# DEFY FATHER TIME

## Passing Years Need Not Bring Uselessness.

### California Writer Arises in Wrath to Deny That Seventy-Two Should Be Considered a "Ripe Old Age."

A newspaper item, a few days ago, stated that a certain man named So-and-So died "at the ripe old age of seventy-two."

Commenting on this the Los Angeles Times says that seventy-two is not a ripe old age and adds:

A ripe old age is an age when the person who has attained it is ready for old Father Time to come along and pluck him from the tree of life. If you will take a bird's-eye view of the activities of the world at the present hour, or even if you will look about you in your own community, you will see that men and women of seventy-two are among the foremost hustlers everywhere.

Active heads of great nations, big business men in the biggest businesses, leaders and go-getters of all descriptions in every direction you look have passed the seventy-two mark and are still going strong.

Why, a man should be about at his best at the age of seventy-two. And it is at that age that woman should really begin to enjoy life in high-heeled shoes, short skirts and a hat with roses all over it.

Cato did not begin the study of Greek until he was eighty years of age, and it was at the same age that Plutarch began the study of Latin. Hobbes, the English philosopher, published his best book when he was eighty-seven, and Chevreul, forever immortal in scientific research, was busy as a bee at his work in his one hundred and second year.

One of the most active lawyers of the Los Angeles county bar is past his ninetieth year, and we know of another Los Angeles man who has just been appointed cashier of a new bank at the age of seventy-four.

In short, the cold fact is that seventy-two is very far indeed from being "a ripe old age."

On the other hand, of course, a man can let himself be old at most any age. There are lots of men who are old at thirty, but it is a state of mind with them and not a physical condition, even though they may not be in good health.

As to women, we very well know that it was the fashion for them to be old and fear ruffled caps at forty. But that isn't the case now, by any means. Think of Lillian Russell, Sara Bernhardt and Schumann-Heink, merely to mention some of the more prominent women of our time.

We would go so far as to say that age is a question of what way we look at it. That "a man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she looks," is, indeed, a very good saying. A man is a fool not to feel all right, and a woman may be trusted never to "look" old if she is the woman she ought to be.

It is a great idea for a man when he is anywhere between fifty and seventy to mentally start all over again as though he had set out, like a boy, upon the great adventure of life.

Instead of spending his time then in vain regrets, let him resolve to attain all that he has missed. Let him, above all things else, renew his enthusiasm. Let him go to the circus again and buy peanuts for the elephant; let him go, stark, into an old swimming hole; whenever he hears a band let him follow it till he has lost the way home.

It shall be just as we think about it. We are to remember that we shall live only once on this earth, and that we will be a long time dead.

### His Achievements.

"I have been in business here at the old stand for thirty-four years," admitted the proprietor of the Right Place Store in Petunia. "During that time 27,050, in round numbers, fresh young drummers have tried to talk me into buying rare bargains that I didn't want, and 13,525 well-meaning lunkheads have left the door open when it ought to have been shut. I have listened with a crocodile smile to something like 46,743 old stories and no more than two dozen new ones. I have furnished settin' places for all the prominent and influential loafers of the community, and have had two tons of prunes, cheese and ginger-snaps ett up by 'em. I am thirty-four years older than I was when I began, and very little wiser or richer. I have trusted almost everybody who has asked me to, and some of them cheated me and others didn't. So, speaking biologically, I s'pose I don't think any worse of my feller citizens than they do of me."—Kansas City Star.

### Mount Ararat Now a Republic.

The announcement of the formation of "the Independent Republic of Ararat" will brush away the fallacy which regards Ararat as just a mountain instead of a country, albeit the very mountain on which the ark rested when the waters of the Deluge began to abate. Genesis is explicit enough to have prevented the mistake, it might be thought; it says quite distinctly: "The ark rested upon the mountains of Ararat." In its day, Ararat was a great power, holding sway far to the east and to the west. But to western Europe Ararat has long been known as the place where the dove first plucked the olive branch and returned with her message of hope to the Ark.

# HIS QUEER 'CATCH'

## And Garbage Master Was Not Fishing, at That.

### Old Copy Reader Ransacks His Mind for Most Unique Story He Can Recall, and Here Is the Result He Achieved.

The oldest copy reader on the paper grew reminiscent.

"In all the thousands of 'stories' for the paper I have read, how many unique ones have I found? Well, I can give you one that stands out in my memory, sharply defined, without a flaw.

"It is about the strangest fish that was ever caught in Sheepshead bay. It was about the time that motorboats were first being built, and risky things they were, too, in those days. Well, there was a certain young man about Broadway whose boast was that he would try anything once.

"He had tried automobiles and had had considerable success in finding out what happened to them when they ran into brick walls, telegraph poles and other things like that. So he decided to try motorboats, too.

"He did, and never tried anything after that. He gathered a jolly little party, packed a jolly little luncheon and off from shore they set in a cocky little motorboat, out into the middle of Sheepshead bay. There came a heavy squall, the boat upset and several of the happy throng were drowned, the gay young map included. Now, here's the meat of the yarn:

"The prettiest girl in the party was also the gayest. Her French heels were the highest and her big, flappy hat was the biggest and the flappiest. Well, she went down, down into Sheepshead bay and drank more water in five minutes than she had in as many years.

"When she came up for the third time she grabbed an empty floating box and clung to it until she grew too weak. Down she went. Night fell. . . .

"Now a tug came puffing and snorting on her way back from the garbage dumping grounds—or waters—dragging half a dozen empty scows, all of which were, like all such craft, equipped with hinged bottoms which open outward. All the scows were open, and aboard one, the captain or skipper or master, or whatever he ranked, was watching to see that nothing broke loose in the squall.

"Suddenly he heard a squeak, shrill and uncanny. He investigated. And inside his opened-up garbage scow, clinging desperately to the chains that swing open and shut the container of garbage was what had been a glorious creature in picture hat, French heels and other furbelows. The garbage master was a brave man, but this appalled him. His nerve won, however, and he hauled the miracle to what deck there was, and she survived and revived.

"What had happened was that the beautiful lady had been drawn down into the water again, but had once more come to the surface just as the scow passed over her and she had come up inside. She had life enough and sense enough to grasp anything tangible, that being in this case a slippery chain. Then she knew enough to try to shriek. The squeak she emitted saved her life."

### With Malice Aforethought.

Round the campfire—to put it poetically—a lot of soldiers were discussing hairbreadth escapes and adventures they had had. One after another they related tales, true and otherwise, till it came to the turn of a man who'd traveled all over the world. Every one waited breathlessly for his yarn, but he said he'd nothing to tell.

"Have you never had an accident?" chorused his pals.

"Accident? No!"

"Never had an accident in your life?"

"No. Rattler bit me once."

"Don't you call that an accident?"

"Thunder, no! The thing bit me on purpose!" said the traveler.

### Grenfell's Splendid Work.

Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, M. D., superintendent of the Labrador medical mission of Royal National Mission of Deep Sea Fishermen, was born February 28, 1863. He fitted out the first hospital ship for the North sea fisheries, and cruised with the fishermen from the Bay of Biscay to Iceland. He established homes for them on the land and arranged mission vessels for them in the sea. He went to Labrador in 1892, when he built four hospitals, a series of co-operative stores and an orphanage, and established numerous small industrial schemes.

### How Could He Know?

It may be a mistake for Hoover to go to Europe after all.

A day or two ago Miriam, of Jeffersonville, who is not yet eight, was not cleaning up her plate as well as she should, and usually does. Moreover, she was disposed to be wasteful and seemed to think the bars were up.

"Mr. Hoover will be after you if you waste food," said her mother.

"Mr. Hoover won't know anything about it; he has gone to Europe," was the reply.—Indianapolis News.

### Time on the Rhine.

Private Jones of Hoboken—Say, Casey, what time is it by the watch on the Rhine?

Private Casey of Brooklyn—Retirin' time, me bye, retirin' time!—Judge.



### Happiness Never a Thing One Lightly Casts Away.

#### Too Beautiful, Even Though Evanescent, to Be Passed By When One May Hold It, If Only for the Moment.

We were coming home from a dinner party together, my friend and I. It was late at night and rather rainy, and as we sat together in the damp, almost empty trolley car, my friend spoke very suddenly and seriously, writes Margaret E. Sangster in the Christian Herald.

"Just now," she said, "I've a chance to be very happy. But I'm almost afraid to take it!"

The rain beat in a futile manner against the car windows. I listened to it for a moment before I spoke.

"Why?" I questioned at last—"why are you afraid to take your chance—to be happy?"

"Because," answered my friend, and her eyes looked far away—past the car and the rain, even—"because I'm afraid that it won't last!"

When it is autumn and the leaves are crimson and gold-colored and very beautiful, we know, even as we admire them, that they will be brown and withered some day. But that does not keep us from loving their glorious colors.

It's like that, too, with flowers, and springtime, and the blue sky of summer. We know that the flowers will fade away and that springtime will go and that there will be winter storm clouds where there were once sparkles of sun.

And so this is the answer to my friend and to other friends of mine:

Never be afraid to grasp at happiness because it may not last. For happiness is as beautiful as the flowers of spring and the sky of summer and the vivid leaves of autumn. And even though it might not last, happiness is too beautiful to pass by with never a glance.

And then, as the philosopher said, and as we know, don't be sure, as you take your chance at happiness, that it will not stay. Look around your circle of friends, look at your business associates, look at the casual crowds and note the average of happy faces is rather high. You'll see more smiles, I think, than frowns; more merry faces than sad ones!

Don't be afraid to take a chance at happiness because you fear that it is too beautiful to last. Take your chance, instead, arguing that happiness is too beautiful not to last!

### Dead Man Upright at Machine Gun.

Stories of the scenes of the battlefields are told in a letter received by Mrs. H. E. Wilson of Middle avenue, Wilmerding, Pa., from her son, Private Gordon Wilson of the One Hundred and Ninth Ambulance corps.

Walking over the battlefield in search of wounded men, he wrote, he found himself staring into the muzzle of a German machine gun, with a German soldier at the breech. Dropping into a shell hole, Private Wilson remained there for half an hour, not daring to move. Finally, as darkness approached, he decided to crawl away. He lost his way, he says, and did not know where he was until he was again looking at the German machine gun and the lone soldier behind it. This time he was in a position to see better and recognized at once that the soldier was dead. A bullet fired by an American rifleman had penetrated his forehead, probably just at the time he was preparing to pour a volley into the advancing columns.