

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## The Suffragette Judge Has a Caller or Two

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### American Fashions for American Women

By DOROTHY DIX.

A campaign that should have the support of every intelligent woman in the land has been inaugurated by Mr. Edward Bok for the suppression of the Paris label on gowns and hats, and the substitution thereof of the home grown one.

The battle cry of this holy war is "American fashions for American women." Its appeal is to the good sense, the pocket-book and the patriotism of the women of the country, and here's wishing the new crusade success, and that the time will not be far distant when a respectable American woman will no more think of getting her clothes from Paris than she does her morals from there.

Too long have we been under the thrall of the fallacious idea that all sartorial glory not only originated in Paris, but stayed there, and that because a dress or a hat was made in Paris it was bound to be a marvel of beauty and taste, and have points of excellence about it that no other dress or hat made elsewhere, and especially in America, could possess. Paris has had us hypnotized to that degree that we have taken whatever she handed out, and have worn it, no matter what freaks it made us look like, without daring to criticize or question.

But the time has come for us to make a few passes at ourselves and wake up and face the truth, and that is that the repetitive artistic touch of the French dressmaker and milliner is nothing but a myth, and that there is no other such sloppy dressmaking, extant, as that executed on the banks of the Seine, and that when we buy a French frock we pay about \$60 extra on it for the pleasure of deceiving ourselves, and as long as we wear it we have the continual pleasure of sewing on hooks that were merely tacked on, and catching up drapery that ripped off as we looked at it.

Our blind devotion to the French fashion fete in itself enough, heaven knows, when we get the real article that is actually made in Paris, but it becomes grotesquely humorous when we find women willing to pay nearly double for a hat or a gown that is made in New York, or Chicago, or Philadelphia because it has a bogus Paris label sewed on it. Yet they do this every day, and \$9 per cent of the "imported" clothes for which women spend their husbands' good money were imported from Sixth avenue, and not from the French capital, as the French agent of the Mary O'Grady's, and Sally Jones, who masquerade as "Madame Therese," or "Clothilde," or "Fifine."

Recently a pawn shop that was investigated by the police in this city was found to have tens of thousands of the labels of celebrated French dressmakers and milliners that it sold to enterprising dressmakers and milliners here. Further, a man interested in this subject was told by the head of a large millinery house in this city that 80 per cent of his imported French models were made right in his own workshop, and the French labels pasted in.

Now there is no use in blaming the merchants for this duplicity. The fault is with the woman. They demand French goods and they are supplied with what they ask for. If they would ask for American-made hats and gowns, the merchant would be glad to furnish them. Nobody leads the double life for choice. Of course, in millinery and dressmaking,



### Daffydils



### Middlemen and Menials

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Technically, the middle man is anyone who stands between the producer and the consumer.

Most of the people who use the expression regard a "middleman" as an animated example of lost motion, a specimen of economic slack.

Edward Bellamy declared advertising to be an economic waste, and he explained that the cost of advertising was always counted in and added to the value of the article, and was paid for by the ultimate consumer. He then made his enunciation by eliminating advertising the cost of the article to the consumer would be much reduced.

To this argument we make no exception, but to the assumption that all advertising is economic waste a demurrer must here be entered.

"The woman past middle age," answered Madame Peave.

"And when is one past middle age? That's a question I've always wanted to know."

"Well, that depends upon how old one is oneself. I should say that one is past middle age at about 55 years, but I suppose when I get near that age myself I will shove the date on to 60 years or even later," laughed the young woman.

"After 55 years most women are willing to be classed as 'older' women, and they are the hardest people to suit. There are two kinds of these older women, and with both kinds a sales person has to employ all the tact that they are capable of."

"One kind of older woman insists on looking much younger than she is, while the other kind would like to wear lace cap and mittens, and cannot be gotten out of the idea that even older women don't wear bonnets nowadays that tie under the chin."

"With such women you need more diplomacy to tell them the truth, than it would take to lie tactfully, so I don't know which is the worst. Perhaps it is because they belong to the older generation that they are not willing to accept the truth about themselves, as the younger women do. Undoubtedly, the modern woman, whether she is selling goods or buying them, is more frank and more truthful and less inclined to trust the person who flatters."

"That may not be so in social life, but it is true in business."

"Every woman is so sophisticated, according to Madame Peave, that you would have to be almost a genius to be a successful liar in business, so that the simpler and more ethical course is the most successful, and a lie is only resorted to in cases where tactfulness has proved of no avail and then it's called diplomacy."

**Meaning of an Old Sport.**  
Be sure you're right, and then—keep it to yourself.

An intuition is merely a "hunch" with a diploma.

It's astonishing how often a man can cash in on a simple knack of keeping out of trouble.

First impressions may be "right"—but speaking of ourselves, we never happened to drift into the pay-off line after betting on them.

As between a busybody and a bore, it's all bets off and twenty minutes for a new book.—New York World.



### When is a Lie Not a Lie?

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Is the artful siren who inveigles you into buying something that you don't want, by making you believe that you do want it, a prevaricator or is she merely exercising the tact and ingenuity necessary to business success?

Madame Henrietta Peave, who is an American, despite her foreign name, is said by many to be the handsomest business woman in New York, and it was to this pretty and successful young woman that I put the question: "When is a lie not a lie in business?"

Madame Peave is a Scandinavian type of beauty, with pale blonde hair and blue eyes, and her artistic shop on Fifth avenue shows the evidence of her skill, not only in her work, but in successfully competing with other establishments of the same kind who help to make lovely women more lovely still.

"Some years ago," said Madame Peave, "the woman in business, especially the woman who sells goods, had the reputation of having to be a clever prevaricator to get on. In those days you could fool some of the women shoppers all the time and all of the shoppers some of the time. But today I think that women, as a rule, are more honest than men in business, and that they tell fewer lies."

"You see, the woman who buys has been educated; she is no longer the trusting, unsophisticated person who will believe anything that's told her by a clever saleswoman. The newspapers and magazines are constantly informing women not only in regard to styles, but also about materials and their value."

"Then there's another thing. The woman who is in business for herself and who caters to other women knows that she cannot convince them of the superiority of her goods unless she truly believes what she is saying. She must have every confidence in her goods."

"I think that is a great point, and it is one reason why women are succeeding in business to such a great extent. The good saleswoman won't tackle a line of goods that she doesn't believe in or that she has to lie about."

"Of course we all know that you have to smooth over a point now and then or exaggerate in every business," said Madame Peave, "but I wouldn't call that lying. It's diplomacy. If I am making a hat for a woman, I tell her what I think is most becoming to her. I will say that it brings out her good points and suits her admirably, not that it makes her look younger or prettier."

"That doesn't mean that the customer will ever be a beauty, or that she will be rejuvenated by any kind of clothes she might wear, but it's a tactful way of saying that it's the best that can be done for her particular type of looks."

"Women don't like to be lied to about their looks, and they will not accept flattery the way they used to a few years ago. I think the average woman knows right away if a sales person is lying about her appearance, and instead of buying the hat or frock, in most cases she is

### "Diplomatic" Fib Has Business Woman's O. K.

MME. HENRIETTA PEAVE.

Classed by many New York's handsomest business woman and who says one has to be almost a genius to be a successful liar in business, and that the gentle art is now applied only when tactfulness has proved of no avail, and then it's called diplomacy.

prejudiced against the article and against its maker.

"As for trying to make a woman buy something that she doesn't want that is foolish, because in the end you are liable to lose the customer entirely."

"What is the most difficult type of customer that you have to contend with, Madame Peave?" I inquired of the stunning young business woman who has had a longer experience than her looks would lead me to believe.

"The hardest woman to deal with is

### For The Nervous Woman,

Or the woman who experiences hot flashes nothing is so good to soothe, quiet and calm the nervous system as a pure glyceric extract of active medicinal plants, and made without alcohol, which has been sold by druggists for the past forty years, and most favorably known as **Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription**. In younger years some women suffer from dizziness, or fainting spells, hysteria, headache, bearing-down feelings and pain. All these symptoms of irregularity and female disturbance are relieved by the use of this famous "Prescription" of Doctor Pierce.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system, and is particularly to the organs distinctly feminine.

For over-worked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated, teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, it is an excellent appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

"My disease was called retroversion," writes Mrs. LETA McDONALD of Secor, Mich., Ross 1. I had nervous chills and numb spells and was made without alcohol, which has been sold by druggists for the past forty years, and most favorably known as **Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription**. In younger years some women suffer from dizziness, or fainting spells, hysteria, headache, bearing-down feelings and pain. All these symptoms of irregularity and female disturbance are relieved by the use of this famous "Prescription" of Doctor Pierce.

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### Resinol stops itching instantly

**THE moment Resinol Ointment touches any itching skin, the itching stops and healing begins. With the aid of Resinol Soap, it quickly removes all traces of eczema, rash, tetter, ringworm, pimples or other tormenting, unsightly eruption, leaving the skin clear and healthy. It is equally effective for sores, boils, burns, chaffings, red, rough hands, dandruff, and itching piles.**

**Sample free:** Your druggist sells Resinol Soap (50c) and Resinol Ointment (50c and \$1). Ask him if what we say is not more than true. Better still, send for a free sample of each and test it for yourself. Address Dept. 11-B, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 17, 1912: "My skin-trouble began with pimples, and they itched and burned, and kept me always scratching, so that I could not rest at night; and they rubbed the looks of my face and arms. Just as soon as I heard of Resinol Soap and Ointment I began using them, and they gave me relief at once; the first application stopped the burning and itching, and it made my skin cool and fresh-feeling. Resinol cured me completely." (Signed) Miss F. Mable Edwards, 1304 Stone Ave.