

GROWING UP WITH WARREN HARDING

Looking Like Real Success

By Jack Warwick
Boyhood Playmate, School Chum and First Newspaper Associate of the
Republican Presidential Nominee

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Warren Harding is a human being! There, I have let the cat out of the bag. I couldn't hold in any longer. Half a dozen chapters back I came near blurring out that sentence—Warren Harding is a human being!

In his whole life as I knew him, W. G.'s humanness was as conspicuous as a church steeple. He was human back there in the perpendicular stripes of his first long pants; he was human in the schoolroom, in the days when the town oracle put the "little devil" label on him. He played ball like a human boy, and he was human when we were members of the old Caledonia Aeolian band. Had he not been human there we would have voted him out, as we did the bass drummer who hit the drum on the "upbeat," threw the whole organization of its stride and dissipated the "Poet and Peasant" waltz.

If it is necessary to give a specific instance, one that will stand alone and answer for Warren Harding's humanness, I hereby shamefully de-

clare that he borrowed chewing tobacco from me.

Billy Bull's Tobacco Story.

But Billy Bull has the best tobacco story to tell. Billy learned his trade with us, beginning in the Fite block office of the Star, and is with the paper today as foreman of the composing room, and is as faithful as the sunrise. His story runs something like this:

One day W. G. entered the composing room and asked:

"Any of you fellows got a chew?"

"Here you are," answered one of the printers, and he produced the small remnant of a plug.

"That all you got? It's not enough," remarked the editor; "guess I'll have to go out and get some."

He returned a few minutes later with a long plug, which he nailed to the wall after cutting off a slice for his own use.

"There," he told them, "help yourselves; guess that'll hold you for a few days."

Perhaps it is my duty as a faithful chronicler to add that W. G. was not a habitual consumer of plug tobacco. But a chew now and then, during the hurry of getting out the paper seemed to help. Some will declare it indispensable, and I am not the one to contradict them.

W. G. always wore the human side

of him out. The boys who worked near him knew it; they felt it.

By the time we were established in the new office, with its added equipment, the force of workers had increased considerably and we had become quite a large and happy family.

"Cutting a Swath"

I think the prodigious and rather dignified counter in the front office had an influence in bringing business, though W. G. was still out after it in his indefatigable way. Somebody has said the "nothing succeeds like success." Without thought of disputing that old maxim, I am inclined to believe that at times nothing succeeds like the appearance of success. In any event, appearance is a great help in the matter of getting on in the world.

The Star was beginning to look like real property. We were "cutting a swath." The "we" I use so freely applies to all concerned with the paper in a working capacity. All were ready at any time to fight for the Star and its proprietor. Some of the boys did fight for W. G. later, but that is another story.

Notwithstanding the editor and owner and publisher had to be out of the office much of the time, he missed no opportunity to get inside. Outside he couldn't smell the ink. Asked to give the most positive thing in his character at this time of which I am writing, I would answer with one word and put in it capital letters. The word would be WORK. In all my associations with him I never heard him rail against a task that called for mental or physical effort.

At the end of five years, with W. G. as a pilot, the Star was getting in shipshape to weather stiff breezes. It had become a necessity in the life of Marion. The town might have lived and probably would have survived, had the Star perished, but it would not have grown to the importance of the busy little city it is today.

Aylmer Rhoades

Our competitors gave us little trouble. W. G. had a way of going about his own business and getting some of theirs. He got so much business that he had to look after it and practically give up reporting and hire his news gatherers. The best of these I ever knew was Aylmer Rhoades. Nearly every waking moment of this young man's life on the Star his mind was on the work of bringing in news. He never took the time nor the pains to write his own stories as he knew they should have been written, but he gathered them in and left the rewriting to me. Wherever he is now, I hope he may read this, that he will know the respect I have for his remarkable nose.

Some time after I was away from the Star, W. G. said to me:

"Jack, if you know where Aylmer Rhoades is send him back to me."

The time came when I also went out on the street, at W. G.'s request. If I do say it myself, I was not much of a reporter. As a news gatherer I was never in the Rhoades class. Perhaps I could write more about nothing than he, but that did not make me a good reporter. W. G. did once pay me the tribute of saying:

"When you quit writing the coun-

cil proceedings Jack, I'll quit reading them."

He may have said that because I always tried to find in the council chamber some crowlax thing, like a cockroach, or a little dog with an amiable tail, which I could weave into the story of the everlasting—Resolved, That in anticipation of the December tax collection, etc., etc. That council, like most councils, was eternally borrowing from one fund or another, or in anticipation of a forthcoming tax collection. It was a poor example to set before a reporter who couldn't anticipate beyond the next payday.

"Here's Your Insult."

Mention of payday recalls to mind W. G.'s love of new money or his love of paying out new, snappy bills to the boys in the office. There were no germs on the bills we got over the high counter on Saturday night.

"Here's your insult," he would say, and he would pass over the new stuff with a smile that made Monday morning look like a day to anticipate with pleasure.

We had other reporters on the Star in my time whom I want to mention later. It seems to me they belong in this story of Warren G. Harding. They all had a hand in making his success possible, and no employer could have been more liberal than he in giving to the boys around him their need of credit for helping to make the Star shine.

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Tomorrow Jack Warwick will tell of Harding's courtship days.

Simple Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that has never failed to remove dandruff at once, and that is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, common liquid arvon from any drug store (this is all you will need); apply it at night when reclining; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

AGED SALEMITE TRUSTS IN GOD

Pathetic Story Told of Old Man Who Is Looking for Place to Live

WALLA WALLA, Aug. 16.—"I'll put my faith in God; He's in His heaven above and knows that I am here and will take care of me. Good mornin', gentlemen."

With this statement John Flanagan, 70 years old and claiming to be a veteran of the Civil war, passed out of the county commissioner's office in the courthouse Friday, his application for a haven at the county farm having been refused and in lieu thereof a ticket to The Dalles, Or., offered him.

Tears rolled down the old man's cheeks as he pleaded with them to provide him with some sort of a shelter in which to end his days, which are plainly numbered, for he is bent with age, slow and infirm of step and even speaks with difficulty.

According to his story he had worked in this vicinity at different times in his life, but has had no regular employment for the last nine years of his life. At one time he had been an inmate of the county farm here and it was a desire to return to that institution that caused him to leave Salem, Or., more than a week ago and start to walk to Walla Walla. He covered all but the last 165 miles of the trip when he was picked up by an auto tourist and put down in front of the court house here Friday. He sought probation Officer W. J. Earnest, who is also secretary of the Welfare Relief association, and the matter was placed before the county commissioners.

Their contention is that the man is a resident of Oregon and for that reason they could do nothing. Chairman A. C. Moore offered the ticket to The Dalles as the only thing that could legally be done here, and Flanagan replied:

"I'm just a poor old man, and have no means of support. I have worked on the railroad when I could. You needn't give me a ticket to The Dalles; I do not want to go back."

"You know we often have to do things that we do not want to do," said Chairman Moore.

"Yes, I know we have to put up with a great many things in this world that we do not want to. We have nothing to say in this world unless we are able to support ourselves; but I can't go back to Oregon."

And then, with the prayer on his lips, the old man politely backed out of the commissioners' room and tottered into the heat of the street.

CLOVERDALE NEWS.

W. J. Hadley has added a new tractor to his farming equipment. This makes three of the iron horses purchased in this vicinity this year.

Mrs. Herman Peetz of Turner spent Wednesday with Mrs. W. F. Wright. Several of the neighbors were in also and a big social time was made of the event.

Olin Hadley and wife returned home Thursday from their honeymoon trip.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wood, whose marriage took place last Sunday, about 40 of Mr. Wood's friends and neighbors were invited to spend Monday evening and

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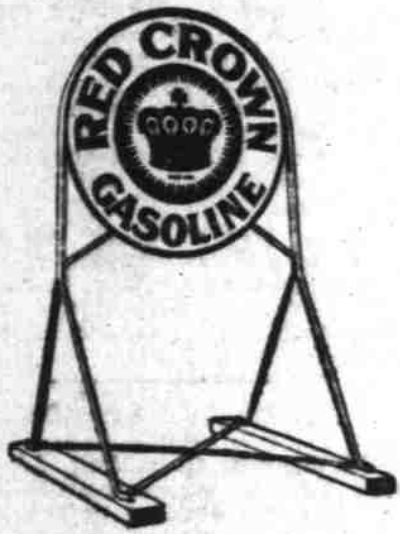
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