

FOCH BEWILDERED BY AMERICA'S SPEED

I Am Very Proud; Deeply Touched by Reception, He Says.

REACHES WASHINGTON

Special Train Covers the 212 Miles in Less Than 4 1-2 Hours.

BECOMES A LEGIONNAIRE

Programme To-day Includes Lunch With President at White House.

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD

New York Herald Bureau, Washington, D. C., Oct. 28. Marshal Foch arrived here to-night at 9:15, obviously and justly amazed. He had been literally lifted through New York city by the enthusiasm of the crowds. That left him somewhat bewildered. He said to the newspaper men who were on his special train.

But as the seven car train roared down past Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, gathering speed as it went, he grasped Jules Jusserand, the French Ambassador, by the arm and said that much was being explained even by the train. He covered the 221 miles between here and New York in just a fraction less than four and a half hours. He was being greeted by the United States and noise and enthusiasm composed the greeting.

Marshal Is Amazed.

If America set out to do a thing and desired that this thing be done immediately, virtually everything was set aside, and apparently the entire country got behind the project and did it in an enormous way. That apparently was his sentiment when he grasped the hands of the locomotive crew. The crowd could not hear what he said to the crew. It could only see him shake his head and shrug his shoulders.

At Trenton the station platform was lined with American Legion members, city officials and unattached folks, who were perfectly content to see the train flash by. For a few moments it stopped in West Philadelphia, and there the crowd had time to cheer a couple of times. The Marshal was whisked through Chester and Wilmington so fast that whatever crowds had gathered hardly knew it was the important special. At Baltimore it hesitated, and that was all.

So it was hardly to be wondered at that the Marshal was more than a trifle amazed when he received the reporters. He had abandoned his ancient pipe and was puffing on a pale cigar. What could he say? He waved his hand at the flying landscape and shrugged his shoulders. He was being carried South at the rate of fifty and seventy miles an hour. Folks came out just to cheer his train.

"My thoughts," he replied to the demand for them, "These are my thoughts. I am very proud; I am deeply touched by my reception in New York. It did not surprise me so much in view of the knowledge I had of the American people, through their fighters, whom I had seen at work, you know."

The Marshal laughingly declined to

make use of his English vocabulary. Ambassador Jusserand insisted that it was much larger than generally was suspected, but the Marshal insisted that its proportions be kept secret. Therefore the Ambassador acted as interpreter.

"Manifestations Are Striking."

"The manifestations are striking," went on Marshal Foch. "They are spontaneous, nothing official. They are the true language of the people who say, 'What we wanted you to do you have done.'"

"I am happy to be received here by the American Legion, ah, very happy. I am bound to it by special ties, and it is managing well my journey in America. I am certain they are going to manage it excellently to the end."

And here the Marshal ceased speaking. It was not the words he uttered but the manner in which he spoke them that meant much. His eyes, naturally deep set, had receded even further into his head. He was tired, but every word he uttered was almost shouted. It seemed as though he wanted to grow eloquent as an orator might and was chagrined because he couldn't.

The same air of great surprise was on him when the crowd in the station in Washington began cheering him. Gen. Pershing was there to greet him, and with Gen. Pershing were Adjutant-Gen. F. C. Harris, Brig.-Gen. H. H. Bandholtz, Brig.-Gen. W. D. Connor, Col. Frank Parker, Major Marlborough Churchill, and Assistant Secretary of State Bliss.

Joins the Legion.

They guided him to the President's room in the terminal and there surrounded by Legionnaires, soldiers and especially favored citizens of various stations. Howard S. Fisk, commander of George Washington Post, No. 1, American Legion, made him a member of the organization. A medal memorializing the fact was pinned upon his chest, already heavy with decorations. He was given a membership card, which he signed with a pen selected from a dozen thrust forward for the honor.

From there he was taken to the hotel, where he will stay until Sunday morning, when he leaves this city for Kansas City to participate in the American Legion convention ceremonies. To-morrow he has luncheon with President and Mrs. Harding and dinner at the French Embassy. Although something akin to a schedule has been arranged for the Marshal while he is in Washington, he has signified his desire to be permitted to act as he pleases and at random. And this doubtless will be done.

ITALY'S HERO CHOSEN BY BEREAVED MOTHER

Selects Unknown Dead From Those of 11 Battlefields.

ROME, Oct. 28.—Italy's unknown soldier was designated to-day. The ceremony was held in the Cathedral of Aquileia, near the Isonzo River, where the Italian armies fought one of their greatest battles.

Following religious services a mother, chosen by lot from among those who lost sons in the war, approached the eleven coffins which had been brought from different battlefields and picked out the one which is to symbolize the Italian war dead. The casket was then placed before the altar and covered with the tri-color, on which were laid a helmet and a gold medal.

CANADA SENDS AGED VICTORIA CROSS WEARER

Will Represent Veterans at Arlington Cemetery.

TORONTO, Oct. 28.—Sergeant G. Richardson of Toronto, said to be the oldest living wearer of the Victoria Cross, will represent the war veterans of the Dominion at the burial of America's unknown soldier in Arlington national cemetery, November 11.

He will place a wreath of maples upon the unknown soldier's resting place. An honorary escort representing veteran organizations will accompany the aged sergeant to the ceremonies.

DIAZ LEAVES WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—Gen. Diaz of Italy left here late to-day for Kansas City to attend the American Legion Convention and arrive in Kansas City Sunday morning. Between the closing of the convention and armistice day he will visit New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Newport.

CITY SHOWERS FOCH WITH ITS GREETINGS

Continued from First Page.

the heads of six footers—that strange, vital something behind mysterious, kindly eyes.

An Affectionate Greeting.

The keynote of the really remarkable welcome given him here between 2:15 P. M. when he landed at Pier A, until 4:35 P. M. when he left for Washington, was his warmheartedness, his affection. And this seemed to be a personal tribute, the offering of the city's treasured up sentiment to one who had dedicated his genius to the salvation of civilization and in perfect usefulness.

There have been greater crowds, though seldom, as when Papa Joffre received the acclaim of no man knows how many folk, and as when the Prince of Wales first showed the smile of his grandfather in this city; and there have been, doubtless, greater volumes of noise, a heavier concussion of cheering, more running about, more stampeding against the inflexible line of the police; but such comparisons, after all, are profitless and meaningless. No foreign visitor ever had a happier, sweeter and more sincerely heartfelt greeting than Marshal Foch.

So far as the welcome home of Americans is concerned the arrival of Foch yesterday had certain features that reminded one not a little of the return of the late Theodore Roosevelt from Africa, and those of an older generation recalled the triumphant procession of Dewey. From any standpoint and judgment, the welcome to Foch was a celebration of the first magnitude ever for old Manhattan, who rarely has so much to attract her, having seen so much and known so much.

Pershing Extends Greeting.

It was Pershing, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, who first clasped the hand of Foch when the French commander landed upon American soil, for the American General just managed to arrive aboard the steamship George Washington in time to give the official greeting to the army to his one time superior officer. Foch and Pershing had chatted for many hours by wireless as the Paris trailed the George Washington toward New York and were perfectly informed of each other's movements in consequence.

The George Washington arrived at Quarantine at 10:55 A. M., with the Paris an hour and forty minutes in her wake. That gave plenty of time for the General to disembark to the tug Lexington and so arrive at Pier A to make ready to receive Foch. He arrived at the pier at 12:45 P. M. and made himself comfortable in the office of Dock Commissioner Murray Hulbert until the tug bringing Foch should summon him to attention. Major-Gen. Robert Lee Bullard, Gov. Nathan L. Miller, Assistant Secretary of War Walworth and other army and navy officers were with Pershing in this interval.

Down the bay the crack ship of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, the Paris, proceeded circumspectly because it was annoyingly heavy—so much so that the destroyer squadron of twelve going out to the bar to guide the Paris in to Quarantine had to watch their step. They thought the Paris in between the green hills of the forts at 12:30 P. M. precisely, and then the echoes began to pound each other as the forts of the Narrows gave Foch his due of nineteen guns.

From the mainmast of the Paris flew the biggest tri-color any one had ever seen in this port and upon the broad white stripe of it was the golden crossed batons of a Marshal of France. As bands aboard the John F. Hyman and other boats played "The Star Spangled Banner" and "The Marseillaise" and mixed in a spirited collection of less significant tunes, the tug Vigilant approached the Paris, carrying the official reception committee. This committee included Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Jules J. Jusserand, the Ambassador of France; Col. George W. Burtleigh, representing Gov. Miller; Gen. George Wingate, representing Mayor Hyman; Gaston Liebert, French Consul General in New York; Lieut.-Col. S. G. Sharple, representing Major-Gen. Bullard and the Second Corps; Col. Alton T. Roberts, representing the American Legion, and Capt. D. C. Hanrahan, representing the naval district.

After the Marshal had been greeted formally on board the Paris he was escorted aboard the Vigilant at 1:20

P. M. With him were Col. Frank Parker, acting as honorary aid; Brig.-Gen. Henri Desticker, Count Charles de Chambrun, Dr. Paul Andre, Commandant Jean de Mierry, Capt. Rene L'Hopital and Lieut. Paul de Soubreyran, his staff officers, except for Count de Chambrun, who is counselor of the French Embassy. On board the Vigilant the Marshal was further welcomed on behalf of the American Legion, whose special guest he is, by Franklin D'Olier and Delancey Kountze. By this time the Journey toward Pier A had begun, two destroyers leading the way very carefully, for the haze was hanging on, although the sun overhead was now bright and warm.

Immediately after getting his bearings the Marshal made a statement to the press:

"It is a very great satisfaction for me to come here and meet again my American brothers in arms. These soldiers whom I had the honor to lead in 1918 on the battlefields of France were brave and gallant in the performance of the duties of war. I am now to have the deep pleasure of seeing them engaged in the works of peace, utilizing the same quality which made their strength and glory throughout the war. It is likewise a very great joy for me to visit them in their homes, where they received the inspiration and training which animated them so powerfully."

"But during my visit in the midst of the living, my thoughts remain with the absent ones, the brave soldiers of your nation, who gave their lives for our war's common cause. May all those who mourn their dead be assured of my most profound sympathy. Their sacrifice has not been in vain. On it rests the basis of the peace of the world for which we are working in common today, inspired by the same sentiments which united us upon the field of battle."

Cheers From 20,000.

Following the destroyers Barney and Preston, the Vigilant passed Governors Island at 2:07 P. M. By that time Marshal Foch, who was wearing a military overcoat, had fished his favorite pipe out of a deep pocket and was busy with the fumes of the tobacco. When he was told that another salute was imminent he ended his smoke, came on deck and stood at attention at the rail as Fort Jay hammered out nineteen reports.

A few minutes later, at 2:15, he landed at pier A to meet the cheers of 20,000 people massed between the Aquarium and the Whitehall Building and between the water front and the distant Custom House. Many of them had been there since the middle of the morning and it was a crowd of interesting complexion. It included thousands of French people who chatted with their characteristic animation, even when pressed back by the police; a large contingent of wounded veterans from the Fox Hills Hospital, the Lafayette Guards in full regalia and headed by their own band, twenty French veterans in full uniform and the representatives of many French and American societies.

All the whistles anywhere about let go as Foch appeared, and the crowd broke into cheers. The Marshal chatted with Pershing very gaily, then gave his attention to Gov. Miller, who made a brief address of welcome. Others in the group were Charles M. Schwab and Rodman Wanamaker, chairman of the Mayor's committee. The Marshal replied, speaking in French, as his English is limited, to assure the Governor of his appreciation of the State's welcome, and then a slip of a girl, standing by her mother, widow of a French soldier killed in action, presented a bouquet of roses to him. Five hands tried to drown each other's strains, and there was a terrific do from motor horns and harbor sirens.

In the first car behind the mounted police escort Marshal Foch rode with Assistant Secretary of War Walworth, Ambassador Jusserand and Col. Roberts of the American Legion, Gov. Miller and Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt followed, and then came a long string of cars containing officers and civilians.

As one swept a glance up the rise of lower Broadway it seemed a tossing sea. An almost unbroken line of policemen on each side were keeping the roadway clear, but the sidewalks were jammed from curb to wall, and the air was swayed with whirling bits of paper fluttering down in endless, inexhaustible gusts from the precipitous buildings of the Broadway canyon.

This, one must remember, was a familiar sight to many if not most of those that witnessed it yesterday, but it is very doubtful if Marshal Foch ever experienced anything like it—the blizzards of falling, swooping paper and the twisting paper tape that clutched the side of his right hand to his head as he passed. That display was really thrilling in the neighborhood of old Trinity. Constantly the Marshal saluted the crowds with a quick, snappy gesture like a sentry saluting his very head as he passed. That display was really thrilling in the neighborhood of old Trinity. Constantly the Marshal saluted the crowds with a quick, snappy gesture like a sentry saluting his very head as he passed. That display was really thrilling in the neighborhood of old Trinity.

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That was in the Aldermanic Chamber at the City Hall, where he made his arrival at ten minutes to 3 o'clock, again receiving presented arms from regulars and every honor possible to civic authority. Exceptional honors were paid to him, for he was escorted by Mayor Hyman to the Aldermanic Chamber, where the ceremony of extending to him the freedom of the city was performed. The decorations were elaborate and attractive. French and American flags were used profusely and potted palms gave an agreeable touch of greenery to the bright color. Every bit of furniture had been removed and the crowd that filled the chamber made one shiver a little over the thought that the floor might not do its duty.

Receives Freedom of City.

Standing well to the front of the hall in front of where the president's chair is usually placed, Marshal Foch received the freedom of the city in a silver box appropriately inscribed, and heard the Mayor deliver an address of welcome. After the Mayor finished the Governor made a second address in which he assured the Marshal that the American people admire him because of his qualities of heart as well as because of his military genius. Marshal Foch's address in the Aldermanic Chamber was: "I lack words to express the sentiment I felt when I landed in this beautiful city. The atmosphere of sympathy touches me deeply. Let me tell you something in two words: I am very happy to see the city from which came so many fighters that I had the honor to lead into battle, and those men had the sentiments that led us to victory. I want to express my gratitude to the Mayor and the officials of New York for conferring upon me a document which will be preserved forever in the sacred archives of my family. "In all the orations and acclamations I find more than the expression of a nation. It is an expression of a union

which they made a sacred cause and cemented by victory. It was a cause that will never fail. The union will continue in peace and all its problems. The union of two democratic, liberal nations, France and America, is indispensable. I am confident that the union will live forever."

Ambassador Jusserand interpreted for the press. The Mayor again accompanied the Marshal to his car, and many photographs were taken of a group which included the Marshal, Gen. Pershing, the Governor and the Mayor. Thereupon the long parade uptown began, a journey which repeated in somewhat less holier measure the delightful welcome the Marshal had received downtown. The route was through Lafayette to Centre street, to Ninth street, to Fifth avenue, to Thirty-third street, to Seventh avenue, to the Thirty-second street entrance of the Pennsylvania Station, and every foot of the way the Marshal was most generously acclaimed.

The air was filled with "Vive la France toujours!" and often enough the Marshal responded with a "Oul, mes amis, vive la France! Vive l'Amérique!" There were specially impressive demonstrations in Madison Square, in the forthcoming stretch of Fifth avenue, at Broadway and Thirty-third street, and finally in the neighborhood of the Pennsylvania Station. But it was within that terminal that one of the finest receptions of all was observed. The immense space was jammed with people and bright with the colors of French and American flags.

As the Marshal, escorted by Station-master Egan, entered the concourse, approaching a gate which led to his special train, he was suddenly in the midst of 5,000 new friends, who fairly raised the roof. Finally he broke through and went to the platform below, where he bade farewell to members of the reception committee and went aboard his train. Gen. Pershing had already left for Washington aboard the Congressional Limited at 3:25 P. M. Just before the train left a message from President Harding was handed to the Marshal. The President thanked the Marshal for courteous wishes sent by wireless, for Foch had flashed ahead of the ship.

"At the moment when I am about to land on the soil of the United States I greet the President of the great republic most respectfully, thanking him for the honor which he has done me by sending an American flotilla to meet me."

To this Secretary Hughes, for the President, had replied: "The President desires me to express to you his thanks for your thoughtful message to him and to say that he is anticipating meeting you to-morrow with much pleasure. Please accept my own cordial wishes of warm welcome to the United States."

Before going aboard the special the Marshal, with meticulous courtesy, thanked every person at all concerned in his reception. To the newspaper men he said: "I am deeply touched"—and there were tears in his eyes, as there were in the Aldermanic Chamber and again in the concourse of the railroad station, as he said this. To Consul-General Liebert he turned to say that the "bigness" of New York overwhelmed him.

"It is so appallingly big—streets, buildings, crowds, spirit, everything!" The train's start was delayed because of the tardiness in delivering the Marshal's baggage. That came finally and at 4:35, as the railroad men cheered, the train slipped away into the darkness.



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