

ASHLAND-LEBANON GAME SATURDAY

The Ashland football team will meet the Lebanon football team on the Ashland gridiron at 2:15 tomorrow afternoon in one of the most important high school football games in the state this season.

FINAL RITE FOR UNKNOWN DEAD

(Continued from Page One)

Division: there was Shanks who ruled at Hoboken while the army was going "over there"; there was Manohar, who led the 42nd to victory; and Bailey, O'Ryan of New York's 27th and Rickards of Pennsylvania. For the Navy walked Hugh Rodman, rear admiral and commander of the battle fleet that went over; Henry B. Wilson former chief of the Atlantic fleet, and Plunkett. For the marines, was Major General Neville.

Originally General Pershing while he was still abroad was named as grand marshal of the military ceremonies. He was to have ridden at the head of the funeral escort, but this program did not suit the former commander of the American expeditionary forces and he too walked behind the casket, going about all the way from the capitol to Arlington cemetery and becoming chief mourner after President Harding and party turned aside at the White House.

At the head of the parade rode Major General Bandholtz, commander of the district of Washington and grand marshal in Pershing's place.

Behind President Harding and General Pershing, who were flanked by their aides, came Vice President Coolidge and Admiral Coontz, chief of naval operations; then Chief Justice Taft, walking in his place as former president of the United States and paired with Admiral James, commander of the Atlantic fleet.

There too were Lieut. Generals Nelson A. Miles and S. B. M. Young, both former heads of the army, both veterans of the civil war and long retired but out again in uniform. There was Major General Tasker H. Bliss, America's representative on the supreme military council in the days when the German host drove down toward Paris in its last great effort; there was Major General Bullard, who led Pershing's first army to victory; and there was Major General John A. Leguonne, commandant of the Marine Corps who shares with Harbord the honor of having commanded the famous second division in action in France.

Casket is Raised.

When the moment came, the body bearers stepped forward, tenderly raised the casket and as they moved out and down the capitol steps, the officer pall bearers fell in two by two, behind and the band began a solemn dirge. Outside the escort stood in motionless ranks, rifles at present, sabers flashing in salute.

Flag draped and with a few flowers scattered over it, the casket was lifted to black draped gun carriage with its six gleaming horses and its artillery drivers rigid in the saddles. A motion from Major General Bandholtz, commanding the escort, and a swing in the kabki column and the road to Arlington lay ahead.

Hogton lay ahead. The commander and his staff road first, then the army band swung out, playing in quick time for what was a long way to go. Then came the composite regiment of foot troops, the regulars, the sailors and marines and the national guard, then the artillery and the cavalry and then the casket, riding high on its gun carriage on its last journey.

Behind the president and the high officials and officers the supreme court members walked abreast, then the cabinet, five abreast, then the governors of the nearby states, then Senator Cummins and behind him the senate in column, eight abreast, and in similar column, the members of the house headed by Speaker Gillett and Representatives Mondell and Garrett as majority and minority leaders.

A roll of muffled drums marked the next division in which were first the medal and honor men. Then came comrades of the American Legion, rank on rank, then loved veterans of other wars, and a host of others marching to pay their honors to the dead.

Bells Ohime Noon Hour. As Bishop Brant concluded the invocation which opened the ceremony, the bells in Washington across the river were ringing the noon hour. The whole company in the amphitheater rose and stood in silence for two minutes as the whole nation stood, by presidential proclamation, in reverence for the dead.

Then came the singing of "America" rising in a mighty chorus. After that President Harding moved forward to stand beside the casket and speak for the nation. Far below him, out of sight under the stone work, muffled with nerves strained to the breaking point that no word he said might be lost by the thousands gathered in New York, Chicago and San Francisco about the electric sound transmitting devices. From the top of the amphitheater also the amplifiers caught up his words and threw them out to the multitudes.

Honors Are Bestowed.

After his address President Harding planned on the top of the casket the two most valued decorations in America—the medal of honor, bestowed by act of congress, and the distinguished service cross, given by order of the commander in chief who planned it in place. From their places in the marble boxes about the amphitheater, the great foreign leaders rose to pay similar honors, Marshal Foch, General Diaz, General Jacques, Admiral Beatty so that the roll of highest honors to the brave might be complete.

There was more music then, music filled with the solemn uplift from which religious men and women have drawn comfort in all the years, and singers whose voices have made them known over the world came to add their share to the tribute. Then came the solemn words of the Twenty-third Psalm and the scripture lesson; then the body bearers stepped forward to lift the casket again and carry it out to the carepagus on the amphitheater terrace with a vista of river and hill and stately city stretching away below.

Soil From France.

A last touch of the spirit of France awaited the dead here. Over the floor of the narrow crypt in which he will sleep forever, soil from France had been spread; earth from the country where his death blood was poured out on a stricken field that it might remain free soil. It was brought with the casket from France and forever the nameless one of America who died for France and for America will rest on French soil here in his own home earth.

A prayer and the burial service marked the last rites as the casket was placed, then the triple salvo of guns burst out and before the echoes of the last blast died, the thin pure call of the bugle sounded "taps," the soldiers requiem and good night. As the last long tones died away, again the guns

An Armistice Day Meditation

Un-Credentialed Members of the Armament Conference By Rev. J. Randolph Sasset.

The array of famous and powerful panoplied men in attendance upon the Washington conference will be impressive.

But I am thinking now of the Gods who will be there. Unannounced, and only with the prerogatives of Gods for credentials, Mars, Minnion, Moloch, and the God of Peace will be present at every session.

Mars. The god to whom the roar of cannon, the cry of the wounded, the death gasp, and the mean of outraged women and children is the sweetest music.

Moloch. The god who delights in human sacrifice. The god to whom the odor of sizzling human flesh caught in a barrage of liquid fire is the choicest perfume. The god to whose face the spatter of blood is as refreshing rain to the traveler of the desert.

Minnion. The god who is ignorant of human values, and is blind to everything but gold coupons, stocks and treasury certificates. The god who counts not human life dear if by its barter his coffers will be enriched.

This is the triple alliance of hell. Together they will connive to perpetuate those conditions which make for war. It will be their purpose to track the main issue. They will urge the necessity of being "practical," condemning every principle of fundamental right as being visionary and too idealistic for this world.

Especially will they strive to keep out of the deliberations the fact that as noble an army as ever bore arms went down into the hell of the front lines of the world's worst war fighting for the vision of a "warless world."

I can see these gods chuckle with glee while "Polly" strikes the flint on her head. And points us back to darkness and to hell.

Cackling: "Beware of visions," while our dead

sounded, this time in the quick, throbbing pound of the national salute of twenty-one guns. Officers of all service standing at salute and troops at present as the cannon roared their last tribute.

The president and his party moved away to their motor cars, the band struck up a lively quickstep and stepped off across the hill and down toward a distant gate with the troops behind it, the crowds slowly broke up and drifted away.

Invocation Pronounced.

Almost immediately afterward the marine band broke forth into the "Star Spangled Banner." At the conclusion of the anthem, Chaplain Austin pronounced the invocation as follows:

"Almighty God, our gracious father, in simple faith and trust we seek Thy blessing. Help us fittingly to honor our unknown soldier, who gave their all in laying sure foundations of international common weal. Help us to keep clear the obligation we have toward all worthy soldiers, living and dead, that their sacrifices and their valor fade not from our memory. Temper our sorrow, we pray thee, through the assurance, which came from the sweetest lips that ever uttered words, 'blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' Be Thou our comforter.

"Facing the events of the morrow, when from the work bench of the world there will be taken an unusual task, we ask that Thou wilt accord exceptional judgment, foresight and tactfulness of approach to those who seek to bring about a better understanding among men and nations, to the end that discord, which provokes war, may disappear and that there may be world tranquility.

"Hear us, O Lord, as now in obedience to the call of our president, these sounds throughout the land the national Angelus calling to prayer, and we stand with bowed heads and reverent hearts in silent thanks for valuable and valorous lives and in supplication for Divine mercy and blessing upon our beloved country; and upon the nations of the earth; and to Thee, wonderful counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace, shall be scribbled all glory forever. Amen."

Stand at Attention.

As the chaplain concluded the invocation, sudden clear note of the army trumpet call "attention" marked the end of the nationwide two-minute pause. The whole company stood bowed in silence.

(The transmission of this dispatch was interrupted for two minutes, while all employes of the Associated Press stood at attention.)

There was absolute silence, a hush as if the world had stopped.

The opening notes of America signalled the ending of the two minutes period, the thousands outside joining in the mighty hymn of love of country.

Secy. Weeks Speaks.

As the last great note died away, Secretary Weeks stepped to his place beside the tier for his brief speech as master of ceremonies. He said:

"We are gathered, not to mourn the passing of a great general or other conspicuous person, but an unknown soldier of the republic who fought to sustain a great cause for which he gave his life. Whether he came from the north, the south, the east or the west, we do not know. Neither do we know his name, his lineage or any other fact relating to his life or death, but we do know that he was a typical American, who responded to his country's call and that he now sleeps with the heroes.

"We, who are gathered here in such numbers, are simply representative of all the people of the United States who are here in spirit and whose sentiments have been more deeply stirred by this event than any in the life of our country. These sentiments can only be adequately expressed by one citizen—the president of the United States."

Immediately afterward President Harding began delivering his address—a tribute in the name of the Ameri-

Still cry. "It was for visions that we fell."

The God of Peace. The only true and living God. The God whose heart's desire angels were honored to herald as with glad acclaim they descended the skies and sang, "On earth peace to men of good will."

Ah, that's it! The way is made clear; the fundamental issue is brought to light. Will the heart of the God of Peace be torn by the endless discussion of side issues, or will it be made glad by the mutual exercise of "good will." A policy of reciprocity of "good will" will cause the triple alliance of hell to flee in pandemonium. The only true and living God is on the side of good will, and that policy cannot fail.

If the triple alliance is made good, war will be hell on earth.

If the God of good will is God, let every representative in trench himself in the principle of fundamental right and leave the results to Almighty God.

And the results will be inevitable. Limitation of armaments will begin. It could not be otherwise. Disarmament will come. It will have to unless God dies of a broken heart. And ultimately, "Peace on earth!"

The greatest battle of the ages is on.

The scene of the battle—Washington, U. S. A.

The contestants—The Triple Alliance of Hell and the only true and living God.

The deciding factor—the choice of the representatives of the great nations of the earth.

Alternative results—Hell on earth or Peace on earth.

"Near twice a thousand years And still the battle-wrath the grief, Let mercy speed the hour when swords shall cease And men cry back to God, "There shall be Peace!"

can people to the man who slept beneath the flag.

As Mr. Harding spoke, the sun drove through the haze and splashed the whole great gathering with golden light, as though it also would lay its life-giving hand in commendation on the humble, faithful servant at rest.

Voices Show Emotion.

There was unbroken silence as the president spoke. Every tone of his voice showed the emotions he felt as he read slowly and distinctly that his words might be caught by the electric appliances and sent winging across the nation to gatherings listening beside the far Pacific at San Francisco, and to another multitude drawn together in mourning in New York.

As the president concluded, a clear blue sky spread above the white haze turned up from the green hills below, as though it offered a human tribute of emotion and high feeling to the mystery beyond, in which the lonely sleeper had gone forever. It was as though all the solemn words and chords were lifted up to Him there above.

All Join in Prayer.

There was a dramatic moment as the president concluded, when touching on the coming conference in Washington, he said it should be a beginning of a better civilization, a more lasting peace and then ended his address with a recital of the Lord's prayer, in which the thousands joined, their strong, earnest tones, rolling up the pledge of faith to the sunlight above.

At the conclusion of the prayer a quartet of singers from the Metropolitan Opera House of New York sang "The Supreme Sacrifice."

Then Lieutenant General Baron Jacques of Belgium stepped forward. He paused beside the casket, then clutching the Belgian Croix de Guerre on his own breast, tore it from the cloth of his tunic to pin it on the flag draped casket.

The Belgian chief stepped back and his hand shot to his cap brim in salute.

The Victoria Cross, Britain's most prized war decoration, never before placed on the breast of a man not a British subject was next bestowed. Earl Beatty, admiral of the fleet, set it on the flag and saluted as he stepped back. Then General, the Earl of Cavan, representing the king of England, in person, spoke briefly of the services this humble soldier had rendered not only America, but to the world there in France.

Marshal Foch of France stepped forward and with every show of feeling, placed above the quiet breast the Medaille Militaire and Croix de Guerre. He cited this dead soldier for valor, speaking in French, saluted and turned away to let General Diaz bring forward and pin in place Italy's gold medal for bravery.

In order, the Rumanian Virtutes Militari was added to the gleaming row on the casket by Prince Blawo, Rumanian minister; the Czechoslovak war cross by Dr. Stepanek, minister here and the Virtuti Militari by Prince Lubomirski, Polish minister.

RECORD CROWD IN CITY

(Continued from Page One)

In their tracks and some with bowed heads and others with eyes looking straight ahead, as though vision

GROWING DEAF WITH HEAD NOISES? TRY THIS.

If you are growing hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness or if you have roaring, rumbling, hissing noises in your ears, go to your drugist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it 1/4 pint of hot water and a little granulated sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day. This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing becoming easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who is threatened with Catarrhal Deafness or who has head noises should give this prescription a trial. Adv.

scenes of the days preceding the armistice, gave their thoughts to those unidentified soldiers who sleep in nameless graves in France.

Armistice day has a peculiar significance for Medford, for it is doubtful if in all the country there was a city of the same size which provided a greater number for war service, and the return of those in the service to their homes being contingent upon the ending of the war. Armistice day meant the speedy return of those who were so badly missed at home.

Big Crowd at Game.

According to school officials, no gridiron battle of past years has drawn as large a crowd as that which witnessed the game between Medford and Albany high schools on the new Holly street grounds. Medford's schools turned out on mass and alumni and out of town visitors joined in the rooting which could be heard for blocks.

At the time of going to press, the parade committee announced that everything was in readiness for the great pageant and Chief of Police Timothy who with his full force had been busy since early morning keeping the street traffic from blocking the business district drafted legionnaires to help police the main thoroughfares. The chief declared he had never seen a larger or better patterned crowd in the city or one easier to handle.

Boxers on Tiptoe.

Under the direction of the smoker committee all was in readiness at the Natatorium for the entertainment which was scheduled for three o'clock. The boxers were all on tiptoe for the gong which would send them away in the contests for which they have trained so hard the past weeks, and the other entertainers were ready for their cues.

The Salvation Army, reminiscent of their service overseas, were in evidence during the day with refreshments for the throng and other organizations likewise catered to that taste for knickknacks which is always present with those enjoying a holiday.

Legion Hall Crowded.

The rest room and refreshment facilities at the American Legion club rooms provided by the ladies auxiliary was an attraction to hundreds of guests who welcomed the opportunity to rest and visit among quiet surroundings.

Armistice Ball Tonight.

The large hall at the Natatorium under the supervision of Tom Seaman has been converted into a veritable woodland bower of trees and boughs with decorations in keeping with the character of the day, and here the climax of the celebration will occur with the grand march which opens the annual armistice day ball at nine o'clock.

Members of the American Legion soon felt highly elated at the apparent success of the celebration as a whole, which has taken weeks to perfect, and which has called for a great deal of strenuous work, much of which unfortunately fell upon too few individuals. The post realizes that without the co-operation of the business men of the city in helping finance the publicity work and without the help of the ladies' auxiliary in general preparatory efforts, little could have been accomplished.

BURNS Cover with wet baking soda—afterwards apply gently—VICKS VAPORUB Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

PAGE SUNDAY MATINEE and Night

AMERICA'S FOREMOST GIRLIESQUE HARLEQUINADE. MARCUS SHOW OF 1921 WITH CHARLIE ABOT AND ENTOURAGE OF 110 IN A NEW EXTRAVAGANZA DE LUXE BY JACK LAIT

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RUNAWAY FOUR are one of the outstanding hits of the show. Such stunts were never seen before. Here is part of the item degree. Never have acrobatic dancers so thrilled and delighted a local audience.

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ROBERT LONG earned much favor with his rich baritone voice. A former member of the Boston Grand Opera company. Far superior to usual run of revue singers.

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