

If You Want All the News About Business Read the Ads Daily

SYMBOL OF VALOR OF AMERICA GETS A MIGHTY TRIBUTE

GREAT AND POWERFUL LAY SOLDIER TO REST WITH SOLEMN RITUAL

Reverent Hush Holds Throgs Watching Cortege Pass. LEADERS HUMBLYPROUD

President, Judges, the Frail, the Strong, Soldier and Civilian March to Arlington.

HARDING ECHOES LINCOLN

"The Dead Shall Not Have Died in Vain."—Unknown, "Home From The Wars," Weighted Down With Honors of World.

Washington, Nov. 11.—Under the wide and stary skies of his own homeland, America's unknown dead from France sleeps tonight, a soldier home from the war. Alone he lies in the narrow cell of live stone that guards his body, but his soul has entered into the spirit that is America.

Scrolled across the marble arch of the memorial raised to the American soldier and sailor dead everywhere his tomb, runs this legend: "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

Harding Echoes High Resolve. The words were spoken by the martyred Lincoln over the dead at Gettysburg. And today, with voice strong with determination and ringing with deep emotion, another President echoed that high resolve over the coffin of the soldier who died for the flag in France.

Great men in the world's affairs heard that high purpose reiterated by the man who stands at the head of the American people. Tomorrow they will gather in the city that stands almost in the shadow of the new American shrine of liberty dedicated today. They will talk of peace; of the curbing of the havoc of war. They will speak of the war in France that robbed this soldier of life and gave him the highest death comrades of all nations by the hundreds of thousands. And in their ears when they meet must ring President Harding's declaration today beside that flag wrapped, honor laden bier: "There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare."

Far across the sea, other unknown dead hallowed in memory by their countrymen as this American soldier, sleep their last. He in whose veins ran the blood of British forebears lies beneath a great stone in ancient Westminster abbey; he of France beneath the Arc de Triumphe, and he of Italy under the altar of the fatherland in Rome. And it seemed today that they, too, must be here among the Potomac hills to greet an American comrade come to join their glorious company, to testify their approval of the high words of hope, spoken by America's President.

Nation Pours Out Heart. All day long the nation poured out its heart in pride and glory for the nameless American. Before the first crash of the minute guns roared its knell for the dead from the shadow of Washington monuments, the people who claim him as their own were trooping out to do him honor. They lined the long road from the Capitol to the hillside where he sleeps tonight; they flowed like a tide over the slopes about his burial place; they choked the bridges that lead across the river to the fields of the brave in which he is the latest comer.

As he was carried past through the banks of humanity that lined Pennsylvania avenue, a solemn, reverent hush held the living walls. Yet there was no so much of sorrow as of high pride in it, all a pride beyond the reach of the shouting and the clamor that marks less sacred moments in life.

Out there in the broad avenue was a simple soldier, dead for honor of the flag. He was nameless. No man knew what part in the great life of the nation he had filled when last he passed over his home soil. But in France he had died as America's always have been ready to die, for the flag and what it means. They read the message of the pageant clear, these silent thousands along the way. They stood in almost holy awe to take their own part in what was theirs, the glory of the American people honored here in the honors showered on America's nameless son from France.

Army and navy and marines, all played their part in the thrilling spectacle (Continued On Page Three.)

Vidal Who Started Unknown Hero Idea



Gaston Vidal, the French minister of sports, is the originator of the worldwide movement to honor the memory of the unknown soldier.

Washington, Nov. 11.—Under the wide and stary skies of his own homeland, America's unknown dead from France sleeps tonight, a soldier home from the war. Alone he lies in the narrow cell of live stone that guards his body, but his soul has entered into the spirit that is America.

Scrolled across the marble arch of the memorial raised to the American soldier and sailor dead everywhere his tomb, runs this legend: "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

Harding Echoes High Resolve. The words were spoken by the martyred Lincoln over the dead at Gettysburg. And today, with voice strong with determination and ringing with deep emotion, another President echoed that high resolve over the coffin of the soldier who died for the flag in France.

Great men in the world's affairs heard that high purpose reiterated by the man who stands at the head of the American people. Tomorrow they will gather in the city that stands almost in the shadow of the new American shrine of liberty dedicated today. They will talk of peace; of the curbing of the havoc of war. They will speak of the war in France that robbed this soldier of life and gave him the highest death comrades of all nations by the hundreds of thousands. And in their ears when they meet must ring President Harding's declaration today beside that flag wrapped, honor laden bier: "There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare."

Far across the sea, other unknown dead hallowed in memory by their countrymen as this American soldier, sleep their last. He in whose veins ran the blood of British forebears lies beneath a great stone in ancient Westminster abbey; he of France beneath the Arc de Triumphe, and he of Italy under the altar of the fatherland in Rome. And it seemed today that they, too, must be here among the Potomac hills to greet an American comrade come to join their glorious company, to testify their approval of the high words of hope, spoken by America's President.

Nation Pours Out Heart. All day long the nation poured out its heart in pride and glory for the nameless American. Before the first crash of the minute guns roared its knell for the dead from the shadow of Washington monuments, the people who claim him as their own were trooping out to do him honor. They lined the long road from the Capitol to the hillside where he sleeps tonight; they flowed like a tide over the slopes about his burial place; they choked the bridges that lead across the river to the fields of the brave in which he is the latest comer.

As he was carried past through the banks of humanity that lined Pennsylvania avenue, a solemn, reverent hush held the living walls. Yet there was no so much of sorrow as of high pride in it, all a pride beyond the reach of the shouting and the clamor that marks less sacred moments in life.

Out there in the broad avenue was a simple soldier, dead for honor of the flag. He was nameless. No man knew what part in the great life of the nation he had filled when last he passed over his home soil. But in France he had died as America's always have been ready to die, for the flag and what it means. They read the message of the pageant clear, these silent thousands along the way. They stood in almost holy awe to take their own part in what was theirs, the glory of the American people honored here in the honors showered on America's nameless son from France.

Army and navy and marines, all played their part in the thrilling spectacle (Continued On Page Three.)

WILSON APPLAUDS IN PARADE AND GIVEN BIG OVATION AT HIS HOME

Crowds Along Funeral Procession Warmly Cheer Him. NON-PARTISAN GATHERING

Half Hour Demonstration Staged At His Residence, With Repeated Applause.

CROWD SCATTERS POLICE

Appearance of Four Wounded Soldiers at His Home Caused Rush of Applauding Throgs—First Appearance in Over Two Years.

Washington, Nov. 11.—Former President Wilson made his first public appearance Friday since he left the White House riding in the funeral procession for the unknown dead soldier and later greeting a crowd gathered at his home.

Everywhere Mr. Wilson was given a demonstration. When his carriage entered the funeral line at the foot of the Capitol hill he was greeted with a fluttering of handkerchiefs and then with halting and cheering which continued until he left the line after passing the White House, where he exchanged salutes with President Harding.

The demonstration at his home was of great proportions. It was arranged as a non-partisan affair by a committee of seven women for whom Hamilton Holt, of New York, was spokesman.

They congratulate you, a wounded soldier of the world war, on your regaining health," Mr. Holt said to the former President, who had come to the front porch of his home to receive the committee. "We pledge you our honor and respect. Your work shall not die."

Heartened By Cheers. When the cheering which greeted this statement had subsided, Mr. Wilson made his first public utterance since he was taken ill more than two years ago.

"I wish I had voice enough to reply to you," he said, "I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart. God bless you."

The former President's words brought renewed applause. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded.

When the cheering which greeted this statement had subsided, Mr. Wilson made his first public utterance since he was taken ill more than two years ago.

"I wish I had voice enough to reply to you," he said, "I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart. God bless you."

The former President's words brought renewed applause. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded.

When the cheering which greeted this statement had subsided, Mr. Wilson made his first public utterance since he was taken ill more than two years ago.

"I wish I had voice enough to reply to you," he said, "I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart. God bless you."

The former President's words brought renewed applause. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded.

When the cheering which greeted this statement had subsided, Mr. Wilson made his first public utterance since he was taken ill more than two years ago.

"I wish I had voice enough to reply to you," he said, "I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart. God bless you."

The former President's words brought renewed applause. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded.

When the cheering which greeted this statement had subsided, Mr. Wilson made his first public utterance since he was taken ill more than two years ago.

"I wish I had voice enough to reply to you," he said, "I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart. God bless you."

The former President's words brought renewed applause. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded.

When the cheering which greeted this statement had subsided, Mr. Wilson made his first public utterance since he was taken ill more than two years ago.

"I wish I had voice enough to reply to you," he said, "I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart. God bless you."

The former President's words brought renewed applause. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded.

When the cheering which greeted this statement had subsided, Mr. Wilson made his first public utterance since he was taken ill more than two years ago.

"I wish I had voice enough to reply to you," he said, "I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart. God bless you."

The former President's words brought renewed applause. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded.

When the cheering which greeted this statement had subsided, Mr. Wilson made his first public utterance since he was taken ill more than two years ago.

"I wish I had voice enough to reply to you," he said, "I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart. God bless you."

The former President's words brought renewed applause. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded. "I am glad to hear you," Mr. Wilson responded.

When the cheering which greeted this statement had subsided, Mr. Wilson made his first public utterance since he was taken ill more than two years ago.

"I wish I had voice enough to reply to you," he said, "I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart. God bless you."

ARMISTICE BREEZE AT RALEIGH MARKED BY DISARMAMENT APPEAL

Crowd In Auditorium Stirred By Exercises. MARS AGAINST MINERVA

State's War Bill For Year Would Build and Equip 165 Colleges.

MR. BAILEY IS NOT "BLUE"

Tells Audience At Apex To Look Across Ocean For Real Mercy and Be Thankful That They Are Americans.

Raleigh, Nov. 11.—Armistice day as celebrated here today suspended the city's business life as effectively as Christmas and the ceremonies took on a more religious character as given in the churches of the day.

Dr. E. W. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

Dr. Sikes, president of Coker college, South Carolina, made the address which often named the name of Woodrow Wilson and every legionnaire, nurse, or hospital worker.

President Harding's Address at Burial of Unknown American Soldier at Arlington Yesterday

Mr. Secretary of War and Ladies and Gentlemen: We are met today to pay the Imperial 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.

He might have come from any one of the 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, 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, but he was a citizen of the same loyalty, he sacrificed alike.

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

The service flag marked mansion and cottage alike, and the riches were common to all homes in the consciousness of service to country.

We do not know the eminence of his birth, but we 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 he should survive.

As a typical soldier of this representative democracy, he fought and died, believing in the indispensible justice of his country's cause. Conscious of the world's upheaval, he believed in the highest humanity before, perhaps he believed his to be a service destined to chance the tide of human affairs.

In the death glow 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 appraisal of life and the contemplation of death's great mystery. On the threshold of eternity, many a soldier, if he believed, wondered how his ebullient blood would color the stream of human life, flowing on after his sacrifice. His patriotism was none less if he craved more than triumph and honor for himself, it was greater if he hoped for a victory in the righteousness of his country inspired belief that his 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 spirit of 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 the light, he 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, we thoughts alternate between defender living and defender 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 his hallowed grounds are thousands of Americans who have given their blood for the baptism of freedom and its maintenance, armed exponents of the Nation's conscience. It is but a thought of their deeds. Bury here in 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.

Today the unknowns proclaim that the hero unknown is not unknown. We gather him to the Nation's breast, within the shadow of the Capitol, of the towering shaft that honors Washington. The great Father, the great Lincoln, the great hero, the great martyr, the great savior. Here the inspirations of

yesterday and the conscience of today forever unite to make the Republic worthy of his death for the flag.

Our are lofty resolutions today, as with tribute to the dead we consecrate ourselves to a better order for the living. With all my heart, I wish we might say to the mothers who sorrow, to widows and children who mourn, that no such sacrifice shall be asked again.

It was my fortune recently to see a demonstration of modern warfare. It is no longer a conflict in which the victor is the victor of militant manhood. It is only cruel, deliberate, scientific destruction. There was no contending enemy, only the theoretical 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 that were mortars belching their bombs of desolation; machine guns concentrating their leaden atoms; there was the infantry, advancing, firing, and falling—like men with souls as rich as the world's. The flying missiles were revealed by illuminating tracers, so that we could note their flight and appraise their deadliness. The air was streaked with tiny flames marking the flight of our hand, or the soldier while the effectiveness of the theoretical defense was impressed by the simulation of dead and wounded among those going forward, undaunted and unheeding. A this panorama of unbridled destruction visualized the horrors of modern conflict, there grew on me the sense of the failure of a civilization which can leave its problems to such cruel arbitrament.

Man attributes and a full appraisal of the patriotic loyalty of his countrymen, could ask the manhood of kindred, empire, or republic to make such sacrifice until all reason had failed, until appeal to justice through understanding had been denied, until every effort of love and consideration for fellow men had been exhausted, until freedom itself and inviolate honor had been brutally threatened.

I speak not as a pacifist fearing war, but as one who loves justice and hates war. I speak as one who believes the highest function of government is to give the citizen the security of peace, the opportunity to achieve, and the pursuit of happiness.

The loftiest tribute we can bestow today—the heroically earned tribute—fashioned in deliberate conviction, to put mankind on a little higher plane, exulting and exalting, with war's distressing and depressing tragedies barred from the stage of righteous civilization.

There have been a thousand defenses just and patriotically made; a thousand offenses sought to have stayed. Let us beseech all men to join us in seeking the rule under which reason and righteousness shall prevail.

Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is nothing this expression of the republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. Give me, therefore, the command of the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, enlarded by love and adorned with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice Day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth and good will among men. Let me join in that prayer. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is nothing this expression of the republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. Give me, therefore, the command of the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, enlarded by love and adorned with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice Day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth and good will among men. Let me join in that prayer. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is nothing this expression of the republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. Give me, therefore, the command of the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, enlarded by love and adorned with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice Day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth and good will among men. Let me join in that prayer. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is nothing this expression of the republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. Give me, therefore, the command of the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, enlarded by love and adorned with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice Day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth and good will among men. Let me join in that prayer. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is nothing this expression of the republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. Give me, therefore, the command of the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, enlarded by love and adorned with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice Day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth and good will among men. Let me join in that prayer. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is nothing this expression of the republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. Give me, therefore, the command of the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, enlarded by love and adorned with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice Day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth and good will among men. Let me join in that prayer. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is nothing this expression of the republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. Give me, therefore, the command of the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, enlarded by love and adorned with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice Day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth and good will among men. Let me join in that prayer. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is nothing this expression of the republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. Give me, therefore, the command of the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, enlarded by love and adorned with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice Day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth and good will among men. Let me join in that prayer. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is nothing this expression of the republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. Give me, therefore, the command of the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, enlarded by love and adorned with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice Day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth and good will among men. Let me join in that prayer. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is nothing this expression of the republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. Give me, therefore, the command of the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against