

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Peace Should Not Come

By ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.
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Peace should not come along this foul earthway—
Peace should not come, until we cleanse the path.
God waited for us; now in awful wrath
He pours the blood of men out day by day
To purify the highroad for her feet.
Why, what would Peace do, in a world where hearts
Are filled with thoughts like poison-pointed darts?
It were not meet, surely it were not meet,
For Peace to come, and with her white robes hide
These industries of death—these guns and swords—
These uniformed, hate-filled, destructive hordes—
These hideous things, that are each nation's pride.
So long as men believe in armed might
Let arms be brandished. Let not Peace be sought
Until the race-heart empties out all thought
Of blows and blood, as arguments for Right.
The world has never had enough of war.
Else war were not. Now let the monster stand.
Until he slays himself with his own hand:
Though no man knows what he is fighting for,
Then in the place where wicked cannon stood
Let Peace erect her shrine of Brotherhood.

Mothers' Sacrifices

The Woman Who Goes Without Ordinary Comforts in Order to Give Son College Education is Doing Injustice to Him as Well as Herself.

By DOROTHY DIX.

A new book is causing much discussion among women because it raises the question of how far the virtue of maternal unselfishness may go without becoming a vice.

This story deals with an English woman who is left a very young widow, with a very young baby and a very small fortune. The mother devotes herself to the child. She has but one idea in life, and that is to give her son the advantages, as she considers it, of being educated in the most expensive and fashionable schools, and of associating on equal terms with the sons of the rich and great.



In order to do this, she has her baby educated in a very exclusive school, where they have swimming tanks and billiard tables and golf links and cricket grounds and every luxury of existence, although to do so takes so much of her income that she has to give up her home and go to live in a shabby cottage.

As the son grows older and goes to Harvard and Cambridge, his expenses are increased, and to meet them she literally starves herself to death; doing without even fire in the winter and sufficient food and clothes, and refusing the medical attendance that will save her life, because the cost of it would deprive her of the money to hold up his end in college—or he might even have to give up college altogether.

"I do not mind going without lunch," she exclaims rapturously, "because I think that the price of it means just another necktie for my boy."

And this woman is held up as an ideal of a mother's love and a mother's unselfishness, and her example is supposed to be beautiful and edifying. Rather is it an awful warning against the morbid sentimentality that so many mothers possess.

REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains; was short of memory, nervous, impatient, phlegm, sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind. I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a place in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home."

Mrs. JOSE HAM, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (Confidential) Lynn, Mass.

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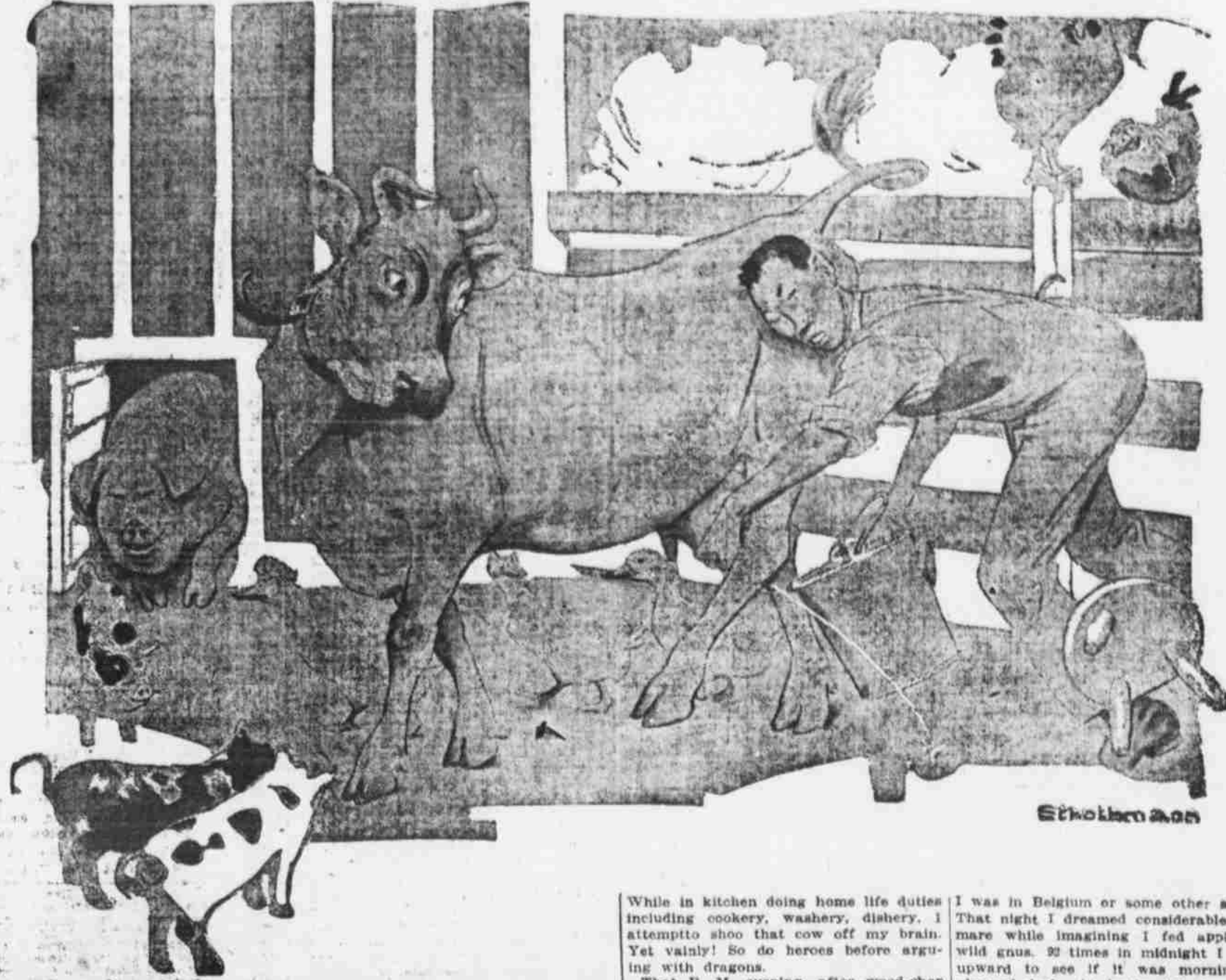
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Togo Milks a Cow

By Wallace Irvin

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"I commence pressing milk from spigots, but Hon. Cow commence slight dance-steps from recollecting. I follow with kindness and try milk her while she walked, but she could not make this comfortable."



Sketch by Togo

and which renders them incapable of seeing what is best for their children, and makes their pitiful sacrifices as useless and impotent as any ever offered up by a heathen before a stone image.

There is no other virtue in the world that is so overlaid as self-sacrifice. Oftener than not it is either sheer idocy or a crime and a curse instead of a blessing to those for whom it was made.

To take the specific instance recorded in this book, can any sane person really think that the boy was the better for the sacrifices, heroic in themselves, that the mother made for him? Could such immolation of herself for him do anything else, but make him a brutal, selfish egotist? And what a boaster a boy must be who would be willing to let his mother starve that he might feast. Is he meant to go shabby that he might have silk ties and socks that exactly matched.

Wouldn't this boy, or any other boy in the world, have made a finer man, a more useful citizen, and have had really a better chance to make a material success in life, if he had borne his part of the family burden, if he had been raised and educated by his mother, when he was a boy, but to have an impassioned and egotistic desire to see his mother, and give her the best?

In his biography Andrew Carnegie says that his first impulse toward making money was in order to take care of his mother. If he had been raised and educated by his mother, when he was a boy, but to have an impassioned and egotistic desire to see his mother, and give her the best?

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To editor Good Housekeeping magazine, who realize the milk of human kindness without knowing its brutality.

Dear Sir, Last duty of employment from which I retreated contentedly were home of Hon. Mary & John McDormant, country gentlemen residing in farmy surroundings of a hamlet near Plute Falls, Ohio.

When I arrive up there I observe chicken and duck-rooster swimming in ponds amidst Nature doing so very prettily everywhere. Considerable horse stamp was in grassmeadow where morning was. In all otherwise it was quite outside and pleasant for Japanese School boy to live there.

"Togo," thusly report Hon. Mrs. empression to front porch with military expression of sunbunnet on head, "my husband is a gentleman farmer."

"When can Hon. Farmer be gentleman?" I ask to know.

"From he make no money," she narrate.

"From that idea most farmers must be noblemen," I identify baffably. She could not assimilate those thought I spoke.

"Your duty in this role," she say furthermore, "are to enjoy country life while washing dishes. Therefore you are expected to make beds, hay, butter, pie, and other delicacies. After sweeping entire home in morning you are expected to feed chickens, mow meadows, plow and pick gooseberries until 11:30, when you heartily return to house and cook lunch for thirteen farmhands. Then you can chop wood, put baby to sleep, dig turnips, read to invalid grandmother, drive haywagon, feed pig family & prepare supper for us. And O yes," she say this standing there, "Can you milk cow?"

"Cow?" I ask to like those.

"Perfectly you have never see a cow?" she require sarcastically.

"I are willing to mete whatever acquaintances you got," I report chivalry.

"Conduct me at him."

"All cows are a her," she insure. "Follow my footsteps and I shall make this education for you."

Mr. Editor, Japanese are in so many custom differing from America. In Japan, for instance, Hon. Cow are not regarded as considerable high-up dairy. She are used in place of machine to pull wheels, but Hon. Farmer think merely trash about her. Yet in U. S. America, Hon. Cow are revered for pure food when her milk is kept lonesome and truthfully verified by Hon. Doc Wiley.

So when Hon. Mrs. Madam led me forth to enclosed yard she do so with face full of greedily smiling like she approach emperor. There in amidst of hay stood one blond mammal with hooks on her head who said Moo for conversation and continued onwards crewing gum.

"This are Cow," indignity Hon. Mrs. Mary McDormant. "She give 14 qts. milk daily."

"How generous," I holla enthusiastically.

"Many millionaires does less."

"You understand milking?" she ask it.

"I can learn nearly everything in one (1) lesson," I deplore.

"Shall show you." Thusly she say it with voice while going to woodshed and fetching forth tinnish bucket and stool what had lost his leg in warfare. Hon. Cow observe her from her eyes while shaking her bone forehead.

"Her name is Amelia," explain Hon. Mrs. "She are very aristocrat Cow, therefore must be approached with considerable diplomat. Before milking it are customary to feed her slight vegetable so she will forget to kick you while chewing."

"I got one Uncle who trains Hons in Nagasaki," I remark while my knees enjoy slight quaker feeling. "What variety vegetable do this Hon. Amelia prefer?"

"Anything hanging around," she deplore. She lift slight carrot from nail on wall and poke him forth to that cow face. Hon. Amelia open her rubber nose and gollup in that vegetable, making great-tooth scrunch while doing so.

"Now she stand politely while I milk," narrate that lady. With much firmness in her feet she grab tinnish pail and stool with both nuckles. Nextly she set on stool, Hon. Pail beneath—and behold! She begin pulling white milk from spigots on that cow!

"You think this difficult to do so?" she require pretty soon after Hon. Pail were mostly full.

"It are so easy that it seem deceptive," I manipulate. "With sufficient vegetables to keep Hon. Amelia amused who knows what quantities of milk I could retain from her?"

Hon. Mrs. make no rejoint to my inquisitive. "Tomorrow morning by 5 o'clock sunjump you must be here with milking-maid elbows to meet appointment with Hon. cow for milking. It are easy to do like you see. But do not forget it—Miss Amelia become realius give her plenty vegetables to keep her mind quiet."

I give her my faithless word for do all said, so she part away.

Mr. Editor, coming calamities cast their shudders before I had observed Hon. cow doing nothing depraved while chewing carrot in midst of milking. Yet my soul obtained enlarged alarms to think what she might when she wished to.

While in kitchen doing home life duties including cookery, washery, dishery, I attempt so that cow off my brain. Yet vainly! So do herces before arguing with dragons.

That P. M. evening, after wood-chop and chore, I go sneakingly to barnyard for slight look-see to observe how Hon. cow might look in the morning. I found her setting down in midst of grounds continuing her chew-gum. Folks who chew so much must have undigests, I think fearily. Yet I put courage into my toes, climb over wire fence and approach Hon. cow with hand-shake position peculiar to mouse approaching cat.

"Snork!" Hon. cow say it while rising hindwise.

"You no prefer to like me, Hon. cow?" I ask soothingly. For brutal reply she shook those bone-hooks on her brain. I advanced backwards over fence feeling discouragement. Leaning on that rail I observe one farmy gentleman making smile.

"You milk her in morning, A. M.?" he ask to know.

"I might, but can I?" This from me.

"The last hired girl what milked her was Swedish lady," he report. "She were very fond of milking. She were entirely carried away by enthusiasm."

"To where were she carried away?" I negotiate.

"To hospital," he localize. I am so gnat by this information I could not remain listening, so I part off to bed, wishing

I was in Belgium or some other safety. That night I dreamed considerable cow-mare while imagining I fed apples to wild gau. 32 times in midnight I arose upward to see if it was morning by alarmed-clock. At lastly 4:44 time was there. Pilling my lungs with jui-tieu I resume on my clothing & derby hat. Nextly I away to wood-shed where tinnish bucket and set-stool was there awaiting for something to happen.

I approached to yard where was, Yes. There was Hon. Amelia kneeling on her elbows and still making Horse Fletcher movements of chew. Her eyes look so tame I was sure she forgave my past mismanagement. O surely she must, for when I approached uply she arose chivalry to meet me.

"Good morning, Hon. Cattle!" thusly I say it. "I hopes you slept more better as I did."

No rejoint from her except to go "Snoop," with her rubber nose while bowing head. Bullfights seemed prominent in her mind. Yet when I approach more closely with milk expression she make retreat so suddenly I could not catch her footrace around that yard.

"What to do? You can not catch milk while it is running away from you. I make strategy with brain. Ah! Vegetables! Hanging on nail to barnside I see slight carrots suspended there. I grab three of those and advancing, my knuckles with society expression, I walk

to where she stand by corner looking cow-cattish.

She smell up her nose. "Please, Mrs. Cow!" I say like a nurse. "This will help you digest your gum." She encroach her nose more closer. I hold carrot more near. O joyful! Before I could say Jack Anderson she thrust out her sandpaper tongue which scrape deep wounds on my wrists. In meanwhile Hon. Carrot disappear into her rubber mouth. She close her eyes with expression peculiar to poet while enjoying eats. Now was time I should milk.

With acrobatic skill I set stooly-chair underneath of her while I occupied that place with pail by my knees. So far so many. Nextly I commence preasing milk from spigots and my soul stood upright from rapture.

Finally I stop stationary, similar to general learning battles. Napoleon thoughts come to me. So ha! If vegetables keep cow quiet, then more vegetables must keep them quieter. I look around for some enlarged carrot, when—what see? Hanging high by Eve's barn were one swollen turnip so grand in size it seemed nearly pumpkin. Hon. Cow could chew this 1/2 hour without grudging milk.

I borrow pitchfork from fence. Elevating my elbows I remove down this fruit, poke him befront of cow nose and were again resuming my milk maldenly employment when—bazzast!!

Several heated tacks arrive to my personality everywhere, while Hon. Amelia stroked milkpail to my head with one kickler while with the other she did harkiri on my stomach, at same instant she made bull-fight bellus and stroked her crooked bone-head behind my back so force I emerged over fence amid flood of hot buzz-files who wore needles on tail. Then I dreamed nothing.

At lastly I awoke upward from smell of aristocrat medicals. While looking upward I could observe that Hon. John & Mary McDormant stand near my head-ache, appearing quite censor.

"What destruction you be doing to my farm?" require Hon. John like dictator.

"I milk cow," thusly I report weakly.

"I notice it by the milk in your hair," negotiate Hon. Mrs. "Why you enthuas Hon. Amelia so by your uncuture?"

"I do what you told me," I antagonise. "You instruct me feed her vegetables hanging around. I find carrot hanging around. I feed that. This are too diminished for her appetite, so I feed her very enlarged vegetable hanging around Eve's barn."

"Species of pork" olluote Hon. Mr. & Mrs. in unison. "You know what that enlarged vegetable was you feed her?"

"I asked to know." This from me.

"Hornet nest!" Both collapsed that word.

"It are more blessed to give than to receive," I arrogate, while those gentleman invite me forwards to R. R. station, where I go feeling considerably pulled apart. Hoping you are the same, Yours truly, HASHIMURA TOGO.

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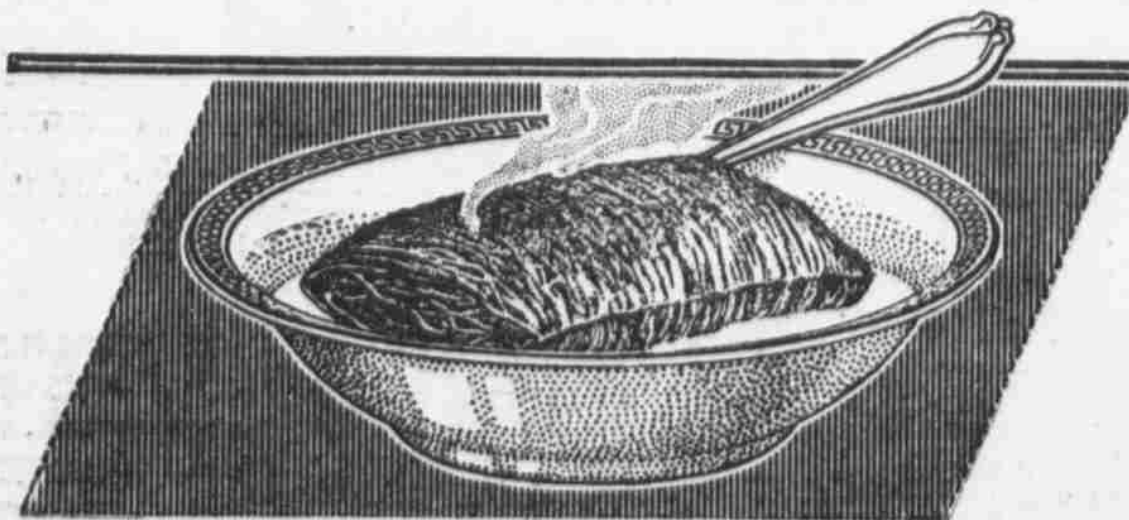
will not be the Belgian hare or the Angora goat. It will be the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible and palatable form. The best "meat," made by the best process ever discovered, is

Shredded Wheat

It contains more nutriment, pound for pound, than meat or eggs, is more easily digested and costs much less. The best cure for liver and uric acid troubles is a meatless diet. Make Shredded Wheat your meat for ten days and see how much better you feel.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, heated in the oven to restore crispness, served with hot milk or cream make a complete, nourishing, satisfying meal at a total cost of five or six cents. Also delicious with fruits. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat Wafer, eaten as a toast with butter or soft cheese, or as a substitute for white flour bread or crackers.

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In-Shoots

We often suspect that many of these congenial headaches are due to last night's party. It is easy to avoid a fight by counting ten—if you run fast enough during the count.

A little knowledge is also a dangerous thing when in the head of a calloused preacher.

Beware of false economy. The man who does not invest in garden seeds seldom picks any cucumbers.

Some men are transported to glory in Pullman chairs, but most of 'em have to ride on the "bumpers" the greater part of the trip.