



"East, West, Home's Best," says this oldest "schoolgirl." To prove it, she is here seen leaving Southern California, to attend the summer session at the University of Wisconsin.

Among Those Present—By LILLIAN TAYLOR

"A FAIR Co-ed, Age Ninety"; "Oldest U. W. Co-ed Visits Madison"; "Still a Schoolgirl at Ninety." Who hasn't read these (and similar) captions describing America's premiere student, Mrs. A. D. Winship? And who, outside of the friends of this gentle little woman, has not seasoned these statements with the proverbial grain of salt? For it is still somewhat the fashion to discredit the idea that octogenarians can enjoy the same things that interest younger folk.

Mrs. Winship can—and does!

This much-heralded "schoolgirl" possesses an enthusiasm

for life that approximates a passion. The lure of the "Road," both literally and figuratively speaking, fascinates her. It follows, therefore, that she "hits the trail" every year; travels from California, Texas, Florida or other southern points, to attend the summer session at the University of Wisconsin. Arriving in Madison, she quietly settles herself in the Latin Quarter, enrolls for work, stands in line at the cafeterias, and otherwise enters into the ordinary student life. Remarkable, you say? But it is remarkable only when she does not come back—she has missed but one summer (1918) in the last ten years—and she travels unattended.

Old age a barrier to study?

When I looked into the beautiful blue eyes—not faded, old eyes, if you please, but eyes as clear as a June-day sky!—again this year, I was suddenly

convinced that this oldest co-ed will never be old. Why? Because the flame of her spirit is unquenchable! Amy Davis Winship has kept the lamp of her mind trimmed and burning, and the accumulation of years is the very least of her worries. Or rather, worry has no place in her philosophy of life.

That she established a precedent when she started to school at the age of seventy-nine, Mrs. Winship modestly concedes; but it was not to set in motion an octogenarian renaissance that she began her research. Her opportunity for study had not arrived before that time, she tells you simply; when it did come, she merely took advantage of it. And this common-sense explanation of so unusual a procedure is characteristic of the woman. She believes that keeping interested in something and eliminating worry are two of the very essential ingredients in her recipe for longevity. Having thoroughly tested out the recipe herself, she confidently recommends it to others.

"All my life I've wanted to study," she explains, her wonderful eyes flashing the fire which keeps her so alive, "to get down to the very bottom of things; so, I have gone into biology and botany; chemistry and economics; physics and philosophy; psychology and—goodness knows what all! Everything and everybody interest me. If textbooks can help me to understand humanity, well and good. But I do not confine myself to them."

As an example of her interest in the welfare of others, Mrs. Winship devoted six years of a very busy life to a class of young boys in her home town, of Racine, Wisconsin. Six evenings in each week during this period, she met with these boys, directing their reading, games, and the like.

Mrs. Winship's latest achievement is the writing of her autobiography. That the task was accomplished without the aid of a single note or record of any kind (she never kept even a diary, she told me), is further evidence that age has not impaired her faculties. Think of having a memory like that!

When I asked, with the freedom of an old friend, who made her dainty clothes, quick as a flash came the reply, "Why, I do, myself—and help my daughter make hers, besides!"

And there you are!

Head up, blue eyes forward, an example of one who has fully conquered the bugaboo of Age, and its twin-sister, Worry—page Amy Davis Winship, the Intrepid!

His Clean-Up Record Made Him Governor



ARTHUR M. HYDE

A GROUP of members of the commercial club of the little city of Princeton, Missouri, were discussing civic conditions. The town was "wide open." A clean-up was being agitated. There had been considerable debate about the practicability of such a move. The president of the club about 30 years old, insisted, heatedly, it would not be difficult. He was so positive about it he was challenged to undertake the task. The result was the club president became mayor.

When the new mayor took office the clean-up began. An incident is illustrative of the method. Evidence was collected against one of the town gamblers. He was tried, convicted and fined \$700. There

was an exodus that relieved the community of its undesirable characters. The clean-up was complete as it was lasting.

Possibly that mayoralty campaign convinced Arthur M. Hyde, now of Trenton, and governor of Missouri by more than 100,000 votes over his Democratic opponent, that the clean-up platform was a good one upon which to appeal to the voters for a higher office. When he announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination last spring it was on a clean-up platform. He declared for prohibition enforcement, which was presumed at that time to be unpopular in Missouri, particularly in the larger cities; he attacked men who, he declared, were the bosses in his own party, charged the Democrats with having stolen previous elections and promised a change in methods.

At about the same time an anti-boss movement in the Republican party in Kansas City was begun. It was charged the Republican bosses had a working agreement with the Democratic bosses who controlled virtually every elective and appointive city and county office. Through that agreement, it was charged, the Republican party was made a "defeatist" party. Republicans elected generally voted with officials elected by the Democratic county machine on matters involving finance, favors and policy.

The anti-bosses won control of the Republican city convention. At the election its candidates, selected from the town's business and professional men, were counted out by two thousand votes in the heaviest city election vote in years. A contest now is pending in one of the courts. It was charged the boss election workers won the election by vote frauds, easy under Missouri's peculiar election laws and the complete control by the bosses of all election and court machinery, the police and county peace officers.

Boss Republican workers helped the operatives of the Democratic bosses, it was charged, in intimidating anti-boss election officials, slugging the anti-boss voters

and participating generally in what was declared a reign of terror loosed late election day.

Shortly afterward Hyde began campaigning the state for the nomination for governor. He told of conditions in Kansas City, recounted how Republican after Republican candidate had gone to the boss-controlled wards north of the Kansas City belt line with majorities, only to be defeated. He charged elections were stolen and defied those he named to deny it. He urged Republicans to purge their party of bosses and go before the people with clean hands at the fall election. There were other developments. The Lowden fund exposures were among them. And in the primary Hyde was nominated.

Then came the campaign for election. Hyde appealed to all voters, regardless of party, to vote for a clean-up. He continued his charges of stolen elections, thuggery and intimidation.

Hyde is an orator. His speeches made friends. Election day made him the second Republican governor in Missouri since Civil War days. The Republicans also elected, for the first time, the majority of the members in both legislative houses. Previously, even under a Republican administration, the Democrats had controlled, much of the patronage by the Senate being Democratic. It refused to confirm the governor's appointments to replace Democrats.

Perhaps the statement of O. B. Barton, of Trenton, Hyde's neighbor, who says he is a "nasty" Democrat, may explain the attitude of the Missouri Democrats who, tired of boss rule in their own party, took the opportunity to rebuke it, and voted for the national Republican candidates also. Barton said:

"I am going to vote for Hyde for four reasons.
"He has the disposition to do right.
"He has the intelligence to know what is right.
"He has the nerve to start anything he desires.
"He has the ability to finish anything he starts."

That was not, however, the first state campaign in which Hyde participated. He led the Roosevelt forces in the third Missouri district in 1912, which campaign ended in the now famous "ball-bat" convention. Ball-bats were used by some of the delegates in settling differences. He refused a place on the Republican ticket in 1916 but spent two months campaigning for the candidate for governor.

From a family of lawyers, Hyde formerly practiced in Missouri courts but gave it up, almost entirely, to take a large block of territory for a motor car concern, and investments.

A visitor to the Hyde home at Trenton brought back this message:

"Hyde's dog runs to meet him when the governor goes home. An eight-year-old daughter believes Hyde is a grown-up partner and Mrs. Hyde, after 16 years of married life, still is in love with him."

At the Hyde home the doorstep is worn, the grass on the lawn has been killed in many places by tramping, and the dining table is a big one, indicative of many guests. On a glassed-in porch is a roll top desk "for storing" the governor explained, Little Miss Caroline Cullers Hyde, however, rolled up the top. Inside was paper cut into fantastic shapes. "That," she explained with all the dignity of her pride in the governor, "is where daddy and I make our paper dolls."

Mrs. Hyde does her own housework. She is pretty, 37 years old, gracious and says no one else can make pies to suit the governor, so she gave up trying to keep help.

He Stuck to His Last

PREACHING the gospel of work has become so bro-midic these days that it is refreshing to come across a man who does not preach but lives his creed.

Samuel N. Pelton, a harness maker of Pomona, California, now in his ninety-first year, has never lost a working day from his bench since he learned his trade more than seventy years ago and although but lacking a few years of the century mark he is still going strong. Only a few days ago he completed and sold a set of invisible stitch double work harness that in finished craftsmanship was a credit to the master workman that he is.

Mr. Pelton was born in Ohio in 1830. During his lifetime he has seen his country engaged in four great wars, not to speak of the Indian uprisings. He was a boy in his teens during the Mexican War and was a young man in his prime when the Civil War began.

Turned down twice by army doctors when he tried to enlist, Mr. Pelton has had the ironic satisfaction of

outliving the grandchildren of the men who said he was too frail to make a soldier.

Thirty years ago Mr. Pelton came to Southern California to grow up with the country. Although then in his sixtieth year he has witnessed the wonderful transformation of the cactus and sage-covered desert into one of the garden spots of the world.

He has also seen the rise and decline of a craft. The fancy buggy harness that once was the pride of the expert harness-maker is nearly a thing of the past. Even the art of saddlery is being lost. The gasoline steed has taken the place of the equine and even on the farm the tractor is narrowing the demand for work harness.

Mr. Pelton, himself, is no back number. Far from it. He keeps right abreast of the times. Magazines and the movies are his greatest sources of recreation and there are few meetings of the Odd Fellows, of which he is the oldest member in the state, that he does not attend.

Mr. Pelton does not have to work. He is in comfortable circumstances. His son-in-law, Mayor Vandegriff, of Pomona, is one of the substantial men of the community.

But in work Mr. Pelton has found contentment and contentment is the secret of health and happiness. Mr. Pelton is meticulously neat about his shop and person. He is as spry as a man of forty and his eyesight is keener than the average youth of twenty. He is no faddist. He eats what he likes and drinks what he likes and as much as he likes. He has never been sick a day in his life.



SAMUEL N. PELTON