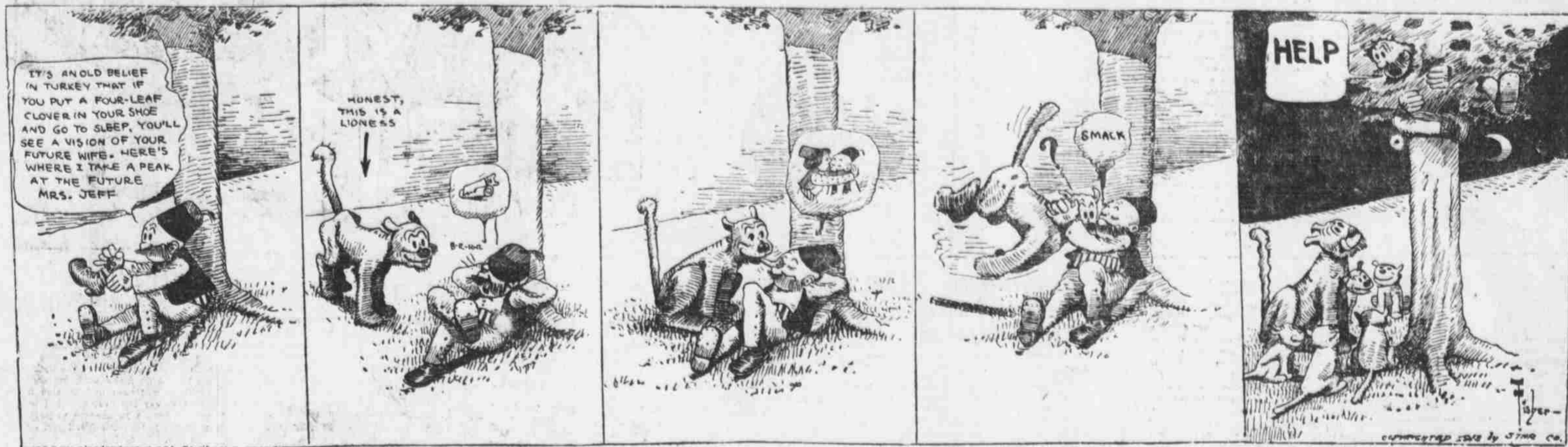


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

There Are No Lions in Turkey, but That Makes no Difference . . . Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



## Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Thirst for Knowledge

Youth Who Sets Out to Become a Solomon Degenerates Into a Bookworm, with Disgust for Humanity and Existence Itself

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In one of the essays of Tourgenieff, the great Russian author, he tells a pretty allegory.

There was a magic tree from which three apples might be plucked, and with the eating of each apple a wish would be granted.

The white apple gave knowledge greater than that of all other men; the red apple gave enormous riches; and the yellow apple gave the power to be agreeable, "especially to old women."

A magician who presided over this told a youth who came to seek his aid the qualities of the three apples.

The youth bowed his head and considered a moment.

"Which shall I decide upon?" he asked of himself, half aloud. "Were I too wise, life perhaps might disgust me; were I richer than all other men, they would envy me; sooner, therefore, I will pluck and eat the third, withered apple!"

He did so, and the old man laughed with his toothless mouth and said: "Oh wisest among all youths! You have chosen aright! Wherefore do you need the white apple? You are already wiser than Solomon. Neither do you want the red apple—you will be richer without it, and no one will envy you your wealth."

The story tells us that the youth became afterward known the world over as "the great and illustrious Djaffar."

The meaning of the allegory is plain. The man who sets out in his youth, bent upon becoming the most learned of men, usually degenerates into a mere bookworm and forgets the simple enjoyments of life and the small courtesies and pleasures which keep him in touch with his fellowmen; he becomes confused with the conflicting ideas of many minds gathered from various philosophies and ends with a disgust for humanity and existence itself.

By the time he reaches the afternoon of life he has lost the power to receive or give happiness.

He is simply a walking encyclopedia of other people's ideas and doings. The man who sets forth on a search for riches becomes a foe to his best friends and leaves a trail of hatred and sorrow in his path.

The old familiar phrase, "Business and friendship are separate affairs," leaves him bankrupt in friendship, while prosperous in a financial way. And in place

of the affection of his fellowmen he receives only envy and ill will. But he who sets out with the desire to be agreeable and to win the friendship of his fellows is indeed both wise and rich.

The young man who knows how to make himself agreeable to old ladies is a man who must possess some commendable qualities.

He must be sympathetic, tactful, unselfish, considerate and polite. The cold, brusque, selfish, inconsiderate and ill-mannered man could never find favor with old ladies, though he might, if he possessed knowledge or wealth or position, pass muster with men and with young women.

But old women would have none of him. Therefore, to be favored with the friendship of women on the sunset slope of life means the acquirement of the worthier qualities.

It is not a difficult matter for a young man to make himself agreeable to young women.

The effort brings its own reward, even if he fails.

To see and hear and watch feminine youth is a pleasing occupation. To be entertaining to old ladies is quite another matter.

There are few beautiful old women; there are few really entertaining ones; for it is the habit of age to think little of the present generation and to dwell much upon things and people departed, and to cavil at present-day customs, fashions and ideas.

The young man who knows how to adjust himself to such companionship and to win favor in the eyes of such associates is indeed one who has eaten of the yellow apple, and he will make his way in the world without great education or wealth.

## The Invitation to Pneumonia

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

The sun is brightly shining; 'tis almost like spring weather. I'm going out—what shall I wear? Gray straw and goulash feather? Of course 'tis rather chilly—I'll need my sable coat.

No not that waist-the chiffon blouse comes higher at my throat. Of course my pumps—do you suppose I'd wear those old high shoes? And gray silk stockings—find me now the thinnest you can choose.

My costume lacks to be complete by veil of shadow lace— I simply would not dare to risk the wind n-blowing on my face. I'm always most particular in winter what I wear, and yet I take such awful colds in spite of all my care.

## "Don't Miss 'The Good Little Devil,' or You'll Miss One Treat of a Lifetime," Says Dorothy Dix

By DOROTHY DIX.

Have you been to see "The Good Little Devil?"

If you haven't you are missing one of the treats of a lifetime, for "The Good Little Devil" is a blessed imp that lures you away from the work-a-day world, with all its cares and sorrows and worries back into the enchanted land of make-believe, where all the white and beautiful things are, and where the fairies come to dance at night, and may be seen if you watch close enough.

It is a wonderful play. It is eternal youth clutching at the skirts of this strenuous life of ours, and dragging us back into childhood again.

Have you thought, Oh weary men and women, weighted down with heavy burdens and grown cynical with the disillusionment of bitter experiences, that the "little people" were all gone, and there were no more ogres to eat up little boys, and that the wand of enchantment was broken? Go to see "The Good Little Devil," and find out how badly you are mistaken.

Go and hear the fairies too as they come to comfort the lonely little boy, whose mother is dead, as he sleeps in his garret after having been put to bed without any supper. Go and hear the wicked aunt, and the cruel schoolmaster, who kept the Big Black school, and love little blind Juliet in her garden, where all the flowers nod at her approach, and the animals whisper their secrets to her.

You think you are too old for that kind of thing? Not a bit of it. I swear there was not a soul in the whole Broadway theater the night that I saw "The Good Little Devil" that was more than 10 years old. To be sure, some of them had hair that was grizzled and gray, but childhood looked out of their eyes, and they all looked back to the hour of bedtime stories, when nurse held your hand and told you tales of good fairies that soften hard old hearts, and of children who come into wondrous fortunes, if only they are sweet and kind and obedient to their elders.

"The Good Little Devil" is not to be judged by the standard set up for other plays. It is a fairy play for grownups, and it is to be listened to with the heart rather than the head. The main characters in it are a poet, who performs a poet's mission in life by telling us what it is all about, and a wicked old aunt called Mrs. MacMiche, who is a sort of big black school who are called Old Nick, Jr., and Old Nick, Sr., the Little White Bunnet, who loves the poet and who the poet loves, and Juliet, the blind girl, who is the little sweetheart of the Good Little Devil. And of course the fairies.

Mrs. MacMiche is a wicked old aunt who starves and beats Charles and borrows the money that his guardian pays her for his support. She is desperately afraid of the fairies, as all ogresses are, you know, and she sends Charles away to the big black school because she is afraid of the fairies who come to visit him, and comfort him at night when he lies sleeping in his bed in the attic because he has no mother. She's a fearsome old lady and when she wants to put an awful curse on you she says, "gubbymumps." In a way that makes a cold chill run down your spine, no matter how old you are, nor how familiar you are with them.

Charles is sent off to the Big Black school, where he is treated very cruelly and kept away from his little blind Juliet, who would be very lonely in her garden if it wasn't for a squirrel that comes out of a hole in a tree and chats with her in the most scorable manner, and the deer, Wildheart, who hangs over the garden fence and gazes, and the rabbits and rats and other animals who talk entertainingly to her.

Finally Charles escapes from his prison and comes to see Juliet, bringing with him all the other boys without mothers who are prisoners in the Big Black school. They have a gay hour in Juliet's garden before they are pursued and captured by the wicked aunt and the crude schoolmasters, and then, just as Charles is about to be taken off and locked up in the cellar with the rats, the lawyer from London comes and tells him that he is Lord Collingtree of Plover



MARY PICKFORD, WHOSE BEAUTY AND CLEVER WORK IN "THE GOOD LITTLE DEVIL," ADDS GREATLY TO ITS HOLD ON THE PUBLIC.

and enormously rich and bears him off to Buckingham palace, where the king and queen await him.

Many years go by, and the wicked old aunt, who has found out that Charles's fairies are good fairies, and who has grown repentant and humble, is about to die, and sends for him. He comes with his fine friends and is very supercilious and haughty. And the fairies have deserted him. He hasn't seen them for years and years. He snubs all of his old friends and will have nothing to say to patient Juliet, and is about to go away to be married to a grand lady when the spirit of his youth, the little Charles that was, comes to him.

And the scales fall from his eyes and he sees the beauty of simple things and knows the value of faithful love, and the fairies come back, and he and Juliet get married and live happily ever after. Isn't that the loveliest story you ever heard in twenty or thirty, or— heaven knows how many—years? Isn't it better than all the problem plays that leave a bad taste in your mouth and send you away in a dark green melancholy, pondering over this snarl that we call Fate? Isn't it worth while to leave the heart in the waters of youth, even for a couple of hours at the theater? And that's what "The Good Little Devil" does. It's a through ticket back home to childhood.

And it's more. It's a poem, and a play, and a treat, for it teaches us that the good fairies of life are so close to us that we can reach out our hands and touch them if we will, and that their names are gentle thoughts and kind deeds and daily courage in living and the giving of happiness to others.

And also it teaches us to be very kind to little children, who are so fragile and so helpless, and to those grown up children, who are so pathetic because they are never big enough and strong enough to fight their own battles.

Go to see "The Good Little Devil." It's a fairy play for children and for grown-ups. It will enchant every child and grip the heart of every man and woman. It is the voice of youth calling to us: "Come back and be a boy and girl again."

Lives of great men often teach us, when we dip into the past, that it isn't any pleasure building up a name to last. Julius Caesar had to hustle with his soldiers strong and tall; Both his heels were full of chilblains and he had the grippe in Gaul. Oft in howling Briton blizzards, oft in danger of his life, Caesar toiled to carve his future with his trusty Roman knife. But when all his flights were over he was sliced up, as you know; Lives of great men all remind us that it's safer not to grow.

Stern Napoleon was another, and the life he filled so full Ended on a cheerless island where he couldn't use his "pull." Socrates was great, yes, wondrous—but they made him drink that stuff. Aesop was a master thinker—so they threw him from a bluff. Burns and Poe and Goldsmith hungered when they wrote their lines sublime, Though they left a thousand footprints on the shifting sands of time. Think of all the thrones that tottered and of all the kings that fell! Lives of great men all remind us that we're feeling fairly well.

## Don't Be a Guinea Hen

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Dear me! Dear me! Dear me! What a fuss over nothing at all!

So father comes right into the parlor and visits with your friends and talks to daughter's company, too, and makes jokes, and you're so ashamed of him you don't know what to do, and he seems to think he's perfectly welcome, and whatever shall you do about it?

"Perfectly welcome" in his own home! Where on earth do you want him to find a welcome, if not there?

Who pays the rent for that home, pray tell, and who settles the electric light bill, and who bought those very comfy chairs and that cozy table, I should like to know?

For whom did he buy them, and why did he buy them?

To be turned out of his own rooms whenever somebody happens to come to pay a fugitive call?

What's the matter with father?

Not a single thing as far as I can see, but something very serious is the matter with mother and daughter, too, if your strange letter is any criterion. Why should you want to shut him out of all the fun just because he supports you?

You were glad enough to see him coming up the steps when you weren't married to him—what has changed him so in your eyes now?

Are you one of those women who think their husbands are just conveniences, just those to pay the bills, and that's about all?

What is husband getting out of it all anyhow?

Are you such a fascinator that just one glance from your bright eyes is supposed

to recompense him for slaving all day at the office just to get the money to buy you new spring clothes and array daughter like one of Solomon's illias?

Father earns his right to that household of yours, and give her a good old-fashioned spanking. That's what she seems to need. I hope he'll get tired of being shoved into the background every time a stranger comes to spend the evening, and will go out and find some friends of his own and fill your mean, stinky, grudging, criticizing, spiteful house so full of them that there won't be room for a single supercilious, mean-spirited "superior" person inside the doors, and that's what I hope.

For better, for worse; for richer, for poorer—that's what you said when you married this man, and now, just because you think some of your fine, new friends make fun of him you are ready to turn your silly back on him, and you are teaching the man's own child to make fun of him, too.

Well! Well! You aren't a woman, really; you are a guinea hen—didn't you ever see a guinea hen?

Don't be a guinea hen, whatever you do, my friend, please don't. "The Idea! The very idea! Why, the very idea!"

What a silly thing to say over and over about an honest, decent, kindly man who doesn't happen to carry his handkerchief in his sleeve or do some other thing that is the fad just now among your "critical" friends.

"The idea! The very idea!" That's what I think myself whenever I think of you and your sort.

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