

# HARDING IDEALS NATION'S GUIDE

## S. J. Duncan-Clark Asks Wil- mette Audience to Renew Pledge of Loyalty

## PAYS LOFTY TRIBUTE

## Sees Departed President as Best Type of Citizen

Speaking before a representative gathering of sorrow-hushed citizens at Memorial services in Wilmette Parish Methodist church, S. J. Duncan-Clark last Friday afternoon paid a simple but eloquent tribute to the memory of Warren Gamaliel Harding.

He reviewed the late President's life from its humble beginning on a farm in an obscure Ohio community to its illustrious though untimely end at an hour when the great leader of the nation was making his plea for national and world harmony and everlasting peace.

Mr. Duncan-Clark in his beautiful tribute to the departed Chief Magistrate said:

"We have come to pay the tribute of honor and affection to an American who was given the high trust of his country, and who was worthy of it.

"This is not the hour for the ornate phrase of oratory, but for the few words, the simple and sincere language which the heart speaks when it is deeply moved. There is more eloquence in the silent grief of America, standing with bared head along the right of way from the Golden Gate to the Capitol—a living avenue of sorrow—than can be in any speech that may be made today.

"Warren Gamaliel Harding, the twenty-ninth President of the United States, was born in the little village of Corsica, Ohio, on the second day of November, fifty-eight years ago. In later years the village was renamed Blooming Grove, but for him it remained Corsica to the end. He was the sixth of Ohio's native sons to become President; he was the third of the six to reach the end of life's trail before his term of service had expired. Presidents Garfield and McKinley fell at the hands of assassins. President Harding no less surely gave his life in the service of the people.

"He came to birth in a little frame house with three rooms. His father, then struggling to establish himself as a country-side physician, and teaching school to help make both ends meet, had built the house with his own hands.

**Typical Country Youth**  
"Here the boy Warren grew in the atmosphere of a home marked by a simple faith in God, a practise of industry and frugality, of kindness and neighborly friendship. The chores of the farm, the elementary studies of the district school, the play-life of field and wood and swimming pool filled in the years of a happy youth.

"It may be said of him, as it was written of a Greater long ago, that 'the boy grew in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man.'

"He learned by close intimacy to love work. He could plow and cradle; he could paint a house and do a good job of graining the interior varnish. He joined a section gang on the railroad, and could spike a rail with the best of them. One day there came to him a whiff of printer's ink from the office of the Argus in the near-by town of Caledonia. There is strange magic in that odor. It has wrought a spell on many a boy since the days of Ben Franklin from which full escape seems never possible. So he left the farm and went to work in the print-shop. In those days there were no linotypes. He stood at the case, stick in hand, learning with nimble fingers to pick each separate letter and drop it in its place.

"Given such material as was in the mind and soul of Warren Harding I can think of no better school for the shaping of useful manhood than the farm, no better college than the print-shop. I doubt if the education gained in the classroom, necessary and valuable as it was, played as great a part in making a president of the United States as the training of field and case, with their background of home influence.

"The boy graduated from type-setting to editing a newspaper—tho the former remained as an accomplishment often practised in the early days of the Marion Star. In time this small town daily became his property. It was in the work of its office that he met the gracious and brave-hearted woman who became his wife, and to whom our tenderest sympathy and our wondering admiration go out in this darkest hour of Death's valley of shadows.

**Wins Public Confidence**  
"The young publisher won the confidence of his fellow citizens. They sent him to the state senate, and from there to the Senate of the United States.

"We have heard in recent years much in patronizing depreciation of America's Main streets; but this man to whom the people gave their faith in larger numbers than to any other President, came from Main street.

"When the super-clever and the cynical, the so-called disillusioned writers of modern fiction have become—as they are becoming—a weariness and a nausea to us, Main street will be still providing the character, the ideals, the capacity for American leadership. No man who has lost faith in humanity, and outgrown, in his own estimation, the need for faith in God, can ever lead the American people.

"As a nation we had only known Warren Harding for about three years. He had served in the White House less than two years and a half. Before that time he was little more than a name to most of us.

**DR. MELVIN B. HASBROUCK**  
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"He was never a seeker of fame for himself, never a poser in the limelight. He was not ambitious. No slightest tincture of envy was in his nature. His greatest joy was to witness the success and happiness of others; his greatest concern least any should suffer thru word or deed of his. He accepted gratefully the faith his fellows reposed in him and took with full and serious responsibility the duties to which he was called. While in the senate he labored conscientiously, with no effort at brilliancy, no attempt to catch the eye or to evoke the plaudits of the gallery.

"By whatever means, Destiny—which is the providence of God—brought him to the White House, and day by day he grew into the trust and affection of the people.

"He was patient, tolerant, kindly. It was his thought that the world needed more than anything else the spirit of good-will. He would have had all men neighborly, seeking to understand one another, to co-operate, to meet differences in the mood of mutual faith. And we who are so often impatient and urgent, who, were it in our power, would hurry God—we need to learn this lesson. For after all it is tolerance and

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