

Iowa Pioneer and Wife, Fifty Years Married, Seventy Years Young

THE LEMLEYS - FATHER, MOTHER, BROTHERS AND SISTERS



THE GRAND CHILDREN

GEORGE OLIVER LEMLEY AND WIFE

SEATED: MR. AND MRS. LEMLEY
STANDING - LEFT TO RIGHT - JOHN LEMLEY AND
MAY DAY, MRS. SCIDDY FLENNIKEN, LAZEAR
LEMLEY.



THE FOURTH GENERATION



THE LEMLEY FAMILY AND VISITORS



THE REV. ENOCH HILL SOLEMNIZING THE GOLDEN WEDDING CEREMONY

WHILE rostrum-perched alarmists are meandering the nation's... statistics destined to prove that divorce is increasing...

Fifty years ago last Sunday, in Wayneboro, Pa., George Oliver Lemley and Miss Phoebe Swan were married. Soon afterward they came to Iowa as pioneer builders and they have lived there ever since. Last Sunday their beautiful home in Villisca was the scene of a happy conclave—a remarkable gathering of children, grandchildren and great grandchildren—the occasion being a celebration of the Lemley's golden wedding, with the family reunion as an incident thereto. This gathering was remarkable in several ways, but perhaps the most unusual feature of it is the fact that all of the descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Lemley were present except one. Miss Glennia Day, a granddaughter, who is a student in New York City. It was impossible for her to be present, but she sent a cheery letter instead, and it was given prominence in the proceedings. Another phase that ranks as remarkable is the fact that out of this large family of four generations, there has only been one death—that exception being a daughter-in-law, the wife of Lazear Lemley, an Omaha railroad man. It is not often that so large a family has not been visited by more than one death. Moreover, it is not often that in a family reunion all but one are present. George Oliver Lemley, looking every inch the sturdy Iowa pioneer, was born in Green county, Pennsylvania, November 12, 1839, and is therefore 71 years old. To look at him, you would not judge him to be more than somewhere in late fifties. To see him move about, you would retract your estimate and size him up as being somewhere in the early fifties, and especially agile, at that. His hair is only tinged with gray. Many a city reared man of 40 has more of gray hair and less suppleness of limb that has this septuagenarian. He has lived his life in the open, and perhaps that accounts for his remarkable preservation of physical and mental power.

Mrs. Lemley was born in Green county, Pennsylvania, too, but just when—well, she declares it is nobody's business, and that in this year of 1910, as it has been through all the other years down the ages, it is not good form for woman to parade her age. Like her husband, she is also quite young for a golden wedding, and the graceful and easy manner in which she presided over the Lemley table at the big golden wedding feast, was the wonder of spectators. "And cook! It is a part of Villisca's unwritten history that the Lemley kitchen was no equal in southern Iowa, all of which is fully attested by the bounteous banquet that came as a part of the Sunday celebration. "Grandpa and Grandma Lemley"—nobody makes use of these titles except those who by blood are so entitled, because Mr. and Mrs. Lemley are not of the type to carry well the neighborhood veneration thus implied where the terms "grandpa" and

"I andma" are used by the public. "Seventy years young," is a phrase some what hackneyed, yet in describing the Lemleys it is so fitting that its use herein is considered pardonable. "To what do you attribute your remarkable preservation?" a visitor asked Mr. Lemley. "I hardly know how to answer that question," he replied, "for I do not believe there is any general and infallible recipe for the preservation of youth. In my own case, however, I am inclined to believe that regular habits, plenty of outdoor exercise and a disposition to never cry over spilled milk have been ruling factors in bringing me into the seventies with good health in both body and mind. The same doubtless applies to Mrs. Lemley. She has always been active. We have farmed a great deal and there was a multitude of work to be done, not only in the field, but in and around the house as well. She is a correct housekeeper—and that means work, you know. "Why, right now today, she can work all around the majority of the younger generation of women. Some people say hard work hurts. I have any patients with a doctor I would prescribe hard work for some of these sickly matrons of 35 and 40, who have thus young in life, set down, folded their hands and beckoned old age to come and get them. Mind you, now, I do not mean that woman should do man's work. Neither do I have any patience with these staid fellows who dry the dishes while their wives wash them. Let the men get out and hustle in men's sphere. Let the women work in women's sphere. But let both men and women take care that they keep on working. "Nowadays you hear young men and women talking about having neurasthenia and this, that and the other, and they have to go away to the springs to rest their shattered nerves. Bah! Why don't they take exercise and cut stuffing themselves with impossible cookery that was never intended to be eaten? A good old hunk of corn is to be preferred any time to those new fangled cakes three feet high



MISS GLENNIA E. DAY

had to work to stay here. We had no time for foolishness, hence we never had neurasthenia, or any other new fangled disease. We Iowegians must die sometime, of course, the same as all people everywhere, but as a rule we die in our right minds. We do not chase ourselves to death. "When Mr. Lemley first came to Iowa in 1858, he located in Taylor county, near Plattville. There he spent his pioneer days farming and stock raising. In 1868 after he had encased a fair measure of success, he moved to Villisca, where in a pretty home on Fifth avenue, he is spending the evening of his life, his wife of fifty years his constant companion. The Lemley children, four in number, have long since married and moved to homes of their own elsewhere, so the old pioneer's hearthstone is a quiet place. Rev. Enoch Hill, pastor of the First Methodist church, Villisca, solemnized the golden wedding ceremony, which took place under a clump of beautiful trees on the Lemley lawn. "I don't exactly want a regular marriage ceremony," said Mr. Lemley, "because it is part of the ceremony to ask the groom: 'Do you take this woman for your lawful, wedded wife?' Inasmuch as she has already been by my side these fifty years, it seems foolish now for that question to be propounded to me. Of course, I'd take her. Why, right now, I would run a foot race for her or fight for her if need be. "It would seem a bit ridiculous now to ask you if you are willing to take her," agreed Rev. Hill, so it was decided that instead of a regular ceremony, the minister should substitute a little impromptu talk. With Mr. and Mrs. Lemley standing together under the trees, their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren forming a nearby background, Rev. Mr. Hill spoke as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. Lemley, the difference between today and fifty years ago, is that then it was a hope—today it is an experience. Then it was a venture—today it is an accomplishment. Then you were looking forward—now you are in retrospect. "As you review the past fifty years, you have much for which to be thankful. Today you are gathered here with your children into the fourth generation, and such has been the God-given blessing that death has not broken into your ranks. You can truly say that the promise of God to his people: 'I will bless thee and keep thee in all the way thou shalt go,' has been fulfilled in your life. I can think of nothing more fitting for this occasion, than a quotation from one of our poets, which reads as follows: "Our hearts are young as ever now, Though changes we have seen, For now the girls are women grown And all the boys are men. "At the conclusion of his remarks, the Rev. Hill offered a prayer, which ended the ceremonial festivity. Heartly congratulations from all present followed. The direct descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Lemley, including wives of the sons and grandsons, numbered twenty-nine persons. The Lemley sons and daughters, four in number, are as follows: Lazear Lemley, Omaha; John Lemley, Omaha; Mrs. Sciddy FleNNIKEN, Mooreville, Mo.; Mrs. May Day, Kansas City. In addition to the immediate members of the family, many other relatives and

friends were present. A majority of them came Saturday. Many of them remained until Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Naturally, a big house is needed for such a congregation. The Lemley home is roomy, but its capacity was overtaxed. Then what? Easiest thing in the world. The younger generations of Lemleys, true to the open air philosophy of their grandfather, found beds in the ample hay mow, which is a part of the big red barn to the rear of the house, and when the hay mow was filled so full there could be no more Lemleys admitted, somebody remembered there was a tent in storage around the place. Up went the tent. So, between house, haymow and tent, all of the Lemleys were provided with sleeping quarters.

Employment for the bride every autumn at screening cranberries if she desires it. Four physicians to give free services at intervals. Lawyer to give free legal advice on any subject except divorce. Free shaves for the bridegroom, his clothes pressed without charge—not by his wife—but by a tailor. To further its purpose and to make the path to happiness even smoother, Wareham has established a wedding bureau, consisting of Mrs. Minnie Bowles, a married man, a widower and a divorced man. They will consider applications of those yearning to be married from every point of experience. The wise city fathers consider. The first loving hearts to take advantage of this splendid opportunity will make the best as one next Saturday night. The ceremony will be performed in the street balcony of the town's biggest store, in full view of all. Wareham. Very likely there will be two weddings—four hearts will beat as two next Saturday night. "A Doting Pair. The old farmer stopped his scythe and unbent. Then he hailed his wife. "I thought 'Manda was goin' to help you with th' cookin' today?" he cried. "Manda's gone over to Salie Braseley's," was the reply. "They're havin' a garden fest for Priscilla Hinkley's friend from Tewksbury." She paused and looked around. "Wasn't Henry goin' to help you with th' mowin'?" "Henry's gone over to Tom Pixkin's to play golf with th' new minister." They looked at each other. "Two silly old fools," muttered the farmer. "Yes, Abijah," the woman meekly agreed. And he went on with his lonely mowing. And she returned to the quiet house with her basket of eggs.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid

Romance of Knight Templar. THE marriage in Chicago of Cassius McDonald Barnes, former territorial governor of Oklahoma and a prominent Knight Templar, to Mrs. Bertha Fornay, a wealthy ranch owner of Progression, N. M., has followed a romance that started two years ago, while Mr. Barnes and a party of friends were on a hunting trip. Barnes and his party were shooting in the vicinity of the ranch, and shortly before they were ready to leave Mr. Barnes was injured. He was taken to the ranch house and, under the careful nursing of Mrs. Fornay, soon recuperated. The dashing western widow completely won the governor's heart, and while no marriage engagement existed when he left for home, the interested parties had an agreement to meet in Chicago at the Knight Templar conclave. Mrs. Fornay came with the New Mexico delegation and gave the former Oklahoma executive a rousing reception at the Palmer house. **Penalty for Blabbing on Cupid.** Because he made a statement before the school board of Foster township, Friesland, Pa., that pretty Winifred Morgans, the Oley Valley school teacher, devoted much of her time to writing love letters and that he

was really tired luging mail to and from Oley Valley school, Washington A. Warren, a rural delivery mail clerk, may lose his position and be made the defendant in a \$2,000 damage suit. Warren was one of a delegation who appeared before the school board to protest against the appointment of Miss Morgan, on the ground that she wrote love letters during school hours. Miss Morgan states that she knows her rights in the matter and has instructed her attorney to start action. She says she is determined to stop blabbing on the part of mail clerks and teach Warren a lesson in postal regulations if it costs her a year's salary. **Mayor John F. Fitzgerald of Boston** has come out with the statement that the Boston girls do not "cotton to the men of the Hub, and the one principal reason is that the women are vastly better educated than the men and that in many cases their salaries far exceed those of the men who would mate with them. **Mayor Fitzgerald says:** "The fact that there are so many women here, however, is not the reason that there are so few marriages proportionately. The trouble is that the women and men are not on a par mentally. "All the opportunity that a man has for an education is along professional lines, so if he wants to be educated along business or trade lines he has no place in which to get his training. "We have armies of unemployed men on our streets, men who have no trade and

who can not work because there seems to be no work for them. "More facilities to train men for the actual work of the day, so that when we have trained them, they may earn adequate salaries, is what is needed. Then we will have a class of men who will appeal to the women, we are training in Boston today. "These girls have the opportunities of the nearby colleges, which train their students for some particular line of work. "These women are obviously higher skilled than the untrained man who graduates from our schools unfitted to cope with any one individual phase of the city's industry. "It is hard for the woman of today to give up a good salary and better expectations to divide a smaller salary with a man who in all human probability, will never get more. The girl of today wants as much to start with as her father had to end up with. She wants her servants and she wants a nice home. The model tenement, however, would prove a great benefit for those who desire attractive dwellings at a low price." **Unpaid Hits Girls' Club.** The Bachelor Girls' club of Greenville, Ind., is about to go to pieces because of persistent refusals to obey the bylaws and the payment of fines without any apparent care for cost, the treasury now being so full of nickels that the surplus is becoming a burden. The club fixes a fine of 5 cents on a member if she receives the attentions of a young man, and some of the members have paid more than \$1 in fines, and it is currently reported that one or two are seriously considering marriage. The officers at a recent meeting offered a resolution to increase fines to 10 cents, but the resolution was voted down after a heated controversy in which only adjournment prevented hair pulling. The young ladies are in a majority in the club and the spinsters are in a frenzy over the willful violations of the rules. **Town Boosts Matrimony.** The merchants of the ambitious Cape Cod town of Wareham, Mass., desiring to increase its fame and population, present and prospective, offer extraordinary inducements to sweethearts to marry there. The merchants could offer no more, save to the ladies themselves, and the Massachusetts law against bigamy is strict. Of course certain conditions are attached to these generous propositions, the chief of which is that the married couple must reside there. Wareham is attractive, but it does not propose to help to add to the population of Boston or any other Massachusetts town. It is stipulated, too, that the prospective bride and bridegroom must prove their good character, that he must be between 21 and 28 years of age, and she between 19 and 25. It will be seen that Dr. Oeier and his theories have a certain weight there. These are some of the marriage inducements offered by Wareham: A free wedding, including marriage license and clergyman's services. Brass soloist to sing "I'm Glad I'm Married" at the ceremony. Church deacons to pass the hat for a collection for the wedded pair's benefit. Brass band to play the wedding march and other appropriate music. Bridal presents, mostly useful articles for furnishing a home, particularly the nursery. Motor launch for the honeymoon trip. Steady employment for the bridegroom.

Enemy of the Business Girl

The girl who must make her way in the world is warned against many dangers. They are real dangers, easily seen. They are in no way disguised and they do lurk in the path of the business girl. But there are other dangers that are not so often spoken about. They are not so vital, to be sure, but they do work harm; and, worst of all, they are insidious. A girl is not apt to recognize their harmfulness until they have entered her life and begun to work their mischief. One of these insidious enemies is a certain carelessness or manner that gradually wears off the fine edge of good breeding. Many a girl of refined and high ideals has unconsciously acquired, after a few years of business life, a flippancy, or boldness of manner that repels the very people she is anxious to know and associate with, and for whom she would really make an enjoyable and interesting companion if they knew the real girl under the misleading manner. She must cut herself off from the associations she longs for, perhaps from work for which she has labored so hard. She is losing a part of it that she does not know it. The girl who knocks around so world earning her living, having a hard time per-

haps to make both ends meet, will hear much slang and bold familiar speech, many common or uncultured forms of expression. She should keep strict watch upon herself that she does not slip into any of these. If she acquires them, the person who hears her speech for the first time will not know but that this has always been her language, and will put her in a class where she does not belong. "There is much hurrying and pushing and jostling in business, a lack of the 'excuse me' and 'I beg your pardon' of refined life. But a girl, if she wants to hold on to the best in life, should not let go of the little refined things of manner that mark her a lady in the old-fashioned sense of the word. The best way to know if one has drifted out of one's course is to go back, if possible, after several years of business life, to the atmosphere and environment preceding the business experience. A few days with these old friends and associations will quickly tell the girl anxious to know if she is losing any precious trait of womanliness. If her manner has become flippant or hard, her speech careless, then delinquencies will stand out as black against white against the background of former associations. It is a good test, and the girl who does not want to sink gradually to a lower plane of living should try it. The girl who is really cultured and refined will find herself shut out from the associations she desires if she lets business life gloss her manners with coarseness, loudness and carelessness either of speech or deportment.—St. Louis Times.