

HARDING WANTS TO DRIVE OWN AUTOMOBILE BUT SECRET SERVICE MEN WONT PERMIT IT

Even the Holder of the Highest Office in the Land Is Not Immune From Orders Accidents Too Frequent to Jeopardize Life of Chief Executive

SIMPLE LIFE ON PENNSYLVANIA FARM IS HIS DREAM WHEN HE CAN RETIRE

Would Prefer Being Farmer Harding for Goodly Portion of Year and Editor Harding, of Marion, Ohio, for Remainder;—"Human Side" of President Makes Him Hobnob With Humblest

PRESIDENT HARDING wants to drive his own car—and they won't let him. What do you think of that? A man holding the highest office in the land, and yet not permitted to do a simple little thing like driving an automobile! Nor is that the only thing he wants to do—and can't—just now. He wants to be a farmer, and some day, perhaps, he will. Furthermore, he wants that farm to be in Western Pennsylvania, somewhere near Somerset.

These are two facts you probably didn't know about your President, little sidelights which tend to illuminate the extremely human trend of his character. Motoring has long been a hobby with Mr. Harding. He was a pioneer in the use of automobiles. He was one of the first residents of Marion, Ohio, to drive a car. And he always drove it himself—until he was elected President. Moreover, he likes speed.

Mr. Harding thinks he is not moving unless he is traveling fifty or sixty miles an hour in a big car. He has driven at that rate himself. It is the one expression of physical recklessness that he permits himself. Every time he goes on a long motor trip these days, he wants to take the wheel. But always this is refused. His insistence has given the Secret Service one of its greatest problems.

There are things a President may not do. Warren G. Harding, private citizen, may hit 'er up at sixty an hour if he wishes, but Warren G. Harding, President of the United States, may not. He has not been permitted to take the wheel of a car since he became President. It is a rule that Presidents shall not, and he must obey it.

Motor accidents are many, and the life of a President must be well safeguarded. Now as to the farm—

Wants to Become Just a Plain Penna. Farmer

The President has it all figured out. When the term of his great office has expired and he reaches the point where he can "settle down," he wants to become a plain Pennsylvania farmer.

Harding, the citizen, has already expressed his preference to friends. If he has his own way he will purchase a comfortable and productive farm, where he can engage in peaceful agricultural pursuits for at least a goodly portion of the year as Farmer Harding.

The remainder of the year he will be Editor Harding, pursuing his profession in the town of Marion, of which he is one of the leading boosters. When he tires of the bustle of a newspaper office he will be able to make a retreat to soothing rural pursuits.

Such is the President's dream, his ambition. From White House to farmhouse.

President Harding has a theory that the safest and most wholesome place for any one is a farm. He believes that the security of the nation lies in its farms. The constructive labor there, the simplicity of country life, appeal to him as elements of great strength in a period of complexities and of unrest.

"There is too much work on the farms," he once said. "The Bolsheviks will never take them!" The President believes also that those who live in cities should own their own homes if they can. He would help them to own them, if he could. It is his theory of the farm applied to the city.

He would not have city dwellers buy homes simply for the sake of owning property, but because, he holds, possession of property brings a sense of security, of responsibility, of stability, that makes a man who owns a home a better citizen than the one who doesn't.

In the Marion Star office nine out of every ten employes own their own homes. Harding, the editor, helped them to invest in homes and "pay rent to themselves." Giving his men this start was a bit of the Harding philosophy. Gregarious a person as he is, it is perhaps somewhat surprising that Pres-

one of the highest offices within the gift of men. And it hasn't spoiled him.

Gregariousness Dominant Strain of the Hardings

They say the principal influence in Harding's life was his mother. She died a few years ago. She was very religious, and her influence, those say who know him best, had most to do with the development of his personal philosophy. And next her, of course, was his wife, now mistress of the White House.

All of them loved "folks"—people—plain people—any kind of people. Gregariousness is a dominant strain in the Hardings.

President Harding has a genuine liking for his fellows. His enjoyment in meeting people is not simulated. He likes to greet those who come to greet him. And so does Mrs. Harding. Each weekday of the year there is a

long list of White House callers. The official callers, of course, see the President by engagement. The others, if they come at the right time, are grouped in the anterooms a few minutes before 1 o'clock each day, and at a given signal file past the President and shake his hand. None gets by without a handshake. Some of them try it, out of consideration for a man to whom—as they think—handshaking must be a bore. Not so with Harding. It never is. He likes to shake hands. He won't let them go by without a handshake—and a real one.

And all who pass by receive, in addition, a word of personal greeting. Harding is gracious. No matter how trying the day, no matter what problems are laid aside to receive attention later, there is a smile with each greeting, a soft-spoken word, a kindly glance.

This is not an official acquisition. Harding has always been a "hand-shaker." But more than that, he has always liked people. Out in Marion he enjoyed meeting them in the office of the Marion Star, on the street, in the Harding home. He met them there in smaller numbers, naturally. He had more time to devote to individuals.

But he is simply following, in the White House, say those who knew him of old, a practice he began years ago, and following natural inclination to be human and friendly. He likes human contacts. They are part of his life. They will be part of his life as long as he lives. It's part of the "human" Harding.

In meeting people, when he has time, he likes to get their viewpoints. This is the way he keeps in touch with public opinion, as much as through the thundering editorial artillery which is daily pointed in his direction. What are they talking about? What are they hoping for? Harding finds answers to these questions, when he can, in human contacts.

President's Tastes Are Simple; Lives Plainly

Harding's tastes are simple. He eats simple foods, prefers simple pleasures. He lives normally, plainly. Yes—he smokes. He likes cigars; sometimes a cigarette, though not often. He even enjoys "dry" smokes.



Angling is one of the President's many hobbies. He is shown here getting ready to cast



The Harding smile



The President has never entered any horseshoe tournaments, but he is an expert at the game



"Laddie Boy" Is Big Part of Harding Household

If you walked into the White House one of these brilliant summer days, the chances are that you would see, scampering somewhere about the premises, a leggy, bounding Airedale dog. His name is Laddie Boy.

If you were to stroll out through the gardens, the chances are that you would find there, trimming hedges, pruning rosebushes, working on the flower beds, Uncle Charlie Patten, of Marion, gardener extraordinary to the President of the United States.

If you were invited to dine at the White House, and your taste were known beforehand, you would be served your favorite dish as it is only cooked in two places—the White House and the Harding home in Marion, Ohio.

Should you saunter over the municipal golf links of the national capital before calling at the White House, it is altogether possible you would find in knickerbockers, swinging a wicked club, Warren G. Harding himself.

And if you were to join the hundreds who file past the President of the United States daily between the time he knocks off work for the morning and the time he joins Mrs. Harding at luncheon "over at the house," you would realize, if you had not realized it before, what all these other things indicate—just one thing, but important—that you have an entirely human President.

Don't misunderstand. This is by no means a reflection on any Presidents who have gone before, nor upon any who may come after. The White House has been occupied successfully by men noted for many qualities.

There have been intellectuals—men with giant minds. There have been soldiers—men of stalwart courage. Men with vision, with faith, with sweetness of character, strong men and sometimes weak men—men of many types. Of them enough, here. Their record is history and their personalities are largely legendary.

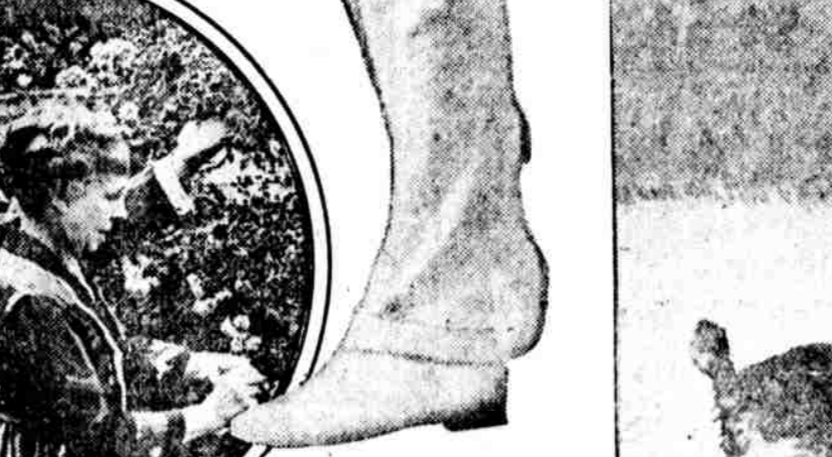
Other Presidents have come and gone. Warren G. Harding is here! And, irrespective of his official record, will go down in history as—among other things—a really human President.

Talk to any one who has spent time in Washington, to those who live there, to those whose business it is to record the passing show in Washington. From all of them will come, sooner or later, a single verdict:

"Harding is a regular, honest-to-goodness person. The fact that the President is not 'up-stage' is the plainest thing about him. He is an average American, with the same background as many another successful American. A small-town American, a country banker, a booster for Marion, a politician, a Senator, he became President. He differs from his fellows only in that, by a turn of the wheel of life, he has been projected into



The President and Mrs. Harding picking roses



After "cutting the plate" with a fast inshoot



On one of his morning horseback rides



"Laddie Boy," the White House dog, is one of the President's best friends. "If you like me you must like my dog" is Harding's philosophy

United States must never "cuss"—when any one is around.

So Harding doesn't. He emits groans, and growls, and sundry other sounds, but he doesn't "cuss"—not often. He tries to live up to a certain famous example. He tells the story himself:

Bishop Satterlee was once playing golf with Justice Harlan of the United States Supreme Court. Harlan missed a stroke. He stood there and looked at the ball. He displayed marvelous self-control. He never moved a muscle. Bishop Satterlee watched him. He stood it as long as he could. Finally the bishop said:

"Mr. Justice, that is the most profane silence I ever listened to!"

He takes his exercise regularly, but less strenuously than the late Theodore Roosevelt. He likes to watch tennis, but doesn't play it. He rode at one time. He has been out on a horse over the bridge paths of Rock Creek Park since he entered the White House. But he rides only occasionally. He much prefers golf.

Fishing is another pastime to which he is devoted. Naturally, however, the opportunities for fishing, to the occupants of the White House, are more or less limited. It is only when he gets away into the hills or down in Florida or some other spot remote from official duties that he becomes an angler.

The President likes to drive horses—as well as automobiles—but there are no longer any horses in the White House stables. The stables are now a garage. Cars are more convenient. Horses have served past Presidents. They will serve few others. Mrs. Harding, by the way, is an excellent horsewoman. She rode a great deal at one time. She has not ridden in Washington.

President Likes Dogs, Even a Yellow Cur Dog

Harding always liked dogs. Any kind of a dog. Even a yellow cur dog. He likes dogs—pedigreed, blooded dogs—but chiefly he just likes dogs. Even now he will stop almost anything he is doing to read a dog story.

A certain magazine has been running a series of dog stories. Harding reads them avidly. He will call off a conference, be late for dinner, or miss a few minutes of golf, to finish the story of a dog. He likes all kinds of dogs. But he likes Laddie Boy best.

Laddie Boy is as much a part of the Harding household as Uncle Charlie Patten, whom the President brought down from Marion to look after the White House gardens.

The other day a group of visitors were introduced to the President. They chatted for a few minutes.

"Well," said Harding, "you've only shaken hands with the President. You want to see the really important adjunct of the White House."

And he called in Laddie Boy. "If you love me," he added, "you'll love my dog."

Harding's social life is simple. Now and then he goes out for dinner at the home of some intimate. This is not ostentatious and is not generally known. It is never announced at the White House. It is only discovered by accident.

A casual pedestrian happened to be passing by the handsome home of a friend of the Harding family one evening. It was about 11 o'clock. This particular house is within a very few blocks of the White House. Before the front entrance, in the full glare of the street lights, stood the executive car. The pedestrian, curious, stopped. In a few minutes the door opened, the President emerged, stepped into the waiting car, and was driven back to the White House.

Presidents now and then do slip away from their official prison. Roosevelt used to take foreign diplomats on long, strenuous hikes through the semi-jungles of Rock Creek Park. The diplomats could only grin and bear it.

It was Roosevelt's particular delight to elude his Secret Service guard on these expeditions. Sometimes he did it. Diplomats and Secret Service men alike had little use for his strenuousness. Harding is not that type. He takes his pleasures moderately. There will be no boxing lessons in the White House, it is likely, while he is President.

His human qualities are manifest in his gregariousness. He likes crowds. He likes to meet people in groups. And they like him. Probably there is no man in the United States who would get more cordial treatment on any golf course than Harding. He has played the over many a course.

But he will throw away a good cigar any time for a Pittsburgh stogie. Poker? Yes—a friendly game. Golf—lots of it! Motoring—always!

Dogs—he likes even mongrels! Children he loves better than all else combined. Childless himself, yet he loves all he sees. These are a few of the things that leave with any one the lasting impres-