THE DUNN DISPATCH

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KATCHA KOO TO BE BIG PRODUCTION HERE NEXT WEEK

Oriental Musical Comedy Abounds In Thrills And Wonders

STAGED UNDER DIRECTION OF MISS DAGMAR CARLSON

Cast Made Up Of Town's Best Talent And Is Being Schooled In Fine Art Of Acting—Playground Fund To Be Swelled By Receipts.

Choruses of beautiful Oriental Ladies, rerplendent in becoming head dresses, gay tunics and cunning trousers, whose brilliancy is effectively sombered here and there by Eastern slaves in brown clothes and properly sober faces, will greet the eye when the curtain on the first act of the mystical fantastic "Katcha-Koo" about which all Dunn has been talking for the past few weeks. Seldom has an amateur production created such a stir. The reason is not difficult to find, however. In the first place, "Katcha-Koo" is different. From the time of first rehearsals, the spice, charm and originality of the clever musical piece captivated alike performers and committee just as it will capture the hearts of the crowds who will applaud it from pit and gallery of the Metropolitan Theatre next week.

Then the best known people of the city are either in the production or behind it.

What more is needed to spell that magic word success. But this is not all. A cause dear to the hearts of all is to be benefitted by the sums which Katcha Koo is expected to pour into the treasury of the public playground through its performance twice next week.

The story of Katcha-Koo abounds in funny situations. Katcha-Koo himself who is really an American Aviator in disguise and who is "playing the game" for reasons later disclosed, is first discovered posing as an East Indian Fakir before the sacred temple of Buddha on the private estate of the powerful Maharajah of Himga. The natives including the beautiful [illegible] mentioned are afraid of him for they fear his curses. Supplications and offerings of all kinds have been powerless to stir him until two Americans, disguised as magicians appear and at the command of the Maharajah, the imperial magistrate of the place, persuade Katcha-Koo winning the hearts of all the ladies in the cast, beginning with the four wives of the Maharajah.

All sorts of complications then ensue until the Maharajah in despair decides to throw Dick and Harry, the two "magicians" and Solejah and Urbanah and their two aides and abettors to the lions if they do not get the magic vest which is causing all trouble off of Katcha-Koo. How they finally succeed and what happens when the real identity of the various masqueraders is discovered furnishes the punch of real entertainment.

Final rehearsals are going with a bang under the capable leadership of Miss Dagmar Carlson, an expert professional director supplied by John B. Rogers Producing Co. In fact, everything seems to be in readiness and on the surface it looks as though the play could be given tomorrow night if necessary. However, there are many little finishing touches that must be given a big production like this even after players know their parts. All awkward movements must be eliminated, groups must move about quickly and quietly—and delicate adjustments of dress count for much. This is all included in what the director calls "professional finish" and is what goes far to distinguish Katcha-Koo from other amateur productions and put it on the "real professional" class.

The seat sale opens Saturday and those who have already bought tickets from committee or performers should bear in mind that these should now be exchanged for reserved seat coupons. Those interested should not fail to make reservations early—as capacity houses are assured.

Surles Garage Ready For Business

Surles Garage and Filling Station, the automobile service establishment recently purchased by William P. Surles from B. H. Jernigan, is ready for business and is fully manned with competent mechanics, according to an announcement made this week by Joseph H. Jernigan, manager of the concern.

The garage is situated in East Broad street, between Magnolia and Elm Avenue and is one of the best equipped in the State. It has an in and out filling station and many other convenient features. Jim Smith will head the mechanical force and will be assisted by R. Hager, Dennis Hunt and Stonewall Norris, all auto mechanics of wide experience.

For the present the concern will confine its operations to the repairing of automobiles and the sale of tires, tubes and other accessories and gas and oil. Later, however, it is probable that it will take the agency for a line of dependable cars.

Miss Haugabood Leaves

Miss Idaia Haugabood, who has been in Dunn for several weeks directing rehearsals for "The Microbe of Love" which was presented at the Metropolitan Friday night, left Saturday morning for her next engagement. Miss Haugabook made many friends in Dunn and gave to the town the best local talent production ever staged here.

LOVE BUG MAKES A BIG HIT BEFORE LARGE AUDIENCE

Home Talenters Present Best Show Of Many Season's

MISSES DAVENPORT AND GODWIN ARE THE STARS

Lift Presentation Above Mediocrity Usual To Amateurs—Local Bachelors Target For Spinsters Shafts — Little Cupids Add Interest.

Lifted out of the mediocrity which usually surrounds home talent productions by the superb portrayal of "Madam Hymen Cupid" by Miss Gladys Davenport and the excellent rendition of the comedy role of "Mrs. Jeremiah Henpeck" by Miss Mattie Bell Godwin, "The Microbe of Love," presented here Friday night under the auspices of the Dunn Post of the American Legion pleased a capacity crowd at the Metropolitan and sent them home convinced that they had seen the best show ever staged in Dunn.

It was lovely and laughable vehicle the legion had chosen to exhibit the dramatic talent of the town. And it was admirably staged. Jokes at the expense of some of the town's chronic bachelors were many and they were much appreciated. Parson Angus McQueen, Charley Baker, Dr. H. C. Turlington and others came in for shafts from the comic spinsters, but the line that really brought down the house was that in which Mrs. Henpeck deplored the fact that she had passed up Hugh Lane for Dick Taylor, who very creditably filled the role of Mr. Henpeck.

In costuming, lyrics and scenic effects the offering had all the earmarks of a profesional attraction. Even the chorus men appeared to be regular he-vamps, and the little ladies who formed the chorus—while far from looking professional—were there with the grace, charm and beauty of any musical comedy chorus.

Madam Cupid To Rescue

The play is woven around a dozen or so of spinsters who have about despaired ever ever landing husbands comes Madam Cupid with the love bug idea. She contracts to land a husband for each if they will stage a lawn party for the Bachelor's Club. They hold the party. Madam Cupid gives each of the poor fellows a shot of love microbes and then they are helpless. Madam Cupid cops the president of the club for her very own and the thing ends with everybody happy.

Between acts the Curb Stone Quartette, with its long, lost member, Henry O. Shell, back on the job, entertained the audience between acts with those songs they used to sing at the Wilson and Lee corner. These songs were good, the singing was good, the audience pronounced the singers good.

Director Conride - Hammerstein-Schmidt, mit der big Dunn Band, was there too—very much there. The director had forty musical instruments and a bass horn under his direction and he carried them through all the little tricks of music that make it look as good as it sounds. True, the hall was not quite enough for all the sound the fellows made and the walls were somewhat bent by the impacts, but the band comes in for much praise as do the thespians.

Beautiful Little Cupids

But, back to the play: The prettiest part was about to be overlooked. There were some cupids,—three of them. Tots about three or four years old, as fresh as a dew drop, as pretty as the first blush of a rose. They were Louise Fitzgerald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Fitzgerald; Doris Coltrane, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wallace E. Coltrane, and Margaret Townsend, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Townsend. The show would not have been complete without them, for it was through their aid that Madam Cupid enthralled the bachelors.

The cast:

Priscilla Prunes, President of Spinsters Club ..... Mrs. H. McKay
Lovie Song .... Miss Jessie Holliday
Ima Fraud ..... Miss Rigbee
Wanta Man ..... Miss Shaw
Sophie Sweetgum ..... Miss Graham
Samantha Loving ..... Miss Raney
Arabella Antique Mrs. Alfred Wilson
Lillie Lonesome ..... Miss Stuart
Hope On ..... Miss Emma Lee
Iva Chance .. Miss Rachael Clifford
Izzie Coming ..... Miss Herndon
Nelta Match ..... Miss Rigbee
On-the-Lookout ..... Miss Dantzler
Madam Hymen Cupid
Miss Gladys Davenport
Left Over Club
Piney Meltingheart ..... Miss Irwin
Ever Ready .. Miss Rachael Clifford
Tillie Comes ..... Miss Herndon
Mrs. Jeremiah Henpeck
Miss Mattie Belle Godwin
Bachelor Club
Billie Bachelor, President of Bachelor's Club .. .. Billie Newberry
U. B. Careful ..... Crip Cooper
Simon Shy ..... Sam Ferrell
Bobby Bashful .... Earl Westbrook
Very Bold ..... Craven Ezzell
Never Wed ..... C. C. Parker
Cant Catch ..... Bill Clifton
Willie Never ..... Mr. Bullard
U. R. Lovely ..... Bob Warren
Never Marry ..... Murd Dowd
Jeremiah Henpeck .... Dick Taylor
Chorus Girls

Misses Reva Jernigan, Henderson, Ella Primrose, Ruby Crockett, Agness Ellis, Florence Cooper, Currin, Helen Vaughn, Mrs. James Farthing, Mrs. Oscar Strickland.

Cupids—Louise Fitzgerald, Doris Coltrane, Margaret Townsend.

AMERICA SEEKS TEN-YEAR NAVY BUILDING LAPSE

Secretary Hughes Proposes Tremendous Scrapping Of Vessels

WOULD DESTROY 66 SHIPS IMMEDIATELY

Subject To Ten-Year Holiday Limitation, Capital Craft Could Be Replaced At Age Of Twenty Years. U. S. Would Scrap Most.

Washington, Nov. 12.—More drastic and far reaching than the most ardent advocates of disarmament dared to hope, America's proposals were suddenly laid before the Arms Conference today at its first session by Secretary Hughes.

A ten year naval holiday is the proposal in short, and the United States, Great Britain and Japan shall scrap 66 capital ships, aggregating 1,878.043 tons.

Within three months after the conclusion of an agreement, the United States would have 18 capital ships; Great Britain 22; and Japan 10. The tonnage of the three nations respectively under such a plan be 500,650; 604,450 and 299,700.

Ships when two years old, might be replaced under the plan, and the replacement scheme is 500,000 tons for the United States, 500,000 tons for Great Britain and 300,000 tons for Japan. No replacement ship could exceed 35,000 tons.

The United States would scrap 30 capital ships aggregating 843,740 tons; Great Britain 19 aggregating 583,375 tons, and Japan 17 aggregating 448,928 tons.

"Very Drastic," Says Kato

The figures include old ships to be scrapped, ships building or for which material has been assembled.

Characterized by Baron Kato, the chief Japanese delegate as "very drastic" but probably suitable as a basis for discussion, and by Mr. Balfour, head of the British delegation as "a statesmanlike utterance, pregnant with infinite possibilities and most hopeful of satisfactory results" the proposals, when first detailed, fell on the opening moments of the great conference like a bomb shell.

The foreign delegates were stunned. No other word describes their feelings.

Principal Features of Plan

The principal features of the American plan proposed were:

That for not less than ten years, competitive naval building cease as between Great Britain, the United States and Japan.

That all capital ships building or planned be scrapped and a few recently placed in the water by destroyed within three months of ratification of the agreement.

That the older ships of each fleet also be destroyed reducing the British force to twenty-two battleships, the American to eighteen and the Japanese to 10, each ship to be retained being specifically named.

That during the agreement no capital craft be laid down except under a detailed replacement scheme included in the proposal which would provide for ultimate equality of the British and American fleets and for a Japanese force at sixty per cent of the strength of either of the other two.

That all other naval craft be similarly provided for in the same ratio, specific figures for aggregate tonnage in each class being laid down.

Disregards Naval Aircraft

That naval aircraft be disregarded in the scaling down processes as a problem incapable of solution owing to the convertibility of commercial aircraft for war purposes.

That no naval building of any character be under taken in any of the three countries on foreign account during the life of the agreement.

That no capital ships hereafter laid down exceed 35,000 tons.

That the life of a battleship shall be fixed at twenty years and that ships to be replaced be destroyed before the replacement vessel is more than three months passed completion.

That no battleship replacement whatever be undertaken for ten years from date of the agreement.

That no combat craft be acquired except by construction and none be so disposed of that it might become part of another navy.

Billy East and His Comedians

La-d-i-ees and juntulmun, while you are waiting for the next home talent show, Earl Barefoot, manager of the Metropolitan offers for your approval Billy East, his jazz orchestra, his comedies and his plays, for three nights beginning last night.

It is a nice, polite, jazzy sort of a li'l ole show that Billy offers. There is a laugh every second—and no blushes at all. Besides the orchestra numbers there are Taylor Trout, a comic juggler, and Bertha Vaughan, a charming little soubrette, and a number of other folk whose main job is to make you laugh. Each night the company presents a one-act farce full of laughs, changing the program nightly.

Manager Barefoot wants all of you to see these shows. Aside from the real enjoyment you will get out of it, Earl calls your attention to the fact that this will be about his only chance to make any money on his lease. He gets nothing out of the home talent attractions and they are taking up about all the dates there are.

SALE OF ELECTRIC PLANT INDORSED BY ORGANIZATION

Chamber of Commerce Approves Plan for Improvement

TOWN LOST $10,000 BY OPERATION LAST YEAR

Goldstein Says Loss Will Be As Much This Year In Spite of Fact That Town Charges Twice As Much As The Company's Regular Rate.

Full and unequivocal indorsement was last night given the proposal of the town commissioners to sell the municipal electric light and power plant to the Carolina Light and Power Company by directors of the Chamber of Commerce who pledged themselves to do all in their power to carry the election called for ratification of the contract on December 13. The directors also indorsed Secretary Riddle's plan of farm diversification and instructed him to invite Clarence Poe, editor of the Progressive Farmer to make a speech here to the farmers and business men of the Dunn District some time in December.

All of the directors present were in favor of the sale of the electric plant. They have been sufferers from the inability of the municipality to furnish service at times when it was needed most and were familiar with the losses encountered by the town in its efforts to operate the enterprise.

E. Goldstein, president of the chamber of commerce and chairman of the board of directors, being also a member of the board of commissioners, knew more about the plant than anybody else. He volunteered the information that the plant suffered a loss of approximately $10,000 in 1920 and that this year would see the same thing happen. This, he said, it was pointed out, happened in spite of the fact that the town is charged practically twice as much as the company would charge for current.

The directors recommended that the commissioners [illegible] setting forth the [illegible] and shall be to [illegible] some time within the next three weeks for the purpose of thoroughly explaining the situation.

The directors figured that the town would be saved approximately $7,500 a year by the deal and that it would be saved the necessity of rebuilding the present plant at a cost of approximately $150,000.

WILSON'S TEARS ANSWER THRONG

Weeps As Roars Of Ten Thousands Threats Shout His Praise

(From the Washington Herald.)

And the people honored Woodrow Wilson.

Pompously-clad persons and grime-spattered toilers, high army officials and privates in the ranks, foreign representatives and American statesmen, survivers of the Union and Confederate forces in the Civil War, Republicans, Democrats and attaches to other political bodies, regardless of color or creed—more than 10,000 in all—with heads bared in reverence, stood side by side before the unostentatious home of the former President of the United States, 2340 S. street northwest, in a spontaneous and impressive memorial gathering late yesterday afternoon.

As the nations former Chief Executive—now just Mr. Wilson—stepped to the doorway, broken in health as the result of his strenuous labors during the war, women wept and children showered him with flowers, while men voiced praises.

Trembling from weakness and emotion, but expressing appreciation with a friendly smile, the man in whose honor impromptu demonstration had been arranged raised his hat in response to the deafening cheer rising from the multitude.

Shakes Hand of Wounded

After this action he stepped to the side of an automobile which had been drawn in front of the doorway and warmly shook the hands of four wounded soldiers from Walter Reid Hospital—Charles M. Webb, Beverly Hill, C. O. Peterson and James W. Oliver—and after evoking their speedy recovery thanked them for their visit.

Temporarily overcome with compassion for the maimed heroes of the world war, the war President was forced to retire to the house for a brief period.

Again appearing, leaning on the arm of Mrs. Wilson, the cheers and hand-clapping were repeated with even more gusto than at the time of his first appearance.

Still showing evidences of the effects of his physical breakdown which followed close upon the cessation of hostilities with Germany, struggling to stay the swell of emotion which enveloped him, Mr. Wilson, with one hand held by his wife, said:

"I wish I had voice enough to reply and to thank you for this beautiful tribute which you have just paid me."

Completing this brief statement, he succumbed to his emotions and wept, while the huge assembly, noticeably moved, stood in reverent silence.

NATION HONORS UNKNOWN SOLDIER AS TRIBUTE TO THOSE WHO DIED IN WAR

PRESIDENT LAUDS SPIRIT PROMTING SERVICE IN WAR

Speaks At Tomb Of America's Unknown Dead On Armistice Day

HATES WAR BUT LOVES JUSTICE TO NATIONS

Believes Highest Function Of Government Is To Give Citizens Security Of Peace And Opportunity To Achieve and Pursue Happiness.

Lauding the spirit of America in war, President Harding spoke Friday beside the tomb of the unknown soldier, as 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 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, 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 [illegible] they glorified [illegible] sacrificed [illegible] 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 to maintain 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 Know The Glory

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 its civilization survive. As a typical soldier of this 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.

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 appraisal of life and the contemplation of death's great mystery. On the threshold of eternity, many a soldier, I can well believe, wondered, 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 revere that citizen whose confidence in the righteousness of his country inspired belief that its triumph is the victory of humanity.

Had No Hatred For Any

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 losses of heroic dead 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 and its maintenance, armed 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 But 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 Capitol, of

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DUNN OBSERVES ARMISTICE DAY

White And Colored Folk Pay Tribute To Those Who Served

Reverently, whole-heartedly Dunn last Friday paid its annual tribute to the immortals who died in the great war and honored all who served. There was no ostentation about the ceremonies surrounding Armistice Day here. There were no big parades. Humbly and with thanks for the good they did the people gathered at the hour which marked the close of the war on that fateful day three years ago and renewed their pledges to keep sacred the memory of those who served.

It was quiet about town. Every store and every bank was closed for the day; factories were idle; commerce was at a standstill; the town was silent in gratitude for a good work done and in grief for the young lives that were sacrificed.

At Metropolitan Theatre the white people gathered to listen to speeches by those who served abroad and those who served at home and to hear the praises of all sung by children of the schools. In another part of town—in the negro Free Will Baptist church—negroes who had done their bit equally well with the white folk, gathered to observe the day. Over all the spirit of America brooded.

At the theatre there was a record crowd to hear Captain I Roland Williams, holder of many medals won in France for bravery, and others. Among the others there were Rev. E. N. Johnson, now pastor of First Baptist church, Professor Snipes, superintendent of schools. Hugh Godwin, son of the former congressman, read a memorial to Edward Kidder Graham, late president of the University. John L. Thompson read a memorial to Kiffin Rockwell, first of North Carolina's sons to fall before the Germans. Little Miss Ruth Young recited "On Flanders Field." Mrs. Herbert McKay: and Miss Janey [illegible] of the schools recited the oath of allegiance to the flag.

Later in the streets the Dunn Band fresh from an invasion of Benson where it had aided in the Armistice Day ceremonies, paraded the streets and played for the populace.

Meantime the negroes were carrying on their part of the celebration. Hot chocolate and cake was served to the colored veterans and little negro boys and girls were giving almost the same program as that given by the white little boys and girls. Dr. Codrington and Rev. Underwood were telling them of the duties of citizenship and admonishing them to remember the part played in the war by the colored youth of the war and asking them to always keep green the memory of those who served.

It was a really worth while day for Dunn. It brought home to the folk the agony and the glory of the late war and helped to weld that feeling of comradeship which many had feared would never be felt.

WEEVIL CHASES FARMERS NORTH

More Than Fifty South Carolina Families Coming To Dunn District

Routed by the boll weevil, more than fifty cotton growing families will move to the Dunn District from South Carolina during January, according to H. B. Bethea, representative of a large number of South Carolina farmers, who is here obtaining leases of cotton land in the surrounding country.

Up to Saturday Mr. Bethea had closed leases on the lands of Mrs. George Warren and J. M. Jones and was considering others on those of J. M. Byrd and Brother and a number of other large land owners. Leases already closed sum up a total of about ten two-horse farms. Mr. Bethea wants for himself and his brother, Walker Bethea, of Dillon, S. C., enough land to employ at least thirty families.

The Parhams, another large cotton growing concern, also are striving to get lands in the Dunn District, but they are experiencing some difficulty in getting as much as they desire. They could use enough to employ fifty families, but have despaired of getting that much.

These people were attracted here by the fertility of Dunn District soils where it is unusual for a farmer to produce less than a 500 pound bale of cotton to the acre and by the absence as yet of the boll weevil. They are leasing the available lands for one year with the privilege of an additional three. If the weevil does not approach too closely next year they will renew the leases it is stated.

The Parhams and Betheas are also large producers of sweet potatoes and sugar cane. If satisfactory arrangements can be made it is probable that they will begin the culture of these crops in this section upon a large scale.

The Betheas will supply their tenants from their own commissary to be located on the Jones place, a short distance from Godwin, a few miles south of Dunn.

RULERS OF MANY NATIONS ATTEND THE CEREMONIES

Another President Echoes Words Of Lincoln In Praise of Dead

TRIBUTES OF HONOR FROM EVERY WALK OF LIFE

From Across Seas Come Expressions Of Praise For Him Who Died And Whose Soul Now Enters In Spirit That Is America.

Washington, Nov. 11.—Under the wide and starry skies of his own homeland, America's Unknown Dead from France sleeps tonight a soldier home from the wars.

Alone he lies in the narrow cell of limestone that guards his body; but his soul has entered into the spirit that is America, wherever liberty is held close in men's hearts. The honor and the glory and the pledge of high endeavor poured out over this nameless one of fame will be told and sung by Americans for all time.

Scrolled across marble arch of the memorial raised to American soldier and sailor dead everywhere which stands like a monument behind his tomb, runs this legend.

Words of Martyred Lincoln

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

The words were spoken by 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 [illegible] 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 name and brought death to 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 seas, other unknown dead hallowed in memory by their countrymen as this American soldier is enshrined in the heart of America sleep their last. He is whose veins ran the blood of British forebears, lies beneath a great stone in ancient Westminster Abbey, he of France beneath the Arc de Triomphe 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 to join their glorious company, to testify their approval of the high words of hope, spoken by America's President.

America Pours Out Its 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 Monument, 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 slept 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 not so much of sorrow as of high pride in it all, a pride beyond the reach of the shouting and clamor that marks less sacred moments in life.

He Died For The Flag

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 Americans 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 as the cortege rolled along. And just behind the casket with its faded French flowers on the draped flag, walked the President, the chosen leader of a hundred millions in whose name he was chief mourner at this bier. Beside him strode the man under whom the fallen hero had lived and died in France, General Pershing, wearing only the single medal of victory that every American soldier might wear as his only decoration.

Then, row on row, came the men who lead the nation today or have

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