

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Gossipers and Their Menace to Society

Honest People Who Would Not Dream of Stealing a Pin Will Rob Their Acquaintances of Their Good Names Without a Moment's Compunction.

By DOROTHY DIX.

Here is a really great picture. Look at it well. It shows a young woman, hard driven, her back against the wall, her arms thrown out in helpless despair, while the wolves of gossip smart and snap at her skirts.

Look at this picture well, whether you be one of the careless talkers who idly passes a way every disparaging rumor about a girl; whether you be one of the leering-eyed, fat-necked men who sit in club windows or stand on street corners and comment on the women who pass by; or whether you be one of the thin-lipped pharisaical women who believe the worst of every woman and is always ready to cast the first stone at her.

If you are given to gossiping, either from malice or just from lack of thought, look at this picture and see the result of your work. Visualize, for once, at least, your victim, a poor, quivering, tortured, defenseless fellow creature who cannot even fight back, for who can battle against such an impalpable foe as a sneering word or a scurrilous intendment?

The love of gossip is the most execrable of all human weaknesses. It is the one savage trait that has survived both civilization and Christianity, and that shows how elementally cruel we still are.

Every day we see people who are so



tender hearted that they would not hurt a fly, yet they do not hesitate to blast a woman's reputation by setting afloat evil stories about her—stories that are the merest hearsay, and which they do not take the trouble to investigate.

Every day we see people who shudder with horror as they read tales of how savages amuse themselves by torturing their prisoners to death, yet these humanitarians pass a pleasant evening together by crucifying the reputation of everyone they know who has the bad luck to be absent.

Every day you see good, moral people who really believe that they have the welfare of their fellow creatures at heart, who do not hesitate to disseminate scandalous stories that break up homes and wreck the careers of men and women.

Every day you meet honest people who would not dream of stealing a pin from you, but without a moment's compunction they will rob you of your good name. And the gossipier is not only more dangerous than the thief, more cruel than the savage, he or she is also more cowardly. The thief takes his chances of detection and punishment. The savage comes out into the open when he sticks his darts into his victim, but the gossipier works under cover, hidden and safe.

Your gossipier never says, "I know that Mr. X. is in love with his stenographer because I saw him kiss her," or "Mrs. Q. has an affair with young B., for I have seen them repeatedly together and met them fox trotting around at a dozen afternoon tea places," or "I know Sallie Jones writes love notes, because I have read them."

Not at all. The gossipiers never back up a story by personal knowledge for which they could be sued for libel. On the contrary, they take refuge in hearsay.

"They say," is all the authority they give for taking away a woman's honor, or destroying a man's standing in a community. Sometimes gossipers will even go so far as to say that they do not believe a word of the very scandal they are telling, and having thus saved their consciences they proceed with their nefarious work of knitting a fellow creature's reputation—and knitting it in the back.

There can be no justification for gossip. It is the most despicable phase of man's inhumanity to man, and seeing how we are all alike weak and human, and all of us stumble and fall, we might at least cover with silence the faults and frailties of our brothers and sisters. Heaven forgive us if we set upon any trail the wolves of gossip.

But if the picture printed upon this page has in it a lesson for the gossipier, it has no less a pertinent one for the individual. And especially it has a lesson for girls, and it is this: Be so discreet in your conduct that you need not fear the gossipier. Keep your skirts immaculately clean. Never forget that the tiniest splash of mud from the gutter on a girl's petticoat is like the scent of a dead carcass that sets these wolves of society on her track.

They will follow her snapping and snarling and tearing at her until they tear her to pieces. Many a girl who has not been bad, only foolish, has been hounded into her grave by these cruel beasts. Warn of them, girls, and remember that your only protection against them is not only to be good, but to look good, and act good.

New Notes in Smart Gowns

(Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar.)



In this black velvet costume the skirt is made with a series of godet plaits, running from each side of the box-plaited front to the back, and each godet is embroidered in gold thread. The tight-fitting corsage, draped surplice, closes with a motif at the side and has guimpe, sleeves and high collar of gold lace veiled with black net.

The long, loose, princess line is featured by Martial Armand, as in this frock of black satin, generously enhanced with black Hercules braid. The black chiffon collar is weighted in the front with gold tassels and a narrow band of sealskin finishes the neck in the back below the high-flaring collar. It is impossible to exaggerate the fullness of the tunic.

All Hope of the Future is in the Imagination

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"A asserts that imagination is nine-tenths of invention; B replies that invention is nine-tenths imagination. Each admits that he may exaggerate the proportion, but insists upon the general correctness of his view. Which is right?—A. G. Brooklyn."

This resembles the old "debating school" poser on which so much argument and eloquence have been expended by aspiring orators and statesmen: "Resolved, that the pleasures of anticipation are greater than those of participation."

Imagination and invention are not expressions having a precise significance, like mathematical terms, but they are words, as Matthew



Arnold would say, which "are thrown out at an idea." They express their meaning in a general, and often in a variable, or uncertain, manner. This uncertainty, or indefiniteness, of language is the cause of nine-tenths of all disputes and arguments.

As "A" and "B" probably understand them, imagination means the representation in the mind of an end or object which is not at the time being attainable, or not actually existing, while invention signifies the contrivance of ways or means to attain that end or object or to bring it into actual being.

Taking the words in this sense, it seems evident that imagination is the master faculty, or the directing force, while invention is its servant, following out its suggestions and depending upon it for guidance.

Prof. John Tyndall, whose books are more fascinating, and infinitely more useful than any novels, says: "Scientific education ought to teach us to see the invisible as well as the visible in nature; to picture with the eye of the mind those operations which entirely elude the eye of the body."

This picturing with the eye of the mind of which Tyndall speaks is imagination and because he possessed the scientific imagination in a very high degree he was extraordinarily successful both as an experimenter and as an expositor in science. Yet he was not an inventor in the sense in which Mr. Edison is.

But the latter would undoubtedly put the imagination on as lofty a pedestal as Tyndall did. Our great "wizard of invention" must feel that, at every step in his career, he has been sustained and guided by the power of the imagination. It is the only human faculty that can look into the future, and without a look ahead there can be no advance. But the imagination is not merely a far-sighted planner; the inventor who is allured by its pictures and strives after them feels its hand holding his at every step.

Go into a library and read the story of Edison's invention of the incandescent electric lamp, or the phonograph, or the kinetoscope, and you will see that the driving force for his mind was always the imagination, or in other words, the power to picture clearly the end or object to be attained. At each advance the imagination went ahead and selected the place for the next nail; then the inventing, or contriving, power drove the nail home.

To show the supreme importance of the imagination in leading the way to invention let us take a specific instance, such as the kinetoscope. In contriving that wonderful instrument, the basis of all motion picture apparatus, the inventor probably got his first suggestion from the old child's toy, in which a series of rude pictures of a running horse were made to blend into a moving view by causing them to pass in swift succession before the eye. Then came the recollection of instantaneous photography, and the imagination pictured, in an instant, what would be the result of similarly combining a series of photographic views of a real moving object. Then the imagination, by its power of combining ideas, struck out the scheme of the kinetoscope, and showed how it could be made. After that the contriving faculty, invention, set to work, and by means of careful experiments produced the actual instrument.

So Marconi and the other inventors of wireless telegraph apparatus began by brooding with their imaginations upon the possibilities involved in combining the far-extending Hertz electric waves with the old system of telegraphic signals.

The Boy Without Ideals

By ANN LISLE.

"The young men I know are well educated and have good professions. But they all insist on kissing me and if I refuse they say that I'm not 'socialable' and that the fellows are fond of a social girl who permits them to show that they are fond of her. Now, are all the young men that way, or is it my bad luck to come in contact only with men like these? How can they be made to realize that girls do not like such conduct? And how can they be made to pay any attention to 'what girls do like?'" writes a girl of 18.

The young men this girl knows are of one of two definite sorts. They are either selfish young fellows who want to enjoy themselves lightly, thoughtlessly and for the moment. They have no fine ideals of womanhood or of the "conduct becoming a gentleman."

Or else they are thoughtless boys who just merrily whirl along, taking what they want of life.

A boy of this sort has a sordid "nothing for nothing" attitude toward life, and his "quid pro quo" is that a chap ought to be rewarded for his attentions to a girl by a few little "harmless" love-making privileges. But it is not harmless at all for a girl to cheapen her caresses and her expressions of love by using them each day as coin of the realm of society and popularity.

Much handling soils even a coarse fabric, and the fine weave of a girl's emotions ought not to be dragged out into every day use. A little love-making leads to more. The moment a girl takes down the barriers of her own modesty she makes possible the most dangerous attacks on the citadel of her heart.

The boy who has no ideals is a dangerous companion for the girl who has, unless she has also strong ideas about insisting on carrying out her own conception of right and wrong and inspiring her companion with a few ideals, too.

Earning a Living

By ELBERT HUBBARD

I am fully convinced that the most important thing in the world is earning a living.

And there is a difference between earning a living and getting a living.

You can get a living in several ways—Borrow, beg, steal, by hook or crook—But when it comes to earning a living you turn the trick in just one way and no other—you work.

And the more intelligence and love you put in your work the bigger your reward.

And congenial work you do through choice—is joyous work, and joyous work is just play.

In the country, when we talk about a boy or girl earning a living, we mean that the person is performing a needed service for someone.

If you "work for yourself" it means that you are producing something which the world needs, and that in return for the produce you are paid money.

And money is the symbol of value—the token of a service rendered.

I remember, when I was about 10 years old, coming home one day with a dollar bill.

I proudly showed the money to my mother.

She looked at the money in astonishment—for money was a curiosity in that family—and then she looked at me.

"Where did you get that money?" she asked, somewhat severely.

And I answered proudly, "I earned it."

"How did you earn it?"

"Why, Haven's cattle broke into the corn, and I got on a horse, went and found Old Man Haven's and we drove the steers back in the pasture and fixed the fence. And he said if I hadn't seen the steers and helped get 'em back they might have foundered—so he gave me a dollar."

And my mother kissed me and asked: "But are you sure you earned that much?" And I assured her that all the steers would then be dead were it not for me.

In my boyhood I earned money by picking berries, hoeing potatoes, husking corn, herding cattle, driving hogs, working on the threshing machine, carrying water to the harvest hands, spigging roofs, tending mason-carrying messages to Garcia.

And for these services rendered men paid me money.

Of course, I didn't know I was getting an education—that was unearned increment—survival value.

And always for honest labor there is a return beyond the money.

The money is tangible gratitude, and must be paid. But the money isn't all.

To earn a living is the natural and safe way of utilizing human energy.

Life is energy focused and individualized.

Human energy unused makes for disease.

Human energy wrongly used is vice and crime.

Vice is direct injury to yourself.

Crime is direct injury to society.

Both tend to disease, dissolution, death. Work tends to health, happiness, progress, prosperity.

And he it known that health, happiness, progress and prosperity are all not only contagious but infectious.

All good things are "catching." Life is motion. You keep good things by giving them away.



That money-gift received for Christmas will put a Victrola in your home.



Victrola IV, \$15 Oak

The following Omaha and Council Bluffs dealers carry complete lines of Victor Victrolas, and all the late Victor Records as fast as issued. You are cordially invited to inspect the stocks at any of these establishments.

Schmoller & Mueller
PIANO COMPANY
1311-1313 Farnam St. Omaha, Neb.
Victor Department on Main Floor

Nebraska Branch at
334 BROADWAY
Council Bluffs
Cycle Co.
Corner 15th and Harney, Omaha.
Geo. E. Mickel, Mgr.



There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$200, and any Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate them to you.

Victor Talking Machine Co. Camden, N. J.

Victrolas Sold by
A. HOSPE CO.,
1513-15 Douglas Street, Omaha, and
407 West Broadway, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Brandeis Stores
Talking Machine Department
in the Pompeian Room



Victrola XVI, \$200 The instrument by which the value of all musical instruments is measured

Mahogany or oak