

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Baron Bunsen

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Fifty-three years ago, November 25, 1860, at Bonn, died Baron Bunsen, the pride of his country and one of the abiding ornaments of the human race.

Christian Charles Bunsen was born at Corbach, one of the smallest of the German principalities. In the year 1791, and though of humble origin he worked his way up, by sheer force of genius and energy, to the highest social and intellectual honor.



A doctor of philosophy at 21 years, a master diplomat at 25 years, and from that time on of necessity a man of the world and ever busy with all sorts of affairs, social and political, he found time to successfully prosecute many studies, and to add materially to the solid learning of mankind.

A scholar of scholars, being intimately acquainted with Hebrew, Arabic, Persian and Norse, as well as with most of the European languages, he applied himself with the old crusader's ardor to the task of informing himself regarding the facts of history, the age of the human race, and of the earth, with the result that he was able to make valuable and permanent contributions to the sum of our knowledge.

His great work, "Egypt's Place in Universal History," was a pioneer in its line, and its conclusions are sound to this day. Taking the ground that "from the known portion of the curve of history we may determine the whole," he revolutionized our theory of the earth and man, and pushed back the beginnings a long distance.

His discoveries of the text of Ignatius, and of the work of Bishop Hippolytus "On All the Heresies," opened up radically new views on early church history, views which have not yet reached the full maturity of results.

His work, "God in History," is one of the most powerful books ever written; and those who have not read it have missed some of the best intellectual and moral patulum to be found in libraries.

But Bunsen was more than a historical scientist and diplomat—he was a great political seer. He looked ahead and saw the political unity of Germany and Italy; and while as yet the fact was largely embryonic, he predicted the world-wide influence of the English-speaking portion of the children of men.

Dying in his 70th year, Baron Bunsen left behind him a spotless name, for his character was as flawless as his genius was brilliant.

The Gold Witch

The Adventures of the Golden-Haired Heiress

No. 6—Dreams of the Past and Future

By Stella Flores

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The Gold Witch finds an old harp—an instrument she loves. In the dimming twilight Tom and his father steal in to listen. As the exquisite notes throb out, shadowy pictures form in the dusk. To Tom they are visions of a happy future; to his father bitter-sweet memories of the past—of his ward's mother, whom he loved but did not marry.

Immortals

By ADA PATTERSON.

We are to have women "immortals." The American Academy of Arts and Letters has decided that we may and Prof. Brander Matthews recently named five women who are eligible to that honor.

Two of them are women of New England, Margaret Deland who proved her brain analytical and her tender by writing "Old Chester Tales" and other books that probe into the depths and richness of human nature, and Mary Wilkins Freeman, who brought to the surface the gold we had not known dwelt in the veins of the tart-like Yankee nature. He said Ida Tarbell, who investigated the Standard Oil history is worthy, and that Edith Wharton, who disclosed the "House of Mirth" as a place of melancholy, deserves a place in the honor roll of womanhood.



Mary Cassatt, who has worked as hard at her paintings as though her brother were never president of the Pennsylvania railroad, merits such ranking in Prof. Matthews' opinion and no one probably will dispute him. For ten years the question of admission of women to the high company of the immortals has not been discussed. Then it was that Julia Ward Howe, patriot writer of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, received the immortality of membership before she passed into a nobler band of immortals.

"I believe," said the discriminating friend of women, "that it would be advisable for women to start 'immortals' of their own."

Rather a good idea that, and we could spend a quarter hour far less profitable than considering whom we should like to make an "immortal." Before my vision passes in the splendid procession the women who are to be known merely as "John Purroy Mitchell's mother." Her son was elected a mayor of New York by voters who wanted clean hands and character at the head of their government.

Poor Man in Court

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST

A defendant who is without money has a comparatively poor chance before the courts. While there are certain features of the judicial process that work to the advantage of the defendant, there are others that are just as operative to his disadvantage, especially if he is poor.

When a case comes before the grand jury, if an indictment is found, it is found on the basis of one-sided evidence. Everything is put in that will go to prove guilt, but nothing that might suggest innocence. There are reasons for that, probably, but it is not generally known what they are.

Then the case comes up for trial. The fact that an indictment has been found prejudices the judge and jury against the accused, even though the indictment stands upon but a single leg, the leg of adverse testimony uncontroverted by anything that might have been urged in his favor.

He has already been convicted by one tribunal, and the trial commences with a presumption that he will now be convicted again and finally.

That is the situation. The judge is affected by it, so is the jury; and so is the prosecuting attorney. The difficult task lying before the defendant's counsel is to overcome the presumption of guilt already lodged in the jury's mind.

He has therefore not only to cope with the evidence produced by the prosecutor, but to overcome the presumption of guilt existing in the minds of judge and jury before any evidence is offered—a presumption we must always remember, created by an indictment that was framed to fit only one side of the case.

The prosecutor's task is a different one. His ambition is to convict. Standing, as he is reputed to do, in the interests of the people, it is not apparent why it is not as much his proper ambition to clear the defendant if he is innocent as to convict him if he is guilty; but I never happened to know of a case where the prosecutor was not gratified by the jury bringing in a verdict of guilty.

What Is Touchstone for Women's Age?

By DOROTHY DIX.

Not Birthdays, Nor Books, Nor Clothes, Nor Complexions; They Reveal Nothing More Nowadays—Perhaps Mental and Spiritual Youth Makes Woman Young, Even After Body Has Grown Old

The other day a group of women were discussing age, that topic always interesting to their sex, and how you could tell how old Ann is.

"Not by birthdays," they exclaimed with one voice. "There's no such foolish way of telling a woman's age as by the years she has passed. A variegated assortment of birthday presents doesn't make a woman old. There are women who are mere debutantes at 30, and others who are the oldest inhabitants while still in their cradles."

"Nor can you tell how old a woman is by her looks nowadays," said the woman in the taupe suit, "for it's only the young who have any character lines in their faces."

"By the time a woman gets old enough to acquire a real human expression on her countenance she begins to have her wrinkles ironed out by massage, so there are no little telltale lines left around the eyes and mouth by which you can give a guess at how many summers, and also winters, have rolled over her head."

"It's granddaughters who has got the crow's feet now, and grandmothers whose face is as smooth as a china doll's."

"And everybody wears hand-made complexion," agreed the woman in blue, "and even the mere chits are sporting gray hair, just as all the old dames flaunt mahogany colored locks two or three years ago, so that your eyes no longer give you a yardstick by which to measure a woman's length of days."

"And as for clothes," wailed the woman in the red hat, "there's no difference between the things that is and no wear, unless it is that is in a little more dignified and conservative in its taste. Why, the only thing that makes me suspect that I'm getting old myself is that I find myself putting up good substantial dark colors in favor of baby blues and pinks and that I sort of lean toward hats with queen of May effects, and when a woman of my age begins to years for military with wreaths of flowers it's a sure sign of the approach of senile dementia."

On the Avenue

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

Here surge the city pilgrims by, Here pulses life a stream, The world is passing here—and I Just dream my little dream.

I dream the city sees my smile, And thrills at my heartache, That friendly is her rank and file— I dream—and then I wake.

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