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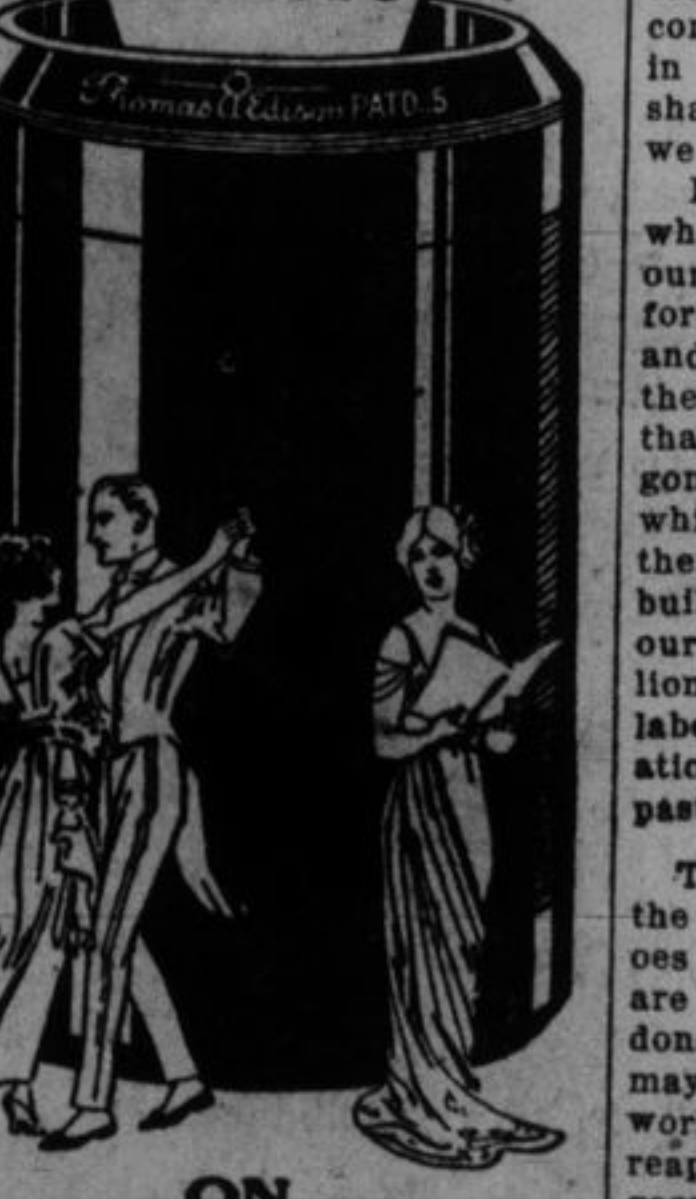
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Not How Long But How Much You Live

By the Rev. Charles Stelzle.

"And he died." That's all we're told about Methuselah—the man who has come down in history as the oldest man who ever lived.

Excepting this—he had a son by the name of Lamech. Methuselah was 969 years old when he happily passed on—for undoubtedly lived too long.

He may have had one exciting event in his life—the day that his father Enoch was "translated." The Bible tells us that "Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him." But perhaps it all happened without Methuselah knowing anything about it, until it was all over.

Methuselah had an illustrious grandson by the name of Noah—the patriarch who built and lived in the ark. One day of Noah's life during his experience in the ark was worth all of Methuselah's 969 commonplace years.

"And he died." Here's an epitaph that they might chisel on many a man's tombstone to tell the story of his whole life. "Born— Died—"

That's all. It isn't the number of years that a man puts in above ground that determines how much he has lived. It is said of God: "A thousand years are as a day in Thy sight, and as a watch in the night."

The ability to crowd into brief spaces of time the life-long experiences and knowledge of others is a sign of real greatness and God-likeness.

A famous man wrote an editorial for his paper the other day, in which he said that the "big man" is never hurried, never "busy," and that he doesn't really work more than four hours a day.

He has lots of time to see people, to play golf, and to spend his evening with his family, he added. Then I thought of Edison and some other fairly "big" men, who work fourteen hours a day, who never play golf, and who are rarely at home. And they seem to need all the time they can get to put across the great plane upon which they are working.

It isn't at all likely that the men who need to work only four hours a day on their present jobs always had so much leisure time—they probably worked fourteen hours a day at first—and that's why they need to work only four hours today.

Anyway, to be really big and successful isn't at all a question of the number of hours a man works—it's how he regulates his working-time and what he does with it.

What is a day's work? To some it is the completing of a task—so many bricks laid, so many shoes made, so many articles manufactured. To others it means a certain number of hours employed—eight, ten, twelve in occupations in which one's efficiency cannot be determined by a mathematical process.

In most cases it actually means that the thought and ingenuity of a century, resulting in ideas and devices which enable one to produce a thousandfold more or better, have been concentrated into a single work day, so that one day really stands for a socialized effort, which has become possible only because others in the past have contributed their share to our day's work. To these we owe a debt of gratitude.

How may we repay these pioneers who blazed the way for us, making our lives more human and more comfortable, making our tasks lighter and less irksome? We cannot bring them from their graves, nor even thank them for the sacrifice of by-gone days. But there is a way in which we may pay the debt we owe them—we have the privilege of building upon the foundation laid by our forefathers, so that other millions may be blessed because of our labors. We may put to future generations what we owe those in the past.

This is the motive which prompts the noblest endeavor. And the heroes of our present-day industrial life are not those whose day's work is done simply so that they, themselves, may live, but those who plan and work so that others still unborn may reap where they have not sown, may garner where they have not strewn.

One may become a parasite even though one may work for himself. In a sense, every man is a parasite, who is willing to receive the benefits which have accrued as the result of others' labors, without contributing his share to the common good.

This morning you jumped out of bed 15 minutes before breakfast, rushed to the train or the trolley 15 minutes after you began your breakfast, and you've been rushing ever since.

There hasn't been a single minute during the day when you quietly collected your thoughts—you've been too busy collecting money—or making it some other way.

You don't know your wife—and your children don't know you—although you're "working your head off" for the folks at home.

You contribute cash to most of the worthy causes in your community. But—if every man in this country were like you, business, family, civic and philanthropies would go a-glimmering.

For these are kept alive and made strong not so much through money, but because some people are giving time and thought to them. There's such a thing as "ideals" in business—although we're just beginning to find it out. And ideals

handed to our detriment by partisan politicians and unscrupulous agitators—for they'll see to it that they get the backing they need to put through their schemes while you're "hustling" on your own job. Better put a little more "heart" into it. It will make the whole job better and bigger. And you'll enjoy it more as you go stong instead of waiting until you "retire." Which process would be sure to finish you in short order.

THE ORAKSHAN CLUB

"I see that the deliberations of our club are quoted in the public press and also by our utilities commissioners," said the president of the Orakshan club when that organization's members gathered last night for their smoke. "I regret, however," the president continued, "that a statement by a member has been misconstrued by the worthy chairman of the utilities. I think the member who made it did it in the way of a joke and was not really serious about it."

The member in question confirmed the president's remark, adding that he was not of a serious temperament. "No, you are certainly a rattle-brained old lad," said the doctor, patting his comrade on the head, "but sometimes you manage to say something truthful."

"Did you hear about the jury up at the court house last week?" asked the customs official. "Well it seems that this jury brought in its verdict at 7.40. Now some of its members are kicking that they did not confer another half hour, as they claim that if they had deliberated until after eight o'clock they would have been entitled to another day's pay, for even juryman are not required to work long hours without compensation."

"Well that was a good one on Pete and the other boys," remarked Hank. "But now they might try and continue living until 1925, for there is some religious sect in Kingston which clings to the belief that if you are alive when 1925 is rung in, you will never die."

"Well," said the doctor, "I don't put any faith in that theory. Too many of those sects have proved to be poor mathematicians in regard to figuring when the world will come to an end. They have been prophesying for years and years and they do not seem to strike the time by a long shot. That kind of thing is done in order to excite people. It's just a money-making scheme, so I would not advise Hank to consider it seriously."

"Well, our worthy mayor is taking that Hydro auditor seriously," said the Bath Road resident. "Hughie will knock the spots off that fellow who comes down here saying that our civic officials are not up to the mark. I am told that some of these Hydro guys are descendants of Huns, and that their doctrine is to put your foot on the people's necks and hold it there. Will you tell me, Mr. President, why they stand for these Germans up in Toronto. The Hydro appears to have been infested with them."

"Just leave it to Hughie," replied the president. "When he starts after you he'll hang on like a bulldog, so watch for fireworks."

"It would be as sorry a day for him as for the fellow who stole the rooster of the Gananogue Reporter editor should he be caught," chipped in the medical student. "Down our way, editors own hens, but I don't hear of any Kingston editor who can qualify for U.F.O. membership."

"Speaking of the U.F.O.," said the doctor, "they tell me that the heels and toes of the farmers' shoes wear out very quickly now owing to being continually used in practising the U.F.O. sign. However that is good for the shoemakers."

The president drew the attention of the smokers to the venerable clergyman who was improving his time attending the business college and learning the principles of business. He wondered if the college teaches the Hydro system of keeping books.

"How can young people be expected to so improve their time when a corporal's guard could not be secured to attend free night classes offered by the school board a few years ago. Nowadays young people do not want to improve their time. It's a hot old time they want, and they generally get it," was the view expressed by the old printer.

Then the conversation switched off to those people who with so little means at their disposal are such a blessing to the community. "I know some of them," said the president as he puffed serenely at his pipe. "They are doing good everywhere they go, helping the poor and visiting the sick, and yet their names never appear in the newspapers. Just compare them with those in our city who have much and yet give nothing to anything, those people who think only of themselves and live for themselves."

"That type of person could not be called a tight-wad," said the customs official, "for they spend all right, but they spend only on themselves. You could even excuse an employer who docked his employees a half day's pay when they took an afternoon off to attend his wife's funeral—he's in a class by himself, because he might even give a subscription to the church. But the self-centred wealthy class are of no benefit to any community."

"O let us talk of something pleasant," put in the old printer. "Yes they say that the ladies' knee skirt has got to go," remarked the merchant, "but perhaps it will go higher, although it really should come lower if it is going to follow the prices."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Hank, "the

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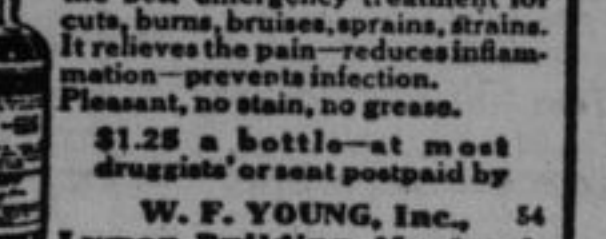
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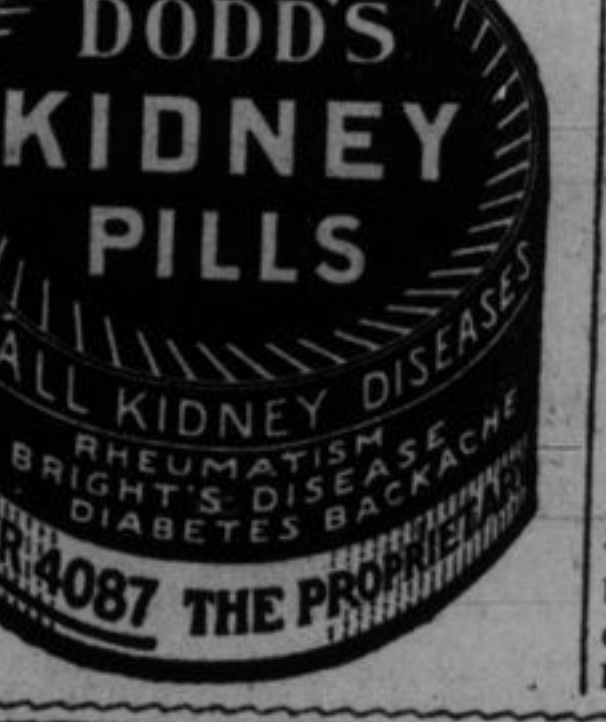


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girls! I'm sure will not consent to their skirts being made lower. Any looseness to be done they will see that it is at the top end of their dress and not the bottom."

The president did not think the club members were qualified to express opinions with regard to women's garments. Then the gathering dispersed, after the doctor had asked if any one could tell him if the majority of the Frontenac ladies were going to vote for Robert J. Bushell as U.F.O. candidate for the federal election.

THE PEELER.



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