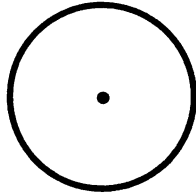


UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

EFFICIENCY OF LIFE
AT
100
YEARS AND MORE



BY
REV. ANDREW MALCOLM MORRISON

Published by
AUSTIN PUBLISHING CO.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

TO THE
ALBANY

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By Andrew Malcolm Morrison

Hearst Fountain



DR. ANDREW MALCOLM MORRISON

(This photo taken after the Author's hundredth birthday.)

CHAPTER I

REMARKABLE CASES OF LONGEVITY

A GREAT French expert, Dr. Metchnikoff, declares that no one need grow old. Of course, time will elapse, and the number of a man's years will increase, but he need not experience any loss of vitality.

The reason why we decay, according to the Doctor, is because we suffer from a distressing complaint which he has named "macrophagocytosis." Now what do you think of that? And Dr. Metchnikoff vows he can cure it. In a hundred years, he says, there will be no such thing as death from old age—it will be abolished, as many other diseases are being stamped out by Medical gentlemen. O Lordy! Please excuse the infantile profanity. Medical gentlemen stamping out disease! Well, sir, that "jars" me sure. He says death will soon have few opportunities "of getting one in on us."

I'm not so sure that this is a very desirable prospect. If people go on being born, and other people meanly avoid dying, there will soon be a state of competition, and congestion, quite unendurable.

Moreover, murder would receive quite an impetus, and DeQuincy's suggestion "that it should be regarded as a fine art" would be carried out. There would be a run on poleaxes: and a murderer who made a slight clearance in the jungle of humanity, instead of being regarded as a criminal, would be rewarded from the poor

box; or, perhaps, Knighted. I am inclined to think the present system, which allows the Doctors "to polish off" a decent number of victims every year is, on the whole, a better plan.

In November, 1898, the *Journal Des Debats* published a statement showing the number of Centenarians then living in Europe; a statement which was accepted, and reproduced by the "mighty Mulhall." The total was 1,498, and the manner of their distribution was thusly: Ireland, 578; Spain, 401; France, 243; England, 146; Germany, 75; and Scotland, 46; apparently in the countries not named, there were no 100-year-olds. There may be good reason for this, but I confess I cannot understand it.

* * * * *

I wonder if Ireland is proud of her preeminence in this respect, and of the fact that she had almost five times as many centenarians as England, and more than twelve times as many as Scotland. Perhaps her brave sons regard it as a grievance. I look on it in this way—it is notorious that many of the young people emigrate from Ireland, and thus, if the old did not persist in living there would be no one left. But I will present a better reason for Irish longevity as we proceed. I will show that Irish longevity is a thing of morals, dietetics, and climate. They hold on in the interest of patriotism, and in defiance of the Saxon. They remain as a garrison, keeping at bay alike John Bull, and that grisly monster known as the king of terrors.

* * * * *

It may be that men live to a great age in Ireland because of the sustaining power contained in the potato. There is a proud old song beginning:

Crest of the O'Shaughnashane,
That's a potato plain;
Long may your root every Irish-man know!
Pats long have stuck to it,
Long bid good luck to it.
Whack for O'Shaughnashane. Tooty whang
Ho.

And so, possibly it is this vitalizing root that enables Pat to face the still, sad music of humanity for 100 years and more. Or it may be that the native pugnacity of our Irish friends causes them to sing out "Never say die," and to mean it.

* * * * *

Then there is the puzzling case of Scotland. Why are Centenarians so scarce in that land of the mountain, and the flood? It is enough to make the Caledonian both stern, and wild. Well, thoughtful observers have suggested two reasons. First, the long life is a rather expensive business. In a general way, a man who dies when he is fifty expends less money. That is to say "He bangs fewer saxpences" than the man who lives to be 100. It would be unphilosophical to say that the man who dies saves money; but he certainly ceases to spend money, and this fact appealing to the "metapheeetical," and economical instincts of a great people, may have brought Centenarianism into disrepute in Scotland. Shakespeare may have been thinking about something of the sort when he wrote about "The calamity of too long life."

Let no one say that a man or woman is necessarily old when 100, for this is not the case. There have been some notable instances of people showing that one may have a long life, and a merry one. Look at that noble and excellent

lady, the Countess of Desmond, who was killed in the 146th year of her age, by falling from a cherry tree. There is no sign of decrepitude or decay about a lady, who, when she has scored almost a century and a half, can scramble up a tree like a squirrel. And Tom Parr lived to be 152, and died after a dinner party at Lord Arundel's, on which occasion I understand that Thomas had been the life and soul of the party. He probably overdid the thing a little, and of course accidents may happen under the best regulations. Then there was the case of Madam Rovero, who passed away in 1741. She was then 164, and left a son aged 116.

I have been unable to find out whether the poor little fellow grew up or whether the shock, occasioned by the premature death of his Mamma cut him off early in his centenarianism.

John Riva of Venice, was also an interesting gentleman, as he was 116 when he died, AND HE LEFT A SON OF 14! Eh! What do ye think of that now? Able to reproduce himself at the age of 102! Say, "that's goin' some." Eh!

It is said of John that "he chewed citron bark daily," but the statement that he said, "I can live as long as I chew," lacks confirmation.

According to Pliny, there were in the part of Italy between the Apennines and the river Po, in the year 76 A. D., fifty-four people 103 years old; fifty-seven, 110 years; two, 120 years; four, 130 years; four, 135 years; and three, 140 years. That is what Pliny says.

Real men and women, have lived 100 to 150 years in this present life during the current Centuries. I will proceed to give their history, habits, manner of life, supposed causes of their longevity, and how we all may attain longer life

and greater efficiency than we can now possibly have under present dietetic, industrial and social habits. I have from history established the fact of many having lived to the 100 years and over, and still being efficient, and enjoying life, without the querulous broken heartedness of old age.

Real men and women have lived to 100 and 176 years in this present life during the past and present centuries. And many such are now living, and are neither short-stepped nor wheezy. We have quite a number of men and women past 90, and some of them approaching the 100, in the Centenarian Club of Los Angeles, of which I am proud to be a member.

Say, Friends, I am not about to speculate, or to discuss opinions, whether Physiological, or Psychological. I am determined to give you actual history. The speculator and myself don't harmonize very well. The philosophers have made me very tired; especially the "Nu-thot" variety, and "The great within" men.

Now for real history. A certain Doctor, and a very eminent one at that, has been giving us counsel in the health department of the Newspapers. He asserted in one of these "Health Lessons" "that no proof ever had come forth to prove that anyone had lived 100 years." Well, we'll see before I'm through. For, as Burns says, "Facts are chieftains that winna ding, and dare na be disputed."

Also, when lately lecturing in one of the churches in Los Angeles on "Sanctification by the Spirit," a certain official of the Church, followed by reading a diatribe from some professional crank who, like the famous author of "Health Lessons," asserted that no one ever had lived 100 years, and demanded from me some

particular proof that what I asserted was true.

Well, sir, I was delighted, quite charmed, with the incident. It was proof to me strong as Holy writ, that I was a living example of my doctrine of "Sanctification by the Spirit." Had it not been so, my unregenerated IRISH would immediately have introduced a new soul to St. Peter. I now know beyond a doubt that I am "sanctified by the Spirit."

I begin the record of these remarkable lives by choosing my first examples from the Irish, which I believe is universally acknowledged to be the most celebrated for Longevity among the races of the earth. I am repeating the record of a ceremony peculiarly Irish. It is the celebration of the 78th anniversary of the marriage of two Irish peasants who, after 78 years of wedlock's trials and disturbances, were still sweethearts, with unwrinkled forehead.

New York, April 14th, 1918. "Married for seventy-eight years, believed to be the oldest living married couple in New Jersey. Mr. and Mrs. John McCandless, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, are still sweethearts, as they were years ago in the old days, when they wooed beside the Blarney stone in Ireland.

"We are enjoying the Spring breezes," said Mr. McCandless, who is 98 years old. "I love the Spring, for it was in this season of the year that I won my greatest happiness—my wife." He turned to the little woman by his side, who looks to be 60, rather than 96 "Little did we think eighty years ago when we met, that we should live to have sixteen great-grand children, did we dear? However, I recall your vow that you would live with me 'until the stars forgot to shine, and the waves forget to roll.' Complete

the stanza which you said,—and the old lady answered: ‘I am forever thine, and to thee I give my heart and soul.’” She smiled teasingly, as she added, “I said that only because it rhymed with the first two lines.” Note.—There are no divorces in Ireland, and that helps some in Longevity. See?

On October 27th, 1916, there was living in Kansas City, Mo., a Negro, James Mitchell, 99 years old, who registered that morning in Argentine. Mitchell was a bachelor until he was 97 years old. Then he married a very young woman, Polly Red. Mitchell is a gardener and works hard every day. He is, of course, a Republican. He told Chas. A. Payne, the city clerk, that since he was set free he had never missed voting at a Presidential Election, and at only two State Elections. Mitchell was born in Mississippi. He came West after the war. He is a property owner.

Now this gentleman knows nothing of Psychology, Health exercises, Divine breath, etc. He knows something of hard work, tho. He must have been a vigorous youth at 97, when he was able to bewiggle Polly Red, a very young, vivacious and vigorous damsel, into wifehood. Honest now, don't you think so?

Now I leave the wise “Health-Guides, and Mental-Theraputists” to fix this up. It's beyond me, and I know Mitchell knew nothing about any of them.

Now, here's another: Boston, February 11th, 1915. For the first time in many years, Thomas McNab, the 95-year-old Weymouth man, who has been paying court to Mrs. Alice Clark, 74 years of age, of Northampton, today stood before the forge in his blacksmith shop in Union street,

Weymouth, and worked at his trade making high grade tools now used in Automobile manufacturing.

McNab returned to Weymouth, after spending several days at the home of his prospective bride's daughter in Northampton, with the statement that the wedding had been postponed for a brief time at the request of his future step-daughter, who, he said, desired her mother to wait until the discussion over the coming event had died down a little, and McNab made more money!!

Now, whose business was it, I wonder? Say, people will be busy about everyone's business but their own. O these gossipers! Say, if there is no hell, there ought to be one, for the gossip needs eternal discipline, and even with it all his mischief-making instinct cannot be controlled.

Now here is a woman who leads the procession, as is the privilege of the angelic sex, God bless 'em.

Healdsburg, Cal., Jan. 29th, 1917. Grandma Electa Kennedy celebrated her 104th birthday today. She enjoyed an automobile ride with Dr. A. J. Swisher around the Plaza, and handled the wheel of the machine during the journey. She is the oldest Fraternal woman in the world, being a member of the Sotoyome Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star.

Now this is no "Camouflage." This thing actually happened. All the good don't die young.

I have quit following the "Will-'o-the-wisp" of speculative philosophy, and "sich." I now pay no attention at all to theories. I must have facts. Then on the facts, each brother and sister of the incomprehensible race called "human" can operate their own particular thinker as the "Sub-conscious" compels.

The various speculations in the "Unknownable" remind me of a showman in old England once. He introduced his scenes thusly: "Look to the right, and you'll see Daniel in the Lion's Den. Daniel is not one bit afraid of the Lions, and the Lions are not afraid of Daniel." A youth in the crowd called out, "Mister, vich is Daniel, and vich is the lions?" "Ah, vich you please, you pays your money, and you takes your choice."

But I must make another little extract from Ireland. From Castlebar, County Mayo, comes the news of the death of James Conway, a farmer who attained the age of 112 years. The father of James Conway did not die so young, for his years were six score and six. That is 126. The grandfather's age was 130 years. These statistics are the less unlikely because in the same county an old man died not long ago who was proved to have attained the age of 120 years.

James Conway remembered the French invasion in 1798, which was led by General Humbert, who won the battle known as "the Races of Castlebar."

Now I have been always telling you that the people of Ireland live long, and have no knowledge of senile decrepitude. And it's a fact. But I think one reason is because the race is specially favored by Providence in the production of "the potato" and SHAMROCK. Also, there is a commandment to Israel which contains a promise of long life for obedience. "Honor thy father, and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land." In no country can you find this commandment in deeper reverence than in Ireland.

But here comes the Negro again. Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 10th, 1916. "Great is the excitement among the Negro population in the vicinity of

Wick avenue, for "Mammy" Evelina Mosby has retired from her Laundry labors, after a century passed at the tubs, and will, hereafter, devote her energies to ironing, and sewing only. At present "Mammy" Mosby is only 115 years old, but she is adding daily to her record, and hopes in the course of time to reach the 120 mark.

Notwithstanding her advanced age Mrs. Mosby is as "spry" as her "baby" son Tupps Mosby, aged 75, with whom she resides, together with her daughter and granddaughter, the last named of whom is Mary Warren, who is maid at the Union Depot. Another son, Henry, who has attained the age of 80, is considered old enough to shift for himself, and is keeping house with his wife, near his mother's residence.

COOKED FOR WASHINGTON

Recapitulating her history to a reporter for the News-Scimitar, "Mammy" Mosby cites the fact, that she was born in Memphis, when the town consisted of only a couple of dwellings, and a number of Indian-Tepees, the only store in the settlement being a general emporium, kept by Captain Bell, on the bank of the Mississippi.

For years she lived as a slave in the house of Nick Perkins, and on his death, and the subsequent marriage of Mrs. Perkins to Dudley Dunn, she became a member of the Colony of 200 negroes owned by the Dunn family.

By far, the most vivid recollection of the old woman's memory is that she once enjoyed the honor of cooking dinner for Gen. Washington, who passed through the "city," and stopped a day at the Dunn home, where he is said to have been most hospitably entertained. "And I'll never forget him," says "Mammy" solemnly.

After some years with the Dunn family "Mammy," who was known as Evelina Dunn, was married to Billy Mosby, the latter taking his patronymic from the family of Samuel Mosby, his owner, who then lived in the vicinity of what is now Alabama street. In course of time twelve children were born, but the number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren for whose existence she is responsible, is far beyond the powers of her calculation.

LOST COUNT OF THE DESCENDANTS

"Lord bless you, chile," she said, "I cannot begin to tell you the number. They are scattered over Tennessee and Mississippi till I've clean lost count ov 'em."

Altho her son, and daughter, and granddaughter are all in good circumstances "Mammy" has stuck to the washtub, and has long been held up as an example to much younger women. She is also accounted the champion ironer of her colour in Memphis; in addition to which she can thread a needle without difficulty, and disdains the use of glasses.

"Mammy" Mosby will celebrate her 116th birthday June the 15th, next, when a great celebration is promised.

It is related that at the death of a son some years ago, at the ripe age of 80, "Mammy" turned mournfully to her husband and remarked: "There, Bill, I allus feared we'd never be able to raise that boy."

LIVED 106 YEARS, DIED IN SLEEP

Mount Vernon, Ills., Nov. 10th, 1916. Have you ever heard of William Greer, familiarly known to the people of Jefferson County as "Uncle Billy?" He died during sleep at his home

near this city, having been confined to his bed only about three days. He was a native of Kentucky, and was born on Nov. 24th, 1800, and would have been 106 years old, had he lived a few days longer.

He was raised on a farm in the "Bluegrass State" when that country was wild and undeveloped.

And to the day of his death, he never tired of telling the stories of pioneer life. He was married, of course. No bachelor can attain to Longevity. I will explain the Psychological and Physiological reasons why no "old bachelor" can live long, as I proceed.

Mr. Greer resided in his native state until 1844, when he emigrated to Illinois with his family, and settled on the farm where he died. He was a successful farmer, but, not being obsessed with the spirit of grab, and being both generous and charitable, and having his greatest happiness in helping others, his open-handed generosity prevented him from laying up much property.

He was the father of six children, all of whom besides the wife and mother, died before he died. His married life was one of perfect happiness, the demon discord never having paid a visit to their domestic nest, and he had the rare privilege of celebrating with the wife of his youth, their 67th wedding anniversary.

But say, now here's a screed. He never used intoxicating liquors! O Lordy, and he was a Kentuckian. He also used Tobacco very sparingly. And to his freedom from Narcotics, and to the fact that he always ate and slept regularly, he attributed his long life and robust health. A word is sufficient to the wise. Go thou and do

likewise, omitting the grog and the tobacco. See!

Now I am about to transcribe the history of the man whose life and work are the most wonderful of modern history, and there is no camouflage about it either. He is Captain Diamond. He has lived in three Centuries, according to *A Republic Special*, Berkeley, Cal., and still likes to have fun. He can ride a bicycle, box, and peddle books, and is said to look much younger than he did forty years ago. I quote from the *Republic Special*: Berkeley, Cal., June 15, 1917. "There are old men, and old men, but Captain Goddard E. Diamond, who confesses coyly to 111 years, is an old man who is able to do things.

Captain Diamond's friends are now watching the Sunday-School picnic-calendar to see what picnic he will attend next—for he went to one the other day, and had as much fun with the girls as any young fellow of 80 or 90 years could have.

"Well, why shouldn't I have fun?" asked Captain Diamond, and they had no answer for him.

Captain Diamond looks like a man of 50. He has to ascribe his longevity to something of course, and his answer is "abstemious living." For more than eighty years he has eaten no meat, and used neither tea, nor coffee. Liquor and tobacco he has never tasted in his life.

He eats freely of fish, eggs, cheese, and milk, but with these exceptions, his diet is vegetables. He avoids white flour, and his staples are bread, and mush made from the entire wheat, oat and barley meals. He eats much fruit.

Hot water is his chief beverage, and his dietary fad is the copious use of olive oil. It must

be real olive oil, however. He would rather eat machine oil than the concoctions of cottonseed, peanut, and *sesame* oils, that are commonly sold as olive—or at least that were sold under that name before the passage of the pure-food law.

AN ACTIVE MAN

Captain Diamond is not merely an old man; he is one of the most active men in the community. He practices daily calisthenics, and has long served as a trainer in that course, teaching younger men to take on the youthful agility that he has himself.

He is a skillful bicycle rider, and a skilled boxer as well. Not half the men of half his age could last five rounds with him within the roped ring. His skin is as clear, his eyes as bright, and his step as elastic as those of the average sound and healthy man of 50.

Pictures of him, taken during the Civil War, really look older than he does today. He says, that during the war he was unable to regulate his diet and his habits as he wished, and that his health suffered in consequence.

Still, with the exception of a short illness that resulted from exposure and privation while the great fire was raging in San Francisco, the Captain has had but one illness in 87 years. This was yellow fever in 1852 while he was in Florida. His illness, 87 years ago was inflammatory rheumatism. But this was evidently a great blessing. It was his difficulty in obtaining relief that led to his adoption of the vegetable dietary to which he has since adhered. Ha! See! Note! Verb. Sap!!

He had been treated for two months by a physician without any improvement. He dismissed the Doctor, and began the use of Olive oil

as a food, and as an embrocation, and eliminated meat from his diet. Two months later he was well, and rheumatism has never troubled him since. Wise Guy!

Captain Diamond learned the trade of steam engineer while a young man. He was called a skilled engineer up to the time he quit the trade, which was while he was in his 98th year. For thirteen years he had held only two positions—seven years as engineer of the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco, and six years in the same capacity at the Baldwin Hotel in the same city.

In all that time his most serious mishap was one that compelled him to shut down the elevators in the Baldwin Hotel for three hours. He says he could go back to the trade today if he wished, but since he quit it at 98 he has earned his living by selling books and earned a good living, too.

He generally travels on foot, and handles histories, and encyclopaedias, and also the story of his own life—a book of 130 pages, recounting his adventures, and describing the hygienic system by which he regulates his habits.

"The big fire" left him with only the clothes he wore, and 56 cents in his pockets. But he accepted aid from the relief workers for only about a month, and then went out "to get a new start," as he said.

Captain Diamond's long life has held many vicissitudes and adventures. He has been shipwrecked twice, and he crossed the plains in an emigrant wagon. During the Civil War he served as engineer in several gunboats.

Captain Diamond sees no reason why he should not live another Century. He never felt better in his life, and there are people in San Francisco who formed his acquaintance thirty

years ago, who say that he looks younger now than he did at that time. Only recently he underwent a medical examination, and the Physician closed his report with this paragraph: "The physical examination of Captain Diamond reveals a remarkable preservation of tissue integrity and function activity. There is no factor, or combination of factors, which would even remotely suggest any approach of dissolution, and if no intercurrent complication supervenes, it would be purely speculative to hazard an opinion as to his probable future span of life."

The Captain was born at Plymouth, Mass., on May 1st, 1796. His ancestry was a mixture of English, Irish, Scotch and Dutch. His mother's maiden name was Allen, and she was niece of General Ethan Allen, of the Revolutionary Army. His father, Joseph Diamond, lived to be 108. Runs in the family. Say—something in heredity. Eh!

Captain Diamond never went to school, but learned to read after he had grown to manhood. His early years were spent on a farm, and he believes his constant outdoor life, and his daily exercise, with plough, scythe, hoe and flail were principal factors in laying the foundation for his century of activity.

He took part in the construction of the Erie Canal. He was one of the first engineers on the Iron Mountain Railway in Missouri. He was never married. (Poor fellow, if he had been crowned with the joys of wedlock, and the charm and inspiration of womanhood, he might have reached the full two centuries).

Up to the date of the fire in San Francisco he had many papers verifying the story of his long

life. These have been seen by hundreds of people who have no doubt of their verity, and who believe that Captain Diamond has really lived in three Centuries.



CHAPTER II

MORE CASES OF LONGEVITY

But now I encounter the sad duty of recording the demise of the really wonderful example of human ability, to hold on to life on the earth plane. Captain Diamond passed on as he had attained 118 years of age. I quote from a special to the Tribune: "San Francisco, August 14. Capt. Goddard E. Diamond, 118 years old, passed away at the Crocker Old People's Home, Pine and Pierce streets, tonight.

Captain Diamond was proud of the great age which he had attained, and in recent years his birthday anniversaries were the occasion of much rejoicing among his friends at the home.

He was born in Plymouth, Mass., in 1796, within a stone's throw of the traditional landing place of the Pilgrims. His father was a soldier in the war of 1812.

And now let me introduce an old gamekeeper, a child of France, who will tell us how he attained to 90 years of age.

The narrative dates from Paris, France, Oct. 4th, 1918.

"France has the most remarkable gamekeeper in the world. His name is Laroche, and he lives near La Rochelle. He belongs to the large tribe of Laroche in France, from whom are descended the Roches of England and America. He is 90 years old, and is the senior gamekeeper, not only in France, but in the world.

He has had TWENTY-FIVE children! nine

of whom are living. Their respective ages are, 63, 60, 57, 55, 51, 46, 44, 40, 39. He also has sixty grand-children and forty great-grand-children.

He has been gamekeeper for sixty years, and believes he is good for ten more. He has lived his whole life in one commune, and has never been out of it. He has travelled in a train only once. Altho still in active service he receives a pension of \$80 a year from the commune. This he gets, not as a gratuity, but as a right. He is a member of the Municipal Council. Not long ago he offered his resignation, but it was declined unanimously.

Here is his rule of life, as explained by himself:

"I always get up at 5 o'clock, winter and summer. I retire at 9. I go every day to the village, thus walking four, or five miles.

"I eat sardines, fish, cheese, and very little meat. I put a great deal of water in my wine. I never smoke.

"My limbs are excellent; I have a good eye; the other would have been equally good had not a snake squirted its poison into it twenty years ago. The only time I have ever been in a train, the engine driver was killed. I have not been in one since. I feel as energetic as in my maturity. I have a good head of hair, but have lost a few teeth."

Say! That's goin' sum! Ain't it? Now honest!

A tree lives in two worlds—earth and air at the same time. Man also lives in two worlds—physical and spiritual; and the existence of either is impossible without the combining and co-working of both.

That which is evolved we call "Nature." That which is involved we call God. Are they not both one? Is not the evolved that which was involved, and are not both one? And are not you yourself a product of the process, and hence Divinely begotten?

Now comes another Irish topnotcher. O you can't keep those Irish in the ditch. See? "North Adams, May 13, 1917. Mrs. Mary O'Connel, 103 years old, probably the oldest woman in Berkshire county, passed away at her home in Clarksburg, after an illness of a few days. She was the widow of Thomas O'Connel, who died a few years ago at the age of 105 years." Eh? Irish, do ye see? O the Irish get there when it comes to keeping young for 100 years or more. See?

"Mrs. O'Connell was born in Ireland, and came to this country with her husband when North Adams was but a village. They made their home in Clarksburg and vicinity for more than 75 years.

"Mrs. O'Connell was particularly alive and active, and was seldom even slightly indisposed. Since the death of her husband Mrs. O'Connell had lived alone on her small farm, and had done all the farm work in connection with it." Eh! Pretty good for a young lady of 100.

"During the spring and summer seasons, and as late as last fall, Mrs. O'Connell walked from Clarksburg to her husband's grave in Southview cemetery, a distance of more than three miles. She had never ridden on the electric cars, nor could she be persuaded to do so. She never would ride to her husband's grave in a carriage, altho her neighbors were always willing to allow her to have the use of a horse at any time.

"Mrs. O'Connell possessed all her faculties up

to the time of her departure. She could talk intelligently on topics of history, and read the Gaelic language. She could also recount many tales and legends connected with the building of the Hoosac tunnel.

"She was a devout member of St. Francis' Church and, even during the coldest days of last winter seldom missed a Sunday in going to mass. She leaves two sons, John and Daniel O'Connell, of this city. She leaves five grandchildren and six great-grandchildren."

My readers will observe that in these records of remarkable longevity I am not recording examples among the rich, and those who are clothed in fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. I am choosing to reduce to history the unimportant peasantry of the earth, and the obscure. Also, I am dealing with FACTS, not fancies. I have no use for speculations, and the so-called science of Metaphysics is absolutely beyond my grasp.

I am here reminded of a certain "Nigger" who expressed himself on the "Philosophies," thusly: "When I say tumble over mill-dam, come down ker-splash, dat am blank-verse. When I say tumble over mill-dam, come down ker-slam, dat am poetry; but when I tell you sumfin' dat I don't understand, and dat you don't understand, and dat nobody else can understand, dat am metaphysics."

Now here are two boys by the name of Lewis. They are brothers. One is named Frank. He is a juvenile of 97 years. The other is his brother named Joseph. He is a juvenile of 94. They are two ancient mariners who are snoozing out their peaceful life at their home in Oakland, Cal.

These gentlemen attribute their longevity to the fact that they each sleep 18 hours a day.

Frank "hits the hay" at 3 p. m., and arises at 10 a. m. Joseph goes to bed a little later, for he has to keep the school children out of his barley patch. But he makes it up the next morning, and takes his beauty sleep till noon.

"Yes, plenty of sleep is the thing," said Frank. "That, and not being pestered with a wife. The kid, there, (pointing to Joseph) had a wife once, and I expect to outlive him by 20 years."

The two Lewis boys are hale and hearty after a life at sea. They are comfortably fixed, and are getting ahead fast by saving two meals a day, and fuel and lights.

I quote these two as an illustration of the various ways that lead to the same goal. These centenarians know nothing of physical exercises for strength; nothing of dietetics; nothing of metaphysics; nothing of "The I am"; nothing of "the great within." They evidently do know tho that rest is the great recuperator. And say, they are right by a great majority.

The tranquil mind is the leader in Longevity, and without his almighty aid all other aids are the merest camouflage. Hail the angel of peace, and the goddess of the smile. These are life's best angels, and the guards of Longevity. But alas, as things are now, the entertainment of these two angels of life is quite impossible to the race. He must get to the condition of things in Ireland where every man owns his own little cottage and land, and pays no rent. See?

Now in contrast with the men who attain longevity by inactivity and sleep, I introduce a "percontra" who never had either rest or peace. In peace he never would have been known. War saved him for a world's admiration.

Now I am introducing you a true story of a wonderful gentleman whose home is in San Diego, Cal. O he's not at all obscure. He is well, and widely known. I am quoting the public record of a ceremony which the gentleman performs every year as his birthday arrives.

The extract I give is now three years old. The gentleman lives now, and performs the same ceremony every year when the day of his birth arrives. And say, there's no camouflage about it either. The thing is absolute and positive truth without any doubt, and without any suspicion of fraud.

This is how the account appeared in the local papers: "Surrounded by a coterie of friends—many of them members of the San Diego Rowing Club—O. J. Stough, one of San Diego's oldest citizens, yesterday celebrated his 97th anniversary by taking a dip in the Pacific with other members of the rower's organization, posing for the "movie man," and entertaining numerous friends at his palatial home at an informal smoker in the late afternoon.

The oldest young man in this community arose yesterday morning at 6 o'clock, his usual hour, partook of a light breakfast, worked for a few hours in the beautiful garden surrounding his home, prepared for his morning's swim at the San Diego Rowing Club's out-of-doors pool, and at 11 o'clock jumped into the water, with hundreds of friends looking on in astonishment, for he swam like a man who never knew what it was to be on terra firma.

Following this extraordinary stunt, for it was extraordinary for a man 97 years of age to be found swimming around in the Pacific, "the young man" donned his street attire and soon was the

recipient of a shower of congratulations from the many who know him to love him.

After the Hearst-Selig photographer finished taking moving pictures of the rowing club members in action in the water, Mr. Stough posed for him long enough to allow an excellent picture to be made, which, with the other moving pictures of the swimmers, rowers and divers, will be sent to all parts of the United States.

In the afternoon, after Mr. Stough had again rested by strolling through his garden, he welcomed numerous friends, who came to wish him many returns of the day. And he was the **YOUNGEST MAN** among the many, for, like a boy, he played, and laughed, incidently smoked a number of big black cigars as a fitting finale of a great day—his 97th birthday."

Now here's another case of a man outraging science, and triumphing over tradition. Science tells us that smoking is suicide. Here is a boy of 97, who capsizes the whole thing, and laughs at science while hilariously trampling her most profound laws. But seriously I personally advise you not to follow his example in the matter of smoking. Tobacco evaporates a deadly poison named nicotine. Don't use it. Besides it is a filthy habit, and expensive at that. See?

The domestic quiet, contemplative life is doubtless conducive to longevity, but occasionally there occurs a case which upsets all laws of contemplative quietness, and domesticity. I am now about to introduce you to Gen. D. E. Sickles, a veteran of the Civil War. Gen. Sickles was born in New York City, October 20th, 1820. He died 3rd May, 1915, at his home, 23 Fifth avenue, New York, being 94 years old. He had been quite ill since March, when he suffered a hemor-

rhage. In April there was another hemorrhage, and the General was confined to his bed. On the morning of 3rd May there was a marked improvement in his condition, but at 4 o'clock in the afternoon he began to sink. Three hours later it was apparent that death was near. The last rites of the Roman Catholic Church had been administered on Saturday by the Rev. Father Avard, of St. Joseph's Church. He died at 10 o'clock.

Daniel Edgar Sickles, Major General retired, was the last of the great commanders of the Civil War. He responded to Lincoln's first call for volunteers. He raised regiment after regiment. He led them into battle, always with consummate bravery and distinction. At the last he turned the tide at Gettysburg, and earned a soldier's immortality. So I believe he is now very much alive, notwithstanding the Russellites' creed that all souls are dead till the coming of Christ in the millennium. No, siree, General Sickles is very much alive just now, and no doubt enjoys many happy hours in the company of those with whom he once contended in deadly conflict. See?

Gettysburg made General Sickles famous. That terrific engagement crowned a long life filled with excitement, adventure and tragedy. From his youth up he was active, and the changing years saw him engaging with the same enthusiasm in arms, diplomacy, politics, and that intercourse with his fellows which is the privilege of a man who has seen much of life, and got honor through merit.

(Now what do you think of those Mollycoddles who teach us that long life is dependent on a humdrum lethargic existence? Eh?)

When the veterans of Gettysburg, both the Blue and the Grey, gathered around peaceful campfires, they acclaimed him as the hero of that engagement decisive of the whole campaign, and of the destiny and government of The United States. Wherever they met his name has run through their stories. Of late years when his old age was troubled, he always found relief from vexation in meeting former comrades and talking over with them the days when his business was in columns of marching men.

He was a congressman from New York when the war began. He was a Democrat, and had not voted for Lincoln, but he went to the President and offered his services.

He saw his first engagement early in 1862. He succeeded Hooker in the command of a division of the third army corps, and led the division in the battles of Antietam and Fredericksburg. In November of 1862 he was made a major general of volunteers, and had command of the third corps of Chancellorsville, when General Lee set forth on his determined march to the North. General Meade had succeeded Hooker, and General Sickles' corps was ordered to Emmetsburg. After the first day's fighting at Gettysburg, General Howard called for help.

The second day found General Sickles in command of the Union left. An hour before the battle began, and without waiting for orders, Sickles took a position on peach orchard ridge.

They called that portion of the battlefield the bloody angle. The fight there lasted from 3 o'clock till 7 at night. Many men perished there, more than in the other two days of the battle. Half an hour before the fight ended a shell shattered General Sickles' knee. He buckled a strap

round his leg and staid on his horse until the last gun was fired. His leg was amputated that night.

After he had recovered from his wound, Lincoln sent him on an inspection trip through the South, and he was with Sherman's army on the march to the sea. After the war he was military governor of the department of the South, which included the two Carolinas.

I have been particular in giving you the particulars of the life of General Sickles. Why? Because his life upsets all the philosophy, which the Savants of earth have given us, as the laws of health and longevity. Hygiene was absolutely impossible in war. The whole mentality was engaged in conceiving destruction and murder. Hatred was the ruling passion, and the slaughter of his fellowman controlled all his emotions. Yet he lived in the body 94 years!

But I suppose we must leave its solution to the universal dictum that "there are exceptions to all rules." Nevertheless, I believe there are certain hygienic laws which very materially aid in health and longevity, notwithstanding an occasional unaccountable contradiction.

There are Philosophers who tell us that a mysterious something which they call "vitality," takes up its mysterious residence in the brain at birth. This mysterious activity controls and manages the life, and determines the longevity of the person in whose skull it locates itself. That the individual wearing the skull cannot by any means, either increase, or diminish the mysterious governor; that he will work till he finishes you up: and you can by no means influence his operations. See?

Here is an opportune time for me to get in a little "fact" on tobacco. I have long since quit

dreaming in philosophies. The wise, and scientific men have had their day in fooling me. Now I am a disciple of facts. Now here's a little fact by a gentleman, who smoked for 25 years, and then quit. Here is what he says to the editor of *The Tribune*: "Editor, *The Tribune*. In 1838, when only seven years old, I formed the obnoxious tobacco habit. During the succeeding twenty-five years I made a nuisance of myself to the public, with which I was obliged to come in contact.

At the age of 32 I cut loose from the tobacco habit, and during the past fifty-two years have had ample time to see the absolute nothingness to be derived from tainting the blood with nicotine; also the total cost of the tobacco used.

During the twenty-five years I was an abject slave of the tobacco habit, it cost me on an average of 25 cents per day, \$6 per month, or \$72 per year.

For twenty-five years the cost was \$1800. So that in the last fifty-two years I have saved \$3740, and have not disgusted anyone by smoking or chewing, nor have I robbed my system. In this I take a pardonable pride." R. A. W. Riverside.

Pretty spry fellow this at 84. Eh? Isn't he now, honest? This is the most powerful argument against the use of tobacco that I have ever met. The party who can resist the power of the appeal couched in this testimony may be given over to his own innate stupidity. Time were lost reasoning with him. Let him be given over to salt.

Now here is another record of tolerably vigorous life at the age of 106. The fact is conveyed by leased wire to "*The Examiner*."

PIKEVILLE, Ky., Aug. —. Aunt Cosy Hopkins, 106 years old, and perhaps the oldest

woman in Kentucky, was admitted as a member of the Free Will Baptist Church, and baptized by immersion in the Big Sandy River, by Rev. N. T. Hopkins. The aged woman lives on Herald's Branch, a tributary to the Sandy River; and a place in the river near the mouth of this creek, was chosen for the baptismal ceremony on account of her advanced age.

So there now, at a century, and over, spiritual birth can occur, and the physical adjuncts thereto, can be performed. God in his word to us tells us concerning the righteous man "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation."

Now here is another record of a centenarian, and no camouflage either. And say, she is just one of the ordinary common people. She did no stunts of any kind to help her live long.

She neither practiced deep breathing, nor performed genuflexions, nor muscle stretching, nor body bending, nor any particular kind of eating, neither fasting, nor eating uncooked food. But she just lived, an' lived an' lived. Neither did she take any particular style of food. She just lived like a plain, ordinary female according to the class in which she was born, and lived. Her name was Mrs. Rethea Porter. She was born in slave days, and lived in the same house for twenty-two years. She died at the age of 112.

She was born in Louisiana in the old slave days, and won her freedom by the result of the Civil War. She came to Los Angeles twenty-two years before her death, and lived all that time at 485 Mountain View avenue, where she died.

Mrs. Porter reared eight children, had nine grandchildren, and ten great-grandchildren, to whom she often sang the old ante-bellum songs "befo' the war." She was a prominent member

of the Second Baptist Church, at Pico and Paloma streets, and for ten years never missed a service at Church. Likely the normal life which accompanies church fellowship had quite an influence on the longevity of this remarkable female. See?

Now comes for consideration a gentleman who on the celebration of his 90th birthday gives us some good advice, as to how to keep young. The gentleman's name is Cyrus Mason Parsons; he is called "the grand old man of Claremont, Cal." Over a dozen grandchildren, and several great-grandchildren assembled to pay homage to the reverend head of the family.

Mr. Parsons, who was a pioneer settler of Iowa, and who was prominent in many ways, both there where he founded the town of Big Rock, twenty-five miles from Davenport, and in Claremont, where he has lived for a number of years, said last night that he never felt younger. Ha, there's it. Don't think yourself old. See? Don't let the idea of old age get a grip on you. See?

His remarkably good health, and clear mind, he attributes to several things: First, that he is given to taking long walks. Say, he's a wise guy. Eh? Secondly, that he is an inveterate reader, from which practice he has derived much pleasure and profit. Thirdly, that he has so many smiling young faces about him. Say, the old man is right here. The smile is the real secret of achievement, and the invariable accompaniment of success in all directions. But let it be real smiles; the veritable outflow of a generous and pure soul. For the smile can be transmogrified; but not the real genuine smile. A man can "Smile an' smile, and be a villian." But the real smile cannot be imitated. The smiling face

is the index of the true heart, and like pure gold cannot be counterfeited. See?

Mr. Parsons has four sons living, fourteen grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Now here comes another really, truly centenarian, and no mistake about it either. A correspondent of "The Vienna Zet declares that while passing through Volhynia, he discovered a peasant who had lately celebrated his 113th birthday. The peasant distinctly remembered seeing Napoleon at the head of his army on the march to Moscow. The man appeared to be in excellent health. Now there's one for you. A peasant aged 113 and in excellent health! Please don't regard what we call old age as associated with imbecility. Regard it as a ripening for the next step higher in the evolution of man, whose life is infinite, and development eternal. But say, I don't know a thing about eternity, and have no apparatus attached to my thinker in this incarnation, by which I am able consciously to realize it. See? But without apprehending, and without understanding, I can trust the word of my Father. See?

Now I am quoting from the Examiner of Los Angeles, of Friday 3rd, June, 1917: "Six special guests sat near the head of the table yesterday when Dr. P. C. Prugh of San Gabriel, gave a dinner to celebrate his 94th birthday, and the combined ages of these guests and the host was 663.

"They were all members of the Centenarian Club, and yesterday's birthday party will be followed by another at the home of S. H. Taft, the veteran editor of "The Bay District Investigator," at Sawtelle, today.

"The members of the club present at yester-

day's meeting were, Dr. J. M. Peebles, 95; Spurges Selleck, 94; Senator Cornelius Cole, 96; A. A. Annis, 96; Dr. A. M. Morrison, 97; S. H. Taft, 91, and Dr. P. C. Prugh, 94."

Say, that's a pretty good record, and there is no camouflage about it either. I was of the party. That party was three years ago. Some of them have gone up higher since. There was Taft, the active organizer of the Club, about a couple of years after this, who climbed up a tree armed with a saw to lopp off a branch. Say, there's not much sign of senile imbecility in a man who can make his way up a tree by climbing a la squirrel. But Brother Taft missed his grip somehow, and fell to the ground, so injuring himself that recovery was impossible, and so he went up higher. No doubt whatever but from the surrounding invisible he meets with us as usual. I know that I have seen him myself. I also aided in the services of his burial, and very distinctly recognized him among the "Heavenly Host" who were present on that occasion. Because we are never alone. A "great cloud of witnesses" is always in attendance. At least Paul says so in the 12th Chapter of Hebrews. And say, I believe Paul. Since then the Club has lost Selleck, Annis and Prugh. It is still represented tho by the following good men and true, and quite a bevy of women, God bless them, who are the very life and soul of our Club. These are the names and ages of the ladies of our Club, without whose motherly presence and aid, I question much if we could have a Club at all. The Club meets once monthly. We discuss important questions of the day, and give out our wisdom to aid the progress of the world. Our very efficient Secretary is Mrs. E. F. Witter, without whose wise and efficient guidance

we could not exist. See? O say, God did a great thing for man when he created woman. Scotland's greatest poet, the immortal Burns, expresses it thusly: "His prentice hand he tried on man: but then he made the lasses O."

And now I have the proud privilege of presenting to your admiration one of my own illustrious name. He is Peter S. Morrison. At the juvenile age of 101 he quits tobacco, as he intends to live 99 more years. This is the record:

After nearly three-quarters of a century's indulgence in tobacco in various forms, "Daddy" Morrison has foresworn allegiance to My Lady Nicotine, because he wants to celebrate his two hundredth birthday.

"Daddy is known on the books of the Pisgah Home, 6026 Echo street, Los Angeles, as Peter S. Morrison. He is 101 years old, but he looks more like 70, and says he feels like 50. To bear out the illusion that he is only half way to the century mark, 'Daddy' engages in various forms of manual labor. He spends part of the day working in the garden, washes and mends his clothing, takes a hand at dishwashing, and makes himself generally useful round the house.

"I have just learned conclusively that tobacco is bad," said "Daddy" yesterday. "Since I swore off, my wind is better, and my work does not tire me. I smoked and chewed tobacco for a good many years, and I felt the loss of it when I quit. But I am getting used to it now, and feel so much better that I don't intend to start again. It took me a long time to find out that it is harmful to the young. I want to live to be an old man, you know," he added with a wink.

Morrison came to Los Angeles from New York State, and likes California so well that he

expects to remain here the remainder of his life, which he fully expects to continue at least until he has passed all old age limits known to science.

Just a remark here between the lines. Poor Morrison was poor, very poor in this world of abounding plenty. Had it not been for that man of wondrous faith in Christ, the late lamented Dr. Yoakum, Morrison would have found it a rather tough job to round out the second century in Los Angeles, or anywhere else in this great country of limitless riches. See?

Now I have another wonder to present, in the case of an Irish woman. I am quoting from The London Bureau of the Post Despatch of 1917. "Irish woman, 118 years old, recalled incidents of Rebellion of 1798. Spent a laborious life, and was never attended by a Doctor until her last illness." Say, my friends, there is no question in my mind but this is the secret of her wonderful longevity. Now for the record. "London, January 21st. Mrs. Catherine Leonard died a few days ago, near Cappamore, County Limerick, at the age of 118. She was born in 1790.

She had a faint recollection of the Irish rebellion of '98, in which some of her relatives lost their lives. Her father's house was burned by the Yeomanry, and the family had a narrow escape.

She often told about Daniel O'Connell and his eloquence. Well, she had a very ample theme, for say, O'Connell was eloquent. He was Irish, you see; a people in whom oratory in its most exalted spirit is indigenous.

Mrs. Leonard married when she was 17 years old, and raised fourteen children, most of whom migrated to Australia or America. Ya, at that time there was no home in Ireland for the Irish

peasant. I know, for I was one of them myself. See? It is stated that Mrs. Leonard had twenty-two grandchildren, and forty-seven great-grandchildren.

She had a vivid recollection of the repeal movement, and almost starved to death during the tithe war.

Two sons were killed in the American Civil War, one fighting on the side of the North, and one on the side of the South. Say, no wonder General Sherman, another brilliant Irishman, said, "War is Hell."

Mrs. Leonard spent a laborious life, and never was attended by a Doctor until her last illness. I suspect her long life may be partly explained by this. The Doctor's attendance would most certainly have helped her very materially to get home at a considerably earlier period. She declined to apply for an old age pension, saying it was not worth while. Now there's the Irish again, do you see, my friends?

One of her sons lived to be 96; another was 80 years old when he died, and two daughters were 78 and 73, respectively.

One of her daughters, who is still living at this date, is 96 years old, and a grandson is 61 years old. Say, you can't beat the Irish. Now what d'ye think of Dr. Osler and his chloroform at 60, Eh?

Now I have another quotation from the same sources as the above.

London's oldest platform speaker addressed an audience at the Salvation Army's Barracks in Mayes Road Wood Green, when a dinner was given to the old people of the district.

She was Mrs. Clark, and in spite of her 104 years she was as sprightly as the youngest there,

altho she might easily have been the mother of the oldest among them.

Her years sit lightly on her, and she ate a hearty dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, and was the life and soul of the table, whose head she graced.

Her sight and hearing are unimpaired—she never wears spectacles—and her ears are quick to catch any remark, particularly if it be about herself. And she has a lively faculty for shrewd repartee.

The old lady's speech was the feature of the evening. The quavering old voice was hard to hear at first: and once the old memory played its owner false.

But a platform speaker of 104 is a person to whom all may be forgiven, and not a sound was heard as she told her audience how pleased she was to see them there, and, becoming reminiscent, how she had given all her children a good schooling, and taught them to shun strong drink. "I gave 'em water," said the ancient dame succinctly, and was cheered to the echo.

Say, think of it; 104 years old, and an orator using no spectacles, nor ear trumpets! Eating roast beef and plum puddin', but drinking water, cold water. See? No question the teetotalism, and the general jolliness and sweetness of disposition were very great aids in arriving at the 104th milestone. If you would live long, be sweet, and again I say, be sweet. Nothing poisons life at its very fountain equal to a disposition to find fault, and be antagonistic to everything, and to be continually criticising your friends, neighbors, and the world generally. Say, keep sweet. Be sweet. Be sweet, dear girl, and let who will be clever.

CHAPTER III

GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF LONGEVITY

Now it is my privilege to introduce a young lady of 90. I do this the more joyously and confidently as I happen to have the honor to know the lady personally. She is Mrs. M. A. Pierce, who celebrated her 90th birthday anniversary on Jan. 2, 1917. She is the oldest member of the Wednesday Morning Club, having been elected to honorary membership in that organization. For a number of years she has maintained a live interest in the activities of the club, graduating when in her 82nd year, from the Shakespeare section with high honors.

During her earlier life Mrs. Pierce developed an interest in questions of public welfare, which has never waned, and this, together with her intellectual research, has kept her mind young and vigorous. See? Now mark this well. One of the secrets of long efficient life lies couched right here. "She developed an interest in questions of public welfare." Now don't forget this if you wish for a vigorous long life.

Until fourteen years ago she was a resident of Springfield, Mass., the scene of her many worthy endeavors; and among the pioneers of that place she has many warm friends. Again I say unto you, "Be sweet," Get friends, get them, get them. They will be health to thy soul, and renewal to thy body.

For years Mrs. Pierce has made her home with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Pierce.

I now quote from the Examiner of Sept. 18, 1916: "Cornelius Cole gives party. Ages of host and guests, 1516 years. Former U. S. Senator is host to Octogenarian and Centenarian Clubs on Birthday.

"Hale, happy, hearty, and looking fully thirty years younger than his family Bible says he is, Cornelius Cole, formerly bond representative and United States Senator from California, celebrated the 94th anniversary of his birth with a dinner party to fellow members of the Octogenarian and Centenarian Clubs.

"It was indeed a merry affair, and a youthful one, too, despite the fact that the combined ages of Senator Cole and the sixteen of his oldest guests made up the great sum of 1516 years.

"These guests of Senator Cole were: Captain L. A. Ross, 81 years old; Dr. Marshall F. Price, 82; P. E. Brown, 81; Dr. F. H. Moore, 85; Rev. S. H. Taft, 91; Sturges Selleck, president of both the clubs, 94; J. P. Garlick, 92; Dr. A. M. Sherman, 90; Dr. J. M. Peebles, 95; Gen. J. S. Wilcox, 84; Dr. L. W. Beck, 85; Rev. P. C. Prugh, 94; M. L. Rogers, 88; A. A. Annis, 96; Dr. A. M. Morrison, 96, and Dr. H. L. Canfield, 88.

"In addition to these octogenarians and nonagenarians, the wives of many were present, while among the other guests was the widow of the late Judge Alexander Campbell, who was one of the few men living in recent years who attended Senator Cole's wedding in San Francisco on Jan. 6th, 1853, to Miss Olive Colegrove.

"Senator and Mrs. Cole, who is 83 years old, have had nine children, seven of whom are still

living, many of them in the immediate vicinity of their parents' residence at 6121 Lexington avenue, where yesterday's celebration was held. With one exception all of the living children, as well as a number of grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, were present.

"Descendants and relatives of the couple, most of whom were present yesterday, include Mrs. Emma Cole Brown, a daughter: her children, Cornelius Cole Brown, and Mrs. Marjorie Brown Mather, and the latter's two children, Bibi and John Mather; Seward Cole, a son, and his three children, Eleanor, Cornelius B. and Seward Edward Cole. Mrs. Willoughby Cole, widow of their son, Willoughby, and her son, Willoughby Cole; Mrs. Lucretia Cole Waring, a daughter, and her daughter, Olive Waring; Mrs. James G. McLaughlin, of New York, a daughter who has three children, Comerford, Cornelia and Gregory McLaughlin, while the latter also has two children, Schyler Cole, a son; Mrs. Reginald H. Jones, a daughter, and two children, Sarton and Rhoda Jones; and George T. Cole. All except Mrs. McLaughlin and her children and grandchildren were present.

"Many were the pleasant reminiscences exchanged among Senator Cole and his elderly guests, before whom an elaborate repast was spread, but the Senator himself was rather reluctant to take any time from listening to others about himself. He was cornered long enough to obtain a brief biography. He was born in Lodi, Seneca County, N. Y., Sept. 17th, 1822. He graduated from the Wesleyan University in Middleton, Conn., in 1848, and on May 1st of the same year, he was admitted to the practice of law. He crossed the plains to California in 1849.

In 1862 he was elected to the 38th Congress. He was at Lincoln's side when the famous Gettysburg speech was delivered. In 1866 he was elected United States Senator.

"Senator Cole, and former United States Senator George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, now living in Pasadena, are the only living members of the Congressional court, which heard the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson.

"In 1861 he came to Southern California, settling at Colegrove, now a part of Los Angeles and which was named by his children after their mother's maiden name.

"The Senator gives nothing in particular credit for his long life. Thank heaven he is no faddist. He does nothing to excess which is perhaps the real secret. He has no plans for the coming year, except to keep on attending to business every day as has been his custom.

Now I quote from Dr. S. J. Crumbine, Secretary of Kansas State Board of Health: "Our great-grandchildren will live to be 150 years old. There is even a chance for our children, and their offspring. Dying at from 50 to 70 years will be looked upon as an ancient and tragic custom by people of the 21st Century. A man at 100 then is going to be just as active in business as the person of 50 or 60 today. On attaining that age he can retire and spend half a century in the pursuit of quiet happiness, before friends and relatives will follow his earthly remains to the cemetery.

The trick is to have all parts of the human body to wear out at once, just like the famous one-horse shay, which with each part as good as every other part did not collapse until all wore out simultaneously.

It was the oft-declared opinion of the great Metchnikoff that we should live up to 140 years, barring accidents and disease. The human body, being a perfect machine, should decay in its entirety at once. All parts were built to continue their functions till the whole machine had worn out.

THE CENTENARIAN WILL BE COMMON

By the thorough adoption of known and practical reforms human life in America can be lengthened more than a third. The centenarian won't get his picture in the newspapers within a few decades. He'll be too common.

Disease and poverty bear a very strong relation to each other. Ten per cent increase in the wage of the workingman usually means a 10 per cent decrease in sickness.

In an address before the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale University, said: "Human life is long or short precisely according to the hygienic conditions under which it is lived." He gave data showing that human life in America could, by the adoption of hygienic reforms, be lengthened over one-third.

I believe Metchnikoff is authority for the statement that one out of every 2500 of the Bulgarian mountain people live to an age of 100 and over. The centenarian in the Bulgarian mountain district is evidently as numerous as the 75 and 80-year-olds in this country. Eh?

Prof. Lorand, of Carlsbad, declares that anyone who is the offspring of healthy parents has it in his power to live to the age of 100, if he is temperate in eating, and especially in drinking. He will have the best prospects for this result if he is careful that all food which he eats is per-

fectly fresh, and contains the greatest possible amount of unaltered curative substances. The food must also taste good.

It is not unreasonable to suppose, in view of the above facts, that a century hence it will not be more uncommon to see people who are 100 years of age and over, aye 150, than it is now to meet 70 and 80-year-olds. See?

I now present a very remarkable instance of longevity in a lady who died at the advanced age of 107 in Los Angeles. Her name is Mrs. Juana de Rubio. She died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Lucy Forbes, West 59th Place. She lacked but six years of seeing her hundredth wedding anniversary, having been married at the age of 13.

Mrs. Rubio was the mother of twenty-five children. Evidently fruitfulness in the production of offspring is no hindrance to health and length of days. A large number of her children fell victims to an epidemic of smallpox in the early days of Los Angeles. Those surviving are, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Frances Berry, of 908 Irolo street; Mrs. Ed Butler, of El Monte; Mrs. F. N. Staples, and David Rubio.

I am careful in presenting these names of her children lest some unbeliever should accuse me of camouflage. It has been printed on scientific authority that no human ever did, or can reach 100 years of life on earth. And I have been called a liar myself. See? And yet I didn't knock the gentleman down. So I hope you will recognize me as a fully sanctified Christian.

Mrs. Rubio was active in mind and body until within a month of her death. Her eyesight had failed, but otherwise her faculties were unusually keen, and she had a remarkable memory that

covered nearly a century of Los Angeles history.

Mrs. Rubio was born in San Diego, and lived there until her marriage. She came to Los Angeles when it was hardly a village. The Rubio family was one of the oldest Spanish families in Southern California, and originally its members owned thousands of acres of now valuable lands.

This is a remarkable case illustrating the possibilities of natural living, and the possible length of life to man on the earth plane, whose living, habits and morals are according to God's revelation to man. As to his morals on the earth plane, God tells us that wisdom is the producer of all good things.

I am impressed here by the Spirit to make quite an extended quotation from the Bible. It fits in here most appropriately, and is so much superior to all the science of man as the spiritual is superior to the material. I quote from Proverbs Chap. 3rd: "My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: For length of days, and long life, and peace shall they add unto thee.

"Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart:

"So shalt thou find favor, and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

"Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not to thine own understanding.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

"Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil. It shall be health to life's fountain, and marrow to thy bones. Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase. So shall thy

barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

"My son, despise not the chastening of the LORD; neither be weary of his correction: for whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than of fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches, and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold on her: happy is every one that retaineth her."

I have made this lengthy quotation from the Bible because it contains the directions which God himself has given to man so that man's life on earth may be in all things as successful, and happy as the Father of all intended and designed. But alas, man has by disobedience and rebellion frustrated the intentions and wishes of the Father, and has brought upon himself all the miseries under which earth groans, and all the diseases which hasten death. The rich robber also has stolen the common heritage, and the poor robbed of their fair share of their Father's bounty, perish in starvation and die before their time.

The case of Mrs. Rubio suggests some reflections on Longevity, which will demolish some of the "fads" which the wiseacres have been crowding on us for some decades. She knew nothing at all of "the no breakfast plan." She knew

nothing at all of the wonderful life-elongating properties of the "raw food craze." She was absolutely ignorant of the life-extension qualities of "deep breathing," nor did she know anything at all of the death destroying power of standing erect, and bending her body so that with the tips of her fingers she could touch the ground at least a dozen times first thing every morning. She knew nothing at all about how many "chews" she should give her food before she let it descend into the Pylorus. Nor did she know anything of the awful consequence to the stomach and body when she swallowed a mouthful of drink with her food. And as for the poisonous effects of coffee, and their obliteration by "Postum" the simple lady knew just "nothin'-at-all," like my illustrious fellow countryman, Pat. Moreover, she knew nothing of "Calories, carbo-hydrates, proteids, or mineral salts," and how they should be scientifically arranged so as to become foods and not poisons. She knew nothing of oxygen, hydrogen, carbonic acid, or carbon dioxide. Nor did she know anything of the rejuvenating effects of the bath, nor was she at all acquainted with the life-prolonging exercise of grasping a beam above her head, and pulling herself up by grasp of her hands, and letting herself down till toes touched the ground at least twelve times every morning. She knew nothing of the marvellous revelations of Science, yet she lived 107 years, and mothered twenty-five children. She produced and mothered twenty-five babies; attended to all motherly and womanly functions, lived 107 years, and all without any scientific aids to Longevity. Now, what do you know about that? I tell you she was a wonder.

But say, she was just an illustration of the

natural span of life which God now desires for his children, if they would only behave themselves. See?

But there is one feature in the life of Mrs. Rubio which must not be ignored. She was born in such circumstances in relation to those things necessary for sustenance, that she had no worry about "something" to eat. See? Worry about this is now very prevalent. And why? Well, because the real good business men, the brainy fellows you know, have just grasped a little more than their share, and the "weaker brethren" are left to worry. Now, long life and worry, are incompatible, and never can co-exist. One of them must vacate the ranch. Worry, and longevity are irreconcilable enemies. Therefore, "swat" worry, if you can.

My readers will please observe that I am not selecting wonderful lives of the records of ages past; nor am I selecting examples from the "Nobility, and Gentry," save the mark! No, I am recording the lives and habits of men and women who have lived to "long life" amongst us, many of whom are living now. My object is to show from real present examples, that 100 years of earth life is quite normal, and should be attained by all, and without any extra contortions and manipulations to attain it. I am also showing that Longevity is not at all associated with either physical or mental imbecility. See? I am writing history of the "common people, or the 'hoi polloi.'" And I am dealing with facts, not metaphysical, and matterless guesses.

Now here is another:

AGE KEPT HIM FROM THE CIVIL WAR

I quote from the Examiner of Jan. 9th, 1921: "Wheeling, (W. Va.,) Jan. 8. George Crow, who

was rejected because of his advanced age by a recruiting officer when he sought to enlist for military service in the Civil War, died at the family home, Denver Hill, near Littleton, W. Va., last night. Mr. Crow recently celebrated his 108th birthday anniversary by riding eight miles on his horse to the home of one of his sons."

Pretty good for an old man. Eh?. No sign of the imbecility of old age here. See?

Now here is another of those young-old chaps who make "fiddle-faddle" out of our common ideas of the mental declension attendant on old age. I quote from the local press:

"Schenectady, New York, June 29, 1820. Washington Bissel, 100 years old, is perhaps America's oldest lawyer. He received the degree of doctor of laws from Union College here at its 124th Commencement. He is the oldest alumnus, having graduated in the class of 1846. Dr. Bissell lives at Great Barrington, Mass. He is a Chi Psi fraternity man.

Say, now what do you think of that? The record is indisputable. Not much sign of the mental imbecility, supposed to attend old age in this case. No camouflage here. "Facts are chiels that winna ding, and dare na be disputed," as the great Burns once said.

And now here is an inventor at 91. He patents a floor after forty-three years of effort. I quote from the News record of the event:

After working on an invention to make wedge-tight flooring for forty-three years, Samuel Hedges, of 4607 Welch place, a building contractor, 91 years old, has just received assurance from Washington that a patent would be granted him.

He claims that his invention will save one-third in material, and add one-third in floor efficiency. Hedges, who has been a resident of Los Angeles for thirty-four years, gives an interesting insight into the business of making flooring nearly three-quarters of a century ago. He said: "I made flooring seventy-three years ago. See how it is done now, as compared with then; a fair day's work was ten boards six inches wide, and 12 feet long. A day's work then was twelve to sixteen hours long, winter and summer. Thus, an average day's work would be, in making flooring 120 feet in length and 6 inches in width. which would make a floor less than 72 square feet.

"The first machine to make flooring began working about sixty-three years ago, and although they have made great improvements in machines to manufacture flooring, the best they can do is to make the same old wasteful tongue and groove flooring that I made seventy-three years ago by hand.

"One of these latest machines will turn out in a day of eight hours about 8000 square feet of flooring; something over one hundred times what I could do by hand when in my prime. However, when you consider that floor boards are now only 4 inches wide, these improved machines will produce 150 times the lineal per hour that I could, and if they had to work sixteen hours per day, as I did, they could turn out 300 times the lineal feet per day that I could, and not get one-half as tired."

While few men 91 years old enjoy as good health and strength as does Hedges, yet necessarily, he has not the vigor and strength of yore. However, he is still on the job, for while the great flooring mills are busy making the same old style

of flooring he made seventy-three years ago, he is using his brains, and in the past six or eight years has invented what he calls the "Wedge Tight Flooring," and has recently received the assurance from Washington that he would soon be rewarded with a Patent fully covering his claims, and protecting him against all comers.

The world is Psychologized on the feebleness of age, and its general incompetency. What is now needed is to destroy the Psychology of the inefficiency of years, and enfeeblement of time, and "forget it." See? Dr. Osler, professionally dogmatizing, declared that all men who venture in unscientific persistence to reach 60 years of age should be chloroformed. However, the Doctor failed to take his own medicine, when the fateful 60 came to himself. O dear! How this world has been blessed by the wisdom of the "wise" and the ravings of the scientific. May the good Lord send us deliverance before complete idiocy enwraps us all in its variegated mantle of imbecility. There are three things which are more enthralling to give, than to receive. They are kicks, medicine, and advice. Now, mark this, and behave yourself accordingly.

My effort in this book is to antagonize the general Psychology of age, and restore the Psychology of the dominance of "The Spirit." For the Spirit giveth life, and overcometh death. Let us forget age, with its querulous broken heartedness, and inefficiency, and let us cast out the demon that has so generally psychologized us with the idea of feebleness and incompetency as the natural accompaniments of years. See?

An illustration of my meaning: I shall now give you a report from *The Examiner* of Los Angeles, containing an account of a meeting of

"twelve old wise men," aged from 81 to 92. These (imbeciles who should have been chloroformed thirty years previously) held a luncheon at the home of Daniel Hawk, 1305 Winfield street, Los Angeles, Cal., to honor him on the arrival of his 85th birthday. There were twelve guests. The paper recording the event calls them the "twelve old wise men." And here is the account as given by the newspaper:

"The twelve old wise men, a unique Los Angeles organization, whose youngest member is 81 years old, and whose oldest is 92, yesterday celebrated the approaching 85th birthday anniversary of one of their number, Daniel Hawk, with a luncheon at his home, 1305 Winfield street.

"Eleven of the 'wise men' were present, Silas Judd, 89, of Azusa, not being able to attend because of illness in his family. The members include in their number a clergyman, two doctors, a judge, and a general. They are as follows: Sturges Selleck, 1345 Toberman street, 91; R. A. Lock, 1349 Oak street, 84; G. W. Bowman, 1227 Winfield street, 82; Gen. John H. Wilcox, 5357 Virginia avenue, 82; Judge Eugene H. Bonfils, 2940 Howard street, 85; Daniel Hawk, 1305 Winfield street, 85; the Rev. H. L. Canfield, 316 Kensington place, 85; Dr. A. W. Sherman, 266 Arcadia avenue, 88; Dr. A. L. Beck, 1835 Twelfth street, 84; A. J. Whitmore, Fourth avenue, 91, and T. H. Loyhed, 1443 Winfield street, 83.

"With witty stories, culled from eleven long lifetimes of experience, the diners regaled themselves around a table decorated with carnations and roses, and General Wilcox displayed a copy of the emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, written in script, the shading of which formed a realistic portrait of Lincoln.

"The Rev. H. L. Canfield, aged 85, read an original poem which he had written for the occasion. Here it is:

"Our years are going with increasing swiftness,

The stream of time glides rapidly away;

And on its flowing tide it ever bears us,

Nearer the sunset of our life's short day.

But as the stream rolls on its current deepens,

And more serene and peaceful is its flow;

Unlike the noisy gurgling of the streamlet,

In the dim morning of the 'long ago.'

The shallow transient pleasures of our childhood,

The merry laughter, and the careless play,

Fail to content us when with opening manhood,

Crude thoughts, and childish things are put
away.

Our childish hopes so vain, our friendships fickle,

Our cup of bliss so often dashed with tears,

Give not one-half the solid satisfaction,

Found in experience of riper years.

The joys of wedded life, the peace abiding,

That make our home a Paradise below;

The helpful sympathy and Love confiding,

Such as the truly wedded only know.

The honest toil, the noble strong ambition,

The lofty courage, unalloyed by fears;

Unflinching loyalty to truth, and duty—

These make the bliss of our maturer years.

If these are crowned with hopes of life immortal,

Awaiting us when life's work is done,

No danger can alarm, or fears annoy us,

As the tide bears us toward the setting sun.

Then let the years fly with increasing swiftness,

And let time's stream glide rapidly away,

Since on the bosom of its flood it bear us

Nearer the portals of the eternal day.

Where hope at last shall change to glad fruition,

And life, and love, and joy, shall never cease;
Where all time's babbling brooks, and flowing
rivers

Merge in the boundless ocean of God's peace."

Well, reader, there isn't much of the so-called querulousness and broken-heartedness of old age exemplified at this meeting of nonagenarians. Now is there? Honest. And say, the whole thing is truth absolute, and no camouflage about it.

Now here is another sweet girl dancer at the sprightly age of 81. She is Mrs. Helena A. Sheets. At 81 she does her own housework; and likes to attend Balls.

How many women are there in the Southland who dance the tango at 81 years of age? And how many are there of that age who have had fifteen children, do their own housework daily and, when the occasion arises, do not miss a dance on the program at a lodge social? Mrs. Helena A. Sheets, of 111-A Carr street, is one.

"Dancing? I always loved to dance. I taught my children and grandchildren the steps that happened to be in vogue when they wanted to learn. It's healthful exercise, and I expect to dance for many years to come," says Mrs. Sheets.

Before the Civil War, Mrs. Sheets danced the quaint quadrilles of the time. She lived in the South much of her life. She was in great demand as a dancing partner before her marriage, which was when she was only 15.

Her little granddaughter, Leontine Sheets, is her latest pupil. Leontine is the daughter of G. M. Sheets, manager of the Golden State Moose lodge No. 29. Mrs. Sheets and Leontine frequently are seen dancing the latest dances at the social affairs given by the lodge.

CHAPTER IV

FACTS AND PHILOSOPHY CONCERNING LONG LIFE

Now I think it is time to give you some secrets of health, telling you how overwork induces fatigue, which in turn breeds disease. I quote from ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D., F. A. C. S., Commissioner of Health, New York City:

“Good health, to a very great extent, depends upon the proper amount of exercise and muscular effort. Undue effort, and overwork show their effects in various ways.

The blood pressure may be altered. In one case there may be a material increase of pressure. In other cases there may be a lowered pressure—this is particularly true of women.

Long continued overwork will so lower the resistance of the body as to render it liable to any passing infection. Such a person may pick up typhoid fever, or pneumonia.

Even though the tired-out individual does not suffer from some acute illness, his bodily vitality may be so depressed that the heart no longer does its work properly. As a result of the weakened heart action, the blood moves sluggishly through the body, the wastes and poisons are not removed, the kidneys become diseased, old age comes on apace, and life actually may be materially shortened.

You and I know when we are tired. We may feel tired, and look tired, but is there any way

actually to prove that we are tired?

If you draw a blunt object, like the top of your fountain pen, down the front of your arm, bearing on considerably, it will make a white streak. Watch that streak for a few moments. It will be seen to disappear, the skin resume its natural color, and then turn red.

The speed at which this transformation takes place is determined by the reaction of your blood vessels. If you are tired you will note the sluggishness of the change. If you are full of "pep" this reaction takes place at once.

You cannot burn the candle at both ends. It is impossible to cheat nature. You may think you are strong enough to work all day, and dance all night. You can't stand the pace for long.

When I was a little boy I lived in a town to which a great astronomer came to win his bride. Later, he became a world-known figure in his specialty. He knew all about the stars. He had the table of logarithms by heart. Give him the dimensions of a building, and instantly he could tell the number of feet of lumber necessary to build it.

This man was not satisfied to study the stars at night. The nights were too short. He conceived the idea of digging a deep well and setting up his telescope there. The scheme succeeded. He could see the stars by daylight!

What happened to the man?

Great as he was, wonderful as was his mathematical mind, his body could not endure such wicked demands upon its resistance. In a few weeks he contracted pneumonia and died.

OVERWORK AND FATIGUE FOSTER DISEASE. Unless the heart and kidneys and other vital organs are given a chance to rest, the re-

sistance of the body breaks down. If you would live long and prosper, take the rest nature demands.

Now we come to record the topnotcher. The record is indisputable, and the history is unimpeachable truth. The record, and history, and triumphs of the man are written in our National records, and his services to humanity are an imperishable part of the history of Christian heroism. I quote from the Los Angeles Times:

One step to full Century. Preacher is Nation's Oldest Civil War Veteran. At Ninety-nine writes book on Philosophy. Five generations covered by the same roof.

Rev. David Jordan Higgins carries with ease his 99 years. He has a powerful body, all muscle and bone; and his head is that of a philosopher. He has the eye of a seer who looks down the vista of a nation's progress, and he laughed a soundless laugh as he stood in the doorway of his home at No. 915 Maple street, Pasadena, where he came to round out his Century.

"You can rummage around in my past, and see if you can find anything interesting. But I'm all through with the past! I'm living in the present, for my future was taken care of over ninety years ago.

"I was a boy of seven and my mother was reproving me for a childish prank, and said: 'You mustn't do it again, for you know you are God's little boy!' And I answered rebelliously: 'I know you, and I know father, and I know the neighbors, but I don't know God.' 'Well you had better get acquainted with him and make sure you are his little boy.' And so I went out into the barn, and sat down on the golden straw, and looking up into the sky where I thought God

lived, called out: 'Say, God! I don't know you! But I'd like to get acquainted with you, and find out if I'm your little boy!'

RECEIVES ANSWER

"In over ninety years I have never been able to figure out how I got the answer, but in the twinkling of an eye, I knew that I was God's little boy, and I've never doubted it from that day to this. I've often been a bad little boy, but today at 99 I'm still God's little boy!"

Stand up, David Jordan Higgins, and tell us what you have done in your ninety-nine years! But he had no need to stand and tell of his life, for it is written in the records of his country.

David Jordan Higgins is the oldest veteran in the United States. He was a colonel in the Twenty-fourth Ohio Regiment, and gave three years of honorable service. He went out a strong, vigorous man in the full tide of successful ministry, and he came home bent double with the privations of army life.

STILL PREACHES

David Jordan Higgins is the oldest active minister in this country, and has attended church for ninety-five years, and for forty-six years has never missed a session of Sunday school. He annually preaches the sermon for Old Folks' Day in Pasadena. This year he talked on the inner life of man, and before the service he called for the veterans, and the boys in blue and gray responded to the call. Half the congregation stood up, when he asked for those over 60 to rise. There were many over 70, a number over 80; Mr. Higgins rounded the quartet of those over 90. It was a most impressive moment in the

history of the Lake Avenue Methodist Church of Pasadena.

David Jordan Higgins is the oldest producing author in this country. His newest book, "The Psychological Study of Human Nature," is on the press. Another book is nearly finished, and his "American Life During the Nineteenth Century" is in the public libraries. His "How to Continue Young for a Century," is a fascinating document.

BUILDER OF CHURCHES

Mr. Higgins is the oldest builder of Churches and parsonages, and probably no minister of the present age has built as many as Mr. Higgins, as three-quarters of a century ago skill in carpentry was an important adjunct to pulpit ministrations, as the country was new, and the people poor. He was also prominent in educational affairs, founded a seminary, was a radical abolitionist, and a tireless worker for prohibition.

Mr. Higgins is the oldest man who daily uses a typewriter. He comes in alone to attend the ministers' meetings in Los Angeles every week. He began life on the coast of Maine, and hopes to end the journey on the Pacific Coast. At 97 he crossed the Continent, and declares "It is in my contract to celebrate my Centenarian birthday with my old Conference in Minneapolis next year."

Five generations live in one home with his daughter, Mrs. E. I. Spencer, of Pasadena. Mr. Higgins has baptized his children, his grandchildren, his great-grandchildren, and on the head of his great-great-grandchild has poured the regeneration fluid.

David Jordan Higgins squares his life by his creed, "Look up! Lift up! Get up!"

I have just been reading the life and labors of a wonderful preacher and Evangelist named Taylor. The book was published in New York by Hunt and Eaton, 150 Fifth avenue, 1895. It is entitled, "Story of my life, An account of what I have thought, and said, and done in my ministry of more than fifty-three years in Christian Lands, and among the Heathen, written by myself," by William Taylor, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Africa. Edited by John Clark Ridpath, copiously Embellished with original Engravings, and Sketches by Frank Beard. I give all this so that the truth of the extract which I am about to copy cannot be questioned. I don't want to be accused of camouflage, or writing pure inventions when I am talking about 100 years and over of efficient human life in the present Century, and to prove that I am not feeding my readers fairy tales, as I have been accused by one gentleman, who, notwithstanding my "Irish," is still in the flesh. See?

The incident that I extract from Bishop Taylor's "Story of my life" is thusly: "Having spent a few days in and about Franklin, Brother Busey and I set out on horseback to go to quarterly meeting at Rehobeth, in the western part of what is now known as Highland.

We had a great "Quarterly Love-Feast" Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. Among our young converts at that meeting was James McCourt. He was a Scotchman by descent but had been in America for nearly one hundred years. At the time he was "born again" he lacked three months of being 99 years old! We will meet the old man again on my next circuit."

This meeting occurred as predicted, and is thus described by the preacher: "One day, when

preaching at Red Holes I saw in my congregation James McCourt, who was saved a year before at our quarterly meeting at Rehobeth, on Franklin Circuit, at the age of 98 years and 9 months. So now he was 100 years old, less three months. At the close he ran up and shook hands with me.

"You are abiding in Jesus, Father McCourt?"

"O yes, Brother Taylor, and he is becoming more and more precious to me every day."

"How wonderful that he has spared you so many years, and in such vigor!"

"Yes, I never had the headache in my life, and no serious illness of any sort. I walked across four mountains today to hear you preach once more before you leave your circuit." Meantime he tripped along by my side in a glee of talk like a boy.

"If the Lord spares me three months longer I will complete my hundredth year. Dr. Buckner says he is going to have a celebration on my birthday, completing a century, and have me run, to see how fast a man of my years can get over the ground."

I have quoted from Bishop Taylor in this record of James McCourt, to prevent any sceptic from accusing me of lying. It is dangerous to call an Irishman a liar, because d'ye see, he has a knack of handling the Shillalah.

Bishop Taylor continues his reminiscence of James McCourt as follows: "I was wonderfully interested in the dear little man, one of my first young converts, but I saw him no more. About thirty-five years after I met Brother Bevans and wife in Chicago. They were well acquainted with James McCourt.

"Well, Brother Bevans, tell me about him."

He replied: "I was at the celebration Dr. Buckner got up on the centennial of James McCourt. The old man was in perfect health, happy in God, and cheerful as a lark. The friends made up a purse of \$100 to give him as a token of their love and respect for him, but they said, "We want to see you run, and if you run 100 yards in five minutes we will give you a present of \$100." The distance was measured carefully, and the signal for starting sounded, and the old man ran the hundred yards in three minutes, instead of five."

When the dear old man was 103 years old he came out to Queen Ann County, northwest of Chicago, to visit some of his grandchildren. A good old Christian man, who had the happy art of cheerfulness that made everybody about him cheerful. After a visit of several months, when he wanted to return to Virginia, the railway company were so pleased with his spirit and bearing that they gave him a free pass back to his home. He lived four years after that, and died in the Lord at the age of 107 years."

Now, I don't suppose anyone will have the audacity to accuse me of camouflage in this record of age. The testimony is by an eminent Bishop of the Church. Also it is confirmed by many witnesses. There is no evidence of senility in the record.

McCourt knew nothing of gymnastics, nor did he practice any peculiar calisthenics whose aid is indispensable to longevity. No peculiarities in diet, or in exercises lent their powerful assistance to the prolonging of life.

That he was "born again" at 100 years of age is a remarkable proof of the eternal youthfulness of the human spirit, and that it never suffers

from senility, and knows nothing of the lapse of time, but like its parent, GOD, is from everlasting to everlasting. God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of Life, and so man is the offspring of God, and hence himself eternal.

Another characteristic worthy of note in the life of McCourt: He was always of gentle and obliging manners, kind, courteous and helpful to a degree. The smile is a powerful aid to health and life. The frown and snarl are life destroyers. Anger is destructive, and passion is an annihilator. The one is an angel of life, the other is a demon of death. Therefore if you would live long, and enjoy many years, let love be regnant, and do good to all men as you have opportunity, and love even your enemies. This will do more for the number of your years in the Earth-life than all the exercises and genuflexions and contortions which Physical Science and the professors of Calisthenics recommend as aids to long life and health. See?

In this record I am piling testimony on testimony to show that 100 years and over of earth life is no miracle, but is the birthright of humanity, and would be the common experience were it not that in our living and habits we have strayed far from the inspiration of our Father, God.

Now here are three women whose united ages amount to 300 years, and no lies in the record. I quote from the "Examiner." Lydia Sharpless, 107 years, the oldest voter in the United States, cast her ballot at Whittier today, and announced that she had voted for California "dry." Mary A. Coffin, 96 years old, and Mary Holden, 97, also voted the Prohibition ticket. Eh? Whad'ya think of that, now? These three women, ap-

proaching the Century each, still retain sufficient intellect to direct them in playing their part in the drama of life, so that the greatest good may come to the greatest number.

Now here is a lady whose record capsizes all our ideas of long life, and the scientific aids to its attainment. O, it is pitiable to see the elaborate rules of our Philosophers "knocked into a cocked hat" every once in a while by some stubborn, uncultivated creature who deliberately and willfully just will go contrary to the dictum of the "wise ones."

Bridget Harney, 118, died in Milwaukee. She attributed her longevity to her use of smoking tobacco!! The paper which makes this record has this additional counsel for us, *viz*: She was doubtless an abstemious eater. No overeater attains great age. You need not smoke or chew to eat moderately, and live long.

Neither alcohol nor nicotine does one-thousandth part as much harm as eating more than can be digested and assimilated.

Say, the guy who gives this opinion is near it, mighty near it. Over-eating is without doubt the cause of all disease in the multitudinous forms and names by which disease now afflicts us. If the inhabitants of earth would resolve to eat only when hungry, and only one article of food at a meal, they would easily reach 100 years of efficient earth-life, but then the Doctors, poor fellows, would have to hustle at some honest employment for a living. See?

CHAPTER V

LONGEVITY AND THE TOBACCO HABIT

Now here is a good place to get in the latest Science on the smoking Problem. I quote from the latest Science, by Louise A. Gourdain:

"The reign of the cigar, the cigaret, and the pipe shows no signs of decadence; on the contrary, even women, from resignation, have advanced—or retrograded—to the position of devotees. Accordingly science is exerting itself to limit as much as possible the disagreeable features of the habit. A late issue of the London Lancet sums up the matter quite thoroughly.

The smoking of a cigar, pleasant though it may be to the smoker, and however irreproachable its quality, is barred by most careful housewives in their drawing rooms, because its reek is so persistent. The stale smell of a cigar in a room is peculiarly unpleasant, and peculiarly difficult to get rid of. It clings to the curtains, and to most of the articles of furniture, which present any sort of an absorbent surface.

It is not so to the same extent with cigarettes or with pipes. In the case even of a single cigar, books, papers, and textiles reek of a stale flavor, and the room requires abundant airing before that flavor can be eliminated.

Air is an excellent scavenger, but ozone is more active in removing the smell. The effect that the smoking of a cigar produces a larger quantity of pungent aromatic oils than does the smoking of a cigarette or pipe. In the case of

the cigaret, oils are probably burnt, even if they are formed; in the pipe they condense in the stem, while in the case of the cigar they are probably for the most part discharged into the air.

In the form of a cigar tobacco would appear to produce more oils than in the form of a cigaret, or when burnt in a pipe. Such common observations are not without hygienic significance.

Pyridine, the most poisonous oil produced in the semi-combustion of tobacco, is an abundant product in cigar smoking, as it is also in the pipe; but in the latter there is condensation, while in the former there is little or none. In the cigaret, so intimately in contact with the air is the burning portion that the production of distilled oils is, comparatively speaking, trifling.

The symptoms of tobacco smoke poisoning are not necessarily due to nicotine: they are more often due to pyridine, or poisoning from tobacco tar oils. The tobacco heart is more often traceable to free indulgence in cigar smoking, than to a similar indulgence in the pipe and the cigaret.

Young boys can smoke, to their great damage nevertheless a considerable number of cigarets, or even pipes, but an equivalent in cigars more than satisfies their tobacco appetite, so soon are the toxic effects of cigar smoking made apparent to them.

The specially harmful character of cigaret smoking arises from the fact that this form of tobacco lends itself to constant smoking at all hours of the day, and also from the extraordinary substances which are used in the preparation of these noxious articles in the United States."

Now, the above is pretty good as a mild remonstrance, but now I follow with a real Scien-

tific examination of this domestic, and almost universal enemy to life, health, and efficiency.

Effects of Tobacco: "Come, let us reason together." Especially do I want a word with the boys who have not begun the use of this herb, or having but lately begun are at present wrestling with the problem, mentally and physically.

In an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society, and of average health, who had been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years, twenty-seven of them showed severe injury to the constitution and insufficient growth; thirty-two showed the existence of irregularities of the heart's action, a disordered stomach, a cough, and a craving for alcoholic liquors; thirteen had intermittancy of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they had abandoned the use of tobacco for six months, one-half were free from all their former symptoms, and the remainder recovered by the end of the year.

When Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was asked "Should we smoke?" he answered: "Certainly not. Smoking is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and enslave the nature to an imperious habit likely to stand in the way of a duty to be performed."

The chemical elements of tobacco are decidedly poisonous to the human system, and there are no known antidotes. The first element is a volatile oil or fat, obtained by distilling the smoke of tobacco. It has the odor of tobacco and, when inhaled, produces the same sensation as smoke. When applied to the nose its pungency causes vomiting; taken internally, it produces giddiness, nausea, and a staggering walk. *IT IS POISON.*

The second element is a volatile alkali called Nicotine. It, too, is a deadly poison, next in rank to prussic acid; one drop on the tongue of a dog will produce death; one drop evaporated in a room holding 200 people is sufficiently penetrating to drive them out in a few minutes.

The third element is an empyreumatic oil obtained also by heat. A drop of this poison placed on the tongue of a cat will cause horrible agony, convulsions, and death in from two to four minutes.

These three chemical substances are all developed in smoking either a cigar or a pipe. In the residuum of a pipe long used, they exist in a dark brown or tanny mass of offensive matter. Think of it! If you expel a mouthful of tobacco smoke through a clean white handkerchief you will see, where it passes through the fabric it makes a black spot. Examine this black spot under a microscope of 500 diameters, and you will see the crystals of nicotine, the oil globules, and the acid. All of these enter the mouth, with the smoke, and some of it is immediately absorbed, and other portions of it after a time, and in this manner all of them enter the circulatory system.

Now, if, after this really scientific analysis of the poison tobacco, any idiot wishes to reduce all his powers, intellectual and physical, to a minimum, why this is "The land of liberty." See? Let him. But don't permit him to blow off the poison in the air you have to live in. See?

CHAPTER VI

EFFICIENT LONG LIVES AND THE SECRETS OF LONGEVITY

My friends, I am giving you history, and not speculation. Neither am I spinning yarns from my own inner consciousness. Hence, it is necessary for me to borrow from all reliable sources of history and information. So I now start in on a remarkable store of information prepared ready for my hand by a very capable woman, a very superior thinker, and the very efficient Secretary of our "Centenarian Club," which really owes its existence to her wise and devoted management. I refer to Mrs. Witter, whose residence is 953 N. Figueroa street, Los Angeles, Cal. I extract from her journal in which is written an account of a birthday celebration for her mother, Mrs. J. F. Howard:

"Mrs. J. F. Howard, wife of Judge Howard, celebrated her 92nd birthday at her home, 953 North Figueroa street, recently, having as her guests members of the Centenarian Club. Eleven of the fourteen included in the club list, were present to enjoy her hospitality.

"These included the president, the Rev. S. A. Taft, who is 92 years of age, with his lady; Dr. Peebles (96 years); Senator Cornelius Cole (95 years), and his wife; Dr. Prugh, 95; S. Sellec, 94, and his wife; A. Annas, 96 years; Dr. A. M. Morrison (97 years); C. R. Post (91 years), and

his wife; N. A. Millard, 91 years; Mrs. B. Bartlett, 92, and Mrs. Howard, the hostess, who celebrated her 92nd natal day.

The following are the lady members of the Centenarian Club, with the date of each one's birth: Mrs. Mary K. Bartlett, 159 South Euclid avenue, Pasadena, Cal., Dec. 12, 1825; Mrs. J. F. Howard, 953 North Figueroa street, Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 2, 1825; Mrs. J. M. Vandergrift, 2619 Lasalle avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., March 26, 1826; Mrs. G. B. Pease, 6804 Bonasallo avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 16, 1827; Mrs. Eliza Griffith, 2915 Halldale avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., April 6, 1825; Mrs. Mary Eldridge, Franklin and Orange streets, Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 9, 1828; Mrs. Susan Cole, 306 Lake street, Pasadena, Cal., April 5, 1827; Mrs. Eliza McConnell, 810 East 45th street, Los Angeles, Cal., March 1, 1826.

There is a Mrs. Martha Orr Scott, at 1144 East Eleventh street, Santa Monica, who is 97.

The dates of birth of these ladies are given so that no accusation of camouflage can be brought against the record. And say, there is nothing of the so-called "querulous broken heartedness of old age" visible in them. They are each a center of radiant happiness and cheerfulness.

A delightful day was passed, dinner being served by the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Witter, Mrs. Howard's children. There were toasts, music, speaking and various stunts contributed by the guests.

Cheers and good wishes were extended most heartily by the thirty friends who gathered at the festal board, for the continued health and prosperity of the hostess.

Mrs. M. Bartlett, another centenarian, will celebrate her 93rd birthday Wednesday, December 12th, at her Pasadena home with the club as her guests.

Now, gentle reader, there is not much sign of "querulous, broken-heartedness of old age" among the hilarious friends who met to celebrate the birthday of Mrs. Howard.

Now somebody asks me why I am writing this book. I reply to break and bust the idiotic Psychology that age brings all miserableness, and is the grave of all enjoyment and achievement. See. The great Dr. Osler said that every person reaching 60 years should be chloroformed. But, say, the Doctor didn't take his own medicine. Say, my friends, don't please associate age and imbecility. Please. And don't accept the Psychology that its approach is the termination of achievement, and its presence the relegation of you to the rot-heap.

I would rather join with Browning in his optimist invitation which very efficiently explodes all the absurdities which science, and medicine, and philosophy have launched against age:

GROW OLD WITH ME

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be;
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in his hand,
Who saith: A whole is planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God;
See all, be not afraid.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee when gray hairs are nigh;
A melancholy slave;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

Now I introduce you to the topnotcher; and say, there is no camouflage in this either. I am extracting from the *ASSOCIATED PRESS*:

"Lexington, Ky., September 3rd. John Shell, said to be the oldest living man in the United States, today celebrated the 131st anniversary of his birth here.

The aged mountaineer celebrated by taking his first automobile ride. He said this was the first birthday on which he did not work, and that he was anxious to get back to his farm, on which there is a mortgage.

His oldest child is a 90 kiddie.

Shell does not expect to see another birthday. "I am getting old now," was his explanation.

Shell is exhibiting himself at a fair here, and will use the money derived in paying off the mortgage, he said.

Shell was first married at the age of 19, and lived with his first wife for more than ninety years. He lived seventy-five years in one house. He is the father of twenty-nine children, the oldest now being more than 90 years of age. Say now what do you think of the "Feelosofer" who pooh, pooh at heredity, and tell us there is nothing in it? Eh? Don't you think they are "offen their nut?" Honest now, don't you?

I feel prompted to butt in here a little with a suggestion that comes to me as I copy the

record. Shell married at 19; very young, you say. Ya, my friend, very young; but say, it saved him from the damnable debauchery of promiscuous carnality which is the real cause of all our wickedness, imbecilities, and the creators of the Hell that this earth has developed.

AND HE DOES NOT LOOK HIS AGE A BIT!!

Six years ago he married again at the age of 125!! By his second wife he has one child, a boy aged 5 years.

He was 74 during the Civil War. He was born near Knoxville, Tenn., and was full grown when the war of 1812 began.

He bears his age well. His mind is clear, and his eyesight is far better than that of many men still in their youth.

Now here is another extract about Mr. Shell from the Associated Press, dated July 29, 1919: "Louisville, July 29. The National Geographic Society has been asked to investigate the claim of John Shell, a mountaineer of Leslie County, Kentucky, that he is 130 years old. Shell's neighbors corroborate the statement concerning his age. Shell has nine children.

He says the oldest is 90 years old. He is said to have 200 descendants in his home section, several being great-great-grandchildren.

The mountaineer, who claims excellent eyesight, steady nerves, and general good health, attributes his long life to outdoor living and temperate habits.

My readers will please notice that I am quoting from actual history, and introducing no guesses of my own. The very accomplished, and very capable Secretary of the Centenarian Club, has supplied me with a mass of clippings from which I am making extracts. I have also three

large scrap books full of such clippings of my own selection. I make no guessing in this book: "Efficiency of Life at 100 Years, and Over."

Now I give you from the same lady a true account of the achievements of the most wonderful, strenuous life, and superhuman accomplishments of the most brilliant, and superhumanly endowed man that has ever existed on this planet in any clime, or period of its marvellous existence. I refer to Dr. J. M. Peebles, Honorable President of our Centenarian Club.

James Martin Peebles was born March 23, 1822, at the old homestead in Whittingham, Vermont. He was the oldest surviving child of a family of seven children. James was not more than 6 years old when he went to school to his uncle, Dr. Corbitt Peebles. Being active and restless and willing to amuse his playmate, he received many reprimands.

After finishing school, at the age of 16 he taught his first school.

His parents moved to Smithville, Chenango County, New York. Here, under the tuition of Prof. Hulburt, he was cured of stammering, which was a great joy to him, and caused a rapid development of his natural exuberance.

He taught at Upper Lisle, N. Y., for several terms, and attended Oxford Academy in 1842. He also included medicine among his other studies and graduated from the Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery.

James was a constant attendant of the Universalist Church, studied for the ministry, and preached his first sermon in McLean, N. Y. He was made the pastor, and remained there five years.

Then at Kellogsville three years. In 1853 and 1855 he was pastor at Elmira, N. Y. In 1850 he married Mary McConky, a teacher in the Clinton Liberal Schools Institute. Three children died in infancy.

In 1856 he resigned the pulpit and went to Battle Creek, Mich., where he founded a Sanatorium, based on the "Nature Cure," and was very successful, but after about four years of labor his own health gave way and, on New Year's day, 1860, he sailed from New York on steamer *Ariel* via Isthmus of Panama, and landed in San Francisco March 25, 1861.

To him, this was a new world, for the western coast is entirely unlike the eastern. The freedom and independence of the western coast is unknown in the eastern.

After a year and a half in California he returned to Battle Creek, Mich. In 1867, aged 45, Dr. Peebles had been in Battle Creek six years, and had lectured in every State of the Union save three.

In 1867 Dr. and Mrs. Peebles moved to Hammington, New Jersey.

In 1866 he was editor of the *Banner of Light*, and wrote several books.

The Doctor has held very important pro-consular positions in the service of the United States. He has made five journeys round the world. He has written a library, which if a man will read and digest, he will know everything knowable on earth or in the Universe. With the Bible, and Peebles' books, no man needs any other teaching to become possessed of all truth, social, political, scientific, and religious, that is possible for man to know in this "Karma!"

And yet, with all this wonderful achievement, the good and great Doctor has had his reverses and disappointments. In 1892 he purchased a sanitarium in San Antonio, Tex. While the Doctor was absent this fine structure was destroyed by fire. His magnificent library and treasures of art perished in the flames. The loss amounted to about \$50,000, and he was now 72 years of age. Rather a tough experience to attack a man at 72, now don't you think so? Eh? Yet the good Doctor, unhorsed, but not conquered, started in again. See? I think he is a wonderful example of the power of Faith. Now I don't mean metaphysical or speculative faith. I mean the real, genuine thing which holds on where it cannot see, and accomplishes the apparently impossible.

Now we will allow Dr. Peebles himself to tell us "how he did it."

"My age is the result of my unbounded faith in God, in the Eternal Christ of God; in the ministry of Angels, and in the brotherhood of humanity; together with a persistent will power, determined life purposes, constant cheerfulness, frequent bathing, deep breathing, vigorous mental and physical activities, and the strict avoidance of animal flesh eating, tobacco, and such stimulants as liquors, wine, tea, and coffee."

Now I think this is a good place to record the testimony of twelve Centenarians who, at their meeting tell how to live 100 years. This is the testimony of the men who have done it. Hence, there is no philosophical speculation about it. Nor is there any speculative dreaming. I quote from the Newspaper reporter.

"How to live a century, and grow old gracefully," the motto of the Southern California Centenarian Club, was told yesterday afternoon by

twelve members of the organization, in a meeting at Christophers, 551 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

All agreed that Faith in God is a vital principle involved, and different groups agreed on other things; but it was evident from the individual testimony of the members, each of whom is 90, or more, that one may grow old gracefully, and either use tobacco, or shun it; taboo intoxicants or take a little wine for his stomach's sake; eat meat, or subsist wholly on a vegetable regimen; forget the past, or indulge in reminiscences; or do, or not do quite a number of other things, without forfeiting the probability of attaining the Century mark."

REV. DAVID J. HIGGINS: "To be well born is the first essential. If not, take a firm grip upon your own life. Keep your body clean, if you want a clean mind, and a clean soul.

Adopt a healthful diet, and be master of your appetite. Take as much care of your mind, and soul, as of your body. Keep your mind active. Feed it with high thoughts. Forget the past. Practice the presence of God. Never say die."

Dr. Andrew M. Morrison: "Laughing has been the chief cause of my present age. I read in the Bible that the Almighty sometimes laughed. If possible, choose your parentage.

Revere woman, and respect her. Work hard. Never eat two starches, or two proteids at the same meal. Eat only one of each at one meal. And say, don't eat the last bite. Just leave a little space unfilled. Hear me."

Cornelius Cole: "The Southern California climate is of great importance. In my own case, my early belief in living a regular life had a great deal to do with it. But about this climate:

I remember old Juan Moreno, who used to live down where Santa Monica is now. He was 112 when he came to the city, where the excesses of urban existence shortened his life."

W. C. Hindman: "I never have gambled, caroused, or drank. I have been careful about my diet. I never eat a hearty supper, and immediately go to bed. I have obeyed the dictates of my conscience. I have allied myself neither with the Church, nor with Fraternal Orders. I stand on my own opinion. I haven't taken medicine for eight years. Then I was in an accident, and lost my sight. Now my sight is returning."

REV. STEPHEN TAFT, (90 years): "My mother's teachings were my greatest blessings. She pledged me to sobriety, and to treat all girls as I would want other young men to treat my sisters.

I early promised God that the purpose of my life would be to make the world better. I thought of troubles and sorrows only as long as I could get benefit from them. I owe my age to giving myself up to the service of man, and God—it has made my life rich."

NEVER WORRIES; EATS POTATOES

MRS. J. F. HOWARD, (91): "I have always enjoyed good health, excepting one hard sickness. I can eat nearly everything in the vegetable line, and am particularly fond of Irish potatoes. I drink very little tea and coffee—generally hot water. I have had some sorrow and trouble, but never believed in worry."

HE NEVER SOWED HIS WILD OATS

Testimony of REV. P. C. PRUGH, (93): "I attribute my long life to my parents. As a child they gave me to the Lord in baptism. I have

never sowed my wild oats. I have a good stomach. I took the Teetotaler's pledge at the age of 16. I never use tobacco. I have tried to be like my Father. I have lived a great deal in the past. I have kept the ten commandments."

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY, HIS JOY

STURGES SELLECK (93): "My advanced age is due, I think, chiefly to my ancestors who were healthy, with no hereditary disease to shorten life. I have led a quiet domestic life, kept regular habits; ate whatever I wanted, and digested whatever I ate. My greatest delight is to make others happy, and by so doing, increase my own happiness. I never worry, and I sleep all night."

WAS WELL BORN AND WELL REARED

JAS. P. GALICK, (91): "I give chief credit for my longevity to the fact that I was well born, and well reared. I have been temperate in all things, never having indulged in intoxicants or tobacco. But I have eaten my three square meals a day. I always sleep well. I have been honest in all my dealings, have lived a clean, wholesome and happy life, and am at peace with the world."

HE NEVER ABUSED A GOOD STOMACH

A. A. ANNIS, (95): "Milk, and fresh air, and coarse bread for me. I never use liquor or tobacco. I was born with a good stomach, which has much to do with long life, and I have never abused that stomach since I was a boy, and ate green apples. I like to walk a great deal. My life has been even."

J. H. F. JARCHOW: "Climate and fresh air have much to do with living long. Never over-eat. Never overwork. Follow the golden rule.

I do not eat meat, but I smoke if I want to, and I take a little wine, and beer if I desire them, but I never get drunk. I tried milk, but it didn't agree with me."

After each number had voiced his opinion on Longevity, and the aids thereto a vote was taken on several matters. Tobacco was opposed by eleven, and favored by one. Intoxicants were frowned upon, while a little wine or beer received the support of one. Seven favored coffee and tea, while five opposed them. Five favored meat, and seven voted against it. On deep breathing one voted favorably, while the others voiced sentiments for breathing "naturally."

The vote was unanimous for "*not worrying*" but trusting in God for mental and physical activity, and for the climate of Southern California.

Now, gentle reader, I have given you a multiplicity of testimony from the mouths of men and women still in the flesh who have accomplished the supposed impossible feat of living 100 years in the enjoyment of health, and vital power. I do this to destroy the Psychology whose hypnotic falsehood has associated mental and physical degeneration with years. Don't you do it, my son and daughter. Remember that as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.

Now having given you the opinions and practices of so many Centenarians, I will proceed to lay before you the science of Longevity, which I elaborated for myself. But first I think good to present to you a Newspaper graviture of my modest self. The article was published in "The Los Angeles Record," and is from the pen of that encyclopedia of wisdom, Cynthia Grey.

Now here it is. It is headed by a picture of my juvenile self arrayed in official garments as Bishop, and adorned with all the mysteries of modern art. "If you would like to be 99, hale, hearty, and happy—

"Never eat more than two kinds of food at a time. Make no "never minds" if your supper is entirely a minus quantity. Sleep nine hours in every twenty-four. Keep the wrinkles out of your soul, and your face will stay smooth. Work ten or twelve hours a day, and walk as much as shoe leather will permit. If you have any choice, be born and bred in a mud hut, where oatmeal porridge abounds, rather than in a home where varieties of food stare you out of countenance every time you sit down to table. Behave yourself." Something very much like this only in his own witty Irish mode is the menu Dr. Andrew M. Morrison gives for the 99-year-old program.

Who is he? What is he? The epitome of self which he writes under his photo, when presenting to friends is this: "Andrew Malcolm Morrison, Bishop of the Church of Faith, Chaplain Home Guards, Half Century Association, author, lecturer, preacher, IRISH! Born June 4, 1820. He is neither wheezy, nor short stepped, and is going in for 150 years."

"There's nothing in the trick of living," according to Dr. Morrison, "except living right."

Not to know the meaning of age when most folks are mouldering in their graves, is just the natural result of knowing how not to eat. "I can walk 25 miles today," said Dr. Morrison, "without fatigue. I can do ten or twelve hours mental work without any inconvenience to myself. If I were giving rules of longevity I would say: Be careful what you put into your stomach.

Don't eat more than two kinds of food at a meal. Make supper the unimportant meal of the day. Here is a sample of one day's menu in Dr. Morrison's home: Breakfast: Dish of oatmeal porridge; then piece of bread and butter; cup of cocoa, or coffee, as suits the whim. Dinner: 12 o'clock, or thereabouts; cup of buttermilk, Irish potatoes, baked, and any other vegetable desired, raw; fruit of all kinds and every kind, as selected. Supper: Cup of cocoa or buttermilk, and a slice of bread and butter. "I usually retire about 10:30," explains Dr. Morrison. "I sleep without turning till 7:30. Sleep is the greatest rejuvenator in the world."

"I cannot lay too much emphasis on the necessity of people eating carefully, and frugally. Most of the wickedness in the world comes from people stuffing their stomachs with poisons. When I was a youngster I lived as one of a large family in a peasant home. We had oatmeal porridge and a pint of buttermilk for breakfast; Irish potatoes and buttermilk for dinner, with some garden vegetable and fruit; Irish porridge and buttermilk for supper, day in and day out. It wasn't what we wanted, but it was all we could have. And it made us clean and strong." Dr. Morrison is as active now as he ever was. He has recently issued a magazine. He writes for periodicals. He takes an active part in the Half Century Association. "I am going in for 150 years," he often says. "And as I don't know what age means, I don't see anything to stop me reaching it." Seeing, and talking with Dr. Morrison is like scenting a breath of old-time gallantry, and sighting a vision of the perennial spring of youth." Ha, ha! Say, now honest, isn't that good for Cynthia? And now to my

own summing up, and arrangement of the scientific principles and practices by which life is conserved and prolonged on earth, recognizing the inexplicable law, that life is indestructible, I shall so do under the heading, RUACH KAIYIM. The Hebrew terms, mean Spirit of Life.

And now, before presenting my own summing up of what I consider the laws of Longevity, I present you with the "topnotcher." I quote from the Los Angeles Daily Times of May 16th, 1921: "Aged Turk is still healthy. Human Pack Horse is 147 years old. Has always been carrier of heavy weights. Attributes Long Life to hard work, proper diet, etc."

Constantinople, April 28th, 1921. "ZORA, 'the human pack horse,' who claims to be 147 years old, and still can carry 200 pounds with ease, attributes his long life and health to hard work and proper diet. He has always been a carrier of heavy weights.

His rules of health are: Hard work, sleep, cold baths at night, no tobacco, no alcohol, no coffee, no meat, no oils, no butter, no drinking water, but plenty of honey, hot tea, sugar, cakes, bread and cheese, particularly buttermilk, or clabber. Every five years he takes a three months' rest in his native home in the country.

Whatever his age, Zora is a picture of health and physical vigor; mentally alert, benign, and frequently blessing the curious American sailors who visit him at his favorite cafe on the Galata water front.

He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, deep breasted, and has the carriage of a sheik. He is almost bald; his face is long, and covered with a shiny nut-brown skin.

His eyesight and memory are good, and he recalls the days when the first steamship came to Constantinople. He says he worked as a peasant at Bitlis until the age of 37, when he went to Constantinople to work at the Turkish Arsenal, and that he worked there for years.

Zora has been married four times. All of his wives are dead, and all of his children but two. His son, Osman, aged 97, being in poor health, recently returned to Bitlis. His daughter, Gouli Hanem, aged 60, is married, and healthy. Zora's father died at the age of 76, and his mother at the age of 83.

Zora isn't rich, because of so many expenses in caring for his family. He lives in a Kurd Khan, where he pays a dollar and a half a month for a place to sleep, and for hot water to make his tea!" Well, I swan. Wish I was thar. America has developed the Profiteer so that life for a poor man is impossible, "da ye see, ma frens?"

"What I want is work," declared Zora. "Idleness will ruin my health. I'll pray all my life for him who giveth me work. Health, happiness and wisdom come from work only."

CHAPTER VII

RUACH KAIYIM

(SPIRIT OF LIFE)

The Patriarchs were dashing young fellows during periods of life measuring several centuries. But now the years of human life are limited to a few dozen. Whence the change? It cannot be attributed to the Fall, as the "Fall," so-called, happened in Eden, and the Patriarchs did not appear on the scene till long after that catastrophe "brought death into the world, and all our woe." It cannot be attributed to any change in the constitution of man, for those gay young centenarians ate and drank, slept and worked, loved and hated just as we do. If the record of their years is true there is certainly a mighty falling off in the ability of man to retain possession of his outer earthly casing, commonly called the body.

Now we are not of those who defy death, yet *die* all the same. We think it good that the carcass should be cast off some time, but we do say that it might be kept in good working order during 100 years or more. We believe that 100 years is a fair average of human earthly life, and believe that this average can be easily attained by the average citizen. Of course we exclude Mahatmas and Adepts and the "I am's" who "galifugle" along during thousands of years, and have no occupation, neither the comfort of intercourse and a neighborly chat with their

friends. *They* are too uncanny for every-day business—but that the ordinary citizen might enjoy life to 100 years is, in our opinion, easily possible and to “shuffle off this mortal coil” before that time is really reprehensible.

We will in these few pages reveal the secret of how it may be done, and if this secret is faithfully lived universally, a few generations will not find any who has not filled his days. “There shall be no more thence an infant of days nor an old man that hath not filled his days: for the child shall die an hundred years old; but the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed.” Isa. 65:20.

BODY BUILDING

Every man builds his own body, just as every house is builded by some man, but he that built all things is God. Now there are some very wretched houses. These demonstrate the unskilled carpenter. There are, without question, some very wretched bodies. These demonstrate the ignorant botchery in body building of their owners. And altho God built all things he is in no degree responsible for the caricatures produced by his employes. He supplies perfect materials. The “awkward squad” using them produce an “eye-sore” where there should be a thing of beauty. God in the future must be relieved of the responsibility of having directly produced the mis-shapen organizations of men and the wasp-waist woman, as well as the “self-made” man. *Every man is his own body-builder and must select his own materials for the work.* Now let us help you in the selection of material and also give you a little instruction as to how to use the material when selected. Now remembering that man is a tripartite organization, con-

sisting of a body, soul and spirit, let us examine the materials for building and sustaining the structure. The most important and essential of these is

BREATH

Inspiration is breathing in. Without this inspiration life cannot manifest itself on the physical plane. Hence in breath there is spirit which sustains the spirit. Also there is material which builds up the body, and this material which builds up the body is modified and deposited according to the intelligence of the spirit which controls it and which is the real body builder, for the spirit builds and takes care of its own house.

The first mention we have of life declares that it is breath. "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Gen. 2:7. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. Psal. 33.

And when he had said this he breathed on them and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost. John 20:22.

Few people know how to breathe, fewer still put their knowledge to daily practice. And yet on *breathing* depends, in large measure, the health, strength and purity of the whole man, body, soul and spirit. Length of days, freedom from disease, and spiritual inspiration are the rewards of the faithful practice of right breathing.

The breath, besides spirit, contains oxygen, which is the great sustainer of animal life and the great purifier. The oxygen burns up all the impurities in the blood which in the lungs are

exposed to the inbreathed air for this very purpose. No blood purifier is equal to oxygen. Therefore use plenty of it.

Now you need practical instructions in breathing, and here they are:

1st. In the morning sit down quietly facing the east. Rest your hands quietly on your knee, close the lips, and through the nostrils draw in the breath slowly until the lungs are well inflated. Hold it there for a short time and then slowly exhale. At one sitting do this say a dozen times.

2nd. When through with this exercise stiffen each muscle of your body as you see a cat do when she stretches herself.

3rd. Take a full breath and hold it, then by rapid contraction of the abdominal muscles, force this compressed air into all the interior organs. You thus strengthen and purify all the organs in the abdominal and pelvic cavities and they will last and perform their duties many years longer than if you neglect these exercises.

Perform all these exercises at least three times daily. If you do, you will have no lung, no liver, no kidney troubles and wont need a solitary dose either of Pink Pills or Swamp Root. Frequently during the day take a full breath.

4th. While sitting breathing, connect yourself with God by such a mental expression as this, "God breathes into me the breath of Life. I am inhaling abundant life, my inheritance from my Father's limitless bounty." Any such expression as will cause you to realize God's presence, love and power.

It is hardly necessary to remind you that this air in which you perform your breathing exercises will undoubtedly cure any case of consumption in the first stage, and any case of asthma, or bronchitis.

THE SKIN

Is not the least important organ of the man. It works like the other organs by action of the spirit. It is both an absorbing and excreting organ. It absorbs material from the air out of which the spirit works up structure. It excretes the used up material, and casts out the ashes of life's furnaces so that injurious and poisonous matter may not accumulate in the body and produce disease. It is a most important organ and needs to be kept in good working order.

In an average sized man there are about 2,500,000 little tubes in the skin called pores. These are the outlets for the poisonous exudates which are being continually formed in the process of building. It is manifest that we must see that nothing hinders these little busy workers; as they are sewers to run off very poisonous filth. We must then keep the skin not only clean, but also in good working order. To do this a good rough rubbing first, a sponge (cold) next, and the active use of the rough towel night and morning is the best general skin exercise. The sweat bath is useful—at times. The long bath seldom, but the nude body should be exposed for at least half an hour weekly to the action of sun and air. These are the best skin stimulants. Nothing better to stimulate and keep the skin in order than a minute or two of the short forced compressed air breathing as described in "breathing." Try it and see if you don't soon start a sensible perspiration.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE

If you work you don't need any special exercise. As a general exercise there is nothing better than walking. I am writing for ordinary mankind, not for "freaks" or athletes.

FOOD

Out of the food we eat the spirit takes up certain elements out of which to build up soul and body. We should therefore present the best materials to the invisible worker that he may be able to erect the best structure. It is not possible, having regard to the infinite variety in nature to lay down anything like a general classification of what kind of food is "wholesome" or not. One eateth herbs. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind, and there is a very strong probability that each will instinctively select the best dietary for himself. Personally I don't think meat the best food—especially the hog. The first food given to man was the green herb, and fruit, etc. This seemed to support life pretty well. The starvelings, fed thusly, lived in vigorous health up to pretty near the thousand mile stone. That they were vigorous is proved by the record. They lived hundreds of years "begat sons and daughters and died." The presumption here is in favor of vegetarianism as the food of longevity. There is no such record when we come to the meat eating period. See?

Well, if we are not able to positively say *what* you should eat, we can help out a good deal on *how* you should eat. There is quite a lot in it that is practical and useful, and better than all scientific—not metaphysical.

Now let us see. The saliva is a secretion which performs the first act of digestion in the mouth. The morsel should be masticated until it is thoroughly saturated with the digestive fluid of the mouth. It will then swallow easy, and be in real good condition to be properly acted upon by the gastric juice in the stomach, and the stomach digestion will go on nicely with-

out any pain or trouble. Now if you wash this mouthful down with a fluid of any kind you rob it of its proper amount of digestive ferment, and the work will not go on properly. Besides the fluid, pouring down into the stomach, dilutes and weakens the gastric juice, and soon dyspepsia, and constipation, and piles, and bilious fever, and chills, and liver, kidneys, and sick headache, and jaundice, and 1001 evils attack you which you find more powerful in their tenacity than all the pills, and capsules, and powders, and boluses that you can swallow. You played the —— when you began swallowing a mouthful of fluid with a bite. Quit it, good boy, and use only nature's lubricant. You'll find no use for Dr. Killem's calomel, nor for Dr. Switchem's Black Draught (sic.) See?

Don't drink while eating. Hear me? Chew good and hard, and for your life avoid the "bolt." Now if you eat in that style you will find life a joy forever. Don't exactly know whether three set meals daily are necessary, but am perfectly certain that no meal should have more than two dishes, and that no person at any sitting should *eat the last bite.*

DRINK?

Yes, I think so. The pure, rich distillation from the bountiful breast of mother nature—water, sparkling water. At least five pints of it daily. Never till two hours after a meal, and never to be swallowed in gulps! Slowly and in sips. The water needs to be insalivated as well as the food. How about hot water before meals? Oh, I am not writing for invalids. What about tea, coffee, etc.? I have no opinion to offer. Pure, sparkling, crystal water is nature's product for

animal and vegetable thirst. You'll find it hard to beat.

THE BATH

I've about said all I deem necessary on this therapeutic agent, but there is a special internal bath which I must recommend to your special consideration. Get a good fountain syringe. Heat water till comfortably warm. Lie down some place. Insert the nozzle in the rectum and flush out rectum and colon; use lots of water. Do this once a week in health, and two or three times a week when "poorly." There is always danger of undigested and effete matter lodging in the colon. This is absorbed into the system and breeds disease. The hot water not only flushes it out but also the moist heat gives strength to the nerves which control the bowels. This is the great secret out of which Dr. Hall made about \$1,000,000. I give it to you here with other greater life secrets for a dollar! Say. Don't neglect this.

TOBACCO

I think in every case it is bad. Whatever drug produces an appetite and craving for its use lowers the nerve tone. The man who must have tobacco in any form is already diseased. Now I am no crank, but this is a simple physiological fact. I would not use tobacco if I desired the highest physical, mental, and spiritual manhood. The same principle applies to all narcotics.

DRUGS

All drugs are poisons to life, and their use always injurious, without exception.

THE GENERATIVE FUNCTIONS

Procreation is the most awfully solemn, and holy power of the race. On this plane we rival

the God-head. The responsibility of projecting an immortal soul into eternal consciousness is too stupendous to be lightly assumed. The special machinery provided for this creation is the most honorable and sacred of nature. To abuse this holy organism is the most vile and enormous of sins. It is to pollute and corrupt a race at the fountain of its origin. Yet this is the great debasing and destructive sin of the age—aye of almost all ages. To this sin may be attributed all mis-shapen humanity and almost all the diseases, murders, suicides, etc., which make a tophet of this fair earth. The filthy stream, descending through polluted channels, carries with it the infernal corruption by which, through the laws of heredity, God visits the sins of the fathers on the children unto the third and fourth generation. The semen is a vital fluid whose waste brings death. Unexpended it is worked back into the system by absorption and gives strength, and snap, and vigor to body and mind. It produces in the man a magnetism of rich, attractive and curative power peculiar to itself. Those men who retain this fluid without expending it in carnal alliance are men of God-power. If you will live long; if you will enjoy the highest life; then use these organs only as nature intended, for procreation alone. Any further use is a sin against yourself, and against the coming man, who must suffer the consequences of your gratification of unholy passion, altho he was not able to prevent, being then only a speck, undeveloped in the great ocean of spirit life, which is continually projecting its parts to be individualized. "Preserve your vessel in sanctification and honor."

SLEEP

Don't expect to live long or be healthy without abundance of "tired nature's sweet restorer." Sleep is the food for brain cells, and the brain is the worker. Don't rob him. You can't with impunity take a few hours from the night to lengthen the day. The practice will very materially shorten your own days. Eight to ten hours nightly of good healthful sleep will make the world skip for you. *Take it.*

PART II

THE MENTAL

Now having finished the physical, we come to the spiritual, and mental hygiene.

Our spiritual nature connects us with God, and brings us into the forces and powers of the unseen. According to our own desire these forces will be beneficial or injurious. There is a "Prince of the Power of the Air, the Spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." Ep. 2:3. There is a spirit of God that giveth life, health, power to, and in all who *desire*. "God is spirit." John 4:24. "It is the spirit that quickeneth." John 6:63.

Now in obedience to the individual desire these two antagonistic spirits will influence the human spirit, and produce health or disease according to which spirit is *desired*. For it is *desire* that controls. Now if we desire the good spirit, which is of God, here is the result: "God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heavens and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath,

and all things; * * * For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said. For we are also his offspring." Acts 17:24-28. Secure in the power of God dwelling in us we cannot suffer disease. If we do suffer disease it is always because of some disobedience. All laws of spiritual health are natural, and are of God. By these laws the spirit worketh in us all growth, health, happiness. Violating these laws produces all sin, disease, inharmony through which the spirit of evil works in us the suffering by which we are punished, and which suffering itself is designed by the All Spirit, God, as a means of chastisement that we may be restored. To be strong, vigorous, let us walk in the spirit. This is ours in answer to *desire*, which is *prayer* always expressing itself on the spiritual plane. *Also be sure that you have your closet*, as Christ teaches in Matt. 6:6. "Living in this spirit you cannot be sick—save that you may be suffering in hereditry for your ancestors' sins. And even this God is able to overcome. "Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Psalm 91:9-10. Then breathe in this spirit of God, pray for it, attract it by desire, and faith in Jesus Christ in whom dwelleth all the fullness of the God-head bodily.

This spirit is the real life. By it the tissues are built up and the body made strong. It was under the afflatus of the spirit that Sampson did his wondrous feats of strength. Lying all around you, awaiting your call, under the law of its own action, is this spirit. Life limitless in boundless oceans, awaits your call to fill up all your needs.

In constant influx and efflux is this mighty life sustaining all flesh. Breathe it in with every breath in abundance, attract it by desire and use it by thought.

MAGNETISM

is but the working of this spirit of life. In proportion as you possess this subtle agent, in proportion are you efficient. The brain is the great store house of magnetism, which it distributes to the body by the nerves. To be magnetic you must faithfully carry out the rules of living laid down in this book and in a short time you will possess all the magnetism you can use. Magnetism is a force, therefore motion, and hence vibratory, as force or motion is by vibration. There is no death in all God's universe. Nothing is standing still. There is no reservoir of pent up magnetism in you or in any other. You are merely a conductor through which it passes. In continuous influx and outflow, this mysterious life-bearer and form creator works in you and in all animate, vegetate, and mineral nature. In each, working after its kind. You draw it from the sun, the clouds, the air, the earth, and all your environments. You part with it to these in turn. The inflow and outflow are continuous. In order to be efficiently magnetic you must know how to think.

THINKING

Thought is the origin and sustainer of all force. Nothing without thought. Thought is the creator out of which all things spring. No instrument, no fabric, no structure, no form which did not exist first in *idea*, before it assumed substance and became tangible on the physical plane. By thought, human character and nature

are builded. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." By thought the universe is. All that the eye can see, the ear hear, or the hand touch is the product of *thought*. "Through faith we understand that the *worlds* were framed by the *word* (thought) of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

Thought is spirit creating. So that *thoughts* are *things*, living things, immortal things, imperishable things. Thought rules, governs, compels, impels, builds up, pulls down, destroys and creates. It is the active force of omnipotence. "The *words* that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."—Christ.

Now in order to long life, to health, to comfort, to happiness, you must train your *will*, so that you can command your *thinking*. You must control and direct your thinking. It must not you. As the controller you are *master*; as the controlled you are a *slave*.

The health and life are controlled by *thought*. Just think for a moment how gloom, and grief, and worry depress, and finally wear out life. How many people die of grief? Think of the power of thought when in multitudes of cases it produces instantaneous death, and in millions death by the slow process of disintegration. You know that thousands of people have died instantly of fright, shock, grief, the result of sudden *thought* bringing to their consciousness, *news* which even may not have been true. Yet the *thought* working by faith, killed the physical organism. Similarly *joy*, sudden, ecstatic, has slain its thousands.

You Must Train Your Will to Command Your Emotions, and You Must Steadily Reject all Thoughts of Gloomy, or Unsuccessful, or Disease character or coloring, and fill, and Surround your-

self with Thought of Health, Life Cheerfulness, Happiness, Success, Triumph. If you do this you will never be sick. You Cannot Be Sick, for thought Creates all Things, Including Sickness, and Health, and is Omnipotent.

Preserve a placid temper; a fit of anger will poison every secretion, and disease the whole man. Fill your whole being with love. *God is Love*. Forgive those who sin against you. Love your enemies, bless them that curse you. Thus in the spirit of harmony, which is the spirit of God, you shall enjoy the tranquillity of heaven, the immortality of spirit, and the exhilarations of perfect health, while the increasing years will bring ripeness, as the glory dawns, and you will pass upward full of years.

Daily, and constantly, give yourself health treatments in the spirit. Assert your immortal origin, possession. Say in faith, "I am spirit." "I am the spirit of God individualized." "I am sustained by the spirit of God." "Spirit is not sick, therefore I am not sick, and cannot be." "Spirit does not grow old, therefore I am not old, and cannot be." Deny sickness and don't permit the thought of disease to enter your mind. The constant reiteration of these thoughts will impress your own spirit, which is the active servant of your will and, in its work of building, the spirit will weave these thoughts into your constitution, and you cannot be diseased, provided you carry out the principle of these assertions in a life obedient to the laws of health and purity.

Lastly in the silence of regular meditation, meet with, and put on God. "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." "Because

thou has made the *Lord*, which is my refuge, even the *Most High*, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." "With Long Life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation."