

PRESIDENT HARDING DIES SUDDENLY

When Thought to Have Recovered from a Threatened Attack of Pneumonia. He was Stricken with Apoplexy in a San Francisco Hotel Last Thursday Evening.

Warren G. Harding, twenty-ninth President of the United States, died instantaneously and without warning last Thursday night in the Palace hotel, San Francisco, at 7:30 o'clock, a victim of a stroke of apoplexy, which struck him down in his weakened condition after an illness of exactly a week.

The Chief Executive of the Nation, and by virtue of his office and personality, one of the world's leading figures, passed away at the time when his physicians, his family and his people thought that medical skill, hope and prayer had won the battle against disease.

The strenuous 6000 mile trip to Alaska so sapped his vitality that a slight cold threatened to develop into pneumonia and his return to Washington by way of Panama Canal was abandoned. For a week he fought against the dread disease and pulse, temperature and respiration had returned to near normal giving hope of recovery with complete rest which he was taking in the Presidential suite in the Palace hotel.

The disease had been conquered, the fire was out, but seven days of silent, though intense suffering had left their mark and a stroke of apoplexy came without an instant's warning and before physicians could be called, members of his party summoned, or remedial measures taken, he passed from life's stage after having for nearly two and a half years served his nation and for many years his native State of Ohio.

With the passing of Mr. Harding, the office of President devolves upon Calvin Coolidge, vice president of the United States, a man silent in nature, but demonstrated as strong in emergencies.

He was notified of the death of Mr. Harding at his home in Plymouth, Vermont.

The suddenness with which the end came was shown by the fact that only Mrs. Harding and the two nurses, Ruth Powderly and Sue Dausser, were in the room at the time. Mrs. Harding, with her characteristic faithfulness and constant tenderness, was reading to the President at the time.

Then without a warning a slight shudder passed through the frame of the Chief Executive, he collapsed and the end came. Immediately the indications of distress showed themselves, Mrs. Harding ran to the door and called for Lieutenant Commander Boone and for the other doctors to come quickly.

Only doctors Sawyer and Boone, the chief and assistant physicians, were able to reach the room before the nation's leader passed away. They were powerless to do anything.

EXECUTIVE'S WIFE BRAVE

Brave in the face of the President's illness, Mrs. Harding remained brave in realization of his death and did not break down.

Mr. Harding came of hardy pioneer stock. He was born in Blooming Grove, Morrow county, Ohio, November 2, 1865, the son of a country doctor, George T. Harding. Like most country boys, he went to the country school between morning and night chores and later attended college at Iberia, Ohio. He tried school teaching for a year, but having had a smell of printers' ink while sticking type for his college paper, the lure drew him into the newspaper field.

His family meantime had moved to Marion, in an adjoining county, where he obtained his first newspaper job, and where his life interests were centered thereafter. Mr. Harding's ambition was to become a publisher, and it was realized at the age of 19, when he bid in the Marion Star at a sheriff's sale. The paper was purchased under a heavy mortgage and his friends have often said that the struggles and hardships which were his in making this paper a success had much to do in fashioning his character and developing a broad patience and tolerance which were his chief characteristics.

PROUD OF NEWSPAPER

Whatever his other attainments, Mr. Harding's greatest pride was in his professional accomplishments and training as printer, editor, and publisher. Nor did the interests and exacting duties of his high office serve to dull his delight in pottering about a composing room. On his first trip back home after his inauguration, he went to the Star office, pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, borrowed a chew of tobacco and helped "make up" the paper. His luck charm was a printer's rule, carried always in a vest pocket.

As his ambition had carried him into the ranks of publishers, so his fancy took him into the realm of politics. From the first he was an ardent partisan, and his insistence upon wearing a "stove pipe" hat, the badge of support of James G. Blaine, while a reporter on a Democratic newspaper brought him a sharp reprimand from his chief, who held it to be inconsistent for a worker on a Democratic paper to so prominently display the symbol of his Republicanism.

The future President's ability as a stump speaker won him early recognition from his local party leaders. Marion county then was in the Democratic column and he undertook to switch it to the Republican party, but his first effort at office on his party ticket resulted in a defeat, though he commanded an unexpected vote.

The President was a life-long Baptist and was a trustee of his home church in Marion. He also had been a member of the Elk and Moose fraternities for years, and after his election as President he became a thirty-second degree Mason and a Shriner.

Golf was his favorite recreation, but he also liked to fish, although his opportunities for that sport were limited after he came to the White House. He

played hard and possessed the faculty of putting all his worries behind him during his recreation hours.

MILESTONES IN THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE

Here are the milestones in Warren G. Harding's life: Began career as newspaper publisher, November 26, 1884.

Elected to Ohio State Senate, his first political office, November 6, 1898.

Elected Lieutenant Governor of Ohio, November 3, 1903.

Defeated as Republican candidate for Governor, November 8, 1910.

Elected to United States Senate, November 3, 1914.

Nominated for the Presidency, June 12, 1920.

Inaugurated March 4, 1921.

Died in San Francisco August 2, 1923.

President Warren G. Harding is the third President of the United States to die from natural causes while holding office.

William H. Harrison, of Berkeley, Va., ninth President of the United States, died of pleurisy at Washington, April 4, 1841, after having served but little more than one month.

Zachary Taylor, of Near Orange, Va., twelfth President, died of bilious fever at Washington, July 9, 1850, about a year and a half after he was inaugurated.

COOLIDGE SWORN IN AS PRESIDENT

Vive President Calvin Coolidge became President of the United States at 2:47 a. m. Friday, eastern standard time, when he took the oath of office in the living room of his father's farm house in Plymouth, Vt., the little mountain village where he was born.

Three hours earlier he had been notified of the death of President Harding and in a brief statement had expressed his grief at the passing of his "chief and friend" and his purpose of carrying out the policies "which he began for the service of the American people."

The swearing-in formality was short and simple. In the little sitting room of the farm house furnished in homely style like any other Vermont country home, the President stood with right hand upraised at one side of a little table with Mrs. Coolidge beside him. Across the table, his father read by the light of an oil lamp the impressive words of the oath of office.

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States and I will to the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States."

The father's voice trembled as he read. Mr. Coolidge repeated the words distinctly and calmly and at the end added the solemn affirmation "So help me God."

Several hours later President Coolidge was on his way to Washington to take hold of the helm of the ship of state.

A CHINESE TOOTHPICK FACTORY

Few people, probably, know that a missionary and a group of Chinese students are contributing substantially to our supply of quill toothpicks.

When, because of the war, a certain dealer was unable to import toothpicks from his factory in Bohemia, he asked the United States Consular service to find him a new source of supply, and in the course of time he received an answer from a Methodist missionary, the Rev. George S. Miner, in Foochow, the capital of the Chinese province of Fukien.

Without a cent of appropriation from the missionary board of his church, Mr. Miner had equipped and was conducting one hundred and seventeen day schools for the poor boys, and he wished to give his students every opportunity to help themselves. The toothpick man, who according to an article by Mr. Paul Hutchinson in the world Outlook, shortly went to China, learned all this and saw that an unlimited supply of goose quills was to be found there, and straightway he commissioned the missionary and his school boys to make toothpicks.

In the city of Foochow, Mr. Miner had built a large higher primary school, which is the term used in China for a school corresponding to the last four years of grammar school. By ripping out a few partitions and installing a picket fence, he turned the first floor of the dormitory into a toothpick factory. There was no machinery, but there were plenty of boys, plenty of room, plenty of light, plenty of air—and plenty of quills.

Thirty boys sat at long benches, each holding in his right hand a razor sharp knife and a short piece of wire. With a quick twist his left hand placed the quill in proper position. Two cuts and a thrust of the wire to clear the interior, and the toothpick was done! A boy whom I watched when I visited the factory had cut seventy-two hundred toothpicks the day before, Mr. Hutchinson says, and the factory at that time had produced one hundred and sixteen thousand toothpicks.

From the cutting room the quills go to great vats filled with soda solution in which they are soaked; then they are washed and dried and sorted according to sizes. After that they are packed and shipped on their journey to America—more than two and a half million of them every month.

Most of the boys cut quills four hours a day and spend the rest of the time in getting the education that is such a precious thing in the new China. Some of them who have so little money that they must work all day get two hours of school work in the evening. But all of them are earning their way, and the sight is an heartening one to those who are anxious about educational tendencies in the Orient.—Ex.

A Fly Net Substitute

The fly is no friend of the horse. Here is a recipe from The Farm Journal for an inexpensive wash that is very effective in keeping flies away: Oil of bayberries, 5 parts; naphthalene, 10 parts; ether, 16 parts; methylated spirit, 60 parts. These are common chemicals found in all well-stocked drug stores.

Our Dead President.

A Tribute by Levi A. Miller, of Pleasant Gap, who in his capacity as a Pittsburgh newspaper man interviewed Mr. Harding when he was a candidate for Senator for Ohio.

In this hour of National sorrow it is a gratifying reflection that during the more than a century of our history as a government no man has been elected to the Presidency who was unworthy of the great office. The noble, eminent statesman, whose memory we now honor and mourn, has, with ability and fidelity met the requirements of his exalted station. His work is done. His hands are folded, and his name is henceforth upon the list of the illustrious dead. Peace to his ashes! May God comfort the one most bereaved!

We all agree that President Harding was a man of unusual high culture and high ideals; his interest in humanity's progress was great and manifest. He was an ardent friend of education in every imaginable form from the lowest to the highest. He was an every day President; his personal charms and qualities as a man had won the affection of the whole country. This was particularly noticeable in Washington, where from his service in the Senate and his brief time in the Presidential chair, he became known personally as to no other part of the country, except perhaps, to estimates of those who knew him well, always did the amiable and courteous things. He was thoughtful and considerate.

Everybody who went to the White House came away pleasantly impressed, whether Republican, Democrat, Populist or Socialist. It had not been uncommon with other Presidents for men of more or less prominence to come away from the White House saying rather unpleasant things about the treatment they had received. With Harding it was different, and in that personal equation doubtless lay a large share of his success as a public man and party leader, in securing acceptance of policies for which he stood. Harding was always so able to see both sides of questions, to recognize personal and local limitations, that his relation with the world and with the American public was always very pleasant and agreeable. No cleaner man, in every sense of the word, ever came to public view. Even in the heat of a political fight he never uttered a sentiment nor a sentence unfit for publication or for use in a model home. He had a pleasing conversational tone, except when emphasis was required from the stump. He was never bitter or unfair even in the secrecy of political conference, clearly denoting that what may have been designated as diplomacy was a part of the man's nature. He grew constantly in the stature of statesmanship and broadened his distinguishing views as the development of the country commanded.

But to the end he maintained the same calm courage, the same personal attractions, the same virtues of private life that marked him when he first aspired to the Senate. As a forcible and attractive public speaker he had few equals and no superiors. His efforts were not of the spread-eagle style; there were no rhetorical displays of language, no sophomorical lugging in of figures for the purpose of ornamentation. What he said was pertinent, and in the plainest and most effective English. There was no haste in his utterance, and no hesitation; it flowed on like "Pontiac waves" gathering volume and power as it proceeded, sweeping before it the sophistry and even the argument of his opponent, as the waves do the weeds of the sea. In speaking, he usually began slowly and deliberately, as though he would have caressed his lips into

quicker life and feeling; every syllable coming clean cut and fervid from his tongue, while his bright eyes glowed with gleams of emotion. In view of these undeniable characteristics it is not surprising that that talented orator, "Billy" Bryan, recently said that President Harding was one of the ablest and most talented orators that this country ever produced. "This great and good man will be missed, and his many good qualities will never be forgotten by a grateful people while the world exists."

—For all the news you should read the "Watchman."

Ford's 8,000,000th Car Turned Out, 7,000 a Day.

Detroit, Mich.—Ford motor number 8,000,000 went off the assembly line at the Ford Motor company factory July 11th, establishing a new million production record. The last million motors were produced in just six days less than six months, motor number 7,000,000 having been turned out January 17th of this year. Production at the start of the last million was approximately 4,800 motors a day and on the increased schedule in effect since has been brought to more than 7,000.

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