

"His Sacrifice Shall Not Be in Vain," Is Prophecy of Harding Over Bier of Soldier

Harding's Address at Arlington

At the Burial of an Unknown Soldier

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—President Harding, speaking to-day at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery, said:

"Mr. Secretary of War and ladies and gentlemen: We are met to-day 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 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 to-day, 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, for the Republic 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 9,000,000. 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 riches were common to all homes in the consciousness of service to country.

"Greater Devotion Hath No Man. "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, uncompensated, 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 how his ebbling 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.

"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.

Our Part to Atoner For Losses of Dead

"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 of freedom 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.

"To-day's ceremonies proclaim that the hero known is not honored. We gather him to the nation's breast, within the shadow of the Capitol, of the towering shaft that honors Washington, the great father, and of the exquisite monument to Lincoln, the martyred savior. Here in the inspirations of yesterday and the conscience of to-day forever unite to make the Republic worthy of his death for flag and country.

"Ours are lofty resolutions to-day, 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 defenders who survive, to mothers who sorrow, to widows and children who mourn, that no such sacrifice shall be asked again.

Modern Warfare Is Scientific Destruction

"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 is 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; there were mortars hurling 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 deadliness. The air was streaked with tiny flames marking the flight of massed destruction; while the effectiveness of the theoretical defense was impressed by the simulation of dead and wounded among those going forward, un-daunted and unheeding. As this panorama of unutterable 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. Surely no one in authority, with human attributes and a full appraisal of the patriotic loyalty of his countrymen, could ask the manhood of kingdom, 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 its citizens the security of peace, the opportunity to achieve, and the pursuit of happiness.

"The loftiest tribute we can bestow to-day—the heroically earned tribute—fashioned in deliberate conviction, out of unclouded thought, neither shadowed by remorse nor made vain by fancies, is the commitment of this Republic to an advancement never made before. If American achievement is a cherished

pride at home, if our unselfishness among nations is all we wish it to be, and ours is a helpful example in the world, then let us give of our influence and strength, yes, of our aspirations and convictions, 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.

For Rule Where Reason Shall Prevail

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

"Standing to-day 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 noting 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. There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

"As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, garlanded by love and covered 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, 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, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

Armistice Holiday for Allied Troops on Rhine

COBLENZ, Nov. 11.—Armistice Day was observed throughout the occupied area to-day as a holiday for all Allied troops. German inhabitants, however, carried on business as usual.

Horse racing and other sports featured the activities of the day in the American area. A series of inter-Allied boxing matches was scheduled for tonight at Coblenz.

They kept their eyes on the flag that covered the coffin they thought held him.

Then those early uniformed marine musicians began to play—this time in triumph. The President rose to his feet, as did all that assemblage. Soldiers of every nation snapped their hands rigidly to their foreheads, and high above them all the Unknown thrilled again as he, too, came to attention for the anthem.

Whole Nation in Silence

As the last note had ceased to echo among the russet and gold leaves of the high trees that are the background of the amphitheater a trumpet sounded. It was "Attention." Three times it was blown then, its stillness came over the hill. It was uncanny, that silence, and it puzzled the Unknown until he learned by some wireless energy more subtle than that which functions in the gigantic steel towers near by that this silence had descended upon the whole nation, upon the town or hamlet where he was reared, where his own people dwell and mourn.

Before he could cease to wonder it was two minutes past noon by mortal clocks and the termination of the silence was announced by the booming salute from the machine guns on the river at the base of the towering monument that commemorates the nation's first hero. Then, while the mourners remained standing, even the gathering began to sing "America." It was possible to distinguish the voice of the President and the booming notes of Sergeant Woodfill standing rigidly in his place at the head of the line, and the Chief Justice of the United States, and if those who sang turned their heads a trifle and wished hard enough they could hear the voice of the Unknown louder and more musical than any other.

A large man in the frock coat of officialdom moved out beside the casket as the music ceased. It was the Secretary of War, himself a sailor once, and between the sailor and the official there is no difference except in the theaters they select for their fighting. Mr. Weeks, the master of ceremonies, said that there was only one person fit to speak for the nation's purpose in honoring the unknown and that was the President.

It is not likely that the Unknown recalled the President's voice to the outer fringe of the thousands on the cemetery slopes to understand what he was saying.

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. In advancing toward his objective he was certain that he was fighting for a world awakened, and we are here to testify undying gratitude and reverence for that thought of a wider freedom.

Then the youth, this spirit that once moved about in heavy iron-studded shoes and rough, muddy work clothes so that he was not to be distinguished from the millions of other boys, knew that this was his day of victory. Then he understood the brilliance with which his countrymen had graced the occasion of his burial.

The Unknown heard the President say: "Standing to-day 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 noting 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. There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare."

Prayer Ends the Tribute

He heard: "Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name." When the President said a final word there was an echo that came from the original, and it might have been the mechanical contrivance for carrying the sound to those outside, and then, too, it might have been the voice of the Unknown, and the word was "Amen."

The Unknown heard more singing and knew that others of his countrymen were trying to express to him the same thoughts that he had heard from the President. It was a quartet, and if the Unknown in those days before the war attended the Metropolitan opera he may have recognized one or another of the voices of Miss Rosa Ponselle, Miss Jeanne Gordon or Morgan Kingston or William Gustafson as they sang:

O valiant hearts, who to your glory came through dust of conflict and through the battle-line. All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave. To save mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.

It may be that the Unknown did not know that this was the United States' Supreme Sacrifice. But surely he understood what followed.

Before the song ended a soldier, an officer, as the Unknown saw at a glance at the San Antonio belt and the glistening boots, had begun to shift the flowers on the coffin, and when he had them piled at the foot he rolled back the flag with its fringe of gold from the head of the casket. And now the Unknown must have seen that Mrs. Harding's face was streaked with tears and that hers was not the only one so marked.

He saw the President step forth again beside the casket and read in solemn tones two acts of Congress, one conferring upon the Unknown posthumous decorations, the Distinguished Service Cross and yes, the Congressional Medal of Honor, the same precious token of valor that hung at the bronzed throat of Sergeant Woodfill. He may have watched intently as the President bent and pinned to the black coffin lid the two rare jewels, after saying: "Won in mortality, to be worn in immortality." He saw him step backward and bow in salute.

Next came Lieutenant General Baron Jacques, of Belgium, wearing a mien baldric across his tunic, who spoke words of praise and appreciation and pinned in place the Croix de Guerre of his country, and after him Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty, accompanied by General the Earl of Cavan, representing the King of England. The latter spoke when the British sailor pinned in place the Victoria Cross, never before given to an American.

The space beside the casket was clear for a second and then came Marshal Foch, removing his white-plumed marshal's chapeau with a stiff armed, sweeping gesture of respect. He spoke in French, and then he to pin a bit of green and red striped ribbon and a bronze cross, giving the Unknown time to admire his scarlet baldric, his sash of gold and his scarlet trousers. This was a French picture from the one the Unknown remembered of a solemn old man in muddy gaiters, a faded blue uniform and smoking a pipe.

Decorated by Princes

General Armando Diaz, in gray, wrapped about with the blue sash of the Order of Savoy, came and conferred on the Unknown the Gold Medal for Bravery that Italy gives only to her most valorous sons. After him Prince Bibesco, in the gold faced uniform and plumed hat of a diplomat of Rumania, offered the Virtutea Militara of his nation; then Dr. Drenica Stanek, w the Czechoslovak War Cross, and finally another prince, the Polish Minister, Lubomirski, with the Virtuti Militari.

There were several hymns, then

Chaplain Lazaron recited the Twenty-third Psalm and presently the gathering was singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

The flag was rolled back, covering the newly acquired decorations of the Unknown. Sergeant Woodfill and his seven companions tenderly lifted the casket. They moved slowly from the open top of the marble stairs and out into the sunlight again while the marines played "Our Honored Dead."

Now the Unknown must have exclaimed at the beauty of the sight. There in a broad, sweeping panorama was the Capitol, his Capitol, with the dome, the monument, the library, even the station, standing out white and clear through the gray haze from the river; in the background, the board squares of cultivated land, alternating with the green of the winter wheat and the yellow of freshly plowed Virginia soil behind the rows of imposing amphitheater, and beyond a curtain of trees.

Directly beneath him was a great splash of black in his countrymen, thousands of Americans, with their hats held reverently in their hands. Between them and the amphitheater was the Unknown's grave, a white sarcophagus, a hole that opened to a shrine, depending upon the point of view. But even that could not alter the fact that this hole was lined with spess marble and this well was the center of a pyramidal curbing.

The eight heroes bearing the Unknown's earthly remains mounted the top of the sarcophagus and laid it on a stretcher of gold and silver. A level with the silver railing enclosing the top of the crypt. The band was playing "Lead, Kindly Light." Now the sun shone full on the casket. The Unknown, Brent, or rather Chaplain Brent, took his place at the head of the sarcophagus and began to read the burial service. An officer reached over and touched the silver railing. As though it was held by unseen hands,

Nation's Chiefs Afoot Escort Hero

To Grave Through Uncovered Throgs

From a Staff Correspondent

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—He may have been a farmer in Kansas, a bank cashier in Oregon, a New England grocer's clerk or a New York motor-man. His mother may still think him among the buried unknown in France. His wife or children, if he left such kin, may never know his grave.

But whoever he was or whatever his station he, in the name of all other of America's unidentified soldier dead, received to-day the tribute of a history making military pageant. It was the funeral procession of a lone soldier, but it was also a composite dirge for the unknown.

President Harding, walking part of the way, led the mourners who followed the olive-drab caisson which bore the coffin, capped in silver and lined with hundreds of roses, from the Capitol down flag-bedecked Pennsylvania Avenue on the long march to the grave at Arlington. In his lapel the President wore a red poppy. The flower, his presence as a martyr were the President's personal homage to the Unknown. The men among more than 100,000 spectators lifted their hats in silence as the President passed.

Wilson Greeted With Cheering

Only one among those who followed was unable to walk. He was ex-President Wilson. He rode in a carriage with Mrs. Wilson. His presence, his first participation in a public function since the inauguration of Mr. Harding, was made throughout the march from the Capitol to a point in front of the White House the occasion for outbursts of spontaneous cheering. His white head was kept almost constantly bowed as he raised his hat in response to greetings from sidewalks, windows and roofs. Near the White House he left the line and returned to his home.

The other 5,000 mourners, who walked the six miles to Arlington, each making about 17,000 paces, were Vice-President Coolidge, members of the Cabinet, General Pershing, Chief Justice Taft, Justices of the Supreme Court, members of the Senate and House, the Governors of most of the states, Lieutenant General Young, General Nelson A. Miles, General Tasker H. Bliss, high officers of the army, navy, marine corps and coast guard, eight veterans of the World War from each of the states, feeble veterans of the Civil War in blue and gray and the members of forty-four different organizations.

With the House delegation walked Representative Hamilton Fish Jr. of New York, who wore the Croix de Guerre, won at the capture of the village of Sechouite. The mourning dress of the members of Congress was headed by the Red Cross nurses' uniform worn by Representative Alice Robertson, of Oklahoma, the only woman in that section.

For two nights and a day the body of the Unknown, brought from France on Admiral Dewey's old flagship the Olympia, lay in the rotunda of the Capitol. There it rested in state, surrounded appropriately by mammoth paintings depicting incidents in American history. Guards stood at attention, while fully 100,000 persons, night and day, walked slowly around it.

Skies Clear for Cortège

Dramatic incidents attended the procession in the first mile of the march from the Capitol to the White House. Every vantage point along Pennsylvania Avenue was taken when the cortège, heralded by eighty buglers and led by rattling artillery, machine guns, squadrons of mounted guards and companies of infantry, swung from beneath the trees in the Capitol grounds into the avenue. The sky, which had been overcast, suddenly cleared and threw a burst of sunshine on flags and glittering accoutrements. In spite of its solemnity, the occasion was given a spirited, even an exultant, aspect by the waving flags and the mingled music of bugles and military and naval bands.

Save for the cheering accorded Mr. Wilson, the spectators permitted the procession to pass in silence. Attempts to cheer when Mr. Harding and General Pershing appeared were stopped by a deprecatory gesture of the President's hand. This was done because of the proximity of the Unknown Soldier. But the music and the salute of cannonading continued until long after the marchers had passed over the Aqueduct bridge at Georgetown and the caisson was drawn up on the crest of the hill, which overlooks the Potomac and the white Lincoln mausoleum beyond.

Six black horses drew the caisson. The members of the clergy who accompanied it were the Right Rev. C. H. Brent, Episcopal Bishop of western New York, formerly senior chaplain, A. E. F. Chaplain H. S. Lazarus, Chaplain J. B. Frazier and Chaplain T. Axtan. There were two classes of tall bearers. Representing the United States army and navy reserves were Rear Admiral Hugh Redman, Rear Admiral Charles P. Plunkett, Major General W. C. Neville, Major General D. C. Shanker, Major General W. G. Haan and Major General G. C. Richards. Those representing the active service were Major General C. G. Morton, Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, Major General G. H. Harbord, Major General C. B. Edwards, Major General C. T. Meagher and Major General John F. O'Ryan.

At the White House President Har-

the casket began to sink from sight. It was entirely hidden as Bishop Brent, in his soldier's uniform, commended the Unknown's soul to God and committed his body to the ground.

Representative Hamilton Fish Jr. of New York, himself of the A. E. F., stepped forward and placed a wreath on the tomb. It was from all the men of that fighting army. Then there was another placed by Mrs. R. Emmet Digby, president of the National American War Mothers. Mrs. Julia McCudden, a British war mother, on behalf of the mothers of soldiers of the empire, placed her offering. Plenty Coos, chief of the Crow Nation, left four other Indian chiefs in ceremonial costume, and hobbling with the uncertainty of age, laid his coup stick, decorated with eagle feathers, across the open top of the tomb. Then he removed his war bonnet with its white feathers that had trailed to his moccasin heels and posted this as a final tribute to the white warrior.

There was a salvo of artillery. Off at the side of the amphitheater the black horses of the guns lifted their heads and pricked their ears, but never moved a hoof. Two more salvos.

A Soldier's Homecoming

A bugler sounded "Taps," and with the last prolonged note the artillery burst forth with the first roar of a salute of twenty-one guns.

Overhead hovered the Unknown. On the ground soldiers responded to commands and began to lift their feet in step on the long hike back to barracks. Perhaps the Unknown, too, heard a command. It might have been the wind, but those on the ground were sure they heard the slough, slough, slough, slough of the Unknown marching the Unknown. It was the demobilization of the dead. They had been promised what they had fought for. Now they could go home.

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