

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## What Is Your Chief Attraction?

Three Types to Make You Think

Posed Especially for This Page by the Jardin de Danse Entertainers



Beatrice Allen.

By MAUDE MILLER.

What is your best feature? Do you ever stop to take stock of your face? Have you studied your fine points and learned to accent them—to bring them into the foreground as it were, and to make them overshadow your facial weaknesses?

Specialize on your good points and mercifully veil your bad ones, and with no more of a stock-in-trade than a wistful dimple or a curving smile you may "arrange" to be a pretty girl!

Up in the Jardin de Danse on the New York Roof there are three fascinatingly pretty girls, who are well dowered by Nature in diverse ways. And each one of them is clever enough to emphasize the good points of her pretty face so well that if there were less good ones no one would ever suspect it.

The first head on the left is that of the winsome brunette beauty, Beatrice Allen, who dances so delight-



Betty Martin.

fully. To her grace she adds a face whose lovely oval contour she does not spoil by any set conventional coiffure. Her high piled dark hair emphasizes the soft sweep of line from cheek to chin, and forms a back-



Lillian Bradley.

ground for her heavy-browed oriental eyes. Graceful contour is the thing Miss Allen strives for.

In the center is Betty Martin, who accents the charm of her soprano voice by the warming smile that gathers her listeners into a band of friends who are ready to listen and enjoy. There is something personal and intimate about Miss Martin's friendly smile. It curves a kindly mouth into generous curve and shows teeth that would sell any dentifrice. Charm of expression is the point Miss Martin brings out in a fashion to win friends and admirers.

Miss Lillian Bradley is a statuesque blonde who cultivates repose of manner, and very restful are her steady eyes, well-groomed hair and well-molded lips in these days of fever and unrest and acrobatic grandparents. Grooming and breeding make the fine-blooded horse and the aristocratic woman thoroughbreds in their class. And it is these same qualities that give Miss Bradley distinctive beauty.

## A Charming Style || Described by Olivette



This charming little afternoon frock shows the distinctive French touch and the delightful French taste, but the clever American fingers will find it quite simple to duplicate if they will just follow the guidance of their eyes and my words.

White satin, soft and lustrous, is used for the foundation. King's blue tulle or net is used to veil it. The bodice is cut in the prevailing kimono lines and is crossed by a small flounce of tulle stiffened with a tiny silk wire. The V decolletage and the sleeves are bordered by the same flounce.

King's blue satin forms the girdle, and a wonderful dark rose of mingled blue and red affords a touch of contrast.

The tulle skirt is crossed three times by double flounces of the tulle.

OLIVETTE.

## Dorothy Dix's Article

### "Parental Influence"

Both Mother and Father Are Needed in the Moulding of a Daughter's Character

By DOROTHY DIX.

A woman asks this question: "Which parent is needed more in the moulding of a daughter's character, the father or the mother?"

The answer to this question is, both. Neither father nor mother alone can any more mould a daughter's character bigly, broadly and symmetrically than one individual unaided could build a skyscraper.

Any girl who gets a square deal from fate has a mother who watches over her and teaches her how to be modest and discreet and gentle and tender, and a father who instills grit and courage and determination and the big impersonal view of things into her. She has a mother who teaches her to speak pink tea patter at parties and a father who discusses with her the effect of regional banks on the currency system and the Monroe doctrine in world politics, so to speak.

When you find a girl who has been brought up exclusively by her mother, and who has had no masculine influence on her life, you are very apt to find her narrow and prejudiced, full of petty ways and convinced that the most important thing on earth is to have a skirt four inches narrower than any other girl's or a feather half a foot taller, or to be the limit of the exaggeration of fashion, whatever it is. Also she is almost always overconventional and given to subsisting on chocolate cream.

On the other hand when you find a girl who has been raised by her father without a mother's influence she's pretty certain to be homesick and sporty; to lack a certain delicate refinement that of regional banks on the currency system and the Monroe doctrine in world politics, so to speak.

The world has always been so busy rhapsodizing over a mother's influence over her children that it has left itself no breath in which to speak of the father's influence. But the latter is equally as valuable and even more potent. The pity of it is that so few American children ever have the benefit of this benign power in shaping their lives.

For in this country it is sadly true that in most families the father is nothing but a cash register. He feels that he has done his complete duty when he feeds and clothes his children and pays their school bills, and leaves all the balance to the mother. He doesn't even get acquainted with them enough to know what they really think and feel, and what their real abilities are. He lets the mother set her ineffaceable seal upon them, although he may know her to be silly and vain and frivolous and everything he doesn't want his sons and daughters to be.

Most men recognize some duty they owe their sons along this line, although they generally never pay it; at the same time few men ever realize that they have a sacred obligation to help develop their daughters' characters. They feel that they can turn over their girls to their wives with a clear conscience.

Never was there a greater mistake. Biologists tell us that daughters are closer to their father in spiritual and mental fiber than sons are; that there is the same close tie between them that there is between mothers and sons. Common observation and experience bear this out. Every woman will testify that she has always "understood" her father better than she has her mother, and been in closer sympathy with him. She has found it easier to confide in him than she has in her mother—that is, of course, if she had a real human father and not a petrified grouch or an animated check book of a father.

It is just as true that every great woman has had a great father as it is that every great man has had a great mother. That is why talent so often skips to the third generation, and a great man's genius reappears in his daughter's son instead of in his own son. A father's influence over his daughter, when he chooses to exercise it, is potent because of this subtle bond between them. And he gives to his daughter not only inheritance but in training some quality of strength and bigness that a mother can never give. You can pick out among your acquaintances the women who have been chums with their father without knowing anything of their own history. They are more tolerant, less personal, have more varied sympathy with life than the women who have

been under exclusively feminine tutelage all their lives.

This being the case, is it not pathetic, is it not criminal, that more fathers do not seek to influence their daughters for good—that they do not spend more time trying to put frills on their girls' characters instead of buying them frills for their backs?

Think of the misery that might be avoided if fathers took enough interest in their daughters' beaux to influence the girls to eliminate the unworthy ones. Think of the sorrow and want it would save if every father influenced his daughter to learn some good way by which she could make a living should she be thrown on her own resources. Think of all it would mean to the world if fathers impressed on their daughters' characters an honorable man's ideal of honor, honesty and courage.

The father's influence is just as important as the mother's—the pity of it is that the average girl is just a half orphan, to all intents and purposes. She misses a father's hand in forming her character and so misses the best thing that life could give her.

## The Dade Massacre

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was seventy-eight years ago, December 27, 1835, that the Dade Massacre took place near Fort Drane, in Florida.

Major Dade and his command of 100 men were attacked by the Seminoles and completely wiped out, only four of the force escaping.

The head and front of the Seminole war, in which this "massacre" occurred, was Osceola, as pure a patriot and as gallant a fighter as ever broke into history.

The Seminoles were dissatisfied with a treaty that a few chiefs had made for their emigration west of the Mississippi, and when General Thompson was sent to remove them by force, they arose, under the leadership of Osceola, and began fighting for the land that had come down to them from their fathers.

They did just what the Americans would certainly have done under similar conditions. The United States troops were invaders and the Seminoles resisted them. Major Dade and his men were invaders and the Seminoles killed them. The fact that a little bunch of chiefs, assisted by American "diplomacy" and

fire water, had made a "treaty" giving away their country did not seem sufficiently sacred to the red men to justify them in submitting to the American claims.

Osceola fought like a lion for two years against vastly superior numbers, and in 1837 was made a prisoner by General Jesup, while holding a conference with him under a flag of truce, and imprisoned in Fort Moultrie until his death, which took place two years later.

Beaten in the field and bereft of their great leader, the Seminoles retired to the swampy fastness of the everglades and kept up the fight for five years longer, successfully resisting the onslaughts of more than 10,000 American troops. To this day the descendants of the Seminoles are to be found in the big Florida swamp, preserving in their features and in their courage the characteristics of their stalwart and gamy ancestors.

Osceola had every cause to hate the white man. His wife was seized as a slave, and when he protested and threatened revenge, he was seized by General Thompson and imprisoned for six days in irons. For this outrage Osceola killed Thompson, for doing which he was dubbed a "ferocious savage" and declared an outlaw.

Great is the mystery of the white man's justice. It is no wonder that the children of the forest were never able to understand the ethics and religion of the pale face.



## Prevention of Cruelty to English

By REV. C. F. AKED, L. L. D.

But is it cruelty? Prof. Jastrow of the University of Wisconsin feels that we are drawing near the time when we shall have to call into existence a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the English Language. It is being so maltreated, mangled, mutilated, that friends from near and far need to rally to its defense.

Small fines will not avail. Heavy penalties must be exacted from all those who, lending aid and comfort to slang phrases, the enemies of pure speech, are guilty of cruelty to the English tongue.

But is it cruelty?

And is it permitted to person who does not habitually speak American, who is content with his native English, and has spent some considerable part of his life in the study of it, to enter a plea in mitigation of judgment? He brings to his task this poor qualification, that during the years of his residence in this country he has been frequently called upon to translate into English weird American phrases brought to his home by one who admires without sufficiently understanding them.

The element of the picturesque has appealed to him. And while he remains constitutionally incapable of abandoning the speech of Milton for that of George

Ade, he recognizes that the historian will one day be grateful for the history hidden away in wonderful words. The commonest phrases seem to him red-veined with the life of our world.

It is certainly curious to find how the exploits of thieves have supplied the vivid metaphor "to get away with it." The train robber or highwayman or burglar is in the picture. He is exposed to danger and attack. His enemies are upon him. But he has the booty, and he "gets away with it." And so in daily life the individual who in the teeth of opposition or more than ordinary difficulty, when failure would be easy, achieves a success, is said to "get away with it."

Equally obvious is the companion picture: "Caught with the goods." A corrupt politician exposed or his rascally master denounced—it may be loftier rhetoric to say of him that he stands pilloried on infamy's high stage. To bear the pelting scorn of half an age; but the man in the street has said it all when he remarks that "he was caught with the goods."

Business supplies the phrase, similar in sound but not in sense, "to deliver the goods." A manufacturer of tradesman who can deliver the goods he undertakes to deliver is to this extent a successful man. No more is demanded of the writer,

the preacher, the statesman, the world-ruler of mankind. Can he do what he undertakes to do? Can he make good his pretensions and professions? Can he do the very thing that he exists to do? It is all there in the tradesman's sentence: He delivers the goods.

Cards—is it poker? Here the present writer advances with halting step some game of cards must be held responsible for the phrase which describes the reverse quality of this achievement. The man who cannot "deliver the goods," but who prates incessantly of his progress, is a "four-flusher." The new Standard dictionary defines him as one "whose ability and performances are inferior to his pretensions."

Our western world has supplied some living phrases. "To stay with it" is a variant upon the English "stick to it," and it has won the admiration of traveling Englishmen. It is the "cowpuncher's" phrase. It calls up a picture of the new man essaying to saddle and ride the unmanageable pony that is to carry him in his work. The pony breaks away, does his best to break the man's neck. And the youngster is exhorted to "stay with him." He learns the lesson of life, the lesson that nothing worth doing will be done or can be done by any one of us who will not "stay with it," stay with the task and neither run away from it nor allow it to run away with us, but "stay with it" until the victory is won. "Grub-stake" comes from the old mining days. In it is the history of the sleeping partner, the small capitalist with

faith enough in the capacity, integrity and adventurous spirit of his friend to risk the "stake" of the man's "grub" or food, with his equipment, when the gold seeker sets off upon his quest.

"Log-rolling," too, comes from the days of the pioneers. When the settler's first work was to clear the land of trees, his "logs" felled, he had not the means to move them. His neighbors in the forest and the wilderness, from a hundred miles around, came with their teams and gave the new man their friendly help. They "rolled" the "logs" away.

So a dramatist, a novelist—with sorrow be it spoken, even a poet—will revive in a journal to whose columns he has access the work of a brother craftsman, and when he himself brings out an immortal work the one whose praises he has sung is expected to sing his. This is "log-rolling," and it is not half so pretty as the friendliness of the pioneers which called the phrase into existence.

"Bully-dose" has in it a shameful piece of history. The word ought not to be allowed to die. For the future will need to understand more clearly than many of us at present wish to do the miserable conditions which brought it to the birth. It was first used in Louisiana, and—Advertisement.

## If Hair Is Turning Gray, Use Sage Tea

Don't look old! Try Grandmother's recipe to darken and beautify faded, lifeless hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray, streaked and looks dry, whispy and scraggly, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the tonic; you can get from any drug store a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," ready to use. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color, thickness and lustre of your hair and remove dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy, lustrous and abundant.—Advertisement.