and the unknown will lie, undis-

turbed, as long as this nation

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, dead by torture, lies the man that first defied tyranny for justice sake?

Villon, who wrote on Le Preux Charlemagne and Les Neiges D' Antan, should come back to write of the unnamed dead, including the first that tied a string of leather to a bow, shot an arrow, and began scientific war and civilization at the same time. He began civilization, because he enabled the weak to compete with the strong. The unknown Chinese that first made gunpowder stripped steel armor from the backs of bullying nobles, and started democracy-although he did not know it. Where lies the first that fastened a sharp flint to the end of a pole, and from an overhanging branch pierced the brain of a tiger? He established man's ascendancy on this planet.

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, instead of dragging them through the forest at the heels of her game-hunting lord and master? Hers was the first home. She created agriculture. Who first, with signs scratched on bark, bone, or sandstone, began written language that makes it possible for thought to travel and outlive the thinker? That unknown will sleep in good company under Mother Earth. Mankind's great servants are un-known; those that we honor by name mere imitators.

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 recogni-What method will they se better than today's plan, buries legions in unknown graves, then honors one picked at random?

Lloyd George says Washington is the "hope of the world, a rainbow in the sky." May it prove a rainbow, not a mirage, such as dying men have seen in the air, above a bloody battlefield. The world has one duty, to stop murder and begin HELPING men instead of killing them. It can if

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. Chaos and old night might descend exactly as H. G. Wells anticipates, with a return of dark ages and barbarism.

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. It will lose wealth, civilization's veneer, and leisure for science, art, and think-

It may, for a while, see a yellow triumph over white races, one man with slant eyes, whip in hand, directing white then and women and their children in factories.

That is not impossible. The yellow, brown, and black races outnumber the whites, more than two to one, probably three to one. Yellow and brown men are patient, resist disease, can throw grenades, drop dynamite from flying machines, make and spread poison gas as well as we

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

Total, 223. The five river gunboats are intended, probably, for China; the others for white people. Japan needs no super-dreadnaughts, battle cruisers, no eighty submarines to take care of helpless China or

What are the white nations to

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. White nations, the frontiers-

men of civilization, might at least stop killing each other. Under some wise, honest agreement, Europe might have her defense against Asia sufficient, but not financially crippling. America may and must have her defense against the whole world, never to be used except in defense, as when our ships were torpedoed on the open sea.

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

NUMBER 12,069.



WASHINGTON, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 11, 1921.

THREE CENTS EVERYWHERE.

President Hopes For New Era Of Peace

UNKNOWN HERO LAID TO REST

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

> By DAVID M. CHURCH. International News Service.

TON, Va., Nov. 11 .- On this hal- nation, and out to the silent Virlowed ground, where rest Ameri- ginia hilltops, somber in the grayca's heroic dead, President Hard-ness of November, a lone casket ing today gave solemn promise to passed this morning, to join a sleepthe nation and to the world that ing army of immortals. the "sacrifice of the millions dead shall not be in vain."

Speaks To Whole World. civilization against med warfare."
the President said. He spoke across the flag-draped bier of the unknown

As though looking into the faces strong when the dignitaries of the of the courageous dead, the Presi-Government gathered about the bier dent's eyes swept across the slopes, of this always to be nameless patriot where multitudes of tiny headstones in the Capitol. Already the streets rose, rowon row, and echoed "the of the capital were resounding to the prayers of all people that this Armis- tread of stamping horses and the tice Day shall mark the beginning of rumble of moving artillery, and great a new and lasting era of 'peace on crowds lined the curbs on both sides. earth, good will among men."

"Loves Justice, Hates War."

war," the President said, "but as one the Infantry, Sergeant Dell of the who loves justice and hates war. I Field Artillery, Chief Water Tender speak as one who believes the highest of Connor of the Navy, Sergeant Janfunction of government is to give son of the Marines, Chief Torpedo its citizens the security of peace, the Man Delaney of the Navy, and

as Procession Passes Along Historic Avenue.

And now he belongs to the ages. Down the long, broad thorough-AMPHITHEATER, ARLING- fare consecrated to the great of a

Sun Shrouded in Grief.

Long famous as a street of climax, within its memory playing wel-"There must be, there shall be, come to great ascendencies, the Ave-the commanding voice of a conscious nue today was honored by a passing nue today was honored by a passing whose glory and solemnity has been no part of incidents of other years. With the sun still struggling soldier, buried here with regal honors, through the mist enwrapped by not alone to the representatives of nature as its parting shroud of grief, America's people, but to the highest palibearers, charmed against the fates

America's people, but to the highest emmissaries of the world's great powers, gathered here on the eve of the conference called to stem the tides of future wars.

"To the defendance who survive, to mothers who so row, to widows and children who mourn," the President voiced the prayer "that no such sacrifices shall be asked again."

As though looking into the faces strong when the dignitaries of the

First came the body bearers, medal

of honor men all-Sergeant Taylor of the Cavalry, Sergeant Radza of the "I speak not as a pacifist fearing Coast Artillery, Sergeant Woodfill of

(Continued on Page 8, Column 7.) (Continued on Page 8, Column 2.)

FORMER PRESIDENT WOOD-ROW WILSON AND MRS.

WILSON Occupied the only carriage in the

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.

England was the first nation to pay tribute to her unknown The second was France and

the third was Italy. None of the vanquished coun-

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.

McGraw selected the old Grace

land cemetery, now a clump of woodland at Sixteenth and Morse streets northeast, as the spot to end his life. What motive he had in killing CALLED WIFE "DOROTHY" himself, was not ascertained by the police up to 1 o'clock this afternoon. Shortly before 11 o'clock this morning, Policeman F. A. Davis, of the Ninth precinct, while passing the old tion he found the body of McGraw. In the veteran's right hand was a

lance but when physicians arrived they pronounced McGraw dead.

had served in the army and that he had been discharged at Fort Myer in His body is at the Morgue, while the police are searching for L. Johnstone is suing his wife for his relatives and trying to further separation because she used a bottle identify him. At the Soldiers Home of hair tonic.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Nov. 11. his grave."

ARE SWEPT TO DEATH

PENSACOLA, Fla., Nov. 11 .- The of an unnamed vessel were swept over-

WILSON IS CHEERED BY THRONGS AS CORTEGE PASSES UP AVENUE WHOLE WORLD PAUSES AS 'BUDDY' MAKES LAST BIVOUAC IN ARLINGTON

By GEORGE R. HOLMES.

AMPHITHEATER, ARLINGTON, Va., Nov. 11.—On the erest 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- Beatty, the hero of Jutland, rubbed ly grave, and gleaming majestically in the chill November sun, rose the France. Diaz, who saved Italy at the monuments which a grateful nation Plave, stood beside the glittering generected to the memory of Washing. erals and admirals from the Far East. ton, the Father, and Lincoln, the Emancipator.

row, stretched away the white stones entrance sharply at 11:20 a. m. The that mark the thousands who pre- body bearers stepped forward as the ceded him in death that America Marine Band broke softly forth into might live. It was a distinguished the solemn beauty of Chopin's fucompany that gathered about the neral march. The audience stood unbier of an unknown American sol- covered as the stalwart medal of hondier today to do him final honor. It or men, with slow and soleran tread. is a company no less distinguished bore their burden through the west that reposes about him in his last entrance and around the right colon-

Receives America's Greatest Tribute. was preceded only by the clergy and many heroes before. Generals re- The choir robed in black and white. turning from victorious wars have sang "The Son of God Goes Forth been thunderously acclaimed. Ad To War" during the solemn procesmirals who won great sea victories sional around the colonnade. have been received with the deafen. The sound of their voices, rising ing applause of multitudes and then strongly and beautifully, floated out followed to their graves by sorrow- to the thousands who, unable to gain ing thousands. But never has there admission to the ampitheater, stood been a tribute so solemn in its in reverence in a great circle, for grandeur, so majestic in its simplic- hundreds of yards beyond the marble ity as that paid this nameless Amer- edifice. ican soldier today.

From coast to coast, from North to South, the nation stood silent in his roads around the ampitheater were honor. A President of the United choked with automobiles. Many of States ,two former Presidents, and the those entitled to seats were unable representatives of kings and emperors to fill them because of the unprecefollowed his body to its grave. The dented jam on the roads, President statesmen of Europe and of Asia join- Harding himself succeeding in reached with America in a mutuality of ing the cemetery only after the greatsorrow and reverence.

cession, walked the highest officers of four miles from the White House the land for which he died-members to the ampitheater. He managed to of the Cabinet, justices of the Supreme arrive just on scheduled time. Court, ambassadors, Senators and Congressmen, generals and admirals, resplendent 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 untrammeled as the Marine Band broke forth into AS VILLAGE HAS NO CRIME American citizenship to "mark him to the stirring strains of the National

trustees to sell the jail there. For and spiendor when the services open-

Apse Buried in Flowers.

The apse that held the body was a great glorious mass of flowers. They loudly through the chill air. came from the far ends of the earth CAPTAIN AND TWO OF CREW in tribute to America's nameless hero France-blossoms from everywhere.

board by a big wave and drowned off and court trappings of the representations:

elbows with Briand, the premier of

Caisson Arrives at 11:20. The shiny black caisson, bearing the Behind this quiet grave, row on remains, drew up before the marble nade to the flower covered apse. It The nation has paid homage to its choir and followed by the pallibearers.

Traffic Jam Retards Harding.

. As far as the eye could see, the est difficulty. It took his car forty-And behind these, in sorrowful pro-

> The audience rose as the President and Mrs. Harding stepped out on the apse directly behind the little flowercovered mound that almost hid the somber black of the casket.

Then the audience stood uncovered

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

Chaplain Offers Prayer.

A prayer for world tranquility was -roses from England, lilles from uttered by Col. John T. Axton, chief of chaplains. United States army, in Behind this mass of fragrance and his invocation over the coffin in Arcolor gleamed the brilliant uniforms lington Cemetery. The invocation in-

The bodies were recovered by a tug. with occidental in a profusion of color. blessing. Help us fittingly to honor

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 to-day to pay the impersonal tribute. The name of him whose body lies before us took flight with his im-We know perishable soul. whence he came, but only that his death marks him with the everlasting glory of an American dying

for his country. He might have come from any one of millions of American homes Some mother gave him in her love and tenderness, and with him her most cherished hopes. Hundreds of mothers are wondering today, finding a touch of solace in the possibility that the nation bows in grief over the body of one she bore to live and die, if need be, for the republic. If we give rein to fancy, score of sympathetic chords are touched, for in this body there once glowed the soul of an American, with the aspirations and ambitions of a citizen who cherished life and its opportunities. He may have been a native or an adopted son; that matters little, because they glorified the same loyalty, they

sacrificed alike. Glory of His Death. We do not know his station in because from every station came the patriotic response of the 5,000,000. I recall the days of reating armies, and the departing of caravels which braved the mur derous seas to reach the battle lines for maintained nationality and preserved civilization. The service flag marked mansion and cottage alike, and riches were common to all homes in the consciousness of service to country.

We do not know the eminence of his birth, but we do know the his country, and greater devotion hath no man than this. He died unquestioning, uncomplaining, with faith in his heart and hope on his lips, that his country should triumph and its civilization survive. As a typi cal soldier of this representative democracy, he fought and died, believing in the indisputable justice his country's cause. Conscious of the world's upheaval, appraising the magnitude of a war the like of which had never horrified human-ity before, perhaps he believed his 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 ap praisal of life and the contemplation of death's great mystery. On the threshold of eternity, many a soldier, I can well believe, wondered how his ebbing blood would color the strerm of human life flowing on after his sacrifice. His patriotism was none less if he craved more than triumph of country; rather, it was greater if he hoped for a victory for all human kind. Indeed, I revere that citizen whose confidence in the righteousness of his country inspired belief that its triumph is the victory of

This American soldier went forth to battle with no hatred for any people in the world, but hating war and hating the purpose of every war for conquest. He cherished our national rights, and abhorred the threat of armed domination; and in the maelstrom of destruction and suffering and death he fired his shot for liberation of the captive conscience of the world. In advancng toward his objective was somewhere a thought of a world awakened and we are here to testify undying gratitude and rever-ence for that thought of a wider

A Better Republic.

On such an occasion as this, amid such a scene, our thoughts alternate between defenders living and defenders dead. A grateful republic will be worthy of them both. Our part is to atone for the losses of heroic dead by making a better republic for the living.
Sleeping in these

grounds are thousands of Amerians who have given their blood for the baptism of freedom and its maintenance, armed exponents of (Continued on Page 8, Column 5.)

tries has paid any honors. Spanish War Soldier Fires Bul-

let Into Brain During Funeral of Unknown.

smoking revolver.

The only papers in McGraw's pockets wer those indicating that he OBJECTS TO WIFE'S USE

McGraw was ever an inmate there." as a target.

WALDEN, N. Y., TO SELL JAIL, IN DARK; SO SHE SUES WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Nov. 11 .-Stanley Merrill, of Hartford, Conn., in- -Crime in the village of Walden. The great white marble ampitheater, cemetery ground heard the report surance agent, yesterday was charged Orange county, being entirely lacking, shining frostily in the feeble sun, pre-

of a revolver shot. Upon investiga- by his wife with abandonment and it has been decided by the board of sented a scene of unforgettable beauty nonsupport. Mrs. Merrill testified she left her months there have been no prisoners ed. Believing that there still might be husband in September, 1920, after he and there is no indication of a rea spark of life in the victim, Davis had called her "Dorothy" when she vival of law violations, the village ofentered his room in the dark. The ficials say. maid's name was Dorothy, she sail.

> OF HAIR TONIC, IN DIVORCE MINEOLA, N. Y., Nov. 11.-Gilbert captain and two members of the crew

where it was believed McGraw was He explained in court today that Port Pickens, near here, early today, a Criental splendor of dress mingled in simple faith and trust we seek Toy an inmate, it was stated "No Peter she used it as a missle and his head radio message received here said.

President Harding and General Pershing marched afoot in the funeral