

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

AMONG other wonders that western travelers are shown in Japan is the great statue of Buddha at the Ko-Toku-In monastery, Kamakura.

The Kamakura monastery of the Ko-Toku-In (Jodo) sect is situated a short distance from the village of Inase, near the sea coast, and the great image is considered one of the most remarkable representations of Buddha Japan has ever produced.

Here is a short history of the temple and statue, taken from Japanese sources:

"There has been a temple in this place since the eighth century, but the image is of a much later date. Its precise history is involved in obscurity. Tradition, however, says that the shogun Yoritomo, when taking part in the dedication of the restored Dai-Butsu at Nara in the sixth year of Kenkyu (1196 A. D.), to which place he had been summoned by the emperor to supervise the ceremony, conceived the desire of having a similar object of worship at his own capital, but died before he could put the plan into execution.

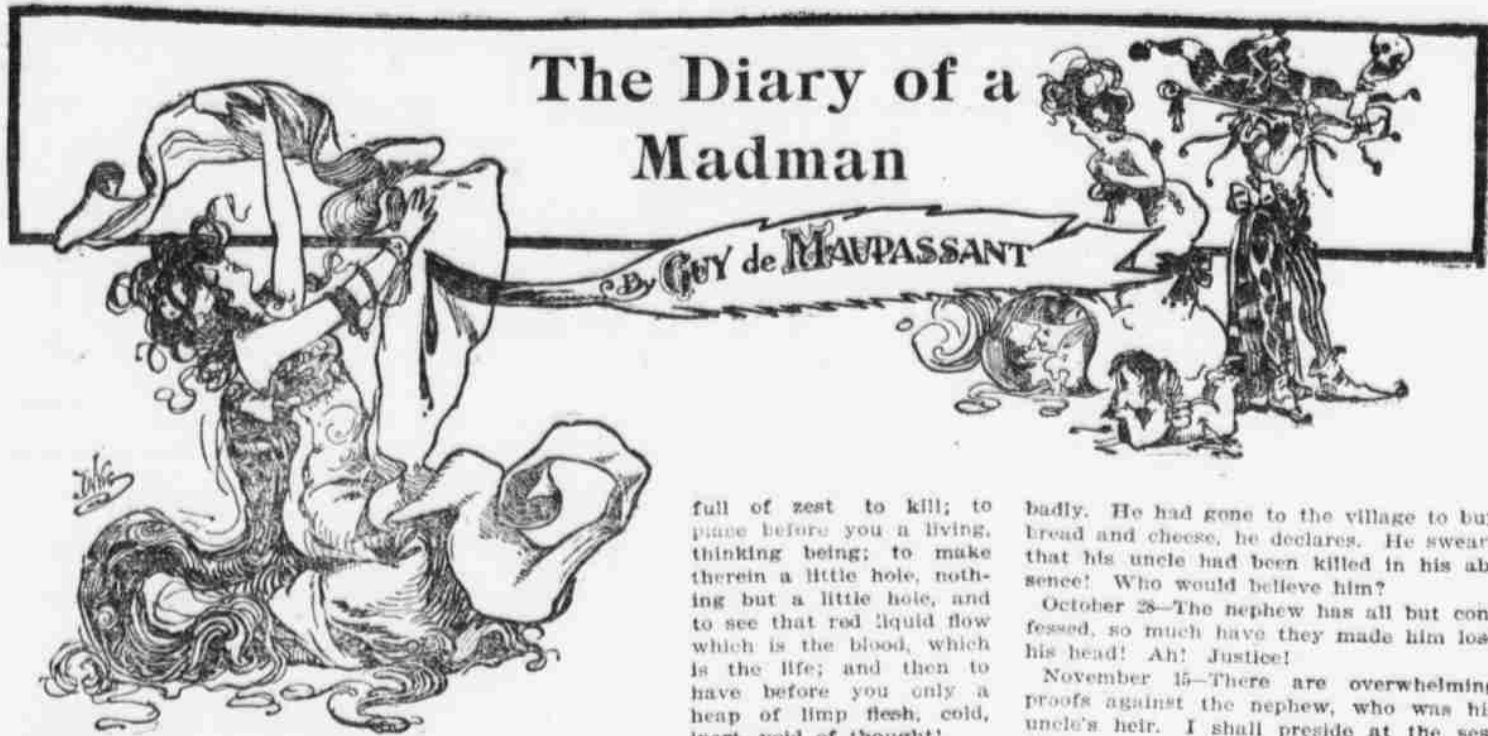
"The temple was commenced in the fourth year of Kencho, the eighth month and seventeenth day, and the founder was Ono Go-ro-yemon, an artificer of Yamamura, in the county of Mota, province of Kadzusa. This was the first time that such a marvelous piece of metal work had been thus successfully undertaken in Japan, and the perfect artistic mastery of form and true beauty and grandeur of outline which characterize Ono's masterpiece is a wonderful triumph of Japanese glyptic art.

"The temple was completely destroyed by storms twice, once in the second year of Kenmu (1335 A. D.) and once in the second year of Oan (1369 A. D.), but was repaired. Again in the fourth year of Mei-o (1495 A. D.) the buildings were swept away by a tidal wave, but this time the priests were unable to raise funds for their restoration, and only the image and the stone foundations of the church were left.

"In the period of Shotoku (1111-1155 A. D.) a Buddhist archbishop named Yuten rebuilt the priest's residence, and a certain Nohjima Yasusuke furnished money liberally and presented votive bronze lanterns and various ornaments to the church, but the funds failed and the work of complete restoration was abandoned.

Some notion of the great size of this statue may be obtained from the following measurements:

The eyes are of pure gold, and the silver boss weighs thirty pounds, avoirdupois. The image is formed of sheets of bronze, cast separately and brazed together, finished off on the outside with the chisel.



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HE was dead—the head of a high tribunal, the upright magistrate, whose irreproachable life was a proverb in all courts of France. Advocates, young counselors, judges had saluted, bowing low in token of profound respect, remembering that grand face, pale and thin, illumined by two bright, deepest eyes.

He had passed his life in pursuing crime and in protecting the weak. Swindlers and murderers had no more redoubtable enemy, for he seemed to read in the recesses of their souls their most secret thoughts.

He was dead, now, at the age of 82, honored by the homage and followed by the regrets of a whole people. Soldiers in red breeches had escorted him to the tomb, and men in white cravats had shed on his grave tears that seemed to be real.

But listen to the strange paper found by the dismayed notary in the desk where the judge had kept filed the records of great criminals! It was entitled: WHY?

June 20, 1851—I have just left court. I have condemned Blondel to death! Now, why did this man kill his five children? Frequently one meets with people to whom killing is a pleasure. Yes, yes, it should be a pleasure—the greatest of all, perhaps, for is not killing most like creating? To make and to destroy! These two words contain the history of the universe, the history of all worlds, all that is, all! Why is it not intoxicating to kill?

June 25—To think that there is a being who lives, who walks, who runs. A being? What is a being? An animated thing which bears in it the principle of motion and a will ruling that principle. It clings to nothing, this thing. Its feet are independent on the ground. It is a grain of life that moves on the earth, and this grain of life, coming I know not whence, one can destroy at one's will. Then nothing—nothing more. It perishes; it is finished.

June 30—Why, then, is it a crime to kill? Yes, why? On the contrary, it is the law of nature. Every being has the mission to kill; he kills, to live, and he lives to kill. The beast kills without ceasing, all day, every instant of its existence. Man kills without ceasing, to nourish himself; but since in addition he needs to kill for pleasure, he has invented the chase! The child kills the insects he finds, the little birds, all the little animals that come in his way. But this does not suffice for the irresistible need of massacre that is in us. It is not enough to kill beasts; we must kill man too. Long ago this need was satisfied by human sacrifice. Now, the necessity of living in society has made murder a crime. We condemn and punish the assassin! But as we cannot live without yielding to this natural and imperious instinct of death, we relieve ourselves, from time to time by wars. Then a whole nation slaughters another nation. It is a feast of blood, a feast that maddens armies and intoxicates the civilians, women and children, who read, by lamplight at night, the feverish story of massacre.

August 5—I who have passed my life in judging, condemning, killing by words pronounced, killing by the guillotine those who had killed by the knife, if I should do as all the assassins whom I have smitten have done, I—I who would know it?

August 10—Who would ever know? Who would ever suspect me, especially if I should choose a being I had no interest in doing away with?

August 22—I could resist no longer. I have killed a little creature as an experiment, as a beginning. Jean, my servant, had a goldfinch in a cage hung in the office window. I sent him on an errand, and I took the little bird in my hand, in my hand where I felt its heart beat. It was warm. I went up to my room. From time to time I squeezed it tighter; its heart beat faster; it was atrocious and delicious. I was nearly choking it. But I could not see the blood.

Then I took scissors, short nail scissors, and I cut its throat in three strokes, quite gently. It opened its bill, it struggled to escape me, but I held it, oh! I held it—I could have held a mad dog—and I saw the blood trickle.

And then I did as assassins do—real ones. I washed the scissors and washed my hands. I sprinkled water, and took the body, the corpse, to the garden to hide it. I buried it under a strawberry plant. It will never be found. Every day I can eat a strawberry from that plant. How one can enjoy life, when one knows how!

My servant cried; he thought his bird flown. How could he suspect me? Ah! August 25—I must kill a man! I must! August 30—It is done. But what a little thing! I had gone for a walk in the forest of Vernee. I was thinking of nothing, literally nothing. See! a child on the road, a little child eating a slice of bread and butter. He stops to see me pass and says, "Good day, Mr. President."

And the thought enters my head: "Shall I kill him?" I answer: "You are alone, my boy?" "Yes, sir."

"All alone in the wood?" "Yes, sir." The wish to kill him intoxicated me like wine. I approached him quite softly, persuaded that he was going to run away. And suddenly I seized him by the throat. He held my wrists in his little hands, and his body writhed like a feather on the fire. Then he moved no more. I threw the body in the ditch, then some weeds on top of it. I returned home and dined well. What a little thing it was! In the evening I was very gay, light, rejuvenated, and passed the evening at the Prefect's. They found me witty. But I have not seen blood! I am not tranquil.

August 31—The body has been discovered. They are hunting for the assassin. Ah!

September 1—Two tramps have been arrested. Proofs are lacking.

September 2—The parents have been to see me. They wept! Ah! October 6—Nothing has been discovered. Some strolling vagabond must have done the deed. Ah! If I had seen the blood flow it seems to me I should be tranquil now!

October 10—Yet another. I was walking by the river, after breakfast. And I saw, under a willow, a fisherman asleep. It was noon. A spade, as if expressly put there for me, was standing in a potato field near by.

I took it. I returned; I raised it like a club, and with one blow of the edge I cleft the fisherman's head. Oh! he bled, this one!—rose-colored blood. It flowed into the water quite gently. And I went away with a grave step. If I had been seen! Ah! I should have made an excellent assassin.

October 25—The affair of the fisherman makes a great noise. His nephew, who fished with him, is charged with the murder. October 26—The examining magistrate affirms that the nephew is guilty. Everybody in town believes it. Ah! ah! October 27—The nephew defends himself

badly. He had gone to the village to buy bread and cheese, he declares. He swears that his uncle had been killed in his absence! Who would believe him?

October 28—The nephew has all but confessed, so much have they made him lose his head! Ah! Justice!

November 15—There are overwhelming proofs against the nephew, who was his uncle's heir. I shall preside at the sessions.

January 25, 1852—To death! to death! to death! I have had him condemned to death! The advocate-general spoke like an angel! Ah! Yet another! I shall go to see him executed!

March 10—It is done. They guillotined him this morning. He died very well! very well! That gave me pleasure! How fine it is to see a man's head cut off!

Now, I shall wait, I can wait. It would take such a little thing to let myself be caught.

The manuscript contained more pages, but told of no new crime.

Allenist physicians to whom the awful story has been submitted declare that there are in the world many unknown madmen, as adroit and as terrible as this monstrous lunatic.—From the first complete edition of the works of Guy de Maupassant in English. Published by M. Walter Dunne, New York.

Slang in Common Use

Some forty years ago New Yorkers were noted for the purity and simplicity of their English. Now all that is changed. Long ago a New Yorker would tell the oft-repeated sad story as follows: "On my way home last evening I met John Smith. He invited me to go to the theater with him. I told him I had promised my wife to be home for supper, but he would take no excuse. We talked the matter over, and at last he prevailed upon me to go with him. We enjoyed ourselves at the theater, and had a good time when the play was over. Reaching home in good spirits, I found my wife in a very bad humor. She was still angry this morning. I'm afraid she will never be herself again."

In these days of progress he tells it, or rather says it thus:

"Pegging for my flat last evening I found myself up against John Smith.

"'Hands up,' he says.

"'What for?' I says.

"'For the show,' he says.

"'No,' I says. 'Can't go.' I says. 'I promised my wife.' I says, 'to be home for supper,' I says.

"'How old is Ann?' he says.

"'Chestnuts!' I says.

"'Rats!' he says, 'you can see your wife every night,' he says, 'but you can't see a show every evening,' he says.

"'Chase yourself,' I says.

"'Not much,' he says, 'You're pinched!' he says.

"'Well, all right,' I says, 'I'll go,' I says.

"'So we took in the show, and took in some more when it was over. Closehauled on the reach, I managed to fetch the shebang. My wife, she says, 'Where were you?' she says.

"'At the show,' I says.

"'You're the show,' she says.

"'Come off!' I says.

"'You're a brute!' she says, 'Get out of my sight!' she says.

"'Take the 'L' road!' I says. Then she made a dive for the broomstick.

"'Now if she went for the gun or the carving knife, I'd have gone up to bed, but when she started for the broomstick, I knew there was something doing. So I ran downstairs and across to Molloy's.

"'What's the matter?' he says.

"'I'm between a stone fence and a dog's nose,' I says.

"'I guess you had better take the stone fence,' he says.

"'All right,' I says.

"'Better than a broomstick,' I says.

"'Oh, oh,' he says, 'I tumble,' he says. 'You've been thar?' I says.

"'You bet,' he says.

"'Then he gave me the stone fence, and after that gin cocktails galore."

This is no exaggeration—it's just what he says. He always says "he says" or "I says" at the end of everything he says, except when he says "she says."—New York Sun.