

The Weather

Maximum yesterday 67
Minimum today 27

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Predictions

No prediction. (Holiday).

Daily—Sixteenth Year.
Weekly—Fifty-First Year.

MEDFORD, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1921

NO. 200

THAT ARMISTICE DAY SHALL MARK NEW ERA OF PEACE, IS PRAYER OF PRESIDENT

Chief Executive at Burial of Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery, Delivers Impassioned Plea for Good Will On Earth—Has No Fear of War, But Hates It—Eloquent Tribute Paid to Service Men Who Paid Supreme Sacrifice for Country, for Righteousness and Humanity—Impressive Scene at Grave Attended By Notables of World.



WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 11.—It was 9:15 o'clock today when the head of the procession reached the White House. When the caisson had passed, President Harding turned out of his place in the line and after passing through the executive offices went to the front of the White House grounds to review the remainder of the line as it passed on its way to Arlington. The president later took a motor car for the amphitheater.

While the president was reviewing the procession there came a moment's delay and he stepped into the street and shook hands with the Medal of Honor men. When former President Wilson passed in his carriage, Mr. Harding saluted him by taking off his hat and the former president returned the salute. The crowd cheered.

The reverent silence all along the line had only been broken by hand-clapping and some cheers as the former president passed by. After passing the White House Mr. Wilson's carriage turned out of the procession and drove him home.

It was Mr. Wilson's first public appearance since March 4, when he rode up Pennsylvania avenue with President Harding. The comment was heard in the crowd that the former president, long a sick man, looked better than many folk expected.

Although many of the notables followed President Harding's lead and turned out of the procession at the White House General Pershing with Secretary Weeks and Secretary Denby however, continued on the long march to Arlington.

While the remainder of the procession was winding its way to Arlington the great amphitheater was filled with guests invited to the ceremony.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—The text of President Harding's address at the burial of an unknown soldier at Arlington cemetery 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 soldier 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 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, a 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.

We do not know his station in life because from every station came the patriotic response of the 5,000,000. I recall the days of creating armies and the departing of caravans which braved the murderous seas to reach the battle lines for maintained nationality and preserved civilization.

Rich in Service
The service flag marked mansion and cottage alike and riches were common to all homes in the consciousness of service to the country. We do not know the eminence of his birth, but we do know the glory of his death. He died for 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 typical soldier of his representative democracy, he fought and died, believing in the indisputable justice of his country's cause. Conscious of the world's upheaval, appraising the magnitude of a war

the like of which had never horrified humanity before perhaps, he believed his to be a service destined to change the tide of human affairs.

Victory for Mankind
In the death gloom of gas, the bursting of shells and the 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 appraisal 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 stream 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 reverse that citizen whose confidence in the righteousness of his country inspired belief that its triumph is the victory of humanity.

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 advancing toward his objective was somewhere a thought of a world awakened; and we are here to testify undying gratitude and reverence for that thought of a wider freedom.

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 losers of heroic death by making a better republic for the living.

Sleeping in these hallowed grounds are thousands of Americans who have given their blood for the baptism of freedom and its maintenance, and exponents of the nation's conscience. It is better and nobler for their deeds. Burial here is rather more than a sign of the government's favor, it is a suggestion of a tomb in the heart of the nation sorrowing for its noble dead.

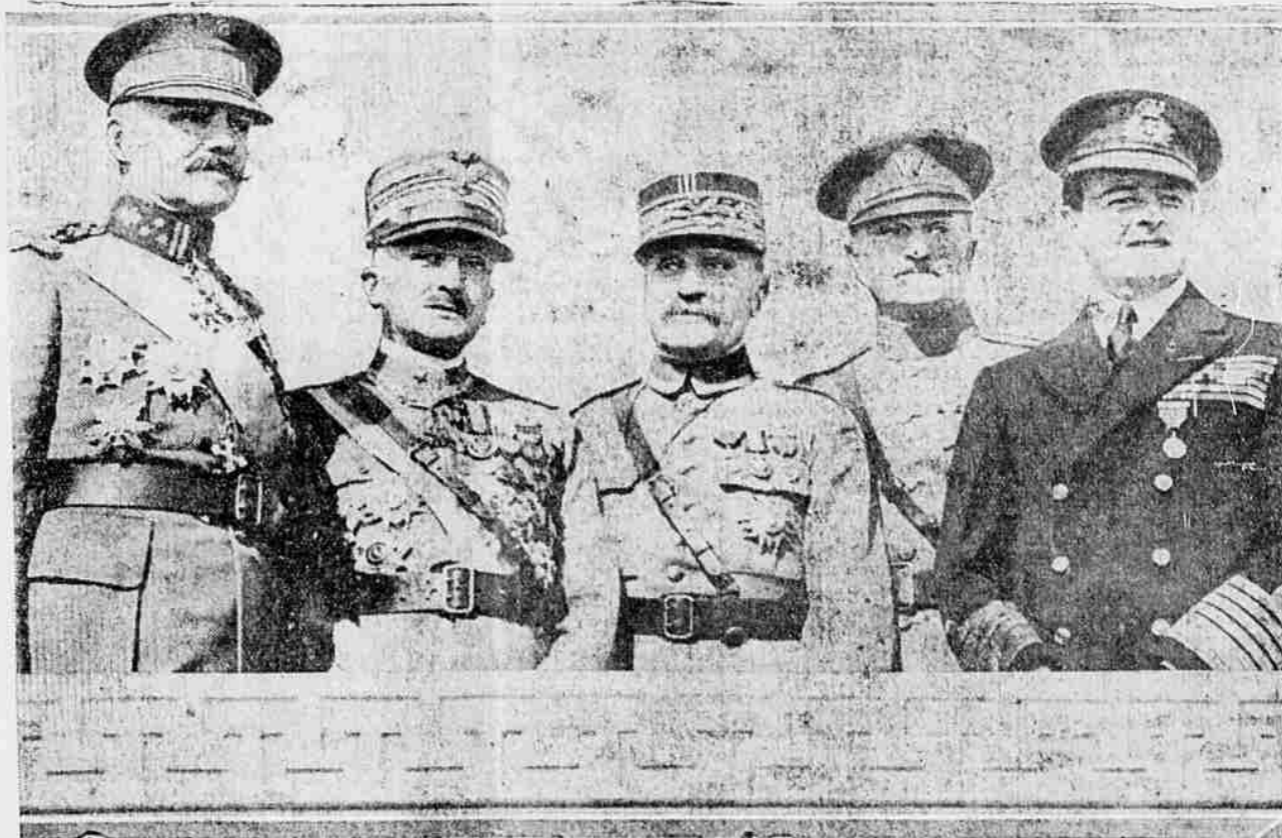
Unknown Not Unhonored
Today's ceremonies proclaim that the hero unknown is not unhonored. We gather him to the nation's breast, within the shadow of the capital, of the towering shaft that honors Washington, the great father, and of the exquisite monument to Lincoln, the martyred savior. Here the inspirations of yesterday and the conscience of today forever unites to make the republic worthy of his death for flag and country.

Comedy Students a Scream
Under the stage management of Paul McDonald, who should be helping Mack Bennett make comic films, the mirth provoking stunts of the morning went over big and put the crowds who witnessed them in high good humor for the day's program to follow.

War Romance Gone
It was my fortune recently to see a demonstration of modern warfare. It is no longer a conflict in chivalry, no more a test of militant manhood. It is only cruel, deliberate, scientific destruction. There was no contending enemy, only the theoretic defense of a hypothetical objective. But the attack was made with all the relentless methods of modern destruction. There was the rain of ruin from the aircraft, the thunder of artillery followed by the unspeakable devastation wrought by bursting shells; there were mortars belching their bombs of desolation; machine guns concentrating their leaden storms; there was the infantry advancing firing and falling—like men with souls sacrificing for the decision. The flying missiles were revealed by illuminating tracers so that we could note their flight and appraise their dead lines.

The air was streaked with tiny flames marking the flight of massed destruction; while the effectiveness of

Chiefs of Allied Armies and Navies at Washington Today



Here are the war heroes of five nations. This remarkably fine photograph was made while the chiefs of the allied armies and navies were attending the dedication of the \$2,500,000 Liberty Memorial in Kansas City during the American Legion convention. From left to right are seen Gen. Jacques, of Belgium; Gen. Diaz of Italy; Marshal Foch of France; Gen. Pershing and Admiral Beatty.

LOCAL ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATION STARTS OFF WITH A BANG

RECORD CROWD HERE TO HONOR HEROES OF WAR

Thousands Gather in Medford for Armistice Day Celebration—Down Town Decorations a Feature—Comedy Stunts Prove a Scream.

Indications at noon today were that Medford's armistice day celebration had attracted the greatest number of visitors ever entertained in the city. Since early in the morning every road leading into town has been crowded with automobiles all headed for the celebration. No one could attempt to estimate the number of guests as the very nature of the program kept everyone on the move from one feature to another.

Ex-service men were on hand in large numbers some in uniform and some in civilian dress. The patriotic decorations throughout the business district were of an unusually high order. General Chairman Floyd Hart, "master mind" of the armistice day committee, was as cool as though he had known the celebration was to be a success from the minute of its inception. Hart's training as an aviator during the war perhaps added to his maintaining his equilibrium.

Comedy Students a Scream
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Hundreds thronged the Chamber of Commerce building to view the exhibit of Rogue River apples on display there and Secretary H. O. Frohbach's face was wreathed in smiles at the interest displayed in the exhibit he had worked so hard to perfect.

Eleven o'clock found a recurrence of the joyous hysteria, though in a much milder form, which prevailed three years ago today at the signing of the armistice with the enemy. Time has dulled in a measure, the overpowering sense of relief and elation which marked the ending of the war. Three years ago dogbush and gob looked forward to but one thing—the successful ending of the war. Those at home were equally intent upon the same object and when news came of the achievement of that purpose the jubilation knew no bounds.

Have They Died in Vain?

Dreamers of dreams and singers of songs, Why are your songs, why are your dreams; Still welters the world in its witless wrongs, Still wars wage on 'spite of songs and dreams. Brothers of Nations, seeking the right, Seeking for justice, so you have fought; Thus have you charged to the dreamless night; What have your wounds and dying brought? Why have earth's millions fought and bled, Why have they died, what is our gain; Was there a cause that strengthened and led, Or have our millions suffered in vain? What have we learned, what have we bought; Must we repay in tomorrow's dispute Again and again for what they have fought— When shall brotherhood conquer the brute? Nations of earth, ye have joined in war, Seeking to break—and have broken—wrong's lease Why, when the earthquake of battle is o'er, Can ye not join in a union of peace? Then they who suffered and they who died Shall not have suffered and died in vain, But loud o'er the nations far and wide Shall ring triumphant this glad refrain: Foemen of wrong, you have won the fight; You have not suffered and died in vain; You have flooded hate's windows with righteous light, And wars shall never be fought again!

CHRIST MUST SIT IN VACANT CHAIR AT ARMS PARLEY MAN IS SHOT AT CLOSE OF BOOZE PARTY, SEATTLE

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 11.—Unless the vacant chair at the world conference on limitation of armaments is occupied by Christ, the conference will adjourn without any hope of permanent peace, Bishop Theodore S. Henderson of Detroit, head of the Methodist Episcopal church in Michigan, said today in an address before the Armistice day meeting of all religious organizations of the city. "There will be a vacant chair at the conference table and the occupant of that chair will determine the outcome of the conference," Bishop Henderson said. "If a militarist sits in the chair the skeletons of ten million soldiers who died in the world war will haunt the conference and it will come to naught. If an economist sits there and argues that we must reduce armaments because war is too costly, then the war lords of the world will chuckle with glee. Not until we declare war is an unmitigated curse and a denial of the gospel of Christ will war ever be abolished."

WILBUR JACKS' REPUTATION IS DECLARED BAD

Witnesses in Matthews Trial Declare Dead Man Carried Gun and Threatened Defendant's Life and Was a General Trouble Maker.

Pioneer residents of the Rogue River valley and the Eagle Point district testified at the Thursday afternoon session of the circuit court in the trial of Raleigh Matthews, and swore that the reputation of Wilbur (Wig) Jacks, as a lawabiding citizen was "bad," and that the reputation of the youth charged with taking his life was "good." Some of the witnesses added the prefix "very." They also told of a long series of threats made by Jacks against Matthews. Mrs. Mary Brown, who said she had lived over 30 years in the Eagle Point district, testified that she knew both the defendant and the dead man, since they were boys, and that the reputation of the man on trial was "good," and that the reputation of Jacks was "bad." Royal G. Brown, a merchant testified that the reputation of Jacks was "very bad," and under cross examination testified that "he was a harum scarum boy," and given to quarrels. "He would pick a quarrel with anyone he thought he could handle, and leave them alone if he thought he couldn't."

Threatened Matthews' Life
James Lynn of Eagle Point, a tenant of Jacks, testified that "The mention of the name Matthews inflamed Jacks," and that he had heard him make threats against the life of the defendant many times, and that Jacks told him, that he always regretted "he had not shoved Raleigh over a cliff when he had a chance."

Charles Winkle, a second cousin of the defendant testified that he took an auto ride with Jacks down South Front street in this city last May and that Jacks then threatened to take the life of the defendant, and his brother and father, and a fourth party whose name was not revealed, with the remark, "I'll get the four of the."

FINAL RITE UNKNOWN DEAD PAID

Soul Stirring Scene Is Enacted at Washington When Notables of America March Behind Coffin of Unknown Soldier—Impressive Pen Picture of Historic Scene.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—The national capital led the nation today in doing homage to the unknown soldier from France.

It was little more than broad daylight before the tramp of marching men, the clatter of hoofs and the grind of gun carriage wheels on the great plaza before the capitol told that the last parade for the dead was forming. Up past the gray mass of the building, under trees where only a wellworn leaf here and there lingered, the rabbit tide of a funeral escort for a general of the army rolled to its place.

As the troops gathered for the march to the grave, the first, far throbs of the minute guns at Fort Meyer over the river broke the morning silence. Thru the hours that followed the distant, dull note of sorrow sounded in measured interval, growing closer and closer, louder and louder as the cortege wound its way up to Arlington. The knoll of the guns, marked the way of the funeral train step by step and culminated in the three crushing salvos that signaled the last soldier farwell.

From 8:30 a. m. until far past noon, the distant booming wrote the story of the minutes with but one halt, as the nation stood silent for two minutes just after midday in honor of the dead.

Sergeant Woodfill Leads
Up in the rounds of the capitol reading on the catafalque where Lincoln,



Garfield, Grant and McKinley laid, the casket has stood amid heaping piles of flowers with its silent guard of honor, a soldier, a national guardsman, a sailor and a marine, through the night at the four corners of the pier. Then there began to gather a little group of fellow soldiers, each wearing a hero's decorations, to bear the casket to the waiting gun carriage. They were led by Sergeant Samuel Woodfill, first mentioned in Pershing's list of war heroes, and with him were Sergeants Harry Taylor of the cavalry, Thomas D. Saunders of the engineers, Louis Razza of the Coast Artillery, James W. Dell of the field guns and for the navy, Chief Torpedo Man James Delaney and Chief Water Tender Charles Lee O'Connor and Sergeant Ernest A. Janson of the marines.

Heroes All of Them.
In the great rounds the honorary pall bearers also gathered to walk beside the gun carriage up Pennsylvania avenue. At their head was Major General Harbord, executive assistant to General Pershing as chief of staff; himself a former enlisted man and glad to walk beside his honored comrade rather than ride at the head of the pageant. With him were other major generals whose names bring memories of the war. There was Morton, Edwards of New England's 26th