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AS UP TO HARDING

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Both sides thus far have turned deaf ears to the stern admonition of the President to agree among themselves or suffer the consequences and by the peace plan of Secretary Davis and Secretary Hoover.

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Throughout the negotiations Congress has remained silent, hoping for an agreement, but the deadlock has produced restiveness among Senators in close touch with the coal situation.

Unless the President takes a firm stand and writes an agreement to the contending factions, Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, let it be known tonight he intends to open the question in the Senate.

The proposals are not expected to come from anti-Administration Senators alone. During a recent debate, Senator Lorenzo of New York, a staunch Administration supporter, advocated seizure of the mines by the Government unless the strike was settled within thirty days.

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But party government has proved an impossible ideal. The system does not work smoothly. Party loyalty, the old rallying cry, has been lost. Discipline is gone. The friends are disappearing from public life as New has and as Frelinghuysen was on election day, or they may be the subject of bitter attack, as Daugherty is.

Senators are coming to Washington who will add to the confusion and who will seek to wrest party control, what there is left of it, away from Mr. Harding and his friends.

The President speaks from the bottom of his heart when he attacks blocs, as he did in his Marion speech. The breakup of the voters and their representatives into organized minorities threatens still further the system which alone would make political life endurable to him.

Mr. Harding is not the kind of man who adjusts himself easily to changing conditions. He has not been the kind of American who moves about the continent seeking his fortune. He remained rooted in Marion among his friends. Politics, as he conceives it, is like dealing with the leading men of his village. He once said so. It is no longer in reality so simple.

LONGS FOR PRIVATE LIFE, SAYS HARDING

Marion, O., July 5.—Before delivering his set speech yesterday President Harding informally told his auditors how it feels to be President.

"It is pretty hard to be President and be perfectly natural and normal," he said. "Some days when you have exercised infinite patience and tolerance and have had the assistance of your friends who have some measurable degree of wisdom, you retire at night and think the world is going to roll along all right."

"But when the returning tide comes in it is the same old story over and over again. You see, when everything goes lovely the President never knows anything about it, but when there is a struggle he becomes the chief sponsor."

"For example, here sits in gray a distinguished son of Ohio, a man who has inaugurated for you and me the budget system of government. General Dawes will go out and save \$5,000,000 and never tell me a word about it, but if some one in the Government spends a thousand more than is needed he comes to me with a kick."

"I will welcome the day when I can come back and stay in my circumstances. It is a very fine thing to be President of the United States, and it is a good thing to keep on thinking it, because when you wake up from your dream you will find it a very different thing."

PRESIDENT ENJOYING DAY OF RELAXATION

Marion, O., July 5.—(By A. P.)—President Harding's second day in Marion as a homecoming visitor gave promise today of being a most strenuous one. He has spent since leaving Washington last Saturday. Arrangements had been made for him to review a historical parade during the afternoon, but aside from that he was not scheduled to make any public appearance.

It was expected that the President would spend most of the day with members of his family and visiting with some of his intimate friends.

This is the final day of Marion's centennial and homecoming celebration. Floats in the parade will be decorated to depict various stages in the city's growth. Representatives of American Legion posts throughout Ohio, who came here to participate in the parade, planned to hold a barbecue later in the day.

PRESIDENT UPHOLDS FREEDOM TO LABOR

Marion, O., July 5.—President Harding, speaking here yesterday on the occasion of the Marion Centennial Celebration, said in part:

Aided Wreck Victims



CORPORAL FRANK CAMPBELL of the New Jersey State Police at Hammonton, who was an early arrival at the scene of the P. & N. wreck at Winslow Junction and who played a prominent part both in the rescue work and in attending the injured

a patriotic thing to stop for retrospection and introspection and circumspection to take stock about our keeping of the legacy bequeathed by the founding fathers.

"In our international relations all is well. They are securer today, with more assuring prospects of peace than ever before in the history of the republic. New guarantees have recently been added, by the very process of exchanging viewpoints, and bringing the spokesmen of great nations to the conference table, and for the exchange of views, and to resolve to do together those fine and nobler things which no one nation could do alone.

"Frankly, we have a broader viewpoint than the founding fathers; we must have, because human progress has altered our world relationship; but we have held firmly to all the fundamentals to which they committed us. We cannot be aloof from the world, but we can impress the world with American ideals. I mean to say it because it is so true to say it. The world believes today in American national selfishness, never before and recognizes our commitment to justice to be no less resolute than our determination to preserve our liberties. Even Russia, toward whom we remain aloof, except in sympathy and a very practical form thereof, looks upon America as friend and example."

"A free American has the right to labor without any other's leave. It would be no less an abridgment to deny men to bargain collectively. Government cannot tolerate any class or group domination through force. It will be a sorry day when group domination is reflected in our laws. Government and the laws which govern must be charged with enforcing must be for all the people, ever aiming at the common good."

"The tendencies of the present day are not surprising. War stirred the passions of men, and left the world in upheaval. There have been readjustments and liquidations, and more readjustments and liquidations. The making there has been the clash of interests, the revelations of creed, the perfectly natural tendency to defend self-interest. It has developed groups and blocs, and magnified class inclinations. But the readjustment is no less inevitable, and it is world-wide. It is the problem of human kind. Your Government has sought to aid, with patience, with tolerance, with sympathy. It has sought to mitigate the wrongs, and to bring the merging of viewpoints to make the way easier. It believes the America of our opportunity and unchallenged security affords the way to solution."

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Louis M. Kolkier, of 624 Columbia avenue, this city, who was on his honeymoon when the crash occurred, is the only one of the thirty victims in the Atlantic City Hospital who is not expected to recover. He went on after the wreck to Atlantic City with his bride and was driven in a taxicab to his hotel where he suddenly collapsed. Then he was taken to the hospital. His wife, who is also in the hospital, shows signs of improvement.

Frank Musculli, forty-eight years old, 1742 North Twenty-fourth street, this city, also is in a serious condition, but expected to recover. The Rev. Vaughan Cusack, fifty-six years old, of Egg Harbor, shows some improvement, and Charles Lukens, fifty-five years old, 6327 Beechwood street, Germantown, also slightly better.

At Winslow Junction yesterday wrecking cranes of the Reading and Pennsylvania Railroads were busy removing the debris. Shortly before noon the twisted remains of what once had been one of the Reading's fastest engines were hoisted up from the death pit and placed on cars for removal.

Inquiries Still Four In
A flood of telephone calls from all parts of the country continue to pour into available telephone stations in the vicinity. The State police and citizens did their best yesterday to answer the questions asked by friends of persons supposed to be passengers on the train.

At the scene of the wreck State police were kept active maintaining their lines about the pile of shattered steel. Curiosity seekers and sightseers thronged the spot.

Thousands of dollars' worth of personal property of victims of the wreck is awaiting claim at the office of Prosecutor Gaskin in Atlantic City, where it was taken by detectives assigned to the task of collecting and tabulating it. Clothing and money form the bulk of the property. Of the scores of watches recovered many were uninjured, even the crystals being intact.

FRATERNAL SERVICES FOR DEAD ENGINEER

Funeral services by four fraternal organizations will be conducted tonight for Walter Westcott, forty-one years old, engineer of the train wrecked at Winslow Junction Monday morning. The services will be at his home, 412 Market street, Gloucester, N. J. The participating lodges will be Cloud Lodge No. 101, F. and M. L. Cyrenus Commandery No. 7, Knights Templars; Siloam Chapter, R. A. M., and Arwaux Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Other services will be held at the same place at 8 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. He will be buried in the Woodlawn cemetery, Camden. A widow survives.

Westcott's body was found fifty feet from the engine. His head was badly mutilated. It is believed that when the engine struck the stone embankment he was hurled out.

Edward Sicker, a brother-in-law of Westcott and who is a former railroad employe, said that Westcott never passed with a signal against him. Westcott, he said, was too careful an engineer.

TOLD DE WALT OF FLIER, GIRL OPERATOR SAYS

Miss Brennan Declares Towerman Knew of Oncoming Train
Marguerite Brennan, of Winslow Village, N. J., night telephone operator at Winslow Junction, said today she notified John P. DeWalt, the Reading towerman, of the approach of the Reading flier. The express, she says, was blowing for signals.

"On Monday morning I saw 33 coming through, blowing the whistle for signal," Miss Brennan said. "There was a heavy fog and drizzling rain, but I could see the lights about a mile down the road. I called DeWalt and told him 'Here comes an express blowing for signals.'"

"DeWalt answered, 'All right. Thank you.'"

ENGINE KILLS THREE AT ASBURY PARK, N. J.

Victims Were Unloading Newspapers on Crossing
Asbury Park, N. J., July 5.—A northbound locomotive on the Pennsylvania Railroad, running light, plowed through three newspaper automobile trucks at the main depot yesterday, killing three men and seriously injuring four others.

The trucks were backed up across a supposedly clear track to the southbound newspaper train on the Central Railroad of New Jersey and the men were unloading newspapers when the locomotive tore down the track and smashed the trucks to pieces. George Siebert, of Ocean Grove, N. J.; Harrison and John Heckle, of this city, were killed.

The locomotive was in charge of Paul Alex, Jr., of 3932 Holleran street, Tacony, Philadelphia, engineer, and George Kruse, of Jersey City, fireman. They were arrested charged with manslaughter.

TO BURY WRECK VICTIM

Alphonzo DeLascio's Funeral Tomorrow at Atlantic City
Atlantic City, July 5.—Funeral services for Alphonzo DeLascio, a victim of the Reading Railroad wreck at Winslow Junction early Monday morning, will be held at St. Peter's Catholic Church tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock.

DeLascio, who was twenty-nine years old, was a veteran of the World War. He served in France with Company D, Twenty-second Engineers. He is survived by his mother, father and one brother. The body will be taken to Philadelphia Thursday afternoon for burial.

K. of C. Correspondence Course Chicago, July 5.—(By A. P.)—Thirty courses through the agency of the Knights of Columbus National Correspondence School, with headquarters at New Haven, Conn., will be furnished to veterans of the war who live in small towns. It was announced yesterday.

The Daily Novelette

The Efficiency Girl
By I. Wright

THE classified advertising offices were I agog with excitement and buzzing. Dust cloths unused for weeks were being flicked across the highly polished desks, well-sharpened pencils were being passed along the counters, where the ad takers stood all day checking up the number of spaces, the number of words and costs of insertions in the classified advertising pages of the Chicago Mirror. Mary Connolly alone was unimpressed by the news of the efficiency expert who from the astounding rumors floating about, was evidently to come into the classified advertising offices, lool about with the sharp eye of a keen detective, suggest very radical changes here and there as to lighting, position of desks and the cashier's cage and—worst of all—fire instantly those clerks who were in any way inefficient.

"The top of the mornin' to you, Susie McGinnis," she said gayly, taking out her fountain pen. "And why all this merrily cleaning and rushing about? The efficiency man, if he's any efficiency man at all—will see through your little foibles."

"I wish you'd call me Susanne," pettishly exclaimed Susie McGinnis. "And I think you don't realize the importance of this man. The boss up stairs has seen him work before and he's told him that he can have any one

in the whole place he wants to assist him. We ought to be cat's pajamas? The efficiency girl!"

"A shabbily gowned old lady had come up to the desk and was writing in front of Mary Connolly. And you have an advertisement to place?" asked Mary pleasantly.

"Yes, I did," answered the old lady tartly. "You didn't think I was standing here merely to hear that boob-headed young miss there use new slang, did you?" Her black eyes snapped angrily.

"Beg your pardon," murmured Mary. "I can write your advertisement for you?" She was looking at the empty hands of the advertiser.

"It's not much to write. Just say: 'I wanted, a room.'"

Mary stared at her. Odd were many of the advertisements placed with her each day. Brief were some of them. But this one! No one would know from the advertisement in what part of the city it was desired, what type of room—good accommodations with their commensurate cost or less convenient ones that would be reasonable—a hundred ideas flashed through Mary Connolly's mind. She herself, seeing the little old lady with her shabby black outfit, guessed that an inexpensive room was desired. Yet she could not be sure.

"Suppose we put in just a little more," she ventured gently. "You see, it doesn't tell much—just 'I wanted, a room.'"

"Don't tell much! Doesn't tell much!" frowned the old lady. "Call me right to my face I'm an idiot, will you? I'll have my son come down here at once—I'll tell him the whole thing. He'll tell me an idiot, indeed! Angerily she shook her head at the bewildered Mary, whose face was red and white by turns.

"But—!" gasped Mary, wondering how she could have taken such a turn that she should be accused of calling a gentle-looking old lady in rusty black an idiot.

A man standing near came forward and Mary was not surprised at all, so excited was she, to hear the old lady call him John and tell him that the young lady had called her a fool. "Ye have orders to assist in the advertisements whenever it is possible. You see," she explained earnestly, "we don't accept less than two lines, and so I was trying to assist her to pay any more money out. It was just that if she said where she wanted the room and what price she wanted to pay or what kind of room she wanted, whether for rooming, boarding or light, or whether, why, you see, she would have more replies. I was thinking of the answers she would have—[I—]—Mary Connolly's blue eyes filled. Noise of any sort was undesirable in the classified advertising offices, and there was no doubt that dismissal would follow such a scene as this. Above that, however, was the idea that she had wounded the gentle little old lady in her faded suit.

She heard across the polished counter the tall man called John explaining the whole thing in low tones. Several tears rolled down Mary's cheeks and she was aware of the interested eyes of the other ad-takers. In a few minutes the little black bonnet of the old lady began to nod.

"I had a bad night in that hotel—didn't sleep a wink," the old lady told her. "You write it up. Make it as long as you want, and make it right, I guess." The old eyes twinkled, "we'll let John pay for it anyhow. And John, if this young lady would help me—well, I'd get some clothes if she'd help me choose them. I guess she wouldn't mind to tell me if anything was too young or too gay or anything."

The surprised ad-takers saw their Mary Connolly, now the efficiency girl, pass out the little swing-gate and go for her coat and hat. Barton, the boss, was surprised, too, when he passed along that way to be buttonholed by the new efficiency man, who said seriously: "Ray, Barton, old man, I want you where I'd had her."

The boss upstairs told me I could have any one I wanted to help me. I think I'll have to take Miss Mary for my efficiency girl if she's satisfied. Barton spoke of her right away and told me where I'd had her."

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