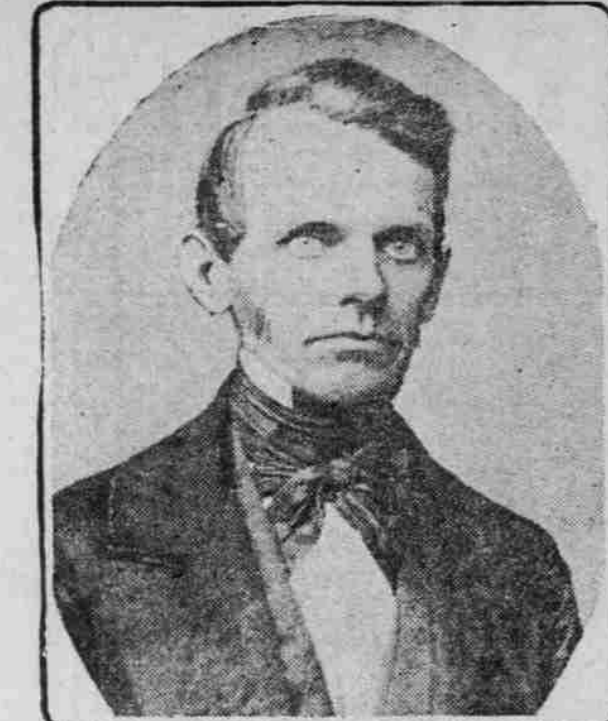


"The Healthiest Family is the Happiest"

Says Annie Peck, the World's Greatest Woman Mountain Climber, Who Tells Why Her Three Brothers Have Celebrated the Fiftieth Anniversary of Their Graduation From College--and Are Still "Going Strong"



George B. Peck, father of Annie Peck. He died at the age of 74.



Annie Peck, from photograph taken at 20 years of age.



Mount Hunsaran, perpetually snow-clad and 21,812 feet high, was climbed by Annie Peck. She is the only woman who ever attempted that daring feat and now she is preparing to climb the mountain again. The photograph was taken from an altitude of 10,000 feet.



MISS ANNIE S. PECK, THE CHAMPION MOUNTAIN CLIMBER. HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

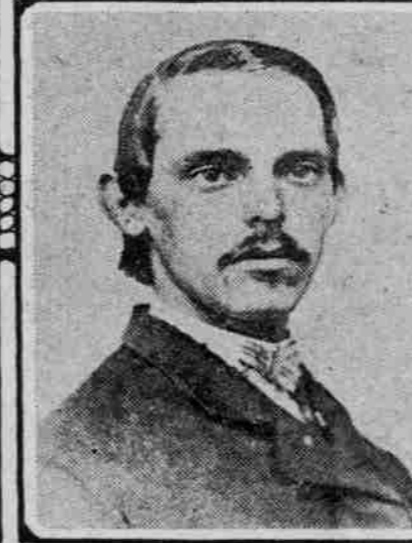
ANNIE PECK'S THREE BROTHERS, WILLIAM, JOHN AND GEORGE, WHO GRADUATED MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY AGO.



WILLIAM T., AS HE LOOKED BEFORE GRADUATION AND AS HE LOOKS TODAY AT 72 YEARS.



JOHN B., AT THE TIME OF HIS GRADUATION AND TODAY AT 75 YEARS OF AGE.



GEORGE B.'S GRADUATION PHOTO, TAKEN IN 1884, AND HIS LATEST PHOTO AT 77 YEARS OF AGE.



Old-fashioned folk frequently sigh for a return of "the good old days" while we of the present generation think how much more enjoyable the living conditions are today than they were when grandmother was a girl. And if grandmother is appealed to for an opinion she sighs reminiscently and says that "the good old days" people seemed more contented, even though they fared more simply, raised larger families, seemed healthier and lived happily to a ripe old age.

Annie S. Peck, the famous mountain climber, who is now preparing for her second ascent of Mt. Hunsaran, 21,812 feet high, is qualified to speak of "the good old days," for her mother was a strong believer in old-fashioned methods of raising a family and she apparently applied these methods successfully. Three sons, still hale and hearty after passing the allotted three score and ten, are evidence of the fact. Another important piece of evidence is their sister, Annie S. Peck. And Miss Peck, who tells here how she and her brothers were raised according to old-fashioned methods, explains interestingly the important relationship of health to happiness in the family life and also why the healthiest family is the happiest.

BY CLIVE MARSHALL. RECENT incident, probably unique in the annals of college commencements, deserves wider publicity than the brief chronicle of a local paper, since it has a practical interest for us all.

Always, at commencements, there is mention of an oldest "grad" alive somewhere, usually in the nineties; while on the ground are a good many rather old boys, a few of whom are celebrating the 50th anniversary of their graduation. The unusual circumstance is this: At one commencement last June, where a youthful stripling of 71 years was enjoying his 50th anniversary with some of his surviving classmates, there stood by, so to speak, two older brothers who, in 1914 and 1915, had celebrated theirs. Stranger still, the father of these three, who in 1876 entertained his half-dozen surviving classmates, graduated from the same college in 1826.

To many the country over this record will have a more personal note when they learn that it is of the family of Annie S. Peck, the famous mountain climber, holder now for 12 years of the altitude record in mountaineering, 21,812 feet, of all North and South America.

Mother's Old-Fashioned Ways.

Of course, she expects at some later date to celebrate the 50th anniversary of her own graduation. This no one can doubt since Dr. Royal S. Copeland, commissioner of the department of health, city of New York, after taking her blood pressure declared that she ought to live to be 100, a decade more than Miss Peck had been planning for. Her celebration, however, will not be at the same college, as Brown university refused her plea for admission when she desired to walk in the path her brothers trod. Believing that behind this record of a long-lived, healthful and very happy family might be found a lesson of profit to us all, I asked Miss Peck how it happened, whether it came as the result of natural endowment and extraordinary physique or from a mode of life which others might follow with similar effect.

"I am happy, indeed," said Miss Peck, "to have the opportunity of explaining this matter, in the hope that some persons, especially mothers, may profit thereby. Those who prefer a short life and a merry one, as they call it, will not be interested; but any who believe that sane enjoyment and usefulness for a longer period are rather to be desired may find it easily attainable.

Our family comes of the best old New England stock, so perhaps we inherited what I could call a strain of endurance. De had great-uncles and aunts galore, who lived into the nineties, our Grandmother Peck to 88. She indeed was a wonder, who at 70 did the work of a family of 12, and once, I am told, lifted a barrel of

the milk you will find today. Meat once a day was the rule with fresh vegetables of the season at our 1 o'clock dinner. A little left-over might be used at breakfast, such as hash or creamed codfish. "Our favorite breakfast food was delicious sweet corn fresh from our own garden, two or three ears apiece; later in the season sweet potatoes, Griddle cakes, corn bread and other warm foods, rye drop cakes, milk or cream toast were also breakfast fare, but never hot biscuit or warm raised white bread which my mother deemed unwholesome. Light suppers were her fare; a generous slice or two of excellent bread,

of crushed wild thyme in our nostrils and the taste of the salt spray on our lips. The turf, sprinkled with wee small shells, is more delightful to rest upon than the most luxurious mattress ever made by man. A convenient rabbit hole held our flask of hot tea just as if the rabbit had vacuum bottles in his mind when he made it. Sea pinkies rustled gently in the breeze; above us was nothing but blue sky, below us nothing but blue sea and all seemed well with the world. After tea we climbed down onto the beach, peered into mysterious caverns and deep pools and clambered over treacherous rocks just abandoned by the tide and covered with dripping, slippery seaweed. One we came upon horrible masses of barnacles torn from deep sea wrecks by the recent storms and thrown upon the beach, fast becoming heaps of corruption in the hot sun. Barnacles were a nightmare of my youth. As a child saw some clinging to a wreck and they were pictured in my mind ever afterwards as hateful cockroaches imprisoned in mussel shells with long, fleshy, pink boneless fingers reaching out and clutching anything within reach. The very thought of them was a horror to me in the night.

Next in importance is food. It was before the days of balanced rations; proteins were unheard of, cereals had not become the mode; yet in view of our beginning we thrived fairly well. Milk unspiced was our drink night and morning, two large tumblers full, double the size of those for which you may now pay 10 cents. We had a cow which my father or brothers milked, and though skimmed for cream sauce or (sometimes) butter, the milk was richer than most

of the four children, three including myself, have been always under weight. This fussing about children being a little below average weight seems to me ridiculous. A lean horse for a long race. Doubtless some of us at times have been too thin to be as vigorous as desirable. I remember that my father who lived to be 74, once weighed 128 pounds, about his average, though 5 feet 9 inches tall. A brother, 5 feet 9 inches, when in his twenties weighed from 115 to 120 pounds, only once in his life arriving at 150. "Good hearts and lungs we were doubtless endowed with, and we have never abused them, though giving them plenty of the exercise which they need.

Not Rich, But Quite Happy.

"One of the brothers has been a practicing physician, one a teacher, the other chiefly engaged in business, but some years in farming. Of the first two, one has led a very regular and one an irregular life. Each of the three is confident that he could not have survived had he lived like either of the others. Nevertheless, some things they have had in common. "As a rule they have avoided over-eating and habitual indulgence in very rich food; they have not made a practice of keeping late hours nor engaged in any form of dissipation. All are church members and respected citizens.

"All of us have no doubt spent more hours in work and fewer in recreation than the majority; we have been interested in our work and done it as well as we were able. "Hence, although not so gay or so rich as many, we have probably worried less and had more satisfaction and enjoyed more happiness than the giddy, discontented and envious; a healthy mind contributing to a healthy body.

"Certainly I would not claim that we were brought up in the best manner possible. More exercise regularly taken in youth and mature life would have been an advantage, but however agreeable it may be to spend two hours or more a day in the open air it is not absolutely necessary. Also I maintain that it is far better for health and more essential to good citizenship to enjoy a worth-while book at home, to read and to think, than to spend almost every evening in extravagant pleasure-seeking." So those of us who have wondered at times whether modern living conditions promote happiness in the family life may be inclined to think that grandmother's desire for a return of "the good old days" may not be without its merits after all.

ONLY WINNERS ARE HAPPY AT CORNWALL FLOWER SHOW

Judges Blunder as in Baby Contest Everybody Vents His Feeling on Tea Dispenser Who Doesn't Understand "Ha'penny, Tinner and Bob."

CORNWALL, England, July 30.—(Special Correspondence.)—After all we have had one perfect day this summer. When it came we said: "Here is a perfect day; let's have a picnic." And off we drove, to Holywell beach with our little donkey. A picnic must be a spontaneous affair a wet summer like this. Our donkey "Bob" is a character; fair words and compliments may induce him to hurry, but the driver who uses a stick had better hire a snail. One of the maids described him as "cunning as an adder."

He is a tiny mite with a pleasant little face, and if he sees a particularly succulent clump of clover by the wayside the picnic has to halt until he refreshes himself and feels like continuing the journey. Sometimes he takes to the high-road again with a decorative bunch of yellow dandelions hanging out of one corner of his mouth, and then we feel like part of a rose festival parade. The country roads and hedges are so charming that it is a pleasure to dawdle past them rather than whizz by in a motor car. Woodsheds Travel Over There. Everything we meet seems huge in comparison with our tiny vehicle. Once I thought I saw the Woolworth building from New York or the Masonic temple, Chicago, coming along the road, but when it got close it was only a woodshed on a wagon. We walk up all the hills and we mostly walk down all the hills, and Bob follows along behind like a faithful little dog. As Cornwall is mostly up and down hill, we get plenty of exercise, which helps us to digest the Cornish pastries and other good things in the picnic basket. Yesterday's picnic was a joy. We sat on the springy, short turf on the top of the cliff with the smell

of the milk you will find today. Meat once a day was the rule with fresh vegetables of the season at our 1 o'clock dinner. A little left-over might be used at breakfast, such as hash or creamed codfish. "Our favorite breakfast food was delicious sweet corn fresh from our own garden, two or three ears apiece; later in the season sweet potatoes, Griddle cakes, corn bread and other warm foods, rye drop cakes, milk or cream toast were also breakfast fare, but never hot biscuit or warm raised white bread which my mother deemed unwholesome. Light suppers were her fare; a generous slice or two of excellent bread,

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and they hung from the roof and grew in every cranny above the water line. It was like turning from hell to heaven. My companion gathered up little bits of wreckage and filled the picnic basket. She says she feels an irresistible impulse to do so whenever she gets on a beach and puts it down to her pure Cornish ancestry; "wrecking" is in her blood. Home of Wrecking Industry. Holy Well beach was the very heart of the wrecking industry; its wild, stormy sea, jagged rocks and inaccessible cliffs made it peculiarly suitable. In olden times the Cornish were as bad as the sirens, and coaxed ships to their shores to be wrecked on the rocks. Then they swarmed out and settled on the goods washed ashore like vultures. They robbed the dead and often slew the survivors. Cubert church stands on the high ground above Holy Well. It is very ancient and has an uninterrupted view of 40 miles of sea. Legend says that in the bad old days a man rushed into church during morning service one Sunday and cried "A wreck, a wreck!" The congregation melted away like magic, the parson following, tearing off his surplice as he ran and shouting: "Wait, wait! let's all start fair!" It was he who prayed: "O Lord let there be no wrecks; but if there be wrecks, pray let them be on our shores."

Pirate Sons Since Reformed. Now we are all reformed characters in Cornwall, and many people with pirate ancestors are good Westons. On the site of the old cockpit stands Newlyn's Wesleyan chapel. If the ghosts of the fighting cocks haunt the place they must find the new surroundings a bit unfamiliar. The rain is spoiling the crops and the disease is in the potatoes. A good deal of the outlying hay was attacked in yesterday while the sun was shining. Today a gray sail is blowing on from the sea and soaking everything.

Under the subsoil of this district lies the gray granite. It seems particularly good for dairy farming. It is a case of getting milk out of a stone, for the yield of milk becomes less when the cattle are changed from the granite lands. One farmer found

that a cow gave less than half as much butter fat in other pastures. The black Cornish pigs always amuse me, they do seem to enjoy life. They scorn lives of leisure spent in stuffy styes and prefer to range the country and seek that which they may devour. They are equally capable of tearing up the white clothes spread out on the furze bushes to bleach or eating up the young chickens and partly-hatched eggs. Devils in Hogs. The country people excuse their misdeeds by saying: "Well, poor things, the Lord sent the devils into the swine—so what can you expect?" The well-satisfied expression on the face of an old black sow who has opened the gate and let herself and her family into a neighbor's cornfield has to be seen to be believed. The little black piglets are very fascinating and there always seems to be a line of them following "mother."

There was a flower show in the village last week and plenty of huge cabbages, peas and potatoes attended to be admired. Flowers were not so abundant. There was an exhibit of table decorations with 13 entries and great excitement among the competitors. Everybody liked something different and nobody agreed with the judges' choice. I was admiring a yellow scheme carried out in "Aaron's Beard" when a scornful voice behind me said: "Well, that's a whist looking lot, anyway!" And I felt duly crushed. But the Poppies Died. Wild scarlet poppies in a burnished copper bowl, with tiny sheaves of corn for the corners of the table, pleased my eye, but, alas, the poppies withered before the judges saw their beauty. Rolls of butter, big brown eggs and glasses of luscious sweet cream sat side by side, and well-browned cottage loaves and sweet cakes were neighbors to the jars of bottled fruit. It was a social event only second in importance to the baby show. I was helping in the tea room and handed out cups of tea, saffron cake, white cake, sweet cake and well-buttered cornish "spitts" until I felt like a well-battered bun myself. Customers paid for what they ate: first cups of tea two pence, second cups a penny and a lump of sugar a half-penny extra.