The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Sherlocko the Monk--- The Case of the Voice in the Barn

Drawn for The Bee by Gus Mager

Hunting a Husband

Remembering Maynard's Cruelty to the Horse, the Widow Treats Him Coolly.

By Virginia Terhune Van DeWater.

The night after her drive with Robert Maynard, Beatrice slept poorly. During the evening she had been able to put from her thoughts the finale to the events of the afternoon, but when her objective mind sank to rest with her weary body the subconscious mind began to work, and in her dreams she saw the set, white face of the angry man and heard the hiss of the lash as it descended upon the quivering and frightened horse.

She awoke with a gasp, thinking for a mement that it had been all a dream; then remembered the disagreeable episode, and fell asleep at last, only to dream of it again.

She arose the following morning weary and heavy-eyed. She was disappointed in the man whom she had begun to regard with more than ordinary warmth of feeling. His lack of self-control was more than odious to her because it reminded her of Tom's occasional ebullitions of temper under the influence of liquor, and the remembrance added to her discomfort. Not twice, she declared, would a sane woman give her happiness into the keeping of a drinking man.

Yet, even, while she made this mental statement, came creeping into her brain the question—was Robert Maynard really what could be called a drinking man? He did not look it, for his eyes and skin were clear, his manner alert yet calm, his hand and voice steady. Although she had seen him drink a glass of wine at Helen Robbins' dinner, and a highball at the after-theater supper, he had taken no more than did any other man present at either time. Perhaps, she mused, he only drank when with some boon companions like Rossiter, but, even so, a wife would never know when her husband might meet such a companion, and she would always be dreading it. No, a man who could so far forget himself was not the kind of a man for her to consider as a possible husband.

Several days passed without any word from Maynard. Beatrice had fancied that perhaps he would send her a note of apology, or some flowers, or some token of his repentance. She had even pondeded in her mind as to whether to receive such advances with cold disapproval or with pitying forgiveness. She was piqued to find smouldering resentment against Maynard added warmth to her welcome to Henry Blanchard when he called on the fourth evening after her experience with Maynard. "Uncle Henry" had sent her no word of his return from his business trip, and she was secretly a bit amused to note that he took it for granted that she would be at home and disengaged. But he, at all events, she reflected, was a nice, honest-hearted, sober man. Her displeasure with the widower made her feel more kindly toward the old bachelor and her "How good it is to see you again!" was so cordial that Blanchard decided that she was an unusually attractive and delightful woman.

"I thought you might not mind seeing me," he admitted with a gratified smile. "I just got back from Boston this afternoon. I ran in to see Helen right after dinner, but told her I had a call to make and could not stay. She asked me where I was calling, but I pretended not to hear her and to be absorbed in discussing the political situation with her husband. Then I came away before she had a chance to ask me again. She's a good girl, but a bit inquisitive at times."

"That's because she's so fond of you," said Beatrice. "I'm sure if I had as nice an uncle as you I would like to know about him and his affairs."

"I always fancy she's just a little jealous," said Blanchard. "I would not say so to most people, but I feel that you're to be trusted—so I acknowledge that I think often that Helen would rather I didn't go to see any of the ladies. Perhaps"—with a chuckle—"she's afraid I might, even at my age, get into my head the notion of marrying and setting up an establishment of my own."

The speech was made apparently in fun and Beatrice was annoyed to feel herself blushing consciously. She spoke hastily and at random.

"Well, and if you did; I suppose that is your own business, isn't it?" she queried.

Again her companion chuckled.

"That's about the way it looks to me," he agreed. "But I suppose Helen thinks it would be very foolish for an old codger like me to marry—for she considers me really old."

"But you're not!" declared Beatrice, eagerly. "You seem to me to be just in the prime of life."

"Then you really think" he said with a pleased laugh, "that a man of my age has a right to ask a young woman to consider seriously the subject of marriage to him?"

But Beatrice was not obliged to reply to this leading question, for, to her relief, the telephone bell rang sharply and she hastened into the hall in obedience to its summons. She was amused to hear Helen's voice.

"Beatrice, dear," she said, "I have not heard from you for some days, and I am just calling up to know if you are well and was you are doing with yourself."

Beatrice was aware that her friend's seeming solicitude was the result of her suspicions as to where her bachelor relative was spending his evening, and her desire to assure herself that he was not in the presence of the attractive widow. So Beatrice talked rapidly and lightly of one matter after another, cleverly keeping Helen from asking any direct question. It was a nice bit of fencing, but the widow did her part so well that when the conversation ended Helen knew no more of her uncle's whereabouts than when it began. Nor had Beatrice called Helen by name, using instead the convenient "my dear," which might apply to any friend. So Henry Blanchard, overhearing the conversation, did not suspect that his wily niece has been attempting to spy upon his movements.

His hostess had scarcely returned to the drawing-room when the telephone bell sounded again in an insistent and persistent ring. With a laughing apology and the comment, "I seem to be in demand this evening, just when I would like a quiet talk with you," she went once again into the hall and put the receiver to her ear. She caught her breath as she heard Maynard's voice. He had been so busy, he said, that he had not had time to call her up until now. "Although I have thought of you much," he averred, "I wish I might think that you had missed me a little."

"Really," replied Beatrice, carelessly, "I have not had leisure to think of anybody much of late, for my time has been so fully occupied."

An awkward silence ensued, then Maynard spoke again.

"When are you going to be kind enough to spare me a little of your precious time?" he asked. "When may I come and see you, you dear lady?"

But Beatrice was unmoved by the pleading voice.

"I really cannot say just now when I will have a free hour," she answered, in as indifferent tone as she could assume. "I have company this evening, and must really ask you to excuse me as I ought to return to the drawing room."

Another silence attested to the man's surprise. Then he asked:

"You will drop me a line when you can make time to see me, won't you?"

"I will think about it," promised Beatrice. "Good night." And, hanging up the receiver, she returned to her guest.

FOUND INSPIRATION IN LOVE

Some men of genius have undoubtedly believed with Thackeray that it is better to love foolishly than not at all; that they have practiced this philosphy is proved by their memoirs and biographies.

Leigh Hunt loved a good girl whose spelling was unconventional and whose chirography could not be called her chief accomplishment. Keats was wildly, madly in love with a commonplace girl named Fanny Browne. He married her, but she was incapable of appreciating him.

Hazlitt, the brilliant essayist, loved the pert, coarse daughter of his landlady. He wrote her a letter which she never answered, and he said that "the rolling years of eternity would not fill up the blank that her failure to answer that letter caused."

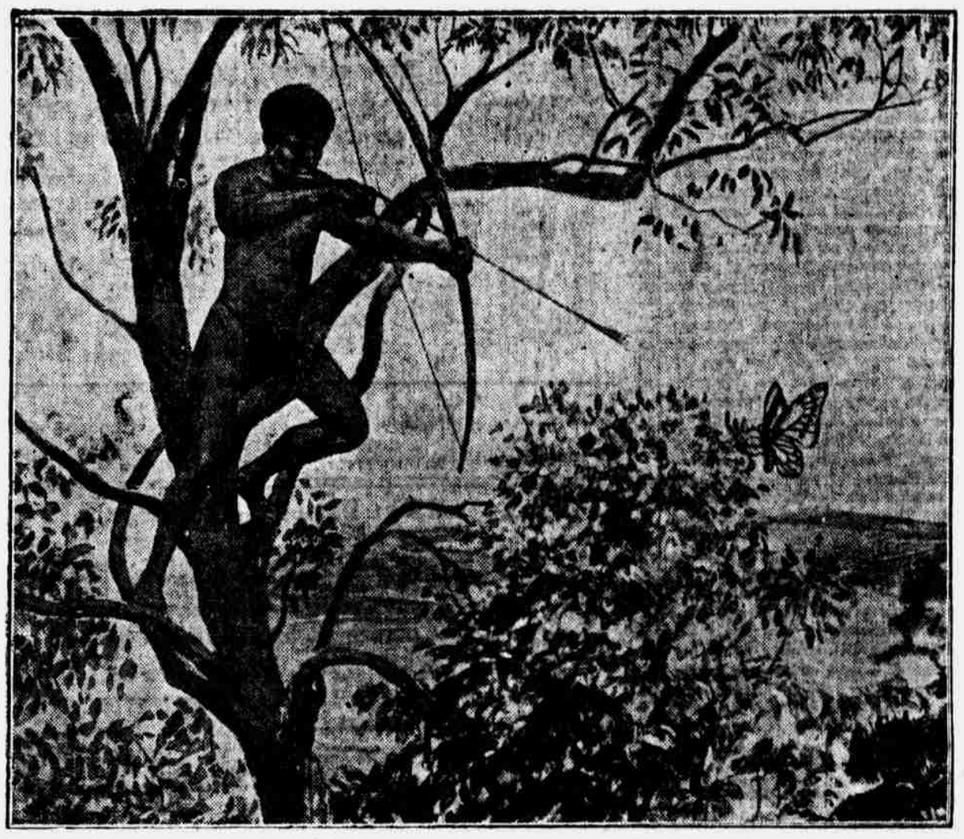
A practical Scottish girl, Charlotte Carpenter, won Walter Scott's love. She not only hated literature, but objected to writing to him. He wrote her, saying, "You must write me once a week." She replied: "You are quite out of your senses, and you need not put in so many 'musts' in your letters. It is beginning too early."

Alfred de Musset's love for the irresponsive George Sand gave his thoughts such an extraordinary elevation that he wrote many brilliant poems in consequence. Chaucer sang the praises of many queens, but his one great love was Philippa Picard de Roueet, the lady-in-waiting to Queen Anne of Bohemia. He waited nine years to marry her, but made it a matter of complaint in several poems.

Moore lived up to his theory that love's young dream is the sweetest thing in life. He never let one love get old before he supplanted it with a new. Carey had his Sally of "Sally in Our Alley" fame. Surrey loved Geraldine from the time she was a child in short dresses. Corneille, the astute lawyer, fell in love and became the brilliant dramatic poet. Thus it seems that love, whether successful or otherwise, for a time inspires its votaries.

Shooting Butterflies With Guns and Bows

A Strange Sport that Suggests Thoughts of Some of the Riddles of Existence.



KILLING THE GREAT INSECT NAMED AFTER A FIRE-EATING MONSTER; SHOOTING THE BUTTERFLY, TROIDES CHIMAERA, WITH A FOUR-PRONGED ARROW.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

In the forests of New Guinea, among the Owen Stanley mountains, dwell what may be regarded as the largest species of butterflies in the world. Some of them have wings which, when opened, spread to a width of almost a foot—lacking but half an inch. Many have a spread of wings varying from eight to ten inches. They are brilliant in color, and haunt the branches of tall flowering trees, so that it is difficult to capture them.

The first specimen that ever fell into the hands of a white man was shot by Mr. A. L. Meek, with an ordinary twelve-bore gun. He did not know that he had discovered a new species until he had sent it to Tring park, in England, where Walter Rothschild has a wonderful natural history museum. Word was sent back to Mr. Meek, who has been hunting in New Guinea and neighboring islands for more than twenty years that the wonderful butterfly he had killed was new to science. It was named Troides-Chimaera—Troides being the family name of a group of butterflies, and Chimaera the name of the traditional monster that the Greek hero Bellerophon killed while riding the winged horse Pegasus.

It was a female, and Mr. Meek was requested by Mr. Rothschild to try to obtain a specimen of the male. Mr. Meek was then in the Solomon Islands, but he went back to New Guinea and began his search. After a several weeks hunt he succeeded. He discovered many females, but could seldom see a male. way of killing these gigantic butterway of killing these gigantic butterflies than shooting them to pieces with shot. They climb up into the trees armed with a bow and light four pronged arrows. There they lie in wait, in the vicinity of a branch that is laden with the flowers that the butterflies love, and when one comes along and alights to suck the nectar a prolonged arrow is sent into his vitals. The arrows do not tear the insects to pieces as shot are liable to do. Meanwhile another native crouches on the ground underneath the tree and prays for the success of his comrade up among the branches. The same arrows are used to kill small birds.

Previous to the discovery of these titanic butterflies of New Guinea, several other gigantic species were known in the islands of the Malay Archipelago, but none as large as these. They have been diligently sought by naturalists since the time when Alfred Russel Wallace made his famous exploring expeditions through those islands and when found have been treasured like nuggets of gold. Mr. Wallace has given most amusing and exciting accounts of his capture of the first specimens of the huge ornithpteras butterfly, which is thus named because its wings are shaped somewhat like those of a bird. They vary from six to eight inches in spread, and are gloriously beautiful in color and markings. Their brilliancy and beauty, Mr. Wallace says, are indescribable. He thus tells of his sensations when he caught, in the islands of Batachian, the first specimen he had ever seen:

"On taking it out of my net and opening its glorious wings, my heart began to beat violently, my blood rushed to my head, and I felt much more like fainting than I have ever done when in apprehension of immediate death. I had a headache the rest of the day, so great was the excitement."

Afterward, in the Aru islands, Mr. Wallace caught a second no less wonderful specimen, and of this he says:

"I trembled with excitement as I saw it coming majestically toward me, and could hardly believe I had really succeeded in my stroke till I had taken it out of the net and was gazing, lost in admiration, at the velvet black and brilliant green of its wings, seven inches across; its golden body and crimson breast."

Mr. Wallace remarked that the flight of these great butterflies is slow and majestic, and when near the ground they look larger and much more conspicuous than the majority of birds.

"The first sight of the great blue Morphos, flapping slowly along in the forest reads near Para; of the large, white-and-black, semi transparent Ideas, floating airily about the woods near Malacca, and of the golden-green Ornithoptears, sailing on bird-like wings over the flowering shrubs that adorn the beaches of the Ke and Aru islands can never be forgotten."

It seems wonderful that any species of animal should vary as greatly as do the butterflies in size. Most of those that we are familiar with in temperate climes have a spread of wings not exceeding an inch or two. One with a spread of three inches seems a monster. Think, then, of Mr. Meek's specimens, almost a foot across. If men varied as much as that in size we might expect to encounter in the tropical forests representatives of our species from forty to sixty feet tall. Monkeys and apes, which look often like caricatures of human beings, vary greatly in size, and so do beetles and other insects; but the majority of animals have an average limit of dimensions, which is seldom much exceeded, so that even a six-foot-and-a-half or seven-foot man seems to most of us an extraordinary giant. What would the history of our race have been if some of its tribes had grown to a height of several yards, while others attained a stature of only a few feet? Unless the little ones were more plentifully furnished with brains than their gigantic compeers they would have had small chance of suvival, except as the slaves of their huge masters. But the law of gravitation would have come to the rescue of the little fellows, for the big ones would have been so heavy that they could hardly stand on their feet. A fully proportioned many sixty feet tall would weigh about 200,000 pounds.

Fear is a Common Failing

In an editorial founded on the Titanic disaster, F. P. Dunne writes as follows in the July American Magazine:

"Probably the first thought of every reasonable man in reading the dreary details of the disaster to the Titanic was: 'What would I have done in the same circumstances?' Probably his second bore the hope in all humility that if such circumstances should arise for him he would behave without too much of the awkwardness of panic. Only a fool would hazard a prediction of his conduct in the face of a peril so unexpected and attended by the terrors of midnight and the sea. It is no discredit to the human race to say that cowardice is a gift from the devil which has been impartially distributed among mankind.

"Every man who thinks at all is afraid of death. He may be more afraid of something else, of loss of honor, health or money, of going to a dentist, or, like the man in Pickwick, of life, without buttered muffins, but he chooses death only as a bad alternative for a worse. If he is not affraid of one things you may be sure he is afraid of another. A man will go up to the clouds in a balloon who wouldn't go down into twenty feet of water in a submarine. A steeplejack may be afraid of dogs and a lion tamer of riding in an elevator. We know a man who has made a great reputation for coolness under fire in battle, who gibbers with fear whenever he has the stomachache. One man fears fire, another burglars, another railway trains, another measles.

"Conduct in an emergency depends on many things besides those abstract qualities known as 'cowardice' and 'courage.' A man is apt to act calmly when his surroundings, at the time the peril presents itself, are customary and familiar, when his nerves happen to be sound, or when he has time to meditate on his action and weigh carefully its consequences.

"It is well known that men are orderly in peril when they have a set task to perform. We once asked a fireman who had borne himself with great valor in danger if he wasn't afraid. 'I didn't have time,' he said. 'I was busy gettin' the people out.' Captain Smith of the Titanic was in the same case. He had his absorbing work to do and it gave him no leisure to think of his fate. So we have seen old men whose death was almost as imminent as his, apparently, continue heedless of it till the end through their interest in the affairs of the world.

"Again a man may be persuaded to shame or glory, as the case may be, by the example of his neighbor. One person afflicted by blinding fear may turn a hundred men into a panic-stricken mob or he may convert them into a throng of heroes through their very horror of his conduct. And one man who has established his moral equilibrium quickly can instantly convey fortitude to the others. Courage and cowardice both like company."

Jackson of the Valley

It Was Fifty Years Ago Today That "Stonewall' Jackson Forced General McClellan to Change His Plans.

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

June 25, 1862.

Just fifty years ago today—June 23, 1862—General McClellan, commanding the Army of the Potomac, heard a bit of news tha threw all of his carefully laid plans out of joint, reversed the whole stategy of his campaign and headed him for the cover of the gunboats on the James.

The startling bit of news was that "Stonewall" Jackson had suddenly appeared on his right flank. That was all. But that was enough; and the brave army with the cautious leader was headed away from the point where it could plainly see the very church steeples of the confederate capital.

When Jackson appeared on McClellan's flank he was on his way back from his famous valley compaign, a campaign that will ever rank in brilliancy along with Napoleon's first Italian campaign and that earlier campaign which Malborough brought to a close at Blenheim.

After a forced march of 100 miles Jackson, on May 8, fell like lightning upon McDowell at Milroy and completely used him up. A few days later, after a march of 120 miles, he defeated Banks at Front Royal, followed him to Winchester, beat him there to the verge of panic and drove him in dismay across the Potomac.

Resting for a couple of days, Jackson appeared at Harper's Ferry, from which point he threatened an invasion of Maryland. The bluff worked like a charm. The militia of the adjoining states were called out and 60,000 troops were rushed to the valley to "bag Jackson."

Keeping up his demonstration on the Potomac until it was no longer safe, Jackson began to fall back. Three armies were closing in on him, and his line of safe retreat was fifty miles away. He marched that distance in a day and a half, and at Strasburg held Fremont at bay until his long train of prisoners and captured stores had safely passed.

Arriving at a point where he thought that further retreat was unnecessary, he turned off for Port Republic, seized the bridge there and took the position which would enable him to fight his adversaries in succession without either being able to help the other.

Fremont was nearest, and on June 8 Jackson defeated him at Cross Keys. The following day he dealt Shields a staggering blow at Port Republic, driving him several miles from the battlefield.

With a force of no time exceeding 17,000 men Jackson whipped all of his adversaries in succession, and, though they so largely exceeded him in strength, he generally managed to meet them at the point of attack with equal or superior numbers.

But he did vastly more. His valley campaign completely paralyzed McClellan's "On to Richmond" campaign. It is fairly probable that McClellan would have taken the confederate capital had he had the assistance of the 40,000 or 50,000 men under McDowell, which splendid force was diverted from him by Jackson's victory over Banks at Winchester and his bluff at Harper's Ferry.

In addition to winning every one of his series of battles and knocking out McClellan's plans in the Peninsula campaign, Jackson captured arms, ammunition and supplies of all sorts to last the confederacy for months. With the material that Jackson took from the three armies that were sent out to bag him Lee fought McClellan clear down to the James.

It is doubtful if any other commander, since commanders have been, ever accomplished as much with 17,000 men as was accomplished by Stonewall Jackson in his valley campaign.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Thare was a lady caim up to our house last nite to visit Ma. She was a old maid that nevver got married beekaus thare wasent any good men in the wurld & none of the bad men wud ask her.

Ma had been telling Pa all about this wonder woman & her fine brain until Pa got tired of lissening to it. Her naim is Miss Patience Parker, I guess that is the reeson she is a old maid, beekaus her first name is Patience.

It was bad enuff for poor Pa to be all the time hearing what a wunderful woman she was, but wen he found out she was cumming to dinner last nite he got awful blue. He had to take away all the sporting pages about base ball & everything good, & throw them in a waste basket, & Ma made him clear off the sideboard, Pa took sum drinks out of the decanters so thay wud be lite enuff for me to carry. He toald me little boys shuddent git thare backs strained.

Wen Miss Parker got to the house she started rite in talking the kind of talk Pa thought she wud start in to talk.

Isent Mister Henry Wad-worth Lonfellow's grandson a wunderful man? she asked Pa & Ma at the dinner tabel. Havent you red in the paper that he is going to be married to a sweet yung girl?

I saw sumthing about it, sed Ma. Do you think it will be a happy marriage?

How cud it be else than happy? sed Miss Patience Parker. Just think, this yung man she is to wed nevver took a smoke or a drink or ate any meet, & he is never going to. Doant you think it is noabel for a yung man to have such high iddels, she asked Pa.

Dident he chew, eether? asked Pa.

No, sed Miss Patience Parker, he never used tobacco in any form.

Does his intended bride use tobacco? sed Pa.

Well, of all things! sed Miss Parker. Certingly not.

Well, sed Pa. they ought to git along grate. Two souls without a singel thought, sed Pa. How butiful.

I offen think, sed Miss Patience Parker, that the spirit of his grandfather is all the time hovering oaver that noabel yung man. How proud that spirit must be of its grandson, setting in his dainty hoam without no tobacco fumes.

But Mister Longfellow was all the time writing about Hiawatha smoking the peace pipe, sed Pa. & I doant know for sure, but I have heard that the good old poet used to wrap hisself around a lot of that New England hard cider in the cold, wintry nites, sed Pa. Him & Mister Whittles was snowbound onst, & tradishun has it that they never tried to dig thare way out as long as the hard cider lasted.

Do you know what I think, Miss Parker, sed Pa. I think if the spirit of Henry W. Longfellow is reely hovering oaver & around the noabel yung man that is soon to wed, that spirit is recsiting this kind of Hiawathy:

You who are about to marry
Just as gallant Hiawatha
Went & married Minnehaha,
Take a littel tip from grandpa:
Smoak a littel, drink a littel,
Scrap a littel, drink a littel,
Eat sum beefsteak when you want it,
Laugh and love & die contented.

I think that you are very crude, sed Miss Patience Parker. I doant see how yure good wife endures the strain of alivin' with you.

Ask her how she endures it, sed Pa. Thare isent anything to endure, sed Ma, my husband is the best old sport & the deerest husband that evver lived.

A Scuptor

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

As the ambitious sculptor, tireless, lifts
Chisel and hammer to the block at hand,
Before my half-formed character I stand
And ply the shining tools of mental gifts.

I'll cut away a huge, unsightly side
Of selfishness, and smooth the curves of grace
The angles of ill-temper.

And no trace
Shall my sure hammer leave of silly pride.
Chip after chip must fall from vain desires,
And the sharp corners of my discontent
Be rounded into symmetry, and lent
Great harmony by faith that never tires.
Unfinished still, I must toil on and on,
Till the pale critic, Death, shall say,
"'Tis done."