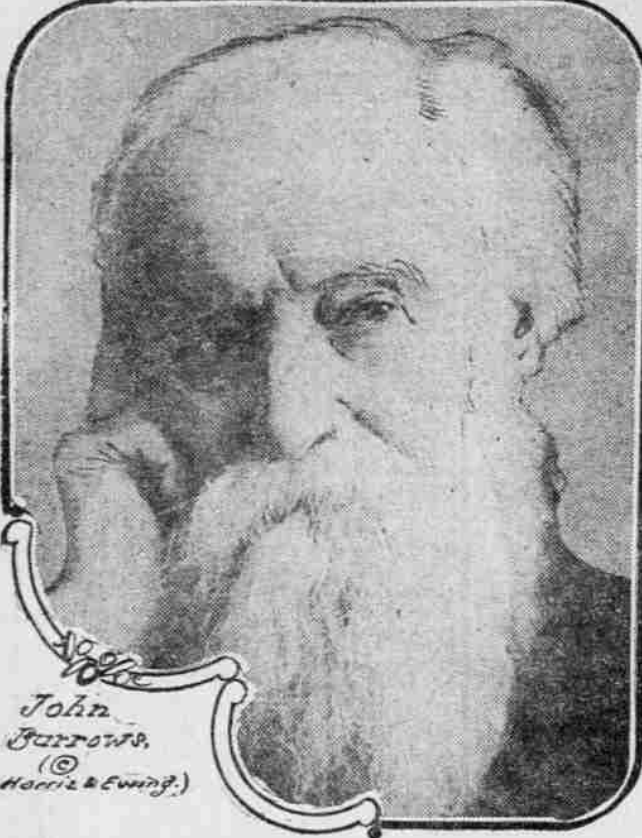


The Fine Art of Living Long

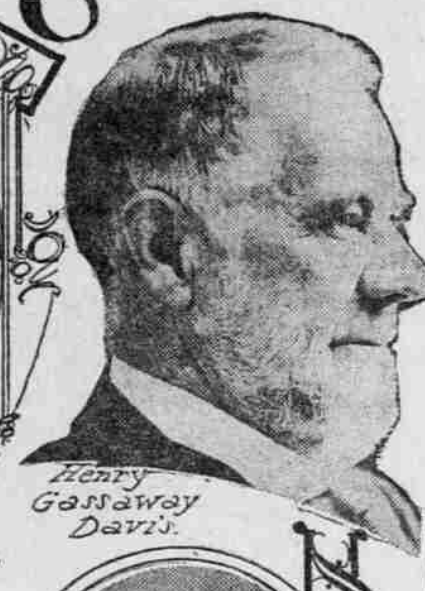
It Is Defined by Its Most Distinguished Adepts.



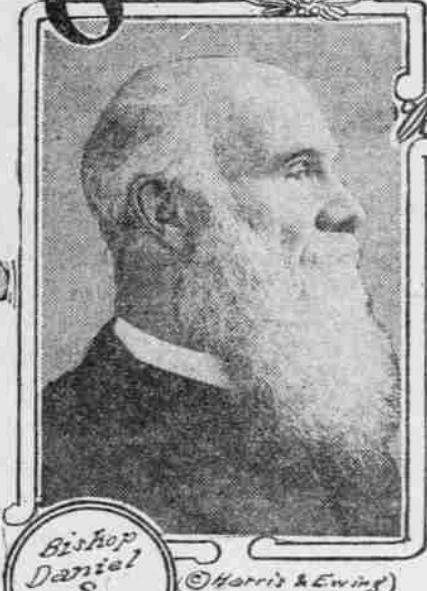
John Burroughs
(© Harris & Ewing)



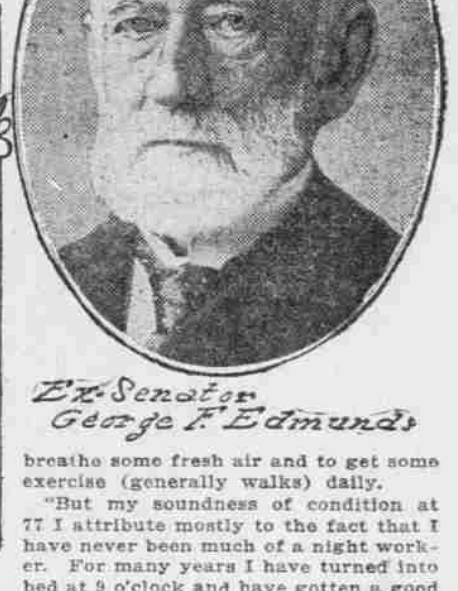
Antonette S. Blackwell



Henry Gansaway Davis



Bishop Daniel S. Tuttle



Ex-Senator George F. Edmunds

AT THE fine art of living long you have proved yourself an adept. Hundreds of millions of your fellow men and women are striving for this same attainment. It is the object of their greatest yearning. Upon them you confer a boon if you will but share the fruits of your greater experience.

"Tell me, therefore, to what habits, fads, rules or circumstances of life you attribute the fact that your period of usefulness and happiness has been prolonged beyond the promised three-score years and ten?"

Thus have I recently buttonholed a lot of our distinguished old people. As they belong to the category which is reluctant to talk of self for publication, I have had to put the loud pedal upon those altruistic touches which described the boon to be conferred upon the yearning millions.

Busy Though Past Ninety.

I found the celebrated and most remarkable nonagenarian, the millionaire ex-Senator Henry Gansaway Davis, busy at his office desk the morning after he had given a banquet to a body of railroad officials. You may remember that many men regarded Mr. Davis as much too old to accept the Presidential nomination when it was tendered to him by the Democratic party ten years ago. But today he appears to be as well preserved as then and every bit as active and industrious.

It was quite evident that he was not accustomed to thinking about himself or his bodily functions. The question as to why he is still active and useful at past 90 appeared to be one upon which he had not pondered before.

"Well, I guess I owe my longevity principally to three things," said he, "first, to the fact that I got my start as a country lad with plain, country tastes; second, that I was happily married, and third, that I never had many business troubles to bother me."

Happy Marriages Prolong Life.

"No couple ever enjoyed a happier wedded life than did my wife and I. When she died we had been married 50 years, lacking only 60 days. It has been my observation that unhappy marriages shorten life."

"I have never had much to bother me. What I have striven for has usually been successful. Bother and worry mean poor health. I have been spared death. What catches a man offest and sends him to the grave is the mistakes he thinks he has made."

"My mother's mother lived to be 92, my mother about 80 and my father, I think, was 88 when he died. I was 90 on the 16th of last November."

"I have always been a small meat-eater. Irish potatoes have been my favorite staple. I have always had a preference for plain food—have never been much of an eater, anyway. I have made it a habit to take a glass of water just after rising in the morning, but this morning thirst has never been due

to drinking alcohol the night before. Sometimes I take one glass of light wine for dinner. I don't know that I have ever taken a drink at a bar.

"Sleeping is my best accomplishment. I sleep better now than I did during middle age. After the banquet last night I went right to sleep and when I awoke this morning it was 7:30."

John Burroughs' Life Rules.

One of the halest and heartiest of the patriarchs thus approached was John Burroughs, our popular naturalist and author.

"I came of good farm stock—away back," he told me, "and inherited a good constitution, which I have preserved through the simple life and through temperance in all things—no stimulants of any kind, not even tea and coffee; no tobacco; early to bed and early to rise, half or more of each day in the open air—walking, hoeing, chopping, riding, fishing; plain food and not too much of it; meat once a day; no overwork or worry; three hours each day in my study; and cherishing love and good will for all men and things."

"Nearing 77, I am capable of a more sustained mental effort than ever before in my life."

What Mayor Blankenburg Advises.

There is no busier septuagenarian in the land than Rudolph Blankenburg, Mayor of Philadelphia, now in his seventy-second year.

"I can hardly ascribe my good fortune in length of years to hereditary influence," he explained to me, "as one of my grandparents died in middle age; another lived to be 87, another 84, and still another 81."

"My father died when he was 72 and my mother was 76. Yet of our family of nine children, only two are living today—myself and a younger sister. The eldest of the children lived to be 67 years old, while the others died when children or in early manhood, and yet we all began on equal terms."

"I ascribe my passing three score years and ten largely to frugal living in childhood days in Germany. While we had all that was necessary in the way of food, clothes and home, there were no luxuries. Moreover, my parents insisted upon plenty of exercise in the open air, although night air was considered so dangerous that we slept Summer and Winter with windows tightly closed. This, of course, I changed as soon as I had a mind of my own. We had regular tasks and lived regular lives. This early training is, undoubtedly, responsible for a large portion of my good health in succeeding years."

Avoid Intemperance.

"In equal degree I give credit to a desirable habit acquired in later years, namely, the practice of getting out of self and into something or somebody else. In the home circle, in my early days, there was animated and inter-

esting discussion of great issues touching the lives of people far beyond the limits of our own life. I was early trained to think in a large way and along broad lines and regard that which touched the lives of others of importance and interest to myself.

"Later, coming to a new land, facing great obstacles, forced to win my own way, every faculty was constantly alert in the battle of life. The use of powers in this legitimate way prevented introspection; prevented also dissipation which would have weakened me physically. In later years I have devoted a large part of my time and thought to public questions, taking deep interest in everything which touched the life and interest of my neighbor, as well as those things which were of personal interest. In short, I have continually had some object to work for and think about outside of self—some work on hand, some line of thought occupying my attention which made life of real value to me and therefore encouraged the physical side of my nature to do its work well."

"Continuing the habit of early childhood—plain food, but a sufficient supply, healthful environment—and cultivating the habit of thinking more about others and their welfare than about myself solely, I believe have tended to develop a love of life to which I owe my present physical condition."

"In short, it is the mental attitude reflecting on the physical to which I ascribe my present-day health, and the fact that I am entering upon my 73d year full of work, full of plans and with hopeful anticipation of many years of usefulness ahead of me."

Roger Pryor at 85.

The American who undoubtedly holds the record for length of responsible public service is Judge Roger A. Pryor, of New York, who although now in his 86th year, is still on the bench. He is the only surviving member of the 36th Congress, which sat before the Civil War. In fact he was commissioned Minister to Greece by President Pierce, who was in the White House before Buchanan.

"From father and mother—I inherited," Judge Pryor told me, "a robust constitution, the strength of which was thoroughly tested during my four years' service in the Confederate army. I oblige loss of interest in current affairs by a diligent perusal of the newspapers. I work six days of the week in trying and deciding cases—being still a judge. I live on eggs and milk, eating no meat of any sort. Without any soporific I sleep eight hours, retiring at 8 o'clock and rising at 5. I never lie down during the day. I take care to have warm covering on my bed and leave the windows open for fresh air. Of books I read but little, and those exclusively old acquaintances. I am happy for a chat with any friends who do me the kindness to call. I walk a mile or two every day. I smoke three mild cigars a day, one after each meal. Above all, I never taste any liquor stronger than

coffee, two cups of which I drink at breakfast."

"I'd far rather never talk about myself," said Archbishop Keane, "but since you think that a few words as to the style of living which leaves me a hearty and cheery old fellow of nearly 75 would be interesting and maybe useful to others, why here they are: 'My first item is that I sprang from a father and mother who always lived pure, clean, upright lives.'"

"When I was a boy of 7 years my father and I together took the total abstinence pledge from Father Mathew and I have kept it faithfully all my life."

"I have never kept late hours." My rule always has been "early to bed and early to rise." It never made me wealthy, but I hope it has helped to make me healthy and wise."

"I never poisoned my mind and heart with foolish or corrupt literature. I never had either time or taste for it."

"My early vocation to the holy priesthood and my daily offering up of the holy mass have kept me striving to live for God and for humanity, and not for self, or for the world, or for the flesh. And so, when I lately said to a friend: 'Though I am nearly 75, I feel like a man of 60,' he answered: 'You act like a man of 50.'"

Mrs. Blackwell at 88.

Nearing her 89th milestone, which she will pass in May, Mrs. Antonette Louisa Brown Blackwell, noted Unitarian clergyman, woman suffragist and author, had this to say:

"A tendency towards longevity is probably hereditary with me. Some of my relatives in both lines lived to a good age."

"My grandfather, Joseph Brown, served in the Revolutionary War from first to last, was promoted to a small office, and with health impaired by hardships, still lived to a good age. My father, Joseph Brown, lived to be 93, with fair mental powers to the end of life."

"My habits have been usually along medium lines. Without either poverty or riches, with a childhood spent much in the open and having been neither overfed nor underfed, overworked nor underworked, physically or mentally, I have always kept to about the same ratio of active, vigorous life and of miscellaneous work, alternating with rest as needed. For more than 65 years

I have taken a bath probably eight or nine days out of every ten, and daily mental and some physical exercise almost invariably."

"But, greater than all of these aids to longevity added together, I believe, has been an active, vital, practical interest in the world's work and its imperative needs. A real interest of any kind, which keeps both mental and physical in fairly balanced action, is, in my opinion, the best of all."

Looking back over his more than 86 years, former Senator George F. Edmunds told me:

"I think I have lived so long by trying to observe the rules and habits of temperance, by change of exercise, both mental and physical, and by dismissing entirely any solicitudes concerning the practice of my profession, or my duties in the Senate, while I was enjoying my vacations, spent in travel or in quest of fish and game among the woods and waters of Northern United States and Canada, or in the enjoyment of a layman's studies of the geology and flora of the regions where I happened to be, and perhaps more than all to the fact that I had no political ambitions except that of trying to do my full and independent duty in whatever trusts might be confided to me."

Exercises Volition Against Worry.

Now past his 75th birthday, William Andrews Clark, former Senator from Montana, and now a member of New York city's multi-millionaire colony, said:

"Generally speaking, I find what is termed 'the simple life' very conducive to maintenance of good health—that is, temperance in eating, observance of full quota of sleep, particularly up to eight hours; plenty of exercise in the open air, and freedom of mind from disturbances and annoyances. This can often be secured by exercise of the volition, and mental control, if properly exercised, is available, I think, every hour in the day, and may be made contributory and conducive to a happy freedom of mind, and unpleasant actions can generally be avoided."

"I believe that ninety-nine out of one hundred persons living carelessly and more than is necessary for sustenance, thereby overburdening the organs, resulting in their becoming diseased and

therefore unable to perform their proper functions. I think that as a rule the amount of food consumed by persons can easily be cut in two, and, by proper choice of food that is nourishing one can retain his physical energy and at the same time avoid overburdening the organs."

Cardinal Gibbons, who is now in his 80th year, would only say that "regular, abstemious life and a good conscience conduce to longevity."

"I have so far as I recall followed no particular habits or rules of living in regard to my health," said Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, now in his 73d year.

"I was brought up on hard work and plain living on a farm and after that served in the army for three years of the Civil War. Since then I have had to rustle and work steadily, without much thought of anything else."

"I have never formed any particular habits," said Colonel John S. Mosby, the famous ex-Confederate ranger, who celebrated his 80th birthday the past Winter. "I am not a teetotaler nor a regular drinker—occasionally take a glass of wine. This I call temperance—i. e., moderation."

The President and Civil War Veteran.

President John Quincy Adams' grandson, Charles Francis Adams, now in his 73th year, said:

"Throughout my life I have always eschewed fixed habits, rules of life, health regimen, systems of exercise or of mental control. If I have had any longevity fade I should be utterly unable to specify them. I can simply say that I have lived and taken life as it came."

Attributes Longevity to Libby Prison.

Known as the oldest surviving general officer of the Civil War, General Edwin Louis Hayes, of Bloomfield, N. J., now in his 95th year, told me that he is a survivor of 21 general engagements, 41 skirmishes and a term in Libby prison. Following the Civil War he served for a time as Governor of North Carolina.

"I served in Libby and other prisons 11 months and three days," he explained. "I weighed 198 pounds the day before I was taken prisoner, and 185 pounds when exchanged. My doctor attributes my longevity partly to this incident. My system had been rejuvenated. I was never in more perfect condition."

"My ancestors on both my father's and mother's sides were long-lived. I had aunts and uncles who reached the age of 100 years."

"I have lived a temperate life, although I have not been teetotaler. During the greater part of my life I have been actively engaged in healthful employment."

"My habits now are uniformly the same. I take a short walk each day in fair weather. I take the world as I find it—read the news of the day and try to enjoy life the best I can."

Bishop Tuttle's Reasons.

The Episcopal Bishop of Missouri, Right Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, gave me this statement:

"God's providence gave me temperate, godly parents and a strong physical constitution. My father lived to be 84, my mother to be 76."

"It has done me no harm, I think, that I have never used tobacco."

"It has been a rule with me to

breathes some fresh air and to get some exercise (generally walks) daily. "But my soundness of condition at 77 I attribute mostly to the fact that I have never been much of a night worker. For many years I have turned into bed at 9 o'clock and have gotten a good bit of sound, wholesome sleep every night."

Palmer Cox a Delicate Boy.

"I may say I have no recipe for a long life or sure reason why I have enjoyed so many years," said Palmer Cox, of "brownie" fame, who is now nearing 74.

"A long life may depend very much on chance, luck or the special mercy of the Almighty. The shipwreck, the misplaced switch, the capstern beat or the premature discharge of the gun can cut short a life that bid fair to reach the highest figures in the family record."

"As a boy I was called delicate, more so than most of my playmates, and I used to think my life would be a short one, yet I have been spared to follow many of the sturdy companions of my early years to their last resting place, and I am still privileged to turn my ear to hear the song of the bird and the saw of the parson."

"I was a member of the National Guard for over 12 years—first, about seven years in Canada, and then six years in San Francisco, Cal. As I commenced quite early in life, this service, no doubt, had something to do with straightening me up, giving the growing lungs a fair chance to expand, and the breast to swell with pride in not with patriotism. I won many valuable prizes and medals as one of the best shots in the companies I belonged to."

"I have been called indolent. Along whatever pursuits I followed I was steady and somewhat careful. I have never had any sickness to speak about, except an attack of the grip when it first visited New York."

Delightful Labor "Physics Pain."

"Though not a teetotaler, out and out, I never cared to look upon the wine when either 'red' or white, and I never used tobacco in any way, not because I thought these things might shorten life, but rather because I found no pleasure in them."

"I always found pleasure in both writing and drawing, and could indorse the line of the bard: 'The labor we delight in physics pain.' Though not a woman hater by any means, but quite the reverse, I remained single, not with the hope of prolonging my life, but matters just seemed to turn out that way, perhaps through an unsettled mind or roving disposition, and, though enjoying company, I am never lonesome or ill at ease when alone."

"There is society where none intrudes. People tell me I look and act 19 or 15 years younger than I am; I certainly have not felt many troubles of age up to the present time."

One old lady of National fame, whom I approached on the subject, offered to sell me the secrets of her longevity at 5 cents a word.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

Slight Mistake.

(New York Sun.)

"I believe Panny is making me an Afghan," said the youth. "I was calling there last night and she was working on it; but she wouldn't tell me who or what it was for."

"She told me. It is for you, but it is not an Afghan. It's one of a pair of our tabs."

Climatic Comparison.

(Washington Star.)

"I understand the Sisters have made up their domestic quarrels and on speaking terms."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "their reconciliations remind me of a thaw between two freezes, which only makes matters worse."

THE SHELTER OF THE FOLD...by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

THE Prodigal sat downstairs in the dining-room. The house was curiously quiet, though faint sounds came from the kitchen, where the evening dishes were being washed—so as not to disturb the hush.

After a while his sister came to him. Her eyes were red and her face was blotched and swollen. The Prodigal got up awkwardly and shook hands.

"How are you, Selina?" he asked, returning her nervous clasp.

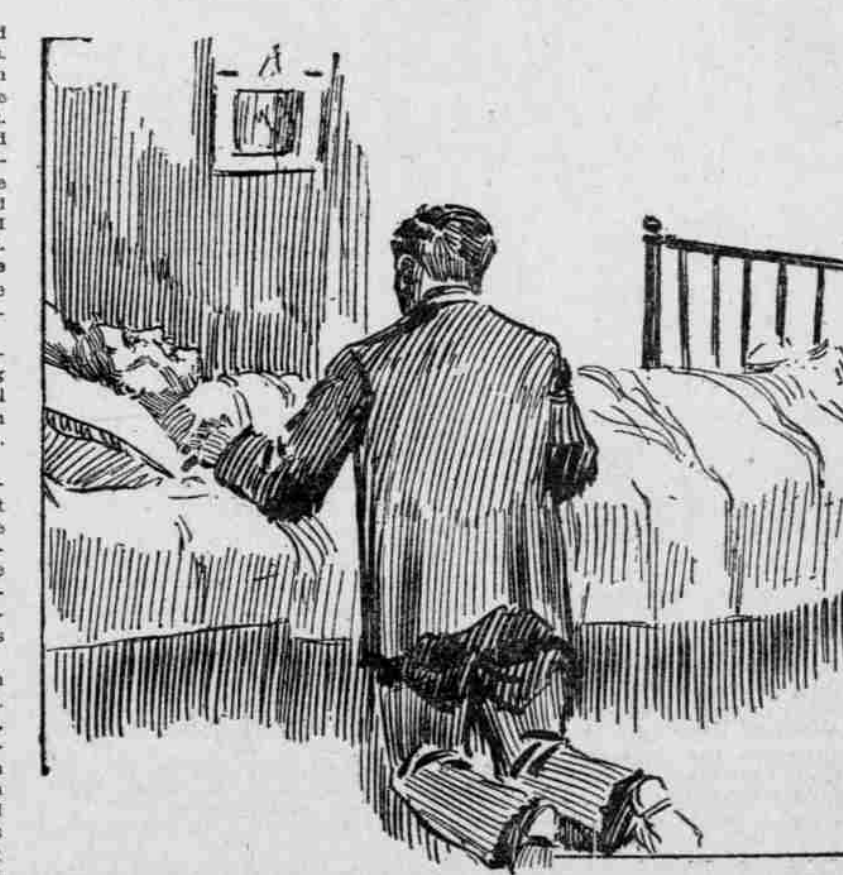
"Pretty well," she said formally. "We didn't know you were back till yesterday. The last we heard you were in Montana."

"I was there for a couple of years. I—just heard this morning about father. How is he?"

"Very low," she answered in a hushed tone. And then she began to cry, noiselessly, without attempting to wipe away the tears that rolled down her pale cheeks. The Prodigal put out his hand as if to comfort her, then he remembered, and drew it back.

He looked strangely out of place in the ugly respectability of the room. He knew it all so well; the built-in corner cupboard, with the glass doors, and his mother's wedding cups on hooks just inside; the red and green cover on the square table; the black marble clock on the mantel—it was all the same, except that just beside him there was a buffet, new and showy, with a silver-plated tea-set on the top. He divined that George had bought it.

His sister was not crying now. She was inspecting him—his shabby clothes, his frayed linen, the gray in his thinning hair. And then something in his face caught her attention; his



His sister came to the doorway. "He won't know you," she said. "You can come in."

Prodigal stopped inside the doorway awkwardly, while his sister went over and smoothed the counterpane.

"He doesn't look any more," she said. "He's just like there."

The Prodigal moved over slowly and looked down at the old mistress's face. The thin white hair was spread a little over the pillow, like an aureole making the placid face, with its closed eyes, look frail, almost ethereal. As the son looked down the dying man opened his eyes.

"George," he said weakly, and held out his thin white hand. The Prodigal was embarrassed; he glanced at his sister for assistance.

"His eyes are bad," she whispered. "If he thinks George is here he'll be happier."

The man stooped and put his hand over his father's. The thin fingers gripped his and held them. There was something in the touch that brought a lump into the man's throat. After a moment, when the fingers did not relax, he slipped to his knees beside the bed. The old man slept again. Except that he was breathing slowly, it might have been the sleep of a child.

An hour passed, and still the Prodigal knelt beside the bed. Once some one creaked up the stairs, and after a consultation with Selina, creaked down again. She came over and leaned down.

"I told Mr. Simpson you would stay for a while," she said. "Will you?" "I'll stay until—until morning," he said. "But with those fingers clutching his, he could not frame the words. And without reason he resumed her question. Would he stay for a while—no,

the elder son, and his father dying? "George will be here in the morning," she whispered, and tiptoed away.

Only the night was his, then. After all the years only a few hours, and those because his father thought he was some one else.

The old man stirred a little and held his mother's hand. The Prodigal slowly until it rested on the Prodigal's bowed head.

"You have been a great joy to me, George," he said gently. "A great joy. I shall tell your mother. May God bless you!" He lay for a few moments quite still, his eyes on the yellow roses of the ceiling-paper. The Prodigal groaned. Oh, to turn up the light, to stand forth in his true colors for what he was, to beg forgiveness and a blessing for himself!

"George," the thin voice began again. "I have been thinking much about Henry." The Prodigal drew in his breath sharply. "I seem to see him in the corners of the room—everywhere."

If he could only say "I am here!" But the cowardice that had kept him away so long held him now.

The old man slept again. The Prodigal still knelt, but now he was crying, sobbing noiselessly, his shabby coat heaving. Outside, in a chair in the dim hall, his sister slept, a shawl wrapped around her shoulders. The faint, bluish gray of the early Spring dawn came through the open window and from some stable near came the stamping of horses. The Prodigal got up stiffly and turned out the light. The slight motion roused the sleeper a little.

"He was always a high-spirited lad,

mother," he said clearly. "His faults are of the head, not the heart. Don't cry, mother. He'll come back."

The Prodigal gripped the foot of the bed with straining hands. The old man's eyes were open, looking at him.

"I have come, father," he said hoarsely. But the feeble mind had wandered. The minister was in the church again, looking down from the pulpit at the faces of his people. His voice was stronger and full and the son shrank back into the shadow.

"My friends, let us sing together this wonderful hymn: 'There were ninety and nine—' The voice trailed off into silence. The old man lay there very still. He scarcely breathed and the pulse in his thin neck fluttered and almost stopped. And out of the shadow at the foot of the bed a man came and dropped on his knees.

"Father, father," he groaned, "don't you know me? It's Henry, father—Henry. I've come back."

The old man was smiling a little, as if he already saw the border-land. But at the voice he roused. He looked long and lingeringly into the eyes of the man beside the bed; then he lifted his hand in benediction and placed it on the bent, shaking head.

"Henry," he said softly—"Henry, my eldest son! May God bless you!" There was a great peace on his face. His voice was almost gone, but the Prodigal caught the whispered words that he uttered:

"For this my son was dead and is alive again; was lost and is found." The room was very still; the faint, irregular breathing stopped. And on his knees beside the bed the Prodigal watched and prayed.

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