

# THE MONROE JOURNAL

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## BIG CROWD EFIRD FOLK PICNIC HERE

Charlotte, Albemarle, Gastonia and Concord Join Local Force in Big Time

Except for the heavy rainstorm that interfered with the "end of a perfect day," a big crowd of Efrid folk from Charlotte, Concord, Albemarle, Gastonia and Monroe, had a great time yesterday afternoon at Lake Tonawanda. Not all the force from each of these stores could attend, but there were loads of them from each place, the Charlotte store topping the list with seventy-four. A picnic dinner to which every one contributed a "well filled basket" was one of the features, while a splendid program put on by the Charlotte Choral Club, managed by Mr. J. A. Bowles, brother of Mr. Hargrove Bowles of Monroe, was another feature, and the big swim in the lake capped the climax, and here they were when the rains descended. The musical program, given in the lake auditorium, was an exceptional affair. It was a splendid gathering of young men and young women, all loyal and enthusiastic in their work, and all happy and delighted in their recreation. It was no special occasion, but just an impromptu affair conceived and carried out for a pleasant afternoon together. The following ladies and gentlemen were here:

Charlotte: Mr. J. A. Bowles, Mrs. W. G. Herron, Miss Leona Morris, Miss Ada Miller, Mrs. Daniel, Mrs. J. Hargette, Miss Blackwelder, Miss S. Green, Miss Cora Johnson, Miss Gaddy, Mrs. Kerr, Mr. Shore, Miss Harkey, Mr. Vatter, Mrs. Funderburk, Mrs. Harris, Miss Phillip, Miss Grace Deal, Mr. King, Miss Mildred Meil, Miss Suster, Miss Mae Westmoland, Miss Goldie Gibson, Daddy Graham, Mr. Beaver, Mrs. Kendall, Mrs. Caudie, Mrs. Fry, Miss Dunlap, Miss Exie Griffin, Mr. Tabor, Miss Allie Teal, Miss Louise Bergie, Miss Z. M. Foster, Mr. Roy Ekridge, Miss L. Parker, Miss Lele Caudie, Mr. Ed Efrid, Miss Ruth Riddle, Mr. Wilkinson, Miss Grace Hipp, Miss Winnie Graham, Miss Grace Caudie, Mr. Haywood, Mr. Philliger, Mrs. Philliger, Miss Bedford, Miss Eugene Farms, Mr. Brown Lee, Miss Frye, Miss Grace Morris, Mr. Woodard, Miss Gladys Taylor, Mr. Bradshaw, Mrs. Scullian, Mrs. Nance, Mr. Eugene Junker, Miss Margaret Burdell, Miss C. McDanel, Mr. Turbiville, Miss Howell, Mr. Harvie Wilkinson, Mr. Otto Dunkin, Miss Louie Farrington, Miss Annie Nelson, Miss Eunice McCoy, Miss Annie Wilson, Miss Dula Bois Griffin, Mr. King, Mr. Watt Conley, Mrs. Braswell, Miss Cora Mae Kistler, Mr. Robert Love.

Albemarle: Mr. R. C. Killian, Mr. W. A. Carpenter, Mr. H. G. Hick, Mr. Robert Efrid, Miss Mabel Pennington, Miss Thomas, Miss Mabry, Miss Hathcock, Miss Ridenhouse. Concord: Mr. Hartsell, Miss Margaret Cress, Mr. Johnston, Mrs. Johnston, Mr. T. A. Harris, Miss Morgan, Mr. Baird, Miss Barnhart, Mrs. A. E. Harris, Mr. Watts. Gastonia: Mr. C. B. Hawkins, Mr. Murba Handels, Miss Carrie B. Owens, Miss Erwin Rankin, Miss Mabel Beam, Mr. A. D. Payson, Miss Eunice Smith, Mr. Harry Whiteside, Miss Maud Craig, Miss Addie Prevette, Mrs. Lee Suttlemeyer, Miss Myrtle Anderson, Miss Gladys Anderson, Miss Isabelle Davis, Mr. W. M. Briere, Miss Ruby Hard, Miss Sue Merrille, Mrs. R. W. Ayers, Mr. More Hunsenger.

Monroe: Mr. George Browning, Mr. C. L. Efrid, Mr. J. H. McCall, Mr. J. E. Williams, Mr. A. F. Green, Mr. Hays Green, Mr. E. B. Haney, Mr. Redfern Medlin, Miss Ruth Kendall, Miss Mae Kendall, Miss Jennie Hartelle, Miss Nettie Hughes, Miss Helen McCall, Mrs. Ed Stranler, Mrs. W. D. McKinney, Miss Maud Simpson, Mrs. Pattie Porter, Miss Lele Garraway, Mrs. Lewie Hill.

**Marriage of Mr. W. N. Davis.**  
Waxhaw, August 9.—Mr. W. N. Davis was married to Mrs. Ione P. Craig of York, S. C., Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at the home of the bride's father, Mr. R. N. Plaxico, near Clover, S. C.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. P. Grier of Clover, assisted by the groom's pastor, Rev. J. B. Hillhouse of Tirzah.

The bride and groom left immediately after the ceremony for a trip to Atlanta, Chattanooga, Memphis, and other points.

The wedding was a very quiet affair, only a few relatives and friends attending. Those attending from here were Mrs. H. C. Houston, Misses Jennie and Hattie Davis, sisters of the groom.

The bride taught the Tirzah school last year and has many friends both here and in that community, who will be glad to welcome her among them.

The groom is a progressive farmer of the Tirzah neighborhood and his friends here wish for him and his bride much happiness.

**Personals About Stouts.**  
Stouts, August 9.—Mrs. J. T. Hargette and Master Archie Hargette spent Sunday in Charlotte. Miss Deane Ritch had as her guests last Sunday Misses Davis Morris and Martha Crowell of Indian Trail, Mr. Clyde Long of Charlotte, Mr. Thad Biggers of Stallings, Mr. Johnny Ebyke and Mr. Clyde Rich of Charlotte.

Miss Beulah Ritch, who is in the Charlotte sanatorium, is not improving.

## REDWINE AND LOVE MAKE ADDRESSES AT HOME COMING

Waxhaw, Rt. 4, Aug. 8.—Union was the scene of a great home-coming day Sunday when several hundred people from all sections of the county, as well as a great many who had gone out to other communities from this section, assembled in a reunion. Addresses were made by Mr. W. B. Love and Hon. R. B. Redwine, both of Monroe, and Rev. C. L. McCain of Charlotte, former pastor of this church. The revival meeting began on that day with Rev. R. C. McRoy as pulpit help. Services at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 8 o'clock p. m.

Mr. J. L. Cuthbertson and little daughter, Kathryn Burns, of Chester, are spending the week at the home of Mr. W. D. Cuthbertson.

Mrs. W. D. Clark visited her sister, Mrs. B. R. Clark, last Thursday.

Mrs. Margaret Robinson and daughter, Miss Bessie, of Gastonia motored over to visit Mrs. R. B. Cuthbertson during the past week.

Mr. Hubert Clark spent the weekend with relatives in Charlotte.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Howie of Mineral Springs visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Honeycutt, Sunday.

Mr. J. P. McAteer spent the weekend with his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Lemmond.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Johnson and children and Mrs. Gravelly of Monroe visited at the home of the Misses Cuthbertson Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Sam Redwine and children, Mary Frances and Howard, of Wingo, visited relatives of this community Sunday afternoon.

Rev. and Mrs. C. L. McCain of Charlotte spent Wednesday at the home of Mr. W. D. Cuthbertson.

Misses Kate and Ruth Lemmond spent Tuesday afternoon with Misses Mary and Lucile Shannon.

Miss Grace Biggers has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. D. Clark.

## GOES TO TENNESSEE FOR BRIDE AND FARM

Dan Cupid's dart, shot through the mail order medium, struck a Gastonian, and as a result he left Gastonia today for West Tennessee to claim a bride, says the Gazette.

The groom-elect is Mr. J. F. Noles, known to many people over Gaston county. The bride-to-be, a widow of seven years standing, is Mrs. Fannie Jacobs, who lives on a 200-acre farm on the fertile plains of West Tennessee, not far from Memphis, and some where in the famous Reelfoot Lake region. Her post office is Pochabontia. The exact date of the wedding is not known to the groom. He told a Gazette reporter this morning that "it will be pretty soon after I get there. I'll write you a piece about it after it's over."

Mr. Noles is a widower. Some time ago a matrimonial journal fell into his hands. His friends say he wrote for it; but, however, that may be, he got the journal, and after perusing a large number of advertisements setting forth the charms and a catalogue of the worldly possessions of varied assortment of fair ones who were willing to be courted, he picked out one who appealed to him. He wrote the lady. She wrote back that she was not just then looking for any new friends—having probably landed a lover through her advertisements. But, she wrote, she had a friend whom she believed might be interested, and she sent Mr. Noles the name and address of said friend. Mr. Noles wrote once, twice, several times, and finally the lady suggested that he come out for a little conference. He did so. It seemed to be a case of love at first sight. The thing was soon fixed up. Mr. Noles came back to adjust some business matters in Gaston before taking another leap into the matrimonial sea.

Asked as to when he was coming back with his bride, he replied, "I'm not coming back. We are going to live on her 200-acre farm. She has horses, mules, sheep, ducks, geese, chickens and a big crop of cotton and corn. Yes, I'm not going to farm. I told her so. She said she didn't want me to farm. She said if that farm wouldn't make us both a good living without our working we ought to starve."

Mr. Noles lived in Gastonia for a number of years, having moved here from Mt. Holly. He was engaged in farming there, but since coming here he has been engaged in a number of occupations. The best wishes of a lot of friends will go with him to his West Tennessee home.

**St. Luke's Lutheran Church.**  
V. E. Stockman, pastor; Sunday vespers school, 10 a. m.; morning service 11 a. m., with sermon by the pastor, subject: "The Pharisee and the Publican." There will be no evening services. At 8 p. m. the young people of the congregation will meet to reorganize the Luther League. Every young person of the congregation is expected to be present.

**How Much Horse Power Has a Horse?**  
(New York World)

James Watt more than a hundred years ago took the strength of "a strong London draft horse" as the unit of measurement to indicate the power of his steam engine. Watt found a beast able to lift 33,000 pounds one foot in one minute. He arbitrarily fixed this strength as one horse-power. Since then none has questioned his unit of measurement, save possibly individual horse which unfortunately were unable to appear before scientific committees to contradict the Watt decree.

## BEFORE THE OPEN GRAVE THE NATION PAUSES TO HONOR FALLEN LEADER

At five o'clock this afternoon according to our time, when the funeral of President Harding takes place at Marion, Ohio, the nation pauses in all its various activities and affairs of life. In every city and town some form of observance will take place to note the hour when the dead chieftain is laid to rest. The great machinery of the government, from the post office at Monroe, to the laboratory departments at Washington, business will be suspended, flags are at half mast, and religious services are being held in thousands of places.

At five o'clock in the courthouse in Monroe a service will be held as heretofore planned, under the direction of Rev. Mr. Cody. Rev. Mr. Stockman, Mr. R. W. Lemmond, and others will make short talks. The service in St. Paul's church at noon today was well attended. Rev. Mr. Stockman preached a sermon on the principles embodied in the life of Mr. Harding from the story in the first chapter of John—"There was a man sent from God." The following press dispatches tell of the happenings last night in Marion, where the body of President Harding rested in his father's home.

Marion, Ohio, Aug. 9.—(By the Associated Press.)—Countless numbers of floral offerings reached the Harding home during the day. They were sent by people in every walk of life, and from nearly every country in the world. Their value was estimated in the thousands of dollars.

The funeral train brought two full carloads of flowers, and four other carloads arrived by express on another train. Other offerings continued to arrive during the day and throughout the night in great profusion. Flowers soon filled every downstairs room and corner of the Harding home. It was not long before they were banked all over the front lawn. As evening approached they filled the side and back-yards, and indications were that by tomorrow the yards of several neighbors would be needed to hold the floral tribute.

One of the largest and most beautiful of the floral pieces was sent by Henry Ford, Thomas A. Edison, Harvey S. Firestone and Bishop William F. Anderson of the Methodist church—members of the camping party of which Mr. Harding was a member last summer. This piece was placed in the room with the coffin.

George V. Van Fleet, general manager of the Marion Star, which was owned and published for years by Mr. Harding, arrived from Washington on the funeral train early in the afternoon, went to the Harding home and with the body, and then returned to the Star office, where he made up

## HEMBY SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNICS IN MONROE

By Ovella Plyler

Hemby, Aug. 9.—Miss Bertha Dees spent part of last week with relatives in Charlotte.

Misses Eva and Ruby Reid of Charlotte are spending several days with their aunt, Mrs. J. A. Pressley. On last Wednesday, August 1, the entire Sunday school of Hemby went on a delightful picnic trip to Lake Tonawanda in Monroe. Every one enjoyed themselves very much in boat riding, merry-go-round and swimming. The water was fine but the sun was most too hot so several of the crowd came back with blistered arms and neck, but they didn't seem to mind this. Another interesting event of the day was the wonderful dinner. It was nearing twilight when the picnickers returned home so they called this "The End of a Perfect Day."

The protracted meeting at Hemby is being held this week by Rev. J. A. Smith of Charlotte. Mr. Smith has delivered wonderful sermons throughout the week. One I liked in particular which he preached Tuesday evening on "Christian Influence." Not only this sermon but every one that he has delivered has touched the hearts of the people who listened. Large crowds have attended every service.

Miss Ruby Plyler of Fort Mill, S. C., spent the day with the writer last Sunday.

Misses Ruby and Bettie Funderburk of Bentons' Cross Road spent Thursday with their sister, Mrs. Bert Pressley.

Don't lace your shoes in a melon patch, or adjust your hat under a plum tree if you would avoid suspicion.

A song service by the Bentons' Cross Road choir was rendered at Hemby's last Sunday afternoon. This choir should be congratulated upon their wonderful singing. We hope to have them with us many more times during the summer.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure all around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to flourish into smiles.—Washington Irving.

the regular afternoon edition of the paper. He was associated with Mr. Harding as editor of the Star for many years.

Yards of the four railroads entering Marion were filled to overflowing tonight with special cars and special train bringing distinguished mourners to the city. More specials are due tomorrow morning, including the one from Washington bringing President Coolidge, Chief Justice Taft and other high government officials.

The Erie Railroad alone announced tonight that it would run thirty special trains to Marion tomorrow. Other railroads entering the city are the Big Four, the Pennsylvania and the Hocking Valley, and all will handle numerous specials.

Employees of the Marion Star, for years published by Mr. Harding, will be the only group that will march in the funeral procession as a body.

At Mrs. Harding's wish they will meet at 1:45 p. m. tomorrow at the Harding home. No editions of the Star will be published tomorrow.

Warren G. Harding's friends and neighbors tonight were passing by his bier in the home of his father, Dr. George T. Harding, Sr., paying last tribute to his memory as President and citizen.

They passed the slow and solemn march pass his coffin at 2 o'clock this afternoon and on Mrs. Harding's orders, they were to be permitted to pass by until the last in line had an opportunity to say a silent farewell. If it took until the sun begins to brighten the eastern skies tomorrow.

The stream of humanity, cosmopolitan as that of the mighty nation, seemed without end as the hours of the night dragged along. By 9 o'clock it was estimated that more than 15,000 already had filed past the flag-draped coffin and probably that many more still were in line moving slowly toward the Harding house. At that hour they were passing through at the rate of about forty per minute or 2.40 per hour.

The line in the evening had extended down east Center street to two blocks beyond the office of the Marion Star, which until recently was controlled by the late President.

Once in the line, few left it, apparently determined to stay there until they had seen the face of their departed friend. Whole families stood in line and oftentimes there could be seen a babe in arms along with an aged grandparent.

Lima, O., Aug. 9.—City officials estimate that automobiles en route to the Harding funeral stretch out to a distance of 80 miles from Marion. Cars are running two and three abreast and there is not a break of more than ten feet for many miles.

The caravan is being constantly augmented by cars from several directions, all converging in the "Harding highway" to the west. Fifteen miles is the speed limit.

## TRADES HOUND DOG FOR AN OLD MULE (Statesville Landmark)

There may be some mules that would make a fair swap for Joe Gray's hound dog, but the mule that fell to Joe's lot in exchange for his hound is not one of them, he feels. Joe is a colored youth and this feeling was so strong with him that he came to the police in tears Tuesday afternoon and asked their help in obtaining his dog's return. Joe says it was not a trade though others informed the police to the contrary; that they were present, behind the City Flour Mills, and witnessed the transaction.

If size is considered an element of worth, Joe got his money's worth—it is a great big mule. Around his legs are black rings suggestive of zebra blood. He is not likely to be troublesome, to judge by the philosophical countenance with which the passing of many years has invested him. These compensating qualities bear no weight with Joe; he doesn't want the animal; he wants his dog. The police tried to locate the man with the dog, but unsuccessful. Crouch is said to be his name and the vicinity of Taylorsville his home.

Joe told the police that the man picked up his dog and put him in his buggy against his will, and since Joe is a minor they responded to his cause and to his tears, sharing the common opinion that mighty few mules would make a fair swap for a high-class, colored bred hound dog.

The checkerboard championship of thestate of Treutlen will soon be played off here. Abe Estroff and Crosby Williams will be the participants and everybody interested should make reservations at once to see this event. For full particulars see either of the above named gentlemen.—Soperton News.

The other day a lady was explaining the significance of white, and why a bride always desires to be clothed in white at her marriage. She said: "White stands for joy, and the wedding day is the most joyous occasion in a woman's life." And now there are those who are just itching to ask her why the men all wear black at such occasions, but we smothered our desire and let joy reign supreme.—Quilman Advertiser.

## FAREWELL SERVICE FOR MISS CHERRY SPLENDID EVENT

Prospect, Aug. 9.—A farewell service was given today in the church at Prospect in honor of Miss Mabel Cherry who is going as a missionary to Korea. A large crowd was present. The Prospect circuit was well represented and friends from various places came to wish Miss Cherry "God-speed."

Mr. Foster Starnes of Monroe directed the exercises. At 11 o'clock the key note of the occasion was struck by the Prospect school children singing "A Volunteer for Jesus." The children together with the congregation put spirit in the singing of "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," and "Help Somebody Today." Dr. C. C. Weaver, Monroe, read the second psalm, the 23 chapter of Matthew and made a talk on "Missions—the Life of the Church." He said that he would not belong to a church that did not believe in missions and cited notable examples of churches dying that had refused to do missionary work.

Miss Edna Helms from Mt. Carmel church sang "T here's a Call in the Air."

"There's a field that is wide and a harvest that's white; There's a noonday that's swiftly passing to night. And the harvest is waiting, for reapers are few; And the Lord of the harvest is calling for you."

Rev. Shirley Starnes of Durham, originally from the Bethlehem neighborhood, made a short, interesting talk. Mrs. R. N. Presson of Monroe, secretary of the Woman's Missionary society, Charlotte district, spoke of the day as being one of "gladness." In stead of grieving she had the attitude of rejoicing to see anyone willing to devote himself to such a worthy cause. Mrs. C. C. Weaver, who has known Miss Cherry for sometime, commended her highly and also directed the eyes of the congregation to Korea. She made the request that everyone make a special study of Korea so that missionary work would be something definite to him.—The high school quartet sang "God Will Take Care of You."

Just before the close of the service Miss Cherry made a talk. One was reminded of the words of John the Baptist "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Like John she put herself in the background. John hid himself behind the voice. Miss Cherry said that the farewell service was not to honor her so much as it was for the purpose of helping others to catch the spirit of what she was doing—of the field of work that is open to all. She put Christ in the forefront. She said "I feel that in Korea I shall represent the church at Prospect, the Prospect charge, the Charlotte District, the Southern Methodist church, but most of all I feel that I represent Christ."

After the services in the church all the people enjoyed a social hour and a bountiful dinner was served by the ladies of the circuit. During the noon hour Miss Cherry was graciously presented with a purse from the congregation.

The whole day was one of joy and inspiration. Miss Cherry will sail from Van Conover on the Empress of Canada August 23.

## Death of Mrs. T. N. Massey

Waxhaw, Aug. 9.—Mrs. Edna Niven Massey, wife of Mr. T. N. Massey, of this place, died at the home of her mother, Mrs. W. H. Howie, Saturday evening at seven o'clock. Mrs. Massey had been in poor health for several months. In January she had an attack of influenza, which left her in a very weak condition. She spent two months in State Sanatorium, and on her return, on account of her weak condition, she was taken to the home of her mother.

Funeral services were held at the home Sunday afternoon at five o'clock by Rev. E. N. Crowder pastor of the Methodist church. The remains were interred in West Side cemetery by the side of a baby girl, Jean Neely, who died in April. She was thirty years of age. On September 1st, 1914, she was happily married to Mr. T. N. Massey, who with one little daughter, Marion Massey, survive her. She is also survived by her mother, Mrs. W. H. Howie, two sisters, Mrs. W. R. McCain of High Point, and Mrs. J. P. Hoffman of Dallas; two brothers W. M. and F. D. Niven of Greenwood, Miss., who were unable to attend the funeral.

Her death has caused genuine sorrow throughout the community. She was a faithful member of the Presbyterian church, and in her quiet, gentle way she did much to help in carrying on the work in the different departments of the church.

The floral offering was most beautiful.

Out of town relatives attending the funeral were: Mrs. M. B. Massey, Miss Margaret Massey, W. E. Massey, Reese Massey, Misses Alline and Jaunita Neely, Mrs. Star and Mrs. Ketchin of Rock Hill; Messrs. E. E. Niven, John Niven, Dr. and Mrs. T. P. Nesbit, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Taylor of Pineville; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Massey of Van Wyck; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Efrid, Mr. and Mrs. Fay Efrid, Miss Amelia Krauss, Mr. and Mrs. F. Taylor of Monroe; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hoffman of Dallas; Dr. W. R. McCain and family of High Point.

Remember, the greatest buildings rise only one brick or one beam at a time.

Why is an unmarried woman only 30 on her 40th birthday?

## SON RESTS AGAIN IN FATHER'S HOME

Harding the Man Comes Home and the Day of His Greatness Was Forgotten

Marion, Ohio, Aug. 9.—A one-time country editor came back today to sleep for a night again under his father's roof in Marion. And with him came the grief of the nation, of the world, that he was dead.

Warren Harding was back again among the neighborly folk of his home town. The brief day of his greatness was but a memory treasured by the nation. His life work was done; the aloofness of his high place ended. The home folk who had held back when last he came among them, awed by the majesty "that doth hedge a king" now come eagerly to look their last time on his peaceful face.

It was easy to believe that the genial soul that has fled might even burst the bonds of death and move the still lips to happy greetings of the thronging old friends in the modest parlor of his father's house. To him they were always "Jack" and "Tom" and "Billy"; while he had been "W. G." and "the boss" in the glad, wholesome, simple days before a people claimed him for highest service to the flag. It was thus he would have hailed them today had the big kindly heart still stirred with life. Time was when he told them face to face of the "heavy heart" with which he realized that they held back from Harding the President as they never kept aloof from Harding the man.

**It's Harding the Man.**  
But it was Harding the man, not the President, who came home today, and it is Harding the man who will be laid to sleep tomorrow within a stone's throw from the plot where his mother lies. Where his final resting place will be is still undecided, for he is, too, Marion's greatest son. But no plan has been proposed that will take him from the close vicinity of his own dead in that pleasant, quiet burial ground with neighbors all about taking their long ease from life.

A thronged home town waited in silence today for this second coming of a neighbor called by destiny since he went out, two years ago, amid shouting and joyous acclaim to take his place in Washington and guide a mighty nation through troubled waters. Only one brief visit to help the home folks celebrate Marion's centennial had been possible for him before. But this coming was greater than that, for he came in the added dignity of death and weighted with sorrowful honors from all the world.

**Mrs. Harding's Courage.**  
As the funeral car which had carried him home over all the long journey from San Francisco rolled in, a few notional guardsmen lined the way ahead to keep the crowding neighbor folk of Marion and of Ohio back a little way. The guard of honor sent by the nation to share in Marion's day of grief lifted the heavy burden down again and placed the casket in a gray hearse for the short trip to the boyhood home of the dead man. The cabinet members stepped down to the platform and then Mrs. Harding, coming thus again to Marion, in deep sorrow, for the second time since she left so blithely at her husband's side to share with him the highest honor the nation can bestow.

The resolute courage that has kept the stricken widow firm and calm through the long ordeal of the homeward journey and the trying days in Washington while the nation, with fullest circumstance said its mournful yet proud farewell to the dead, sustained her in the closing moments of her trials. She walked with head erect and on Secretary Christian's arm to the waiting motor car.

Dr. Harding's home is only a few short blocks away from the station. There the father waited to receive his great son at the modest threshold, bowed but still unbroken by the weight of years and sorrow. There, is a strong, quiet strain of courage and endurance in adversity in the Harding blood.

**Human Aisle Formed.**  
Ahead of the hearse, as it drew away from the station, at last up the silent aisle the men and women and children of Marion had made for this sad home coming, walked the dead Presidents' aides, Major Baldwin and Captain Andrews. Then came the cars with the cabinet and the others who had been with the funeral train all the way from San Francisco and who came to Marion at Mrs. Harding's personal request.

Flanking the hearse on either side, the soldiers and sailors and marines of the guard of honor named for this office in San Francisco, walked in column. Their uniforms and those of the two officers leading the way gave the only touch of military pageantry to the scene. Otherwise, it might have been the home coming of any dead and respected citizen, and save for the crowds along the sidewalks and the guardsmen standing at salute.

The route led around through East Center street and beneath the windows of the Marion Star building. Up there a big, vacant desk stood in a book-lined room with a simple band of black and white stretched across its workmanlike surface. Beside stood the draped office chair of the dead editor who was passing slowly below through the silent street. Here Warren Harding toiled long, hard but happy hours in fitting himself for his great task.