

Others Dead, Unknown. Rainbow or Mirage. What Will Earth See? White Rule or Yellow? By ARTHUR BRISBANE (Copyright, 1921.)

Under the dome of the Capitol last night an unknown soldier was sleeping. Far away in the spirit that carried him into battle...

Where are the others, unknown, that have served humanity? Somewhere in ocean's depths lies dust from bones of the first to sail on a sea that for him had no other shore...

Where is the grave of the first woman that planted seed and tamed a female buffalo for its milk that she might have regular food for her children...

At hand are the world's best known, gathered in Washington from all continents. What will they do to save other millions from mutilation beyond recognition?

Lloyd George says Washington is the "hope of the world, a rainbow in the sky." May it prove a rainbow, not a mirage...

If the Washington conference ends in talk and more battleship building, then this will be a world to make the dead glad they are out of it, and safe.

The human race cannot go back all the way. It cannot lose the printing press, electricity, steam, unfortunately it cannot lose poison gas or dynamite.

This is Japan's "eight-eight" shipbuilding program: Super-dreadnaughts, 8; battlecruisers, 8; cruisers, 23; destroyers, 77; submarines, 80; river gunboats, 5. Total, 223.

The frontiersman could not give up his rifle while a menacing wolf, catamount, or painted Indian remained in the forest. But he could, and did, refrain from killing other white frontiersmen.

WEATHER

Rain tonight. Saturday clearing and colder. Fresh southwest winds shifting to northwest by Saturday morning.

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WASHINGTON, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 11, 1921.

THREE CENTS EVERYWHERE.

The Washington Times THE NATIONAL DAILY

President Hopes For New Era Of Peace

UNKNOWN HERO LAID TO REST

PRESIDENT PRAYS FOR PEACE ERA

Address at Arlington Directed Not Only to America But to Entire World.

By DAVID M. CHURCH. International News Service. AMPHITHEATER, ARLINGTON, Va., Nov. 11.—On this hallowed ground, where rest America's heroic dead, President Harding today gave solemn promise to the nation and to the world that the "sacrifice of the millions dead shall not be in vain."

Speaks To Whole World. "There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare," the President said. He spoke across the flag-draped bier of the unknown soldier, buried here with regal honors, not alone to the representatives of America's people, but to the highest emissaries of the world's great powers, gathered here on the eve of the conference called to stem the tides of future wars.

"Loves Justice, Hates War." "I speak not as a pacifist fearing war," the President said, "but as one who loves justice and hates war. I speak as one who believes the highest function of government is to give its citizens the security of peace, the

President's Address At "Unknown's" Rites

The full text of President Harding's address at the Arlington ceremonies today follows:

Mr. Secretary of War and Ladies and Gentlemen: We are met today to pay the impersonal tribute. The name of him whose body lies before us took flight with his imperishable soul. We know not whence he came, but only that his death marks him with the everlasting glory of an American dying for his country.

HOSTS SEE MARCH TO CEMETERY

Thousands Bow Heads in Grief as Procession Passes Along Historic Avenue.

And now he belongs to the ages. Down the long, broad thoroughfare consecrated to the great of a nation, and out to the silent Virginia hilltops, somber in the grayness of November, a lone casket passed this morning, to join a sleeping army of immortals.

Sun Shrouded in Grief. Long famous as a street of climax, within its memory playing welcome to great ascendancies, the Avenue today was honored by a passing whose glory and solemnity has been no part of incidents of other years.

The light was not yet full and strong when the dignitaries of the Government gathered about the bier of this always to be nameless patriot in the Capitol. Already the streets of the capital were resounding to the tread of stamping horses and the rumble of moving artillery, and great crowds lined the curbs on both sides.

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to be a service destined to change the tide of human affairs. Souls Are Aflame. In the death gloom of gas, the bursting of shells, and rain of bullets, men face more intimately the great God over all, their souls are aflame, and consciousness expands and hearts are searched. With the din of battle, the glow of conflict, and the supreme trial of courage, come involuntarily the hurried appraisals of life and the contemplation of death's great mystery.

WILSON IS CHEERED BY THRONGS AS CORTEGE PASSES UP AVENUE



Photo by Harris-Ewing. FORMER PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON AND MRS. WILSON. Occupied the only carriage in the procession.

America Fourth Ally to Pay Tribute to Unknown Dead.

By International News Service. The United States is the fourth nation among the Allies to honor an unknown soldier with ceremonies symbolic of the gratitude of the country for the part performed by the humble men of the ranks.

VET SLAYS SELF AS UNKNOWN IS TAKEN TO GRAVE

Spanish War Soldier Fires Bullet Into Brain During Funeral of Unknown.

While the funeral procession of the unknown soldier was winding its way up Pennsylvania avenue to Arlington this morning, Peter McGraw, forty-three years old, a veteran of the Spanish-American war, committed suicide by firing a revolver bullet into his brain.



Photo by Carl T. Thoner. President Harding and General Pershing marched afoot in the funeral cortege.

WALDEN, N. Y., TO SELL JAIL, AS VILLAGE HAS NO CRIME

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Nov. 11.—Crime in the village of Walden, Orange county, being entirely lacking, it has been decided by the board of trustees to sell the jail there. For months there have been no prisoners and there is no indication of a revival of law violations, the village officials say.

OBJECTS TO WIFE'S USE OF HAIR TONIC, IN DIVORCE

MINEOLA, N. Y., Nov. 11.—Gilbert L. Johnston is suing his wife for separation because she used a bottle of hair tonic.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Nov. 11.—Stanley Merrill, of Hartford, Conn., insurance agent, yesterday was charged by his wife with abandonment and nonsupport.

CAPTAIN AND TWO OF CREW ARE SWEEPED TO DEATH

PENSACOLA, Fla., Nov. 11.—The captain and two members of the crew of an unnamed vessel were swept overboard by a big wave and drowned off Port Picken, near here, early today, a radio message received here said. The bodies were recovered by a tug.

WHOLE WORLD PAUSES AS 'BUDDY' MAKES LAST BIVOAC IN ARLINGTON

By GEORGE R. HOLMES. International News Service.

AMPHITHEATER, ARLINGTON, Va., Nov. 11.—On the crest of a little sun-swept hill overlooking the placid Potomac, reverent hands laid to his last long rest today an American soldier who shall be forever nameless.

Grouped about the simple stone sarcophagus that received the remains of him who dared and died on a foreign field stood the statesmen of the world to mourn him.

With sorrowing eyes, mindful, perhaps of the millions of their own heroic dead, they looked on as the casket, wrapped only in the glorious mantle of his country, slipped slowly to its final resting place.

"Dust to Dust" Intoned.

Above the rustle of dry autumn leaves and the restless murmur of a great crowd rose the voice of Chaplain Brent, the pastor of the A. E. F., intoning the familiar words that have accompanied countless thousands of soldiers to their last sleep: "O, God. For as much as this, our brother, unknown and yet well known, has poured out his life for freedom's cause at his country's call, we therefore commend his soul to God, and commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection unto eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ. * * *"

Out beyond the spot where this simple patriot was buried in a king-like grave, and gleaming majestically in the chill November sun, rose the monuments which a grateful nation erected to the memory of Washington, the Father, and Lincoln, the Emancipator.

Behind this quiet grave, row on row, stretched away the white stones that mark the thousands who preceded him in death that America might live. It was a distinguished company that gathered about the bier of an unknown American soldier today to do him final honor. It is a company no less distinguished that reposes about him in his last sleep.

Receives America's Greatest Tribute. The nation has paid homage to its many heroes before. Generals returning from victorious wars have been thunderously acclaimed. Admirals who won great sea victories have been received with the deafening applause of multitudes and then followed to their graves by sorrowing thousands. But never has there been a tribute so solemn in its grandeur, so majestic in its simplicity as that paid this nameless American soldier today.

From coast to coast, from North to South, the nation stood silent in his honor. A President of the United States, two former Presidents, and the representatives of kings and emperors followed his body to its grave. The statesmen of Europe and of Asia joined with America in a mutuality of sorrow and reverence.

And behind these, in sorrowful procession, walked the highest officers of the land for which he died—members of the Cabinet, justices of the Supreme Court, ambassadors, Senators and Congressmen, generals and admirals, representatives in their gold braid and decorations, and governors of States. And still further behind—yet more powerful than all of them—came the majesty of a free and untrammelled American citizenship to "mark him to his grave."

The great white marble amphitheater, shining frostily in the feeble sun, presented a scene of unforgettable beauty and splendor when the services opened.

As far as the eye could see, the roads around the amphitheater were choked with automobiles. Many of those entitled to seats were unable to fill them because of the unprecedented jam on the roads, President Harding himself succeeding in reaching the cemetery only after the greatest difficulty. It took his car forty-five minutes to thread the maze of four miles from the White House to the amphitheater. He managed to arrive just on scheduled time.

The audience rose as the President and Mrs. Harding stepped out on the paved directly behind the little flower-covered mound that almost hid the somber black of the casket.

Then the audience stood uncovered as the Marine Band broke forth into the stirring strains of the National Anthem.

As the music died away over the brown Virginia hills, Col. John T. Axton, chief of chaplains, stepped forward and raised his hand. His voice, pronouncing the invocation, rang loudly through the chill air.

Chaplain Offers Prayer. A prayer for world tranquility was uttered by Col. John T. Axton, chief of chaplains, United States army, in his invocation over the coffin in Arlington Cemetery. The invocation follows: "Almighty God, our Gracious Father, in simple faith and trust we seek Thy blessing. Help us fittingly to honor