

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Familiar Varieties of the "Know-It-All"

By DOROTHY DIX.

Be very careful, my dear child, as you journey through the highways and by-ways of life, to avoid the "know-it-all." This is the more easily done because you will observe everybody else making a strenuous effort to sidestep the affliction.



This species of bore is found in every country where the foot of man has yet penetrated, and it has done more than religion and philosophy to reconcile us to the shortness of life, for who could wish to remain in the vale of tears when he is tortured by one who knows it all, and tells it with its tireless mouth.

There is an almost endless variety of different species of the Know-It-All, but they all have the same general characteristics. They have large, swollen heads, abnormally long tongues and cast iron nerves, a mania for butting into things that is one of their business, and a vanity that makes them perfectly miserable when they have not attracted public attention to themselves.

Among the most common and most ferocious species of the Know-It-All is the variety known as the I-Told-You-So. This tearful bore is always only too plentiful, but just at present the country is overrun with it.

This is always the case, however, in presidential years, and is the main reason why there is a growing sentiment in favor of extending the term of the president to eight years.

One of the peculiarities of the I-Told-You-So Know-It-All is that it lays very still until after an event has happened and then it springs up and begins its unholy chortle that drives men to drink. It is hard enough to have to listen to this soul-devastating sound when the matter does not concern anyone more than whether Taft or Bryan was elected, but it becomes excruciatingly painful when one has to sit and contemplate one's own blunders and mistakes while this hideous monster feeds on one's vitals.

Another dangerous species of the Know-It-All is the corrector. This mean little beast, which is closely allied to the Shunk family, lies in wait until you make an assertion or tell a story, and then with a shriek of delight it jumps in with both feet. "Excuse me," it chortles, as it proceeds to make mince meat of what you have just said. "But you are entirely mistaken about Westminster Abbey being located in London. It is located in Hated street, Chicago, two blocks from the Flatiron building, as you would know if you had ever read the historical works of the famous German author, Wafingbrauer. Pardon me, also, for correcting your statement that Ulysses S. Grant was a great general; on the contrary, he was the author of those tender lines that have so often brought the tears to our eyes. 'Throw Him Down, McClusky.'"

Quite as afflictive as the Corrector is the variety of Know-It-All that is called the Accurate. This bore you to death by amending everything you say. Its methods are felicitous. It watches you as a cat does a mouse, until you make some trivial statement that does not matter in the least, and then it pounces upon you, and sinks its fangs into you. You say that you saw Jane on Wednesday afternoon. "You are mistaken," gurgles the Accurate. "Know-It-All," it begins to enjoy itself. "It was five minutes before 11 o'clock that you saw her." You say that you paid a couple of dollars for your gloves. "Excuse me," says the Accurate Know-It-All, "you paid a dollar and ninety-five cents." You say that there was a bunch of jolly folks over at the Smiths' last night, and you had a bully time. The Accurate Know-It-All recounts the names of every one who was present, what they said, what they had on, what they ate and drank in what order.

Prescribed by doctors for nineteen years.

## Heal your skin with Resinol

NO matter how long you have been tortured and disfigured by itching, burning, raw or scaly skin humors, just put a little of that soothing, antiseptic Resinol Ointment on the sores and the suffering stops right there!

some detail, until you fall in a faint of exhaustion to the floor.

The female of the Accurate Know-It-All variety of bore is sometimes known as the School Ma'am, and is far more dreaded than any other known variety.

These latter varieties of Know-It-All belong to what may be called domestic pests, and it is said to reflect that there is no fireless, however well guarded, but one of these afflictive creatures is almost sure to be there. Many are the heartrending tales that are told of the suffering of some unsuspecting, warm-hearted man, or some sweet and innocent woman, who all unknowing of the awful fate they were about to encounter, married and went to their new home, only to find a Corrector or an Accurate Know-It-All waiting to nab them the minute they put foot within the door.

Sometimes, after enduring the agony as long as they could, the poor victims escape and flee to the divorce court as to a temple of refuge, but for the most part they simply sink into untimely graves. When you see a worried looking man, who sits up as silent as a clam when his wife is present, and in the life of the party when she is absent, you may be sure that he is being preyed upon by a domestic Corrector, who audits his grammar, and sits in judgment on the way he eats, and when you observe a pale, crushed woman, with a frightened expression in her eyes, you may rest confident that the I-Told-You-So Know-It-All is sapping her very life blood.

As a general thing, the Know-It-All stalks its prey wherever it can, but its favorite hunting place is in the theater and the opera. Then it licks its chops, and with a loud roar and an utter disregard for everybody present, it seizes upon a half dozen people nearest to it, and gorges itself by telling the plot of the play ahead of each act, passing its opinion on the actors and laying down the law on dramatic criticism. After which, if it happens to be at the opera with fiendish cruelty it proceeds to hum every air along with the singer on the stage.

Nothing has been done as yet to abate this nuisance, but it is understood that a bill is to be introduced into the next legislature offering a large bounty for the scalp of the theatrical Know-It-All.

Further facts: A very large and fully developed specimen of the Know-It-All has been roaming around the country of late. On its right shoulder it was branded T. R.

It's a queer thing why the people who could have told us all along how a thing was going to turn out never do tell us until it has already happened.

Every man is an oracle to himself. The world is full of people with good hind sight. What we need is a few more people with good fore sight.

The critic on the hearth is love's chief grave digger.

None are so tedious as those who relate with accuracy an infinitude of unimportant details.

Better a swift told lie that goes to the point, than a dreary mass of statistics that never gets anywhere.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you tell me some games that will be nice to play at the party. I have a girl who is 15 to 20. What should a girl say for if when a boy asks her if she may escort her home, is she any harm to do? If a person gives a birthday party and has a birthday cake with candles in it, should he or she blow out the candles, or what? Is it proper or not to say, "excuse me" when you are through eating and leave the table when at home? What should a girl say when a boy asks her if he may have her company?

I do not make a practice of recommending games for people of any age. "Yes" is the only word in the English language that means yes; if you mean "no," say no. Assent or dissent can be expressed in many different ways, and exactly what to say depends altogether upon the circumstances under which it is to be said. Some people consider dancing very harmful; others do not. I think it a harmless and pleasing form of amusement. Cut the cake after the candles have been extinguished, and give each guest a piece. It is quite proper to say "excuse me" when leaving the table at home; nowhere should you be more considerate of your guests than in the home circle, and it pays to be polite wherever you are. Tell him yes or no, as you feel inclined.

Obey Your Mother.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 17 and I miss my mother very much. I have told her I love her very much, but she seems to care very little for me. I strongly object to his love for me and mine for him, but she still lets me go. Please let me know what you would marry him without mother's consent, or part.

Your mother is right. You are not yet old enough to judge for yourself in this most serious matter. Whatever you do, do not forfeit or destroy your mother's confidence and trust in you. Tell her all, and do not think of getting married without her consent. You owe something to her who bore you and nursed you and reared you that can only be repaid by loving kindness, and it would be a wrong act never undo if you were to wed without her sanction.

Let Her Alone.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A few months ago I met a girl in a different town whom I liked several times to amusement places. The last time I was going down to see her I asked her permission by writing and I was refused (very cold). Since then I spoke to her twice inside of two months, although I am in her neighborhood often. A friend of mine knows her well and I would like to know whether it would be right for me to call at her house without asking her permission and give her regards to her. She has no telephone, and I would not write.

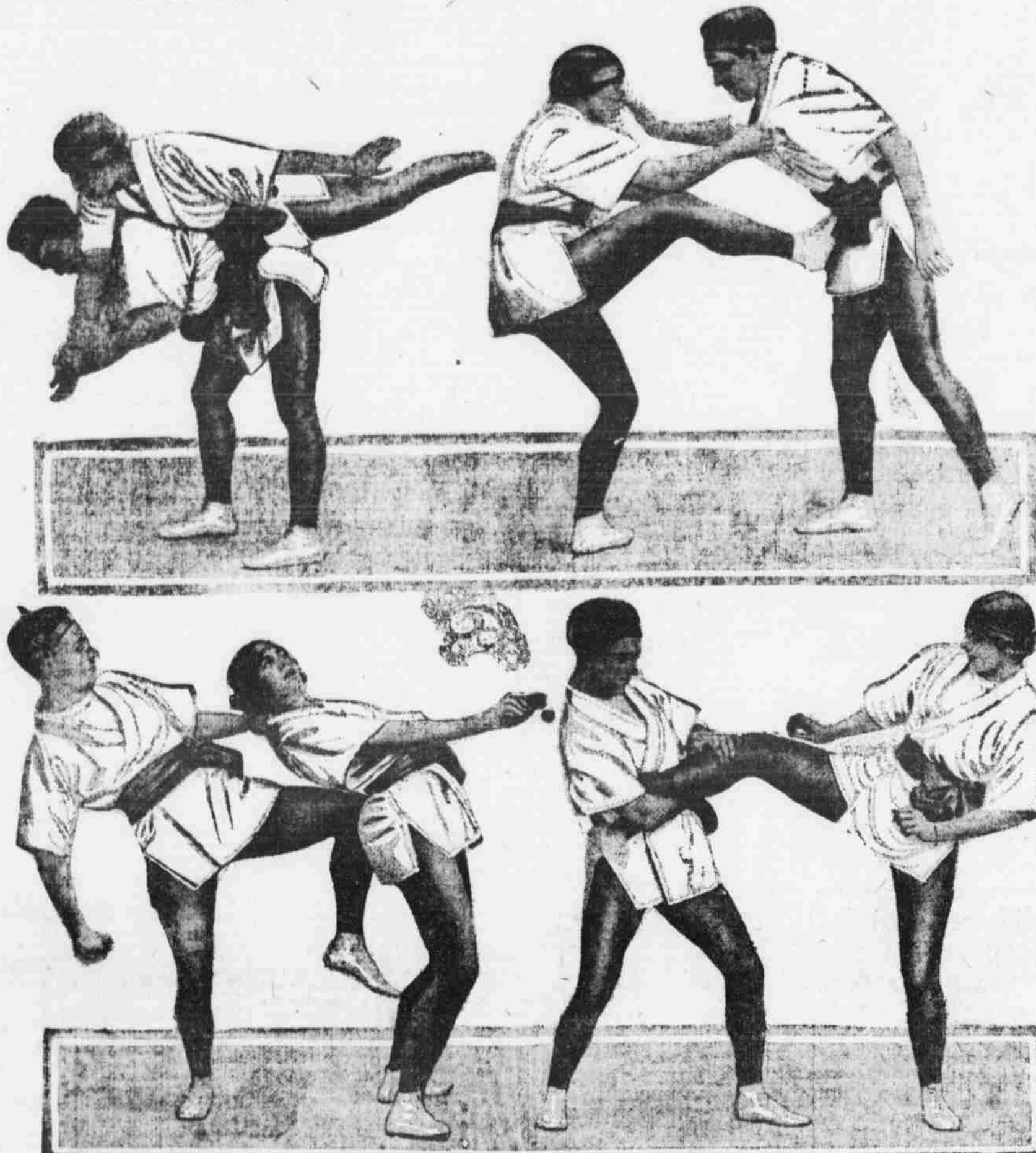
Let her alone. Why should you pester a girl, after she has very plainly shown you she does not care for you? If you care for her, and wish her to care for you, you will make a far better impression by acting the manly part, and letting her find out for herself what she has lost in you.

## Here's the Latest, the Ju-Jitsu Dance

Illustrating What is facetiously known as the "Kick-Little-Mary Step"

Ju-Jitsu as a dance form—Miss Ivy Shilling and Mr. F. A. Leslie in "Ju-no-kata," at the Empire, London.

The kick movement—A step rather risky after supper.



The Frog-March as a dance movement—"A well-placed knock in the small of the back."

Nursing the fatted calf—The next step after the kick "Little Mary."

## Mysteries of Science and Nature

Why It is Cold On a High Mountain, Although the Heat Comes from the Sun, and the Mountain Top is Nearer the Sun Than is the Valley below.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"If our heat comes from the sun, why is it that as we ascend high mountains we come to eternal snow at the summit, while in the valley below perpetual summer is reigning? Doesn't it seem natural that if the heat comes from the sun it should increase the nearer we get to the sun? Yet aviators tell you their gasoline will freeze if they go too high—A Steady Reader, Chicago."



The sunshine is, intrinsically, a little hotter on a mountain top than in the valley beneath. But the air is much colder because it is less dense than some thousands of feet below. The atmosphere acts as a trap for the heat derived from the sun, playing for all the lower earth the same part that the gardener's hothouse plays for his plants. The density of the air falls off so rapidly that at a height of about five miles the atmosphere is only half as dense as at the earth's surface. Through the light, rare air on a mountain the sunbeams penetrate with little obstruction, and the air itself remains cold, but in the valleys, where the air is both much denser and more charged with vapors and impurities, the sunbeams are comparatively obstructed, and the air absorbs a great deal of heat from them. Thus the lower air serves as a blanket, accumulating and retaining the heat.

If you are on a lofty mountain, like Mont Blanc, with eternal snow all about you, the sunbeams burn like a blister; but the heating effect is superficial, because, owing to the rarity of the air, the heat is radiated away again instantly, without obstruction. This is why the snow does not melt. If the air lying upon the snow were dense, it would absorb and retain the heat, and the snow would be melted, as it is in the valley. The deepest sun-bath that I have ever experienced was on the top of Mont Blanc, where the snow (so deep that M. Janssen could find no rock on which to fasten an observatory), is packed as hard and crisp as salt in a bag. It was not the oppressive heat of the lower air, but a baking furnace breath that simply

scorched the skin. The hard snow, a very poor conductor of heat, was a white shield, from which the blinding sunbeams glanced off like billions of tiny arrows.

Others, on coming into collision with the substances constituting the earth and its atmosphere, produce, in the molecules of those substances, a kind of agitation like that which prevails in the molecules of the sun, and which, as just said, causes the waves in the ether. This molecular agitation generates the sensation of heat. It is transferred from the sun to the earth somewhat as your voice is transferred to your friend's ears by a telephone. On its way from the transmitting instrument to the receiver, the telephone message is not a voice, or a series of sounds, but a set of electric vibrations that have been produced by a voice and that can be reformed into a voice on reaching their destination. So the waves of radiant energy sent out from the sun are not heat, but have been set going by heat in the sun and can be transformed into heat again on encountering the earth.

When the sunbeams fall upon any body capable of absorbing them in measurable quantity, they give rise in that body to the molecular agitation called heat, and this again sets up waves in the surrounding ether, which, in their turn, produce heat in other bodies that they meet. Rare air absorbs very little of the energy of the sunbeams; dense and vapor-laden air absorbs much more; solid bodies absorb more still, but in various quantities depending upon their constitution.

## The Green-Eyed Monster

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

In all the world there is probably no characteristic that causes more unhappiness than jealousy. Jealousy ends friendships, destroys love and makes faith and trust and confidence sink away from the knowledge of the human who is guilty of jealousy.

Jealousy causes misery to the point of insanity and dictates all sorts of crimes. It destroys all power of judging and weighing things—it makes it impossible to give the proper value to circumstances and it magnifies trifles until they seem like events of the greatest importance.

through the whole gamut of ugly emotions till bitterness and envy have choked the garden of her nature with so many weeds that there is no room for sweetness and fragrance and the bloom of a personality that is worthy of attracting friendship.

The jealous person is always looking for trouble. He rummages around to find fault with his wife. He so persistently expects disloyalty that human nature is at last fairly hypnotized into giving what is looked for.

## Why America Should Now Lead in Beauty Culture and Fashions—Part 5

When dress art in America is so developed that it is the equal of that which has been brought from Europe let us hope that American women will see the justice and advantage of adopting it. For many years this fetish for things European has had a reasonable basis. America is a young country in which the struggle for material existence was the chief factor in development, was quite right in accepting artistic guidance from the old world. But in two generations now foreign travel has been general and a certain amount of foreign education an accepted part of all American art training.



Aside from this all commercial designers, buyers, business men connected with the producing of all high class goods, go to Europe, not yearly, but in some cases monthly, so closely has the connection become between the two countries. This has resulted in a broad dissemination of European ideas in this country, which, grafted on our American activity and enterprise, should make America the equal of any country in the producing of elegant and high class goods.

American silks have long been noted for their good wearing qualities and lasting colors. They are free from adulteration than many of the European lines and, once the demand is created, there is no reason why American factories cannot produce fabrics in the most beautiful designs. And this is true of most of the materials of which modern costumes are made up.

There are esthetic reasons, too, why the American woman would do well to encourage a national dress art. The American woman's mode of life is different from that of the European; it is more active, freer; she has more household and business responsibilities and her dress necessarily should take on a more practical character.

Being physically of a different type from the French woman, gowns that take this quality into account suit her the best, and these are best furnished here in America.

Our climate is different from that in France. We have extremes of heat and cold that call for a particular kind of costume. The French who find "chic" in daring contrasts have often worn fur-trimmed gowns in summer and tulle in winter to good advantage, but the effect is lost here and only becomes ridiculous. There are only a few of the many reasons to suppose that America stands ready and able to produce dress designs and fabric up to the highest standard of taste and fashion.

Mrs. Isabelle (To Be Continued.)

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

One of Ma's young lady friends that belonged to a livery club with Ma came up to the house last night. She said she was writing a novel, & she was telling us about the kind of a man she was going to make the hero. I thought it would be best to make him about 2-3 brute, she said, & the other third a dreamer, a idealist, a deep thinker.

That will be a kind of hard combination, I thought.

Well, what should you do about it, if you had a tendency to tonillitis or a peaking digestion? Sit with folded hands, peering at print you could not see, or assiduously put yourself in drafts, or feed yourself on lobster and ice cream and hot rolls?

Not at all. For those bothersome eyes you would consult an oculist; you'd bathe the weak throat in cold water night and morning and avoid dancery spots and you would live on a sensible diet until such time as your refractory digestive apparatus was rested and ready to do its work again.

And the very same type of treatment may be applied to jealousy.

Don't strain your badly focussed eyes by keeping them fixed on the things for which you might as well envy Susan Brown. Keep your tender feelings out of the cold blast of wondering if the person you love makes you a due return for your feelings or likes someone else beyond all deserving. And don't feed your poor emotional indigestion on scraps of suspicion flavored with the paprika of what some spiteful gossip has insinuated about your best beloved.

You don't have to sit around and brood on how abused you are, do you? Nothing compels you to try to catch the people you like in unfaithfulness to you. There is no force that impels you to try to trap your friends into admission that are damaging to their standing in your affections. You don't have to cynically remark that you "wouldn't trust the best man—or woman—on earth," do you?

You do not. You can get into the habit of choosing sunshine instead of shadow. You can put a smile on your lips and this sentence in your heart: "My friend says he loves me. He would not say it if it were not true. I am going to believe that in love and trust in it more and more all the time."

Just don't even acknowledge to yourself that there is such a poison weed in all the garden of life as jealousy, and you can probably think it right of existence!

I am a brakeman, a freight brakeman, answered Darndon.

A brakeman? she gasped.

Yes, he replied, a trifle unsteadily.

& not even a passenger brakeman! exclaimed the fair girl.

Not even that, he answered sadly.

Perhaps one day I shall reach that proud pinnacle.

Shirley Dresden shivered, as if a winter breeze had struck her icy.

You may go, she said simply. My dream is over.

Not that! he cried hoarsely.

Yes, that! was her sad answer. Go, Jack Darndon, & every time you turn a switch think of Shirley Dresden, the girl you duped!

I doant know, said Pa to Ma after Miss Vane had went. I think Shirley Dresden was the witch did the duping.

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