

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Held Back

Why the Sharpshooter Was Unable to Pull the Trigger After He Had Drawn the Bead on the General at the Battle of Gettysburg.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

One of the most significant revelations of the mind of the soldier in battle that I have ever seen is in a letter from a confederate soldier to General J. L. Chamberlain.

The letter is too long to be inserted in this brief article, but you should read it in full, and in connection with the vivid picture of the scenes of that heroic contest at Gettysburg (the mightiest battle ever fought on American soil), in order to understand its significance.



The incident to which the letter refers occurred during the struggle among the rocks for the possession of the famous "Round Tops." The writer, who was a member of an Alabama regiment, had placed himself in a secure position between two rocks, where, unseen himself, he had a clear view of the nearby federal lines, and particularly of General Chamberlain, whose rank he recognized by his uniform.

He knew the importance of picking off officers, and he drew a bead on General Chamberlain, resting his gun on a rock to get a sure aim. But, as he was about to pull the trigger, a sudden quail arrested him, and he did not fire. Then he grew ashamed of his weakness and drew a bead a second time.

"I had you, perfectly certain. But that same queer something shut right down on me. I couldn't pull the trigger, and I gave it up—that is, your life."

There are plenty of stories of the blind madness and of the unnatural calm that, at different times, possess the soldier in battle, making him, in one case, shoot and thrust and strike, almost without volition, and, in the other case, perform similar acts with the cold, unsympathetic precision of a machine; but it is rare, outside of fiction, to hear of an incident like this, where conscience asserts its rights.

No doubt some persons would see, in the restless impulse that restrained that shot, a mystic influence which, for some providential purpose, paralyzed the finger that was curved to press the trigger; but such ideas belong to the days when the Olympian gods were believed to guide the spear of Achilles or to throw a mantle of invisibility about Hector.

We should rather ascribe the incident to the personality of the soldier, whose hand was arrested by the expostulation of his own better nature. Viewed from that point, it becomes significant of the growth of moral sentiment, which, at the end, will sanctify the conqueror. Perhaps that merciful confederate at Gettysburg was, in a sense, faithless to his cause. Who can say that, if the shot had been fired, the result of the struggle might have been different? The fall of a leader has lost many a battle. Very likely if that act of mercy had been witnessed by the commander of the Alabama regiment he would have cut the conscientious soldier down with his sword as a recreant from duty!

Yet the man who spared the general's life afterward declared that he was glad that he could not press the trigger, and every generous mind approves his act and his sentiment.

In former days, when most battles were fought hand to hand and foot to foot, and no such interruptions. Moral sentiment counted for little on the battlefield. There was no time for it to assert itself, even if it existed then as widely as it exists today. The dreadful scenes of slaughter that attended Caesar's campaigns in Gaul, and the sacks of cities in thirty years' war, would be impossible now among civilized people.

When a modern soldier, secure in his position, sights along his gun in an enemy, his mind is in a state of reflection upon the nature and consequences of his intended act of slaughter, and the mere fact that he can strike at a distance and unseen may restrain him, as it did in this case, from striking at all. He balances his public duty against his personal conscience, and unless the former overwhelmingly appeals to him, the latter may prevail. If he can see a chance for mercy he will exercise it.

All this shows plainly the direction which the advocates of universal peace (and we are all such advocates, though we may differ in our ideas about methods) should take in order to bring about the result they aim at. It is the direction of education. A gun in the hands of a conscientious soldier is a moral force for peace, and so is a powerful battle fleet in the hands of a great, civilized nation.

Today's Beauty Recipes

By Miss L. Mills.

Protect your complexion against the summer sun, but do it sensibly. Powder tends to enlarge the pores and cause blackheads; some face creams grow thick and make the complexion unattractive. A package of mayatone in a half-pint of which hazel, gently massaged face, neck and arms with it and it will hold all day. Mayatone corrects facial blemishes, pimples and blotches, and makes the skin fresh, smooth and lovely.

"I am going to give Mother's Shampoo a plain, straightforward advertisement. It is the best I know. It actually removes the dandruff parasites which cause itching, brittle and falling hair. It leaves the scalp refreshed, clean and healthy and makes the hair fluffy, glossy and full of life and color."

"The electric needle will remove superfluous hair, but it is expensive, painful and requires a great deal of time. To remove superfluous hair over the skin for a minute or two with paste made by dissolving detalone in a little water. When the paste is removed the hairs will be gone."—Advertisement.

To Be Supplied

(Verses by Marie C. Jones)

Copyright, 1913, International News Service.

By Nell Brinkley



ROBERT really is quite nice, Polished and refined; Quite a man of wealth, besides, And of cultured mind.

BENNIE is all sentiment, Oh, how he can talk! Quite a dude is he, in fact, With a stylish walk.

WILLIAM is a handsome man, Dimple in his chin; Such a happy, merry face, Once I thought he'd win.

THEN, there's James and Henry, too, Teddy and the rest; But of all the men on earth, One I love the best.

TENDER, strong, indulgent, Good, Like the God above, He loves me unselfishly, And I love his love.

WHO is this—my ideal man —One so true and tried? Really, I can't tell, because He's to be supplied. MARIE C. JONES.

Sentiment, Romance and Love

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Tells Why Young Girls Want to Marry Titled Foreigners, Matinee Idols, Prize Fighters or Base Ball Players

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Copyright, 1913, by Star Company.

The menu in your home may be the best in the world; yet, because you are accustomed to it, you find a new zest in food placed before you when you visit at hotel tables.

The eye, the ear, the mind, the taste all find a keener pleasure in the unaccustomed at certain intervals, even when that which is offered is less admirable.

In an interesting letter which discusses to some length the follies of my own sex, the weakness of his, a question of interest is propounded by a man of culture.

After reviewing the numerous tragedies which have occurred from time to time as the result of the infatuation of young women in villages and interior towns through love affairs with strangers, the correspondent says:

"It has always been a great mystery to me why the stranger within our gates has such fascinating attractions for some of our American girls. I shall eschew the engagements and marriages of American heiresses to foreigners. Every one knows the reasons. But the question is a subtle and far-reaching one. Let a total stranger, of good appearance and polite address, come to a town and at once he is the favorite with the girls at the prayer meeting and picnic. The actor, the drummer, the ball player, yes even the prize fighter, in competition for the hand and heart of the reigning belle, will nearly always outdistance the Georges and Charlies and Willies of the town. Is it hero worship, or what is it?"

To the man or woman who understands what the imaginative and romantic temperament means this question would suggest its own answer.

While familiarity does not always or often breed contempt, it does destroy, as a rule, romantic illusions. The average young girl—God bless her!

is possessed of a good share of sentiment and romance in her thoughts of the lover waiting for her somewhere in the world.

She invests him with the qualities most desirable in her estimation and perhaps drawn to some extent from the novels she has read. He is a creature of her dreams and meditations, and it is not to be supposed that she will readily clothe the youth with whom she has played "tag" and "I spy" in the garments of her dreams.

The boy who has been repeatedly punished at school or whipped by an older

brother in her presence or who has been the cause of disagreeable neighborhood criticisms because of his over-supply of youthful vitality; the boy who has teased and tormented her and shown all the unattractive traits of the average growing lad is not liable to become her ideal by any sudden transformation.

The stranger who comes to town has passed through all these unattractive phases in his own village, and he may be far less worthy of her admiration and much further removed from the standard of her ideal than her old playmate, but she sees in him the object of her dreams.

free from all crudity, and he seems to her a wholly superior being.

Whatever he may have been in the process of evolution she finds him her finished ideal when they meet.

He has come into her life suddenly, and by the will of kind Providence she believes.

There is a novelty in all he says and does; he has a new trick of pronunciation, or a new set of phrases and he brings the atmosphere of a new world into her monotonous life. He tells her of new scenes new people.

It is as if she had listened all her life to one air, and now a new melody is sounded. His memories undreamed of become perceptible to the ear of her heart. She listens to his recital of boyish days and pranks, and while the tales he relates differ little from the actions of the boys with whom she has been reared, they are surrounded with a halo of charm in her mind which places his past in a realm quite apart from the commonplace; and it is this commonplace association of neighborhood life which has stood between her and dreams of her boy lovers.

Whatever affairs of the heart his stranger may have passed through in his availing period she has not been a witness thereof nor a confidant of the other maidens in the case, as she has been with her childhood's companions.

When he tells her that he loves her she does not recall the fact that two or three years ago he was the devoted cavalier of her sister, or her cousin, or her rival in the high school.

Even his former sweethearts are invested with a certain mist of romance by her imagination. They were rare creatures, but he passed them all by, waiting for the lady of his dreams.

And the accident of their meeting, the day they first looked into each other's faces, the hour they first spoke—all these incidents are thrilling and wonderful and food for hours of happy memories.

Blessed is she to whom such memories and dreams remain forever surrounded by a romantic halo! For never in any ordinary association of childhood and never in the more commonplace development of friendship into love can there be found quite the depth of joy and sentiment which result from the sudden advent of a great and lasting love.

The Last of the Phalanx

By REV THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The battle of Pydna, fought 201 years ago today, was doubly decisive—it ended the Macedonian rule and completely established that of Rome.

In 179 B. C., the Romans, claiming that Perseus, the king of Macedonia, had violated his treaty with Rome, declared war against Macedonia and soon the legions were in motion. First Crassus, then Hestilius, and then Philip were sent out, but only to be in turn defeated by Perseus.

For three years the Macedonians held Rome at bay, and it began to look as though in Perseus a second Hannibal had come. Finally Rome sent out her great Emilius, with 60,000 of her finest soldiers. Emilius met Perseus at Pydna, and the tug of war began.

Extending across the plain in solid ranks, bristling with the long spears—a huge human wave—the Macedonian phalanx came sweeping on and bearing down upon the silent Romans. In vain did the Romans try to stem the wave. It would not be checked. "Face to the rear and retreat," shouted Emilius. The order was

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

That Will Be Easy.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been acquainted with a girl for about nine months and I love her and I know she cares for me. How can I propose to her and court her? H. W. M.

Begin by making her the object of all your attentions. Take her to places of amusement, consult her taste and wishes, never cease in your devotion and before you realize it you will find yourself engaged.

Warmed-Over Joys

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The woman who has been taught by necessity to make both a virtue and an art of economy will take what was left from one meal and make of it an appetizing dish for the next, often a more pleasing dainty than it was on its first appearance.

Driven by the present high cost of living and tormented by the spectre of higher prices in future, housewives are making economy a greater virtue every day, and warmed-over dishes are receiving a respectful recognition that in days of lower prices was steadfastly denied them.

This is an art that adds to the material prosperity, and that should be extended to include within its scope the ability to warm over odds and ends of past happiness since prosperity is not worth the trouble to achieve, and does not last long, unless happiness attends.

It is not enough to make an old garment into new, nor to turn the residue of yesterday's dinner into a dinner for today; one must be able to make yesterday's happy events food for pleasant memories today. That is the greatest of all economic virtues, and the one we most need.

I once knew a woman who could recall an event of twenty, thirty or forty years before, and laugh as heartily over the memory as she laughed at the time of the happening. "It seemed funny to me then," she would say, wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes, "and it seems funnier every time I think of it. I believe that little circumstance has resulted in hundreds of good laughs since."

She always, she added, remembered all the pleasant things that had happened to her, filling her mind so full of incidents to laugh about there was no room for the lugubrious. The picnic she attended as a girl, and which had been spoiled by rain, were pushed out of mind by those in which the pie was upset in the lemonade, or some one sat in the potato salad, little mishaps that add to the general merriment when one is young. Every mirth-convulsing incident of her youth retained its mirth-convulsing powers. If there was no new joy for today, she had always yesterday's joys to warm over.

It seemed to me to be the kind of economy the old world needs, a sort of

saving of past sunshine and using its light and warmth on days that have little or none.

"But one must begin," said this wise woman, "when one is young, for it is then the sun shines warmest and brightest. Just tell the dear young girls to remember all that is pleasant and forget all that is disagreeable. Tell them to economize on their pleasant memories and throw away all that hurts and rankles."

"There are hard times ahead for them, and I don't mean the hard times that affect the pocketbook, for while they are hard they are the easiest of all to bear. I mean times that try hope and faith and courage; the kinds of trouble that come to the rich and the poor alike, and that pass on leaving bereft and broken-hearted women in their trail."

"It is then they should be able to turn to their mental storehouses and find a lot of happy memories stored there to be brought out and used to sweeten today's grief. But they must store them away! They won't find anything in memory to smile about if they employ the present in storing away odds and ends of resentment, bitterness and disappointment. We only find what we put away, and I put away the best of every day's happenings."

Get the habit! It is the supremest of all the arts of economy.

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil! Remove Them With the Ochine Prescription.

This prescription for the removal of freckles was written by a prominent physician and is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by The Heaton Drug Co., also any of Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.'s stores under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of ochine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely. Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength ochine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.