

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Well-Dressed Girl * By Fannie Ward

—Something New in Velvet—



For Formal Wear.

By FANNIE WARD.
(Star of "Madam President.")

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"Some in rags and some in tags and some in velvet gowns," says the old song. But I think we of today, might modify that to "All in velvet gowns."

Velvet is the craze of the winter. For the street, for the boulevard, for the theater, for the ball and even for the bride, velvet reigns supreme in the mode of the winter as the favored material.

A recent bride had her wedding coat, her traveling suit, her most wonderful tea gown and even her bridal gown of velvet.

Rich in color and shading, soft and clinging in line, flattering to face and figure alike in velvet. Then, my lady, why not wear it?

In combination with fur or chiffon, with silk or lace, with net or cloth of silver and gold, velvet is rich and truly elegant. It acts as background and foundation, as trimming, and as gown itself with truly regal beauty.

If I were a girl of limited income and wished to look as well as my richer sisters, I would try to manage a velvet suit with a fairly long coat. Then I should have a simple evening gown cut off the same piece of goods.

Takes Off Dandruff Hair Stops Falling

Girls! Try this! Makes hair thick, glossy, fluffy, beautiful—No more itching scalp.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you just try a little Danderine.

Dorothy Dix

—ON—
The Nice Little Girl
Who Would Make a
Good Wife for Any
Man, but Who Never
Has a Serious Beau

By DOROTHY DIX.

Among my acquaintances there is a dear little girl who is everything that we sum up in the adjective "nice." She belongs to a nice refined family, she has been nicely brought up. She's no beauty, but she's nice, and pretty, and wholesome looking, and she dresses nicely, and she has been taught not only all the useful domestic accomplishments, but is a fine musician, and performs equally well upon the gas range and the piano.

This girl is exactly the sort of girl that every mother and sister would like to see her son or brother marry. She's the very type of young woman to make a good wife, but for some reason that nobody can explain she doesn't attract men at all. She never has a beau. She is never invited to go to any place of amusement by a man, and she's left looking wistfully after the other young people when they go trooping off without her to have a good time.

Naturally, this distresses the girl very much. She's young, and she craves the enjoyment that belongs to her time of life, and she wants to know if there's anything that she can do to take herself out of the wall-flower class, and get into the bunch, so to speak.

Of course nobody can really tell what it is that attracts a man to a maid. In its essence it is that illusive something that we call personal magnetism, and that is the gift of the gods.

We have all seen girls who were homely and commonplace to the last degree, who had neither conversation nor wit, and yet men flocked about them as bees about a honey pot. We have seen other girls beautiful, attractive, intelligent, and adorned like Solomon in all his glory, that no man ever gave a second thought to, and the explanation of the phenomenon lay in the fact that one girl had that mysterious attracting power for men, the come-hither look in her eyes that draws men on, while the other had it not.

Personal magnetism is the result of nature, not of cultivation, and yet a girl can do much to make herself attractive to men, for, after all, men are simple creatures and easily pleased.

Any girl with ordinary intelligence can learn enough about the things men care for to talk interestingly; she can acquire the art of listening with an expression of absorbed interest while a man talks to her, and unless she is an utter fool she can lead a man to talk about himself.

So vast is human vanity that every man or woman who meets within five minutes gives us a tip on his or her peculiar weakness, and we have only to follow that lead in order to make ourselves agreeable to that particular individual.

Most of the girls that I have known who never had a beau had only themselves to blame. They were girls that terrified men by either being so self-conscious and shy that a man had to do all of the entertaining himself, or else they were girls who were so monopolistic that they made a man feel as if he had been kidnapped, and was in danger of being dragged to the altar by his captor.

However, in a case like that of my little girl friend who wants to have a good time, and who is left out of all of the frolics of the girls and boys about her, the difficulty is squarely up to her mother. There isn't much that the girl can do herself to help the situation, but her mother can do everything.

What this girl needs, and the only thing she needs, is opportunity, and that her mother can give her. If her mother will get busy giving the girl a series of little parties, she will force the other girls to invite her daughter to their parties, and the young men to pay attention.

The other boys and girls can't so easily off and leave Mabel sitting at the window waiting for the party, and they are expecting to be entertained there.

Many a girl's social success rests on a basis of her mother's cakes and sandwiches. If nothing for nothing is the rule of the world, it is equally true that something for something always goes, and we can always get what we want if we pass the legal tender over the counter.

Mothers can make or mar their daughter's popularity in society, and it is well for them to remember that you can make people fight for any kind of a package of tea if you will give an attractive enough chromo with it. Therefore, it behooves those parents with daughters who are not run after to get busy baiting their traps.

If a girl lacks attraction it is all the more the mother's duty to make her home so delightful and so hospitable that young people will like to come to it. People will always go where there are good things to eat and a bright, cheery atmosphere, and against such a background even a dull and homely girl shines with a borrowed radiance. Also the people that you entertain are bound in common decency to make some return, and so the girl who could not go anywhere on her own initiative bows merrily along the gay social way through the momentum her mother has given her.

Youth is not only the pleasure time of life with a girl, it is the season of her opportunity, of her chance to marry and settle herself well in life, and it is just as much parents' business to help their daughters secure good husbands as it is to help their sons get into business. A grumpy father and an indolent mother have questioned many a girl's chances in life.

My little friend's mother could make her a belle and give her a joyous youth if she would. So could almost any other girl's mother, and the pity of it is that the mothers are too selfish and stupid to do it.

What Dame Fashion Is Offering

TWO NEW STYLES DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE



This most graceful evening frock on the left is made of apricot silk cashmere. The bodice is made over a foundation of light pink silk muslin, with an embroidered and beaded galloon.

A very wide piece of applique lace, edged with a narrow band of sable, passed over the shoulders, veils the arms and falls in two long ends, front and back. These points are finished by long beaded tassels.

The skirt is shirred very full at the Empire waist line, the head of which is rather high, adding to the short-waisted effect. It is trimmed with incrustations of beaded embroidery and is finished by a rounded train.

This garment attracts particular admiration because of the manner in which it hangs in the most graceful lines to the feet.

Many of the season's evening gowns are worn shorter than ever, and, in addition, are drawn up

high in the back. This style is illustrated by the accompanying model of "Jonquille," "souffle de sole" (Jonquille silk breath) and green and jonquille liberty silk on the right.

The bodice, made of souffle de sole, is draped both front and back with a crosstie, or Priscilla, effect, and is richly embroidered with immense green flowers covering the shoulders. The effect is a deep decollete in V, unlined and with very short sleeves.

The skirt is made up of three parts. The top skirt is of green and jonquille double-face satin, gathered very full at the waist, showing the pannier effect on either side, and trimmed with a huge bow at the back. It falls over a second tunic made of gathered flounces of jonquille souffle de sole. The lower skirt is of jonquille liberty silk veiled by souffle de sole of the same shade and embroidered with huge green flowers. OLIVETTE.

Why Not Courting in the Kitchen?

By WINNIFRED BLACK.

The housemaids of Cleveland, O., have formed a union, and they are greatly exercised over the question, "Shall we or shall we not consent to receive our gentlemen friends in the kitchen?"

Good for the Housemaids' union—I believe in it. Better hours, better pay, better sleeping rooms—I hope the housemaids will get all these things. Why not?

But about this kitchen business. Pause a moment, dear Madam President of the Housemaids' union. What is the matter with the kitchen? Is there something disagreeable about it? Pray tell! And, if so, when did its disagreeable dishonor begin?

Ugly? A good, wholesome, clean, bright, cheerful kitchen? Why, to my mind it's the prettiest room in the house. What's ugly about a shining floor, and clean, curtains, and a bright range, and rows of good cooking dishes?

I've seen dozens of stiff little reception rooms, with stiff little girl chairs in them, and a stiff, brocaded carpet on the floor, and a stiff gilt mirror on the solemn wall, that weren't half so pretty as a kitchen to my eyes.

I don't see anything disagreeable about a kitchen, unless it is dirty. Seems to me if I could cook well enough to hold a good place I'd be proud of it. I'm not ashamed, and, whisper, gentle maidens of the Housemaids' union, I never noticed any aversions to the kitchen on the part of any man I ever met.

This average woman has to argue with

her husband by day and by night to keep him from making some excuse to get out into the kitchen.

Don't send your young man away from the kitchen, gentle Missa or sweet Eileen. Lead him right in and see how mild and tumbable the sight of that shiny range and those rows of delectable spices will make him.

If I had a young man who was a little slow in coming to the point of talking about the flat I'd never see him anywhere but in my kitchen, and I'd wear a good, big, clean, servicable kitchen apron when I saw him, too.

Oh, yes, the tubs and the elaborate hair are well enough to catch his vagrant eye, but when you want to really ensnare him give him a doughnut or your cooking, or a dozen cakes or so with raisins in them, and watch the caution and the reserve melt from his manner.

WHERE CLOVES COME FROM

About two-thirds of all the cloves come from a little island named Pemba that lies about five degrees south of the equator, just within sight of the mainland of Africa, between Mombassa and Zanzibar. The island of Pemba is only thirty-five miles long and ten wide. It is a low, jungle-covered, fever-haunted spot, surrounded by coral reefs and inhabited by indolent, unintelligent and improvident natives and a small handful of Europeans.

The clove tree is singularly delicate and must have a combination of climatic conditions that exists in a few places on earth. Where it will grow at all it will grow wild and in profusion.

Captain J. E. E. Craster of the British royal engineers has just published an account of a survey he made of the island. He estimates the average yield of a tree to be thirty-five pounds of cloves, and says that with a little attention to the plantations this could easily be doubled.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

ner like snow in the spring sunshine. One isn't all for moonlight picnics and moving picture shows, Hilda; he just acts that way to please you. What Old really takes an interest in is a good fire on a cool evening, a comfy seat by it and something good to eat. By this necromancy shall you hold him captive, no matter what yellow-haired siren tries to steal his heart from you.

Men Welcome Mother's Friend

A Duty that Every Man Owes to Those who Perpetuate the Race.



It is just as important that men should know of progressive methods in advance of motherhood. The suffering, pain and distress incident to child-bearing can be easily avoided by having at hand a bottle of Mother's Friend.

This is a wonderful, penetrating, external application that relieves all tension upon the muscles and enables them to expand without the painful strain upon the ligaments. Thus there is avoided all those nervous spells; the tendency to nausea or morning sickness is counteracted, and a bright, sunny, happy disposition is preserved that reflects wonderfully upon the character and temperament of the little one soon to open its eyes in bewilderment at the joy of his arrival. You can obtain a bottle of "Mother's Friend" at any drug store at \$1.00, and it will be the best dollar's worth you ever obtained. It preserves the mother's health, enables her to make a quick and complete recovery, and thus with renewed strength she will eagerly devote herself to the care and attention which mean so much to the welfare of the child. Write to the Broadfield Regulator Co., 119 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their valuable and instructive book of guidance for expectant mothers. Get a bottle of Mother's Friend to-day.

FOG

A shadowy something drifting soft,
Gemmed thick with palling stars aloft;
The softened blur of apple trees,
That, swaying, whisper in the breeze,
And scatter atoms of rose and white
In blinding sweetness through the night.
And then—a thickening of the mist,
The silver blurred to amethyst,
And on me creeps the fog,
And through the depths of frosty white
Come memories of another night,
The scent of apple blossoms blown,
The mist—your mouth upon my own,
And you, afraid to give so much,
Came to me, trembling at my touch,
Then—mist strain, and memories go
Like phantoms—shall I never know
'What lies beyond the fog?