

# HERO PLACED IN RESTING PLACE AT ARLINGTON

(Continued From Page One)

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.

### ALL SHOW HONOR

From coast to coast, from north to south the nation stood silent in his honor. A president of the United States, one former president and the representatives of kings and emperors followed his body to its grave. The statesmen of Europe and 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 representatives, generals and admirals, presidents in their gold braid and decorations, and governors of states. And still farther behind—yet more powerful than all of them—stalked the majesty of a free and untrammeled American citizenship to "mark him to his grave."

### MANY SEND FLOWERS

The great marble amphitheatre, shining frostily in the feeble sun, presented a scene of unforgettable beauty and splendor when the services opened. The resting place of the body was a great glorious mass of flowers. They came from the far ends of the earth in tribute to America's nameless hero—roses from England, lilies from France, blossoms from everywhere.

Behind this mass of fragrance and color gleamed the brilliant uniforms and court trappings of the representatives of the great powers of the earth. Oriental splendor of dress mingled with Occidental in a profusion of color. Beatty, the hero of Jutland, rubbed elbows with Briand, the premier of France. Diaz, who saved Italy at the Piave, stood beside the glittering general from the Far East.

### MARINE BAND PLAYS

The shiny black caisson bearing the remains drew up before the marble entrance sharply at 11:30 o'clock. The body bearers stepped forth into the square band broke softly forth into the solemn beauty of Chopin's funeral march. The audience stood uncovered until the slow march of honor was over, with slow and solemn tread, bore their burden through the west entrance and around the right colonnade to the flower-covered apex. It was preceded only by the clergy and choir, followed by the pallbearers.

The choir, robed in black and white, sang "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," during the processional around the colonnade.

As far as the eye could see the roads around the amphitheatre were choked with automobiles.

### PRESIDENT ARRIVES

Many of those entitled to seats were unable to fill them because of the unprecedented jam on the roads. President Harding himself succeeded in reaching the cemetery only after the greatest difficulty. He was expected to arrive just on scheduled time, 11:55 o'clock.

The audience rose as the president and Mrs. Harding stepped out of the space directly behind the little flower-covered mound that almost hid the sombre black of the caasket.

Then as the audience stood uncovered, the Marine band broke forth into the stirring strains of the national anthem. As the music died away over the brown Virginia hills, Colonel John T. Axton, chief of chaplains, stepped forward and raised his hand and pronounced the invocation.

Hardly had he finished when the clear, silvery notes of the bugle sounded "Attention!"

### STILLNESS SETTLES

Then a stillness, more profound than all that had gone before settled over the assemblage. It was deathlike. Even the dry autumn leaves and the birds seemed stilled in the trees that stood sentinel-like about the circular enclosure.

The Marine band broke the awful stillness at 12:02 by pealing forth into "America."

The audience stood uncovered and joined in the grand old hymn. As the music died away again, Secretary of War Weeks stepped forward and spoke.

As Weeks finished the president stepped up behind the caasket. A hush fell over the audience. There across the body of America's nameless dead, the president voiced the nation's determination that this soldier shall not have died in vain.

### PRESIDENT SPEAKS

Even the old marble that formed the archway under which the president spoke, carried the same message, for chiseled there in letters a foot high were these words:

"We here highly resolve that these honored dead shall not have died in vain."

The president spoke rapidly. When he finished a mighty volume of sound floated out through the portals:

"Our Father, who art in Heaven"—

Then off to the wings the Metropolitan Opera quartet took up the "supreme sacrifice."

Silence again settled over those assembled as Secretary of War Weeks silently

handed to the president America's highest decorations for bravery and valor—the congressional medal and the D. S. C. On each side of the little ridge that divided the caasket lid the president placed them, and then silently stepped into his seat.

### BELGIUM PAYS TRIBUTE

Then up stepped Lieutenant General Jacques, whose heroic little army of Belgians retarded the German progress at Liege and Namur. From his own breast he took Belgium's Croix De Guerre and placed it on the coffin.

There was a creak of heels as the Belgian general snatched into salute to America's dead.

Beatty, who defeated the German fleet at Jutland, then stepped forward, trim and jaunty in his light-fitting blue naval uniform. The prized Victoria Cross for which hundreds of men have fought and died, was placed there on the bier of the Unknown Soldier. The Earl of Cavan, the personal representative of the king of England, read the citation.

Then followed France with her twin decorations, the Medaille Militaire and the Croix De Guerre, bestowed by the hand of Marshal Poch himself, the beloved generalissimo of the greatest army the world has ever seen.

Italy, Roumania, Czechoslovakia and Poland, followed with their highest honors.

### SCENE EMOTIONAL

It was an emotional scene never to be forgotten. Mrs. Harding frankly and openly sobbed softly throughout the services. There were few dry eyes in the audience when the president finished his speech.

As Prince Lubomirski, the Polish representative, completed the ceremonies, the audience rose and sang, "O, God Our Help in Ages Past." Then followed a Psalm by Chaplain Lazarus, and "I Know My Redeemer Liveth" from Rosa Bonelli and scriptural reading by Chaplain Frazier.

Once more, the sad, beautiful strains of "Nearer My God to Thee" sounded above the tomb of the soldier.

A hush fell over the audience as the body-bearers once more took up their burden and began the short walk to the grave.

### PLACED IN GRAVE

At a half step to the solemn cadence of "Our Honored Dead," the journey was begun. First came the clergy, then the body and then the president and Mrs. Harding, the vice president and Mrs. Coolidge, cabinet officers, Poch, Beatty, Jacques, Kato—the world's greatest military and naval leaders.

At 1:15 the body was placed on the sarcophagus—home at last from its thousands of miles of travel. The band broke into "Lead Kindly Light" as the mourners ranged themselves about the simple bier.

In a voice quivering with the emotion he did not attempt to hide, Chaplain Brent then pronounced the commitment. The National War Mothers drew into the background while motherhood paid its tribute to the dead.

### TAPS SOUNDED

Secretary of War Weeks gave his arm to Mrs. R. Emmett Dingey, president of the National War Mothers, and escorted her to the grave, where she deposited her simple wreath.

Mrs. Amelia Emma McCudden, England's most noted war mother, who gave three sons to her country, followed with

a great massive wreath of blood-red poppies.

Three salves of artillery bombed out across the quiet Potomac. Hardly had their reverberation died away when the clear, silvery notes of the ever-beautiful bugle floated on high.

And there on the crest of a little knoll with the magnificent vista of the capital spread out in panorama, they laid this nameless hero to his last long sleep.

## Lower Freight Rate Farmers' Need, Says Ex-Governor Lowden

Addressing the Holstein-Friesian association, of which he is president, Frank O. Lowden, former governor of Illinois, pointed out that prosperity among the agricultural interests of the country depended on a reduction of freight rates.

The address was given at a dinner held in the Portland hotel Thursday night by the members of the association and their friends. George A. Gue, one of the leading breeders of Holsteins in the Northwest, presided over the meeting.

"The increase in freight rates has practically deprived the producers of their best market," Lowden said. "The first step toward stabilizing farm production is to bring transportation charges to a point where the farmer can regain the American market which he has lost."

"We must learn that in America no class and no section can genuinely prosper unless all prosper. I have no sympathy with the idea that the interests of the East clash with the interests of the West or the South. Correct economic principles know no geographic division."

## Catching Burglars One Thing, Tossing Lasso Is Different

Wanted: A couple of hard-riding motorcycle policemen for the Portland police department.

Motorcycle Policemen Forken and Ballard hope that this want ad will be inserted in a newspaper before another wild mare breaks from her pasture.

Forken and Ballard were sent to corral a mare and a 6-week-old colt which were making merry on flower beds and lawns at Twenty-second and Everett streets. Ballard, whose knowledge of the Wild West is limited to a visit at the Pendleton Round-Up, stood in the sidecar with lasso poised. It was no use.

The chase lengthened into hours. Finally the colt became tired and the runaway pair stopped. The capture was made on the Canyon road.

### DAWSON WILL FILE

Vancouver, Wash., Nov. 11.—The will of Albert Rawson was filed for probate Monday. After all debts and funeral expenses are paid the residue of the estate is bequeathed to his daughter, Gertrude Rawson Wells of Vancouver. W. J. Powell is named as executor.

## Skookum Wal-i-hee, Indian Chief, Sees Hard Winter Ahead

Goldendale, Wash., Nov. 11.—Skookum Wal-i-hee, venerable and aged chief of the Kllickitat tribe, predicts a long hard winter with much snow and advises his white neighbors in the Big Kllickitat canyon near Kllickitat station on the Goldendale branch of the S. P. & S. railway to store away a bountiful supply of much-a-muck (food).

The chief bases his weather forecast on Indian tribal customs, observing the actions of animals and birds of the

wilds, handed down to him through several generations during which the Wal-i-hee family has ruled over the destinies of the once powerful Kllickitat Indian tribe. The chief said extraordinary supplies of dried salmon, bear and venison have been prepared this year by his tribe.

## Tire Manufacturer Pays Visit to City

Preston E. Roberts, president of the Perfection Tire and Rubber company, Fort Madison, Iowa, was a Portland visitor Monday. Roberts was for a number of years in newspaper work, hav-

ing been associated with the New York Tribune and also with the Associated Press. He left for New York city by way of Los Angeles.

## \$250,000 Apartment House Is to Be Built On Everett Street

Erection of an apartment hotel, estimated to cost approximately \$250,000, on the half block on the south side of Everett street between Eighteenth and Nineteenth, was announced today by R. L. Metzger of the Metzger-Parkor company. Plans for the building, prepared

by Houghtaling & Dougan, call for a four-story reinforced concrete structure containing 100 two and three room apartments. The property included in the site is owned by T. G. Williams and his associates and is improved by four frame dwellings. Construction work will begin about February 1, according to Williams.

## Texas Goat Is Luncheon Guest Of Business Men

A mild-eyed little goat from Texas was prominent on the program of the Progressive Business Men's club at its weekly luncheon at the Benson hotel Thursday. The frisky animal was given a seat at the speakers' table and displayed interest in the whole proceedings. He clambered to the floor in disapproval when Dr. W. T. McElveen exceeded his time allowance in his talk on "Father and Son Week," showed his approval of Mrs. Blanche Williams Segersten's solo and blatted plaintively when he was auctioned for \$125 to Dr. W. F. Flebig, president of the club, in the interest of a trophy for the Pacific International Livestock exposition. The goat was donated to the club by Robert Davis of Rio Frio, Texas.

An Englishman is the inventor of a canvas bed with a metal frame that can be folded to about the size of a golf bag.

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