

MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH, the greatest soldier of the World War, the man who prepared France to fight, the great little Frerchman who led the Allied armies to victory, arrives in America and takes New York by storm. Above is the scene on lower Broadway with Marshal Foch standing in the tonneau of his car, in Foch standing in the tonneau of his car, in a veritable snowstorm of tern paper and confetti, acknowledging the welcoming cheers from the thousands who lined the route from the Battery. At the left—A splendid close-up of the grim-lipped, serious-eyed so'dier as he smiled his appreciation at the splendid tribute paid him on his first visit of the United States. "I am too deeply touched for words," was the way he expressed himself

International-C. Curtis



75 M/N

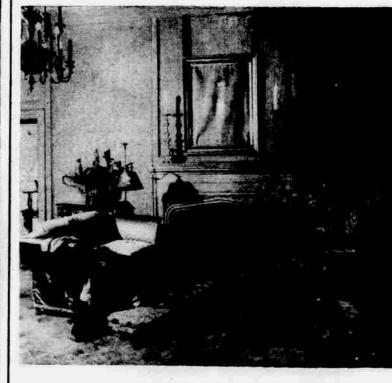
A Lamp that Can Never Be Made Again

This is a lamp so intertwined in history with the World War that to future generations it will be as cherished as a sword from Bunker Hill.

Notice the symmetrical architectural lines—see what a look of stately dignity it has compared with the merely "pretty" lamps you find in the average store. These are not merely lines of ART. Their very look of power and strength which lends such artistic beauty to the lamp also tells the story of the greatest single instrument of victory in the World War. For the shaft of each of these lamps is itself one of the heroic shells for the famous French-American "Seventy-Fives"—the gallant "75" with which the Germans never did succeed in coping.

The shade was especially designed for the Victory Lamp by that great painter, Franklin Booth. The whole lamp is your library table, living-room or den. Only a few lamps still left. No more can be made. Price about one-third the cost of lamps of this class in retail stores. Write today for full particulars, sent free. This lamp can be obtained on small monthly payments, if desired.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, Dept. B, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.



A suggestion from the Galleries of Interior Decoration,



Burgess-Nash Company, fourth floor, northwest.



IN THE BLEACH-ERS. An unconven-tional picture of Pres-ident Harding and Secretary of War Weeks, seated in a rough pine stand as they interestedly watch a sham battle staged at Camp Ben-

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staged at Camp Benning, near Columbus, Georgia, by cadets in training there for West Point, all of them World War veterans. The President made several speeches as he passed through Georgia on his recent

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southern trip and in all of them he preached the gospel of better understand-ing and pleaded for the obliteration of sec-

tional lines.

ROBERT E. TOD, Retired New York banker and former Commodore of the Atlantic Yacht Club, who says he'll "play square" as he takes the helm as new Commissioner of Immigration for the Port of New York. Mr. Tod was navigating officer on the U. S. S. Corsair (J. P. Morgan's yacht) during the war and rose from lieutenant to commander.



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Left—THE PROUD-EST MAN IN THE ARMY. Sergt. M. J. Donohue, U. S. A., wounded at Cantigny and awarded the D. S. C., who has been chosen by the War Department to be official mourner for the enlisted men at the enlisted men at the Arlington cere-monies in connection with the burial of America's "Unknown Hero."

CUNNING-HAM AND CAVA-NAUGH, sure and it's the Irish jig they should be after doing in Mr. Cohan's "O'Brien Girl." This whirlwind dancing team is but one of the popular and peppy features that the inimitable producer has put into his "last"—we refuse to believe him—musical comedy at the Libcomedy at the Lib-

