Past the Century PARADE Mark PARADE Maj. Edw. Jas Monroe

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON



N RECENT weeks a foreign visitor to our shores has attracted considerable attention by his claims to being 156 years old. He is Zaro Agha, who halls from Istambul, Turkey, and who has many interesting recollections of events which took place

Tormer Senator Cornelius Coie

over a century ago. He claims that when he was 20 years old he heard the news of the execution of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette of France, and that he served as a soldier in the Turkish army in 1798 when the Turks successfully barred the march of Napoleon from Egypt through Palestine toward India.

During his visit to Paris, before coming to the United States, it was reported that he had "no official documents with stamps or seals to prove his unusual age," but upon his arrival at Providence, R. I., last July he was photographed "exhibiting his birth certificate which is dated February 16, 1774." As a result of the publicity which this venerable Turk has received, some even more remarkable cases of longevity have been reported. One is a Chinaman, for whom the claim of being 163 years old has been set forth. Another is Ivan Proskuniak, a Russian peasant, who is claimed to be 170 and is said to have been discovered last year by Henri Barbusse, the French author, in the course of a long trip through the Urul mountains in Russia. M. Barbusse is reported to have declared that "Ivan Proskuniak is an even better preserved specimen of humanity than Zaro Agha, Ivan has all his teeth, eats goulash peppered with powerful spices and chews tobacco, while Zaro can only manage milk and goat's cheese for his diet."

But the prize winner so far is another Chinaman if we are to believe the following story which appeared in the New York World recently:

"That lively young man from Turkey, Zaro Agha, who claims a mere 156 years of life, must surrender his longevity laurels without a struggle if the life story of Li Chung-yun, whose fame reaches these shores from far off China, is ever authenticated. For Li claims to have entered this world 252 years ago and grown to the prime of manhood 96 years before Zaro was given his first nursing bot-

Nor does LI concede a thing to the playboy of Islambul in the matter of matrimonial prowess. He claims to have buried 23 wives before taking his twenty-fourth bride, while Zuro led but 11 to the altar.

"One record young Mr. Agha may be welcome to retain as far as Li is concerned; the Turk's claim to be the only man alive who has survived 150 years without a single drink stronger than goat's milk to sustain him is not challenged by the 252-year-old Chinaman. He has never kept track of how much rice wine he may have consumed in the last two and a half centuries.

"But Li, like Zaro, does confine himself to his own particular diet, and the item in it which he attributes his hardihood is ginseng root.

"Lest any reader be incredulous of Li's age let us hasten to add that it is vouched for by that eminent scholar. General Pel-fu, who also qualifies as a full-fledged ex-war lord, having captured Pelping after the custom of great military figures in his native land and having once brought all North China under his sway. Fu occasionally takes his pen in hand.

"According to Fu, at whose home the venerable Li lived for some time, the latter is 'an educated man and still possesses a virile mind.' In fact, he recently delivered a series of lectures at the University of Changtu on the art of life in general, with particular emphasis on how to get the most out of each century.

"LI, who eats nothing but herbs, disbelieves strongly in any form of strennous exercise. 'Golf is the shortest way to a short life,' he told one of his audiences. When he was 217, he added, he himself tried half an hour of tennis, which he regrets to this day, feeling that it shortened his life span at least a decade. A life of harmony in spirit and soul is the essence of his teaching.

"Prof. Wu Chung-chieh, dean of the department of education at Changtu university, has learned, it is reported, | tive of Seneca county, New York,

Zaro Agha

that 102 years ago Li received officlai felicitations from the Chinese government on the occasion of his one hundred fiftieth birthday, and that again, in 1877, the government congratulated him on passing the 200year mark. He is further reported to have found records showing that Li was born in 1677."

Such are the reports which have been widely published in our newspapers during past months. But they have also resulted in discussions in other publications which tend to discredit these stories and bring the weight of scientific testimony to bear out the belief that none of those mentioned are anywhere near the age claimed for them. Recently the New York World expressed its doubt that Zaro Agha was 156 years old and quoted the chief actuary of the New York Life Insurance company to the effect that no authentic record exists of a human life longer than 106 years.

"Centenarians are and have always been extremely scarce. There were only slightly more than 4,000 people in the United States in the last census who claimed to have attained that age. But it is significant that of this number almost 2,000 were negroes; close to 2,000 negro women said they were 100 years old or over. Although negro females form only 5 per cent of the total population, they give the country half its centenarians!

"On its face, such a situation is highly improbable, and while we are not questioning the honesty of those who make the claim, we strongly suspect that In the great majority of cases they are mistaken as to the exact number of years they have lived. Many of the old negro people are illiterate, and nearly all of them lack authentic records giving the date of their birth.

"In fact, we find that wherever records are absent centenarians rise up and flourish. Turkey and the Balkans have long been a happy hunting ground for centenarians, in splite of the fact that conditions of life are very hard and public health standards are exceedingly low. The claims to extreme old age are nearly always appealing fictions.

"In my opinion, authentic centenarians are so few in America that they can be counted on the fingers of one's two hands."

Perhaps most interesting of all "authentic centenarians" which this country has ever known was Cornelius Cole. In 1922 the New York Times printed an interview with him in which he is described thus:

"In 1847 young Cornelius Cole, then twenty-four years old, received his degree of bachelor of arts from Wesleyan university. A short time later came rumors of the gold discovery in California and with a half dozen friends he set out to make his fortune. In 1922, Cornellus Cole, sole survivor of his class, preparing to celebrate his hundredth birthday on September 17, received an invitation from his alma mater to come to Middletown, Conn., and receive an honorary LL. D. In spite of opposition from friends and members of his family who thought the journey too arduous for a centenarian, he came, bringing with him recollections which went back to the thrilling days of '49, and an active legal life that included a friendship with Lincoln, a place in both houses of congress, an interesting part in the purchase of Alaskato say nothing of a live interests in

events of today. "Cornellus Cole, centenarian, former senator from California and naseems scarcely more than 75. His face is sun browned and unwrinkled. He is active and robust and will sooner offer his arm to a woman when crosses ing a mean spot in the road than to

think of taking hers. His memory is,

surprising, his outlook young, and his

comments when not serious are col

ored by a sense of humor that a mas

half his age might envy." Ex-Senator Cole died November 3 1924, at the age of 102. The record in his case is clear. But considering the fact that it would have been easy enough to check up on the facts, if seems remarkable that in 1924 many that they were unusual people. Linda newspapers printed the picture of discovered at once that her companion "Maj. Edward James Monroe, son of was from Oregon; that he was going the fifth President of the United to Washington and would be there for States, who is feeling fit at the age a month or two. She discovered other of 100." The only difficulty with this things-charming things about him. story is that President Monroe had That he liked dogs better than autotwo daughters but no son!

have lived more than 100 years are ers and the mountains to the sea. numerous, but few of these cases will stand up under rigid investigation, acrecent issue of the Scientific American, who says that the age of a very old person seems to be one of the matters most susceptible to deviation from the truth, for memories are usually hazy in the extremely old, and the relatives, friends, and neighbors of these patriarchs seem always ready to exaggerate their antiquity.

He then cites numerous examples of longevity which proved to ba greatly exaggerated. A few years ago a Kentuckian named John Shell received considerable notoriety as being 131 years of age, but a somewhat searching inquiry revealed him to be not more than 100, if he were even

In 1904 a Russian newspaper calmly reported the death at the advanced age of 180 of a woman named Therese Abalya, Another Russian newspaper in 1926 was more modest, for it allotted only 138 years to Ivan Tretya, a peasant of Rostov. A Hungarian farmer, Peter Zortay or Torton, exceeded them all for he was supposed to have been 185 when he died in 1724; as was also St. Monagh, whose death occurred in 1781. Some months ago Henri Barbusse, the French author, recounted his visit in Georgia in Transcaucasia to Nikolai Andrevevitch Shapkovsky, who was reputed to be between 142 and 147.

One of the most famous of the very aged persons of history was Old Parr. who was said to have been born in England in 1483 and to have died there in 1635. He was working as a farm laborer at the age of 152 when an interested nobleman, the earl of Arundel, took him to London and put him on exhibition where he died a short time later. John Taylor, known as the "Water Poet," got out a book called "The Olde, Olde, Very Olde life in prose and verse.

Thomas Parr was said to have been married at 120, and after the sultable interval to have become the father of a child. When he died in 1635, the celebrated William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, performed an autopsy on him and found his general condition good, though the brain cells were somewhat worn. A reprint of Taylor's book was issued by James Caulfield of London in 1794.

Old Parr's unusual age was accepted until 1873 when W. J. Thoms, deputy librarian of the house of lords, made a real investigation of the case and concluded that about fifty years had been improperly tacked on to the actual life of Parr. The gentleman was a real centenarian, but little more than that.

Mr. Thoms also exposed two other notorious long-lifers. A certain countess of Desmond was credited with 140 years, but the doubting librarian showed that the ages of two separate countesses of the same name had been added together; instead of one person living to 140 years, two women had each lived about 70.

A writer familiar with Mr. Thom's leonoclasm on this subject, a John B. Bailey, wrote a book in 1888 which he called "Modern Methuselahs," and in it be cited a number of instances of well-known centenarians.

He began with St. Anthony, who was said to have lived to 105, but most of his other examples, such as the Emperor Cantacuzenus of the Fourteenth century, Pletho, Cornaro, Titian, De Fontenelle and Amory, were only 99 or 100. The author, however, did list a dozen cases which he believed to have been actually 100 years old or more.

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Evelyn Campbell

THE STORY

WNU Service

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CURROLAND RIVERS CO. COLUMN CO. CALLERY SERVICE CO. CALLERY

Linda Haverhill's ne'er-do-well father dies when she is seven-teen, leaving her little beyond some worthless stock certificates. These she takes to her father's friend, Senstor Converse, to dis-puse of After a whirlwind codriship Linda marries Court-ney Roth. Too late she discovers he is a penniless adventurer living by his wits. Roth dies in Switzerland. Linda continues to live like a woman of wealth. The senator supplies her with money, keeping up the fiction that her stock is yielding it. On a trip she meets Brian Antsey.

CHAPTER III-Continued

-6-They talked about everything but the weather, which proved at once was from Oregon; that he was going mobiles, and the morning before seven Stories of persons who claim to o'clock; that he preferred simple flow-

It began to grow cold in the coach. Outside was a dense wall of whiteording to James A. Toby, writing in a pess, and by straining necks dim glimpses of shapeless things might be had-a house buried under snow or the twisted form of a tree, grotesquely burgeoning. Passengers huddled in wraps and rugs, and their grumbles grew louder as the air became staler.

"Would you like to walk a little?" Brian asked, and Linda assented engerly.

But as they were starting he made her return to her section.

"You can't go into snow dressed like that." He was tooking so sternly at ber slim, suede clad feet that Linda broke into gay laughter. He laughed with her, and this put them on un informal basis. He turned to his own section and unbackled a bag, returning presently with a puir of dark red morocco slippers and a couple of scarfs. Linds out out her little feet and allowed him to fasten the moccusins upon them with a few efficient swirls of the scarves.

"You tie beautiful knots," she said. "but it is a shame to spoil your nice scarf-that blue one especially,"

She was surprised at her own docllity. A cup of hot ten and two or three pillows would have been more to her faste, but there she was, stum bling along through the snow with her feet done up like bundles.

"If we keep to the beaten path it will be easier, I think," he said, and she followed, half laughing half an poyed, at her own clumsy progress,

The prospect outside was not very good. People were running about help lessly giving advice that nobody heard. but the train crew was taking if very easily; they knew that human power could do little against the tremendous force of nature that opposed them. The snow, banked higher than the engine, resisted every effort to peneman," in which he extolled this long trate it. There was something aloudy contemptuous about that Impassivity. The great black bulk of machinery, so devastating in its flights, stood sppalled. like a shiny beetle drawing in its claws.

Brian Anstey talked to the train men. They answered courteously, not ignoring him as they had some of the

Linda heard all that was said. The train could not move until the snow plows came, and that might not be until the following day, for the storm had been worse farther along the line and there were other tie-ups.

Linda's teeth were already chattering, and the terrible cold found and selzed upon her body beneath her furs. At that moment her spirit was low. indeed. The delay would disarrange her plans hopelessly. The chances of a month at Miami, delightfully cared for by the Gregsons, was gone glimmering. She tried to adjust her mind to this misfortune, but her thoughts refused to coagulate. Physical discomfort dwarfed all ber mental proc-

"How stupid I am," she thought angrily. "Twe been in worse predicaments than this. Some way will be found." But still she felt like a deso-Inted child.

The strange young man with the kind eyes was speaking to her, "I've secured a place for you on the sledge." he said. "We must go back and get your hand luggage." He spoke in the same quiet, sure way that had accomplished the morocco slippers and again she yielded to his suggestion.

But when she was settled in the ungainly conveyance with half a dozen women, all whimpering, she found that Brian Anstey was going, too, He stood on the step and talked to the driver, occasionally jumping off to heip shovel snow when the horses floundered into deeper drifts,

Linds found watching him trresistible. He actually seemed to enjoy the effort of dragging the great borses about. She had always hated snow; it reminded her of a particularly disagreeable period or her life. But this snow was different. There was some thing crude and pristine about it. It was not a theatrical snow, where onmay brenk one's neck on a neatly constructed slide; it was homelike making one think of warm fires and pipes and fleecy blankets. Not that Linda knew any of these things from personal experience, but they had their neck in her imagination with other fancies.

As he helped her from her seat, she asked him why he had come, and his answer brought swift, unexpected color to her face,

"To look after you, of course." He spoke so simply that she was ashamed

of her subterfuge. The hotel was as crude as the Nebraska snowfall.

"You have been so kind-you will dine with me?" she murmured at the foot of the stairs.

He laughed. "I'd love to, only it will be supper in this place. There will be ham and eggs and four kinds of bread and I hope you won't be III from the experience."

She felt a little shock, He was laughing at her! In a second she realized how she must look to himexotic, superfluous, too fine for rude contacts. She managed to make her mouth look tremulous and sweet as she answered gaily:

"Anything-so that it is warm!" The other women dld not like Linda. They eyed ber fur cont and her ankles with equal disapproval, and when she found that she was to share a room with one of them she protested in such a way that the proprietor at once gave her another.

"Naturally you'd want to be with your husband," said the discarded roommate with embittered sweetness, and Linda, off guard, repeated blank-"My husband?"

The other simulated confusion, "Oh, isn't ne? I thought-"

As Linda sat beside Brian at their corner of the long table she said to him indifferently, "They're gossiping already, so you must not be so nice to me if gossip annoys you."

The women crowded together at the other end of the table us if they feared contact with other diners were all of the kind that are to be seen in pullman cars and nowhere else. Comfortably dressed but you wondered where they bought their clothes. In every big department store in the country, hundreds like them milled like cattle from pine to four every day the year around, yet it was only at a time like this that such faces stood out; such personalities became obvions. They were all terribly frightened at the publicity suddenly thrust upon them. They objected while they secretly swelled with Importance. But they were determined to remain completely virtuous and upright in the face of unconventionality.

Brian Anstey glanced at them, and then smiled at Linda.

"It's their chance to air their opin fons and be fistened to," he said, and she added in a drawling cold voice that did not suit her glowing, girlish face, "and their opportunity to make a show of their morality."

"Don't be severe. They are all home women, bound to be a little nurrow. In a simple life this must be an adventure-close quarters with un known neighbors."

"That is why you cannot really admire simplicity or naturalness; it is all so hateful just under the surface."

"Do you think so?" he frowned. He looked much older when he was serious, she decided. She did not really care what these women thought; she would never see one of them again but she meant to tense him a little more. "You must not confuse stily. chattering women with simplicity and naturalness," he said sternly, and glanced again at the group, who be came conscious that they were under discussion and were scandalized, "You will find their sort everywhere."

"But much worse in simple little towns."

"I will not admit that. It is be cause cities are more indifferent."

She shook her head, "You Bra wrong. Cities are not indifferent They judge with manners and morals but the city cares only for appear ances. It is much easier to live up to You can always buy appearances and have them delivered to your door in a box."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Weighing Sand

According to the federal and state taws a bushel of sand weighs 120 pounds in most of the states; in Penn sylvania the weight is 100 pounds to a bushel. And a cubic yard of sand contains 2,600 pounds.

Marks' Mechanical Engineers hand book gives the weight of dry, loose sand and gravel as 90 to 105 pounds per cubic foot; sand and gravel dry and packed, 100 to 120 pounds; sand and gravel wet, 118 to 120 pounds.

Padlocked

Little Mary, on her first trip to the country, had become greatly in terested in the cows. She watched them closely for a while, especially the cow around whose neck a bell was tled.

"Mother," she said finally, "Look at that cow with the padlock around her neck!"

Need of the Hour

"What an old-fashioned country this is. Haven't you camels with lifts?"-Lustige Blaetter Berlin.

ACHES

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One hundred and thirty-five words a minute is the new world's record for typing. This was attained by George L. Hossfield, September 33, 1929, in Toronto, Canada. Mr. Hossfield also held the record for the following years: 1918, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1926 and 1927. The record was made by plain copying from straight reading matter. The writing time lasted for one hour.

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Satisfactory results have been obtained by the North Dakota Agricultural college in the formation of an ice well for cooling and storing milk. The ice was made during winter months by running a small quantity of water in the well every day, The gradual freezing formed a large cake of ice which lasted through the 1929 summer. This experimental well was eight feet square, nine and onehalf feet deep, with boarded sides and gravel bottom.

Shows Up Tuberculosis

How tuberculosis affects farm antmais is being shown by an ingenious exhibit from the United States Department of Agriculture, which shows large photographs of the animals and then by a lighting device reveals an X-ray effect that shows the diseased organs.



BABIES

THERE are times when a baby is too fretful or feverish to be sung to sleep. There are some pains a mother cannot pat away. But there's quick comfort in Castorial

For diarrhea, and other infantile ills, give this pure vegetable preparation. Whenever coated tongues tell of constipation; whenever there's any sign of sluggishness. Castoria has a good taste; children love to take it, Buy the genuine-with Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on wrapper.



W. N. U., Portland, No. 36-1930.