. She had secured the services of Mrs. de V—, of unquestioned social standing,

who would usher them into society. Her father would join them in a short time. The girl looked thoughtful. Then she shrugged her shoulders. She would try it.

She has tried it for three years. They have a magnificent house on the Drive, furnished in most aesthetic harmonies. Her mother, carefully gowned in subdued colors, talking in subdued tones, has a curiously depressed air. Her father is at home seldom. When he is he wanders through the scantily furnished rooms uneasily. Frequently he is irritable and restless. They have tried for three years. They are now on the outer edge of the social whirlpool, and it requires but a successful marriage upon her part to plunge them into the vortex. Mrs. de V— tells her so daily. This summer they are going abroad.

She sighs and looks again at the hat with the green feather. She doesn't belong to the Drive. Despite the years of training, despite the finishing school and the best efforts of Mrs. de V—, she and her father and mother belong to another social circle than the one toward which they are directing their efforts. Her eyes grow dim as she sees in fancy a mansion with tall pillars, with gorgeous hangings and much plush and gilt. It isn't at all aesthetic; it is quite different from the cool, correct house upon the Drive. In the mansion are a soft, low chair for her mother, a cushioned hassock for her father's feet, and upon his chair are broad arms where one may perch—

She holds out the hat with the green feather and smiles at it, a happy, radiant smile that leaves her face aglow.

"I'm going," she says, addressing the remains of the home made fleet, which had been wrecked upon the shore quite near by, "back to tell them. I don't think from the way they have looked lately that it will be very difficult. I'm going [she puts the red hat down upon her wavy hair and jabs the two hatpins in with decision] to tell them that we're all going home."

Her Horoscope.

COMING under the sign of Scorpio, this will be one of the cool, unenthusiastic natures, contained, critical, analytical of men and matters and of questions spiritual and mundane. She will be a deep student and wide reader, seeking the way of things and not finding a satisfactory solution.

Being temperamentally artistic and spiritual, with a mind on the penetrative and distinctly intellectual order, she will not be very optimistic, and she will regard the world and its affairs generally with disapproval. Her own aspirations being high, with a keen sense of what is just, loving truth and eager to redress human wrongs, desiring the sane and the clean, the duplicity and baser elements of the objective world will always be a sort of mental crucifixion to her.

Her personality will be striking and she will be of the type that will quietly make its presence felt in any assembly. Acutely sensitive to its surroundings and conditions, she will require of those to whom she gives her affection the highest and best.

Half faith and ragged honor would demolish all self-restraint, and her denunciation of untruth and all it implies will be decidedly cyclonic and sweeping in its effects. The highly nervous temperament will more or less influence the health, particularly the spine.

Confusion and disorder will cause her much discomfort, as neatness and orderliness are marked in the nativity. This demand for order, in the practical as well as the mental, will fit her excellently for a business or professional life, in either of which much success is indicated.

She will be unwaveringly loyal to the interests of her superiors, painstaking and solicitous for the welfare of others, interested in all that makes for intellectual advancement and progressive in thought and the investigation of new ideas. She should marry one born between August 22 and September 23 or February 19 and March 21.