



It's Never Too Late To Marry

Simply a Question of Waiting Until the "Right Man or Woman Comes Along," According to These Centenarians and Other Delightful Old Folks for Whom Romance Is Just as Attractive as Ever.



John Shell, Kentucky's champion old man, is declared to be more than 130 years of age. A few years ago when he remarried he gave his age as 125.

BY JOSEPH H. APPELGATE.

ROMANCE is a word almost inseparable from the thought of youth and beauty and vigor. Age seems to have no place at all where love of the romantic type is pulsating, appears to be a rank outsider, as much an interloper as small brother when sister's beau is calling. Yet all this only seems to be. For from all parts of the world come reports of marriages between men and women of an age even beyond the Biblical span of life. Nor do they hobble up to the altar with rheumatic bones and cracked and wrinkled skin, as one might cynically suppose. They skip, they prance, they cavort, as chipper as June grasshoppers. Romance breathes in their souls, shines in their eyes, is refulgent in their faces. One might almost say that, after all, age is second childhood, for these septuagenarian, octogenarian and even centenarian benedictines display an ebullience which strongly smacks of youth.

This wave of age-defying marriage has struck France and England as well as this country, and in those lands across the sea the ancient Cupid has shot holes through the hearts of most distinguished men. Anatole France and Camille Flammarion, for instance. The former at 76 and the latter at 78 have taken brides unto themselves. And both were almost pure age romances. There was something of the December and May tinge about the former marriage. It was the union of a man of an age the world calls old with a woman 40 years younger.

Anatole France, academicien, novelist, essayist, critic, married Mlle. Emma La Prevotte. Their love ripened as they worked together in literary fields. She collaborated with him in some of his best works. But both emphatically deny any "convenience" about the marriage, declaring that they wed for love and not to be able to work together without fear of gossip. M. France is a man of youthful spirit. At 76 he was engaged to Mlle. Jeanne Brindeau, a petite and captivating young actress. But that romance fell through. The bride is 36.

Camille Flammarion, famous for two generations as an astronomer, an author, the exponent of the theory of the presence of Mars of intelligent beings and of the belief that there is something in the psychic, waited until an age two years senior to that of M. France before he chose a life partner. She is Mlle. Gabrielle Renaudot. She assisted him, as did the



Mr. and Mrs. Edward Remsen Teller, 75-year-old bride and groom.

bride of M. France, in scientific research work. While they studied the stars they must have permitted old Dan Cupid to wing them. One of the most interesting of these latter-day romances is that of Dr. Andrew Malcolm Morrison of Los Angeles, Cal., and Miss Mary Augusta Barney. Now, before we tell you how young the groom is, we will break the news that the bride was a maiden lady of 72. She "knew the right man would come along in time," she told her friends. And he did—Dr. Morrison, 100 years old, if you please.

This bride of the vigorous old doctor has ideas of her own. And as for the dress of the present-day woman—

"Their skirts are disgraceful and their waists cut immodestly," says this woman who remained "heart whole and fancy free" for two years beyond the time when a man is supposed to join his forefathers. "Any woman who dresses according to fashion today has no reason to feel insulted, no matter what a man might say to her," she declares, emphatically.

"Women of today are burning out their lives in dissipation. Their low-backed dresses are hastening them to early graves. They should guard against chill when vitality is low. They are slaves to fashion and some day must pay the piper."

Dr. Morrison, unlike his bride, had had experience in matrimonial ventures before he met his present wife. He was married three times before he fell in love with Miss Barney. "I have made it a habit of my life not to lose my temper," said the bridegroom, explaining his youthfulness and vigor. "I hold kind thoughts toward everyone, and if I find nothing else to laugh at I laugh at my wife's temper. That's the best way to soothe a woman. I eat little and sleep only enough. Most folk sleep too much. It is worse than too little rest, I think."

An extraordinary romance was that of Edward Remsen Teller of 2340 Broadway, Manhattan, and Mrs. Martha Gabriel Blotner. Their love affair began years and years ago—60, to be exact—and those who were their companions then predicted their marriage as certain as the night's following day. But a jealous suitor for the girl's hand, or, mayhap, a practical joker, sent an anonymous letter. Result—the romance terminated (that is, suspended). Both wed others.

Long after, they discovered the hoax. It was too late, according to the old-fashioned notion. Of course, today, such little impediments in the path of happiness are quickly removed between the upper and lower legal stones of the divorce mill. But this couple was not of that stuff, neither man nor woman. They had gone to the altar and made their vow for better or worse until death. And they kept their bargains, faithfully

and devotedly, and when they buried the wife and husband their consciences were clear. Then it was that they permitted the old love fire to spring into new flame, into a glorious light of love, pure and of a lustre worthy of copying. Both are 75. But that figure is merely for the accommodation of statisticians and their ilk. It does not begin to indicate how young they are. Ask them and they'll tell you in a breath that they feel as youthful as when they first wooed. After all, what could be more beautiful than this love which was strong enough to endure and to resist temptation to do that which a good part of society might have condoned and even praised?

Age? Why, that has no part in preventing romance. Look at John Shell of Greasy Creek, Ky., said to be the country's oldest man, who claims to have lived in three centuries, having been born 131 years ago. John just can't recall how many wives he has survived, but his latest, his present we should say, was annexed at the stated age of 125. Her presentation to him of a fine bouncing boy a year or so after the marriage was quite an event in the town where John is the most distinguished and most influential resident. This child now plays with John's oldest "baby," a fresh young thing of 30. It is delightful, his said, to see the half-brother and sister playing pussies-in-the-corner. John will tell you that marriage agrees with old folks. It certainly does with him. His case recalls the slang, "If I felt any bet-

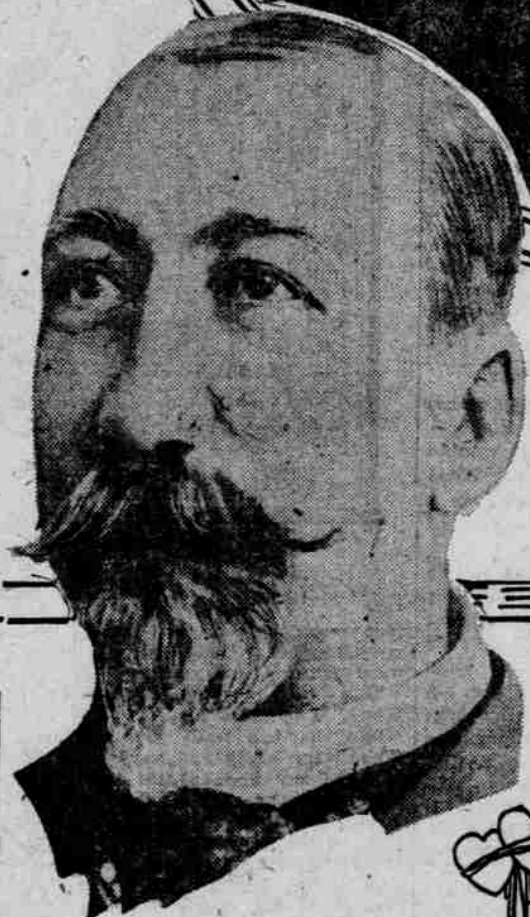
ter I would see a doctor." Well, that's just what happened to John 10 days ago. He is so healthy that he was taken to Chicago and examined by great physicians who want to know why John goes on defying Father Time. The result of that medical research into John's natural defense against age will be interesting reading for those who subscribe to medical publications.

We mustn't overlook the romance of D. J. Manley and Mrs. M. A. Walach of Fort Worth, Tex. He is 93. She is a girl ten years younger. But what is a mere decade among aged friends, after all? This romance seems to be the final proof that it is never too late to marry. Also, it shows that they firmly believe St. Paul's declaration that it is not well for man to live alone. The bridegroom has survived four other wives and the bride as many husbands. Both declare that in the event of the death of the other another helpmeet will be sought. Life to

them means companionship and without such companionship they would not want life, they say. Then there is the recent wedding of Sir George Shorston Baker and Mrs. Emmeline Allen over in London. He is 74. His bride is just 56. But they are as loving and as full of hopefulness as their grandchildren might be under like circumstances. It was a case of love at first sight, friends of the couple assert, love that overcame objections of relatives and lit the path to the altar.



Dr. Andrew M. Morrison, the 100-year-old bridegroom, and his bride, who was Miss Mary Augusta Barney.



Anatole France, who, at 76, has wedded Mlle. Emma La Prevotte.



Camille Flammarion, who at 78 years has been married to Miss Gabrielle Renaudot.

SPECIAL FLAG IS SINGULAR HONOR U. S. PAYS PRESIDENT

Coat of Arms as It Appears on Seal Against Blue Background and Flanked by Four Stars Marks Folds.

ONE of the honors bestowed upon the president of the United States is a special flag. This flag is not seen frequently. It does not float over the White House. Its use is reserved, for the most part, for occasions when the president appears in his ex-officio function as commander-in-chief of the army and navy. The president's flag consists of the coat of arms as they appear on the president's seal, against a blue background and flanked by four stars. Its history and use are described in the monograph on "Flags of the World" of the National Geographic society as follows:

"When the president visits a vessel of the United States the president's flag is broken at the main the moment he reaches the deck and is kept flying as long as he is on board. If the vessel can do so, a national salute of 21 guns is fired as soon as possible

after his arrival on board. Upon departure, another salute of 21 guns is fired, the president's flag lowered with the last gun of the salute.

"When the president is embarked in a boat he usually directs that his flag be displayed from the staff in the bow of his barge. When he passes in a boat flying his flag, vessels of the navy parade the full guard, four ruffles are given on the drum, four flourishes are sounded on the bugle, the national anthem is played by the band and officers and men salute. When the president is embarked in a ship flying his flag, all saluting ships, on meeting her at sea, or elsewhere, and all naval batteries, fire a national salute on passing."

"Previous to the present order there were the designs displayed on flags and on colors to be used in the presence of the commander-in-chief of the army and navy. The navy design was

of an earlier date than that of the army and consisted of the coat-of-arms of the United States, as shown in the great seal, upon a blue ground. This happened to be almost identical with the infantry colors. The president's colors were designed to be distinctive from the infantry colors, and consisted of a blue ground with a large crimson star, outlined heavily with white. Within the star was to be seen the coat-of-arms of the United States and outside the star within its angles were small stars to the number of the states in the union.

"The double display of flags and colors at the Grand Army review in 1915 caused considerable comment, and as a result the suggestion was made to the president that the navy flag might fittingly be made distinctive from the infantry colors by the addition of four stars—one in each corner. The flags of an admiral and of a general bear four stars, as a sign of command. The president, approved of the idea, but directed that the coat-of-arms, as shown on the president's seal, be used upon the president's personal flag and colors."

Oilcloth Hint.
If you use oilcloth on a kitchen table, place under it some soft padding and the table covering will wear twice as well.

Chippendale Furniture Is Described by Designer.

Book Written by Master Obtained by Philadelphia Museum.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 25.—A recent addition to the Pennsylvania museum, Memorial hall, Fairmont Park, of interest to cabinetmakers was that of a huge quarto volume of "The Gentleman and Cabinet Makers' Director," by Thomas Chippendale, master cabinetmaker of the 18th century.

The book, which is very rare, was published in London in 1754 and put under the protection of Hugh, earl of Northumberland. Attached to the venerable tome is a list of the subscribers, among which figure the names of noblemen, cabinetmakers and even that of a bricklayer. There are 160 copper-plate engravings, and the work is "a large collection of the most elegant and useful designs of household furniture in the Gothic, Chinese and modern taste."

In a communication addressed to the public of his time, Chippendale resented the harsh criticism that his drawings were specious and impossi-

character about whom a writer of backwoods stories might weave a moving tale. She has already buried three husbands along the frozen trails of her wanderings. The third one was interred in a manner that still is talked of about camp fires and in log cabins.

She and her last husband were camped 100 miles north of Stanley Mission. Snow fell early, that year, before supplies were in. And, on an unfortunate hunting trip, the man, took cold and became very ill. Food was exhausted from the camp's stores and there was no medicine. Both had to be obtained.

Wrapping herself in robes of fur, with her two babies, one nursing, Mrs. McKenzie started out on the long 100-mile trip to town. Untold suffering was her lot. One baby died on the way and she buried it in the snow and weighed it down with a great tree limb so that the wolves might not get it. And she pressed on.

Storm came. She lashed the dogs furiously and the poor brutes, starving, plunged on through the blinding blizzard of whirling snow until they staggered down and died. Cutting off their harness she placed herself in their stead and, her one remaining child on the sled, began the grim battle against the elements for the life of herself, her baby and her husband. And she won a victory that would have been a complete triumph had not the rescuers at the town she finally reached with her child found her husband starved to death when they arrived at the snowed-in lean-to. And now this remarkable woman is about to marry again.

Charles Saunders Dundas, sixth Viscount Melville, 77 years old, is also about to embark on that well-known matrimonial sea. He is to marry an assistant in a barber shop, say the London newspapers. Of course, over here we would say "a manicure." It will be his third marriage. His seat is at Melville Castle, Leaswade, Edinburgh. He has had a distinguished career.

ble to be worked out by any mechanics whatever, and said that on the whole he has given to design in "The Gentleman and Cabinetmakers' Director" what may be executed with advantage by the hands of a skilled workman. He further declared that the designs were ably calculated to assist gentlemen in the choice of their furniture and cabinetmakers in the execution of their designs.

This book of Chippendale, which is about to be put on exhibition for the first time, was made 30 years before the embassy from George III to the Emperor Kien Lung of China brought back more accurate information concerning the costumes and manners of the Chinese, but they mark the height of the fashion for "Chinoiserie" so far as England was concerned.

On the delicate copper-plate drawings in the Chippendale book are to be found proofs that only a few were actually constructed. But as a guide to the style of period and a model of the working drawings from the master's workshop they are invaluable. Of late the book has been difficult to obtain in Europe and so far as is known there is but one copy in Philadelphia.

Bedspread Hint.

If you have an old bedspread, make it into wash cloths and towels, or if you send one, it makes a good silent cloth under the linen tablecloth.