

## ARMISTICE TERMS OFFERED GERMANY



**ROBERT LANSING**  
Secretary of State  
in President Wilson's Cabinet.

Terms on which Germany may obtain immediate armistice and end the war were yesterday completed and signed in Paris. Secretary Lansing announced the fact in a brief statement, adding only that complete diplomatic harmony had been achieved by allied and American conferees at Versailles.

It may be stated authoritatively that the terms, not yet given out for publication, follow closely those under which Austria-Hungary surrendered and passed out of the war, leaving Germany to stand alone against the world.

Presumption in official circles at Washington was that the stipulations would be in the hands of the German government in less than 24 hours. If they are accepted, a reply settling the issue of peace or further fighting may also be received within that time.

Secretary Lansing has issued the following statement:

"According to an official report received this evening the terms of the armistice to be offered to Germany has just been agreed to unanimously and signed by the representatives of the allies and the United States in Paris.

"The report further states that diplomatic unity has been completely achieved under conditions of utmost harmony."

## FURNITURE STORE IN HANDS OF ED. METZGER

Ed. Metzger, for the past ten years connected with R. R. Carlson's furniture store, has taken over the furniture business and is now conducting it in his own name.

He is beginning his independent career with an advertisement in this issue of the Outlook, to which all readers of the paper are directed. Mr. Metzger has been increasing his stock of goods and will build up the business to larger proportions.

While the stock here is not yet as complete as it will be in a short time, arrangements have been made for showing goods to customers at the wholesale warehouse in Portland. Prospective buyers of furniture will be taken there by auto for selections.

A complete line of furniture for households has long been a necessity in Gresham and it is gratifying to know that Mr. Metzger has taken hold of the business with his usual vigor—which means success.

## GRESHAM ARMY VISITOR NOW IN THE TRENCHES

A letter just received by Mrs. H. L. St. Clair will be of interest to a number of Gresham people, coming as it does from 1st Class Sergeant Warren W. Wrye of the 318th Engineers. About twenty-five soldiers of that regiment were entertained in different homes in Gresham one Sunday last winter, just before they left for overseas service. Sergeant Wrye writes under date of Sept. 27:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am still in the land of the living. At last we are in the trenches and ready for business. We are shelled every night and day, with death walking all around us but the boys are all American and anxious to be at them. With high spirits they are a brave lot and I think you will hear that we will give a good account of ourselves before long. Have not been able to find Leslie. Please send me his present address. Best regards to you and all the Gresham ladies.

Great Britain has raised and repaired 407 ships sunk by German U. boat in British waters. They had been sunk on the "Continental shelf," where the sea is not very deep.

## HAROLD KERN WRITES OF AN INTERESTING TOUR OF FRANCE

La Rochelle, France,  
October 14, 1918.

Dear Folks:—Wrote you a few lines last Thursday and four days ago, just after I had reached home from my furlough. Had so little time that it was not much of a letter and didn't try to tell you anything of my trip, which by the way was hard to beat. Just answered some of your letters that were awaiting me here when I returned and now I will try and tell you what I can remember of my vacation. I sure find parts of this war highly entertaining.

Two of us left here, or rather La Rochelle, on September 27th and journeyed down to Bordeaux, arriving there late in the evening. Whenever a soldier travels in France and stops for any length of time in a town or city, he must register in at the office of the Assistant Provost Marshal and must register out when leaving said city. Now the 18th engineers are about as popular with the Provost Marshal in Bordeaux as a case of measles in an army camp. Several of our fellows have had trouble getting out of Bordeaux once they had registered in. Bordeaux once belonged to us, long before the A. P. M. or an M. P. ever saw the place. Of course when the wear of the sacred arm band and "soothing stick" came to town, things changed considerably. We no longer roamed at will. But we kept things busy all the time and although we finally lost the big argument, there were many minor arguments we did win.

But as I was saying, one of our bunch doesn't have to do much now in order to become a guest of honor in the brig in that man's town so we didn't register. Traveled around and looked the town over that evening. If such a thing is really possible, it was dirtier than ever. Left early the next morning and rode all day through a beautiful country, so green and pretty. The grapes were just ripening and in a few fields they were being gathered. This country we passed through that day was by far the most prosperous I have so far seen.

On the way down I met the daintiest French girl I have ever seen. Dainty is the nearest correct word I can imagine. She was traveling to Certe with her mother, and I certainly exercised my very best conversational French. They were fine people, wealthy, and I think, well never mind what I think. The girl could speak some English, in fact some fellow in the Q. M. corps at Bordeaux had fallen into the habit of calling on her often. She showed me his picture. Charley, that's his name, would have been a good looking boy had there been a barber in his outfit. He was the strongest male booster for the Marcel wave I ever saw. But between you and me, I think he is getting away good. But you can't ever tell. Some U. S. sailor whose home is in Brooklyn is corresponding with her with fearful regularity.

But nevertheless I really did see a lot of that pretty country through which we passed. I know of nothing similar in the States, so I can't give you much of an idea. There were practically no hills as you can believe when I tell you that the railroad parallels, much of the way, a canal which connects Bordeaux and Certe, a distance of about 300 miles. Of course there are a few locks in the canal but not many.

We had some canned "Willy," some of Boston's very best and bread for lunch and our traveling French companions were much interested in such things especially the bread. We had white bread to eat, just as you folks used to luxuriate in before the war, and that is cake to the French. Just to show the generosity of all Americans we passed the bread around. We sure got away big there. Very soon after this, a lot of talk started between the French people around us. I couldn't understand all that was said, but I could make out that one woman was sore because the American soldiers are given so much better bread than the "poils." The discussion grew warm, she had opposition, and I finally volunteered the information that you people in the States didn't get that kind of bread anymore. That seemed to mollify the lady some at least, but she sure couldn't see any justice in the matter. My French was too limited and I can't draw pictures, otherwise I would have explained to her that the United States is paying its own way in this war and asking aid of no one. There are some people over here who would charge the United States rent for using France as a battle ground if they could get away with it. But those people are really few.

Certe was reached at 5 p. m., changed cars and went on to Terascon. You see whenever the end of one railroad company's rails is reached, you must change cars. One company does not run any cars over another line. It simply isn't done. Between Certe and Terascon we met an American Frenchman, a survivor of Philadelphia. He has been over here some thirty years and can understand what the French people say. That in itself is an achievement to my way of thinking. He was sure a fine man and highly interesting. Told us a lot about the country, and said in the Marseilles district alone there was an annual output of fourteen million barrels of wine. That only goes to show that the prohibitionists are up against it in France unless they can get the backing of some expert agriculturists. France is a good country in some ways. Just pass the tip around that there is ample room here in this country for some of our inspired reformers at home. And it doesn't cause any comment here as it does at home, if a person continually neglects their own business or home interests in order to take a hand in other people's affairs.

Upon reaching Terascon, our friend took us out to dinner, between trains. That was about 8 p. m. and I was sure hungry. From Terascon on into Mar-

seilles the train was very crowded. I guess "jammed" is a better word. But one train now probably takes the place of three before the war and this Philadelphia told us that the French travel almost as much now as in times of peace. Forgot to mention that he pointed out to us an old Roman Coliseum as we passed the city of Nimes. Although very old, it is still used for bull fights, etc., and has even today a seating capacity of eighteen thousand.

Reached Marseilles about 11 p. m. and I was all in. Riding in these compartments in a French train certainly does not resemble a rest cure. After a matter of fifteen or twenty hours, one begins to wonder why on earth he didn't stay at home. The only thing I can say for these trains is that they beat walking. A Pullman car on exhibition in a side show over here should be worth millions.

After the M. P. had stamped and written all over our furlough papers upon our arrival in Marseilles, we hired a cab and drove to our hotel. As we drove down town I thought the city must be beautiful in the day time. It looked very pretty at night. Reached our hotel and obtained a room and bath for the price of a house and lot in Lents, Oregon. A bath tub and hot and cold water, just think of it. Reminded me of the palmy days when I used to eat a sandwich in Leighton's and then dash down and pick my teeth in front of the Hotel Benson. However, I could hardly reconcile myself to the idea that our accommodations were really worth so many francs, so in order to get full value as early as possible, I let the water run all night.

In the morning we breakfasted at the only short order house I've found in France. It was a regular place. The waiters took orders and shouted out in the good old way "Ham and two," "coffee and two," and so on, only of course they talked French. He tickled me and I am hard to tickle, too. In all other restaurants I've found the waiter eventually comes in, apologizes for coming at all, takes your order and transmits the same in a whisper to the chef in the kitchen and the chef goes out and gets the mayor's approval before you can be served. I don't know what sort of a schedule this short order house was run on, for meals were served at all hours and bread and butter in any quantity were to be had for the asking. That is extremely unusual here.

We decided to take the fast train to Nice at 11 a. m. but the M. P. guardian at the depot said nay. Only officers, not any enlisted men, are allowed to ride the express between Marseilles and Nice. I don't know whether this regulation owes its birth to the French or American officials. Sometimes it looks as though if we are fighting to make the world safe for the democrats, we buck privates must all be republicans. But that is a mere incident. E Pluribus Unum.

Having some hours to while away we took in the sights. Marseilles is the dirtiest city I've ever seen. Being a port city is responsible mainly for that I suppose, but the place is rotten. One can see every nationality, with one exception, upon the streets of Marseilles, and dirty children by the thousands. Talk about a cosmopolitan city! The whole down town section fairly screams with filth.

We took a beautiful train ride through the residential portion of the city and out along the shore of the Mediterranean and around the old port. The harbor was full of all kinds of ships and this was a fine little trip. Then we walked up to the Notre Dame cathedral, a beautiful structure on a young mountain at the edge of town. This hill has been fortified for many, many years and was formerly the scene of holy festivities, pilgrimages, etc. Some years ago this new cathedral was built and there are left but few signs of the old fort. I sent you a number of cards and booklets concerning its appearance far better than I can tell you. Going back down town we took the lift, two cars attached to each other. When one descends it pulls the other car up. This lift works only in the steepest part of the hill. It is awfully simple, unless the cable breaks and then it is simply awful.

Took the evening train for Nice, and so instead of being forced to absorb all the scenery en route in five hours by riding the express, we were able to let it soak in for a matter of ten hours or more. Arrived easily in Nice at 2 a. m. and dashed for our hotel.

We breakfasted in bed the next morning. That was sure hard to take. Then we went out to see Nice and it is surely a beautiful place. The city is built on a half moon bay; beautiful far beyond my powers of description. I wish you could see the Mediterranean here, it is such a deep wonderful blue. Trees and grass were green and beautiful gardens, parks, fountains, residences, well there is no use for me to try to tell you something so far beyond me. I sent you lots of cards and books of pictures. Look at 'em.

Not until I hit Nice did I find the drink for which I have been hunting. It was a cocktail. And I stayed on that one and only course until I left those parts and cocktails were no longer available. We managed to talk the mayor or somebody out of some bread tickets at the Casino and in the evening we went swimming at Californie beach. Ah! the memories of that beach will long linger.

There are about a dozen, and no more, rooms at the bathing pavilion for the purpose of donning one's surf attire. No one but Americans seemed to use these rooms. Everyone else, men, women, girls and children change from street attire to bathing costumes on the bare, bare beach. You may doubt this but it is bare truth. I am so positive. There were many and various methods employed by the different people in regard to disrobing and robing. I don't know which I liked best. Some used large umbrellas

to cut off the view from the beach. Other times mothers held blankets behind which their daughters leisurely effected the necessary change. But there was nothing to cut off the view of the swimmers and I went there to swim. Once I swam far out to sea, in the vain hope that everybody would be in the water by the time I returned. It was useless. I went home discouraged. War brings so little happiness.

Took in a good show that evening. The name of the play was "The American." I have no idea what it was all about but we enjoyed it immensely.

The next morning my pal wanted to go to Monte Carlo, but I wanted to go to Californie again. I thought possibly no one but ourselves would be there that day and we could enjoy a good swim. We tossed a coin and I lost. I always lose. So we paid our hotel bill and left. Speaking of paying our bill here reminds me that with the exception of the Red Cross, the most wonderful organization that ever existed, the people of Nice are the first people I have met over here, regardless of nationality and institutions, who, having anything to sell, do not try to "stick" the poor soldier. I wish to say I have never seen a Salvation Army hut. The boys who have met the Salvation Army workers fairly sing their praise. And I must say to be fair that I have never yet seen the K. of C. sell anything. From all I've seen and heard, all they have, they give away. These conditions are absolutely true as far as I have been able to see or hear during my fourteen months in France. You may say I haven't seen much. Don't kid yourself. I am keeping a whole lot for future reference, and there will be something doing "apres la guerre." If you want to spend your money to win this war, spend it where it won't "bleed" us. We are helpless to help ourselves.

Well, as I was saying fate decided against me and we took the train to Monte Carlo, a ride of an hour and a half, the most beautiful and wonderful ride of my life. Right along the blue Mediterranean, sometimes high above it, sometime nearly on the same level, beautiful gardens, trees, villas. It was grand. I can't tell you. Look at the pictures. Reaching Monte Carlo we stopped at the Hotel Britannia, run by English people and I felt more at home with them than anywhere since I left the States. They had a bar there with a foot rail, too. I used to stand there at ease, with one foot elevated, look in the mirror and back again to my cocktail and I couldn't help but think that it is a good war after all. I could have fought on that front for years.

The cities of Monaco, Monte Carlo, and Mentone composed the principality of Monaco, governed by the prince of Monaco. It is a neutral country, although under the protection and laws too, to some extent of France. No Germans are allowed there, there is no conscription, and although neutral, no lights are visible at night since they would aid in a submarine attack on the Italian coast.

The old city of Monaco was built on an immense rock, sort of a promontory, and the wall stands today in excellent condition. Here stands the palace of the prince, the state rooms of which are open to the public. Naturally I went through them. Visited an immense new cathedral built by the prince. It is surely a wonderful structure, constructed entirely of hand carved stone, mined from the mountains just back of the city. A museum of all sorts of animal life, very complete, was honored by our visit also.

The cities of Monaco, Monte Carlo, and Mentone are kept alive solely by tourists. There are no industries. Their beauty is wonderful but only Monte Carlo appealed to me. The Casino, the great gambling palace, makes Monte Carlo. From the pictures I sent you kindly take a look at the beautiful Casino, its gardens, terraces and decorations. Can you beat it? No, you can't even tie it. Millions of dollars have been spent to make it the beautiful spot that it is. It is gorgeous.

Of course I had to visit the Casino. The play in the gambling rooms begins at 10 p. m. and stops at midnight. Between the hours of 9 a. m. and 10 a. m. the entire Casino is open to visitors. I went through two different mornings, once was not enough. The interior of the rooms are magnificent with paintings, tiling, tapestries and lighting effects. Since the war, business has naturally fallen away, and some of the former gambling rooms are not now used. Only four or five are now in use. I couldn't understand all the different kinds of games played, but roulette seemed to be the favorite. I have forgotten the roulette limit but it doesn't really matter, does it? Went through the music hall, I believe it is called, where the grand balls are held. Was told that only two or three were held annually, but that they were some class. I can believe it. The theater is a gorgeous affair, with the private box of Monaco's prince in the center. All seats are twenty francs per, come early and choose your own. Saw the different chips used, and purchased one of the smallest denomination they have, five francs. Have forgotten the amount of the largest chip to be had. I simply kept our guide dizzy answering questions. These chips are beautiful, don't know their composition but are scintillated and inlaid with gold and silver.

I was told that there was no poverty in the principality of Monaco and I believe it. The Casino pays all taxes of every sort. That is, the prince of Monaco pays it. Was informed that his yearly income was popularly figured somewhere around seven million dollars. That is what I call a position. He only spends a couple or three months each year in Monaco, five, most of the time in Paris, I believe. He has a beautiful yacht lying in the harbor and yearly regattas were held there before the war.

No one in an army or navy uniform can enter the gambling rooms of the Casino during the hours of play. This rule holds good any time, war or peace. I tried it one evening when it seemed as though getting into the roulette room would be the easiest thing I ever did. I dashed in and by the first guard but the second one got me. I had just as much luck talking him into letting me go on in as did the Prince of Wales two years ago. We were both put out. They were very gentle with me and even apologized for such stringent rules. They would be only too glad to let me in but, "C'est defendu, Monsieur, c'est defendu."

The season was just opening during my visit down there and many hotels were many of them have closed down for the duration of the war. The entire country is all terraced, since the city is built from the edge of the Mediterranean right up the side of the mountain. Most peculiar farms and vineyards I ever saw.

Every evening at 5 o'clock a concert by the Monte Carlo orchestra is given on the Casino terraces. Nearly everyone comes out for that, for the music is wonderful. Am sending you one of the programs. You would understand it, but neither do I.

We journeyed out to the frontier, an hour's train ride, and crossed the line into Italy by a matter of a few feet. I would have gone farther but one of those big black Senegal guards with a long bayonet stopped me. We both apologized. Sent you some cards from there. Also took a ride up the mountain on a steam cog wheel railway to the old town of La Turbie. The old town stands the same as in Caesar's time with its narrow, crooked streets. Saw the road Caesar built from Rome to Paris, still used in places, the remains of a huge aqueduct erected by his men for execution purposes. There was also the remains of an old tower or fort which Caesar's army had battered down on their invasion. The French have unsuccessfully attempted to rebuild this tower.

The bathing in the Mediterranean was great at Monte Carlo. Here again as at Californie beach at Nice, the beach is all stone and rocks, no sand. We Americans don't like that.

Spent four days in Monte Carlo and then duty began to call and my bank roll urged me to hasten.

Went back to Nice and then Marseilles, stopping over night at each place. The night we arrived in Marseilles, the news of Germany asking for an armistice had just been received. The town was wild with joy. "Vive la France" was the big cry.

We had been traveling all this time with no tickets, had simply been showing our furlough papers and getting by fine. But we met a conductor here at Marseilles who seemed to be wise to the "soldats American" and he insisted that we pay our fare. Of course we couldn't understand a word he said. "Paris, 20 francs." He could prove we were not blind so we got off the train and as soon as he went on we clambered aboard again. He was sure stubborn.

Reached Paris fine and dandy. My pal's brother works there and we spent most of our time with him. Haven't much to say about Paris as I told you of my trip there before and the city is not nearly as pretty now as then. The leaves have fallen and there are few flowers, and then too I had just left a far more beautiful spot than Paris. Was fortunate enough to get a chance to ride around Paris a couple of hours in a car and saw a few things of interest, mainly the old Apache quarter, which is pretty well cleaned up now and the Moulin Rouge. This latter is closed on account of the war.

The one evening we spent in Paris we took in a good show. That too was something about the Americans, just a bit naughty in spots, but that is really why I went. Wanted to see a real French show. I saw it. If I ever go back to Paris I'll go again.

Many more people are to be seen on the streets of Paris now than at the time of my last visit. For weeks, Parisians have been returning home since air raids are so few and Big Bertha is being farther removed all the time. One can notice a change in the attitude of the French now that the tide has turned. Four years of war here has had a telling effect.

Left Paris on the second evening of my stay there and arrived home next morning. Was really glad to get back in camp, even though it did mean "Back to the Mines." Believe I told you all the camp news in my last letter. Have a big bunch of men here now and a lot of German prisoners. They are extremely docile. Am having some more work done on my teeth. Are you having any Spanish "flu" at home? Seems to be hitting the French hard, but so far we have had no cases here. Practically all cases here go into pneumonia and that seems to be generally fatal.

How does the war look now? I can't see this peace talk. Seems to me that it is a poor time to quit just because we are winning. We are just getting into our stride. Things never looked so good as now, and now is our turn coming. However don't think I don't want to go home. I won't be turning down any transportation back to the States at any time.

Well, folks I can hear the wail of the army scourge, the bugler, so must close. I hope he chokes. Goodbye until you hear from me again next week. Sincerely hope that all of you are in the very best of health and spirits. Regards to all.

Your loving son,  
HAROLD.  
H. A. Kern, Pvt. Co. B. 17th Engr. Ry., A. E. F. A. P. O. 705.

P. S. Forgot to mention the highly important fact that we made the whole trip without spending a cent for railroad fare. The French are intensely hospitable in that respect. Made about 1700 miles all told.

## ITALIAN VICTORY OVER AUSTRIANS



**EMPEROR KARL**

Ruler of Austria, whose army surrendered to Italy yesterday.

Three hundred thousand Austrian soldiers and not less than 5000 guns had been captured by the victorious Italian armies before the armistice went into effect at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, said an official dispatch from Rome. This included all captures since the offensive began October 24.

The soldiers of the once-powerful Austrian army, the dispatch said, continue to flee in disorder. Since the offensive started 63 Austro-Hungarian divisions were put out of combat by 51 Italian divisions, with Czechoslovak units, and an American regiment.

"The war against Austria-Hungary, which was conducted under the high command of his Majesty, the King of Italy, with an army inferior in number and with still inferior means since May 24, 1915, has come to an end," said the dispatch. "With unshakable faith and indomitable valor the Italian army waged a continuous and hard war for a period of 41 months and won the stupendous battle begun October 24, and in which were engaged in their entirety all resources of the enemy."

"So far the enemy has left in our hands 300,000 prisoners and not less than 5000 guns. The soldiers of what used to be one of the most powerful armies in the world are now fleeing in disorder and without hope from the valleys which they had invaded with truculent confidence."

## THIRTY-MILE FRONT WON FROM ENEMY



**Field Marshal Haig**, whose army won signal victory yesterday.

Breaking deeply into the enemy positions along a 30-mile front yesterday, the British captured more than 10,000 prisoners and 200 guns, Field Marshal Haig reported last night.

The line of the Sambre Canal was stormed and the British made an advance of more than three miles beyond it to the east.

The statement says: "This morning troops of the 4th, 3d and 1st British armies attacked between the Sambre Canal, Oisy and the River Scheldt, north of Valenciennes. On the whole of this 30-mile front troops from the United Kingdom and New Zealand have broken deeply into the enemy's positions. Over 10,000 prisoners and 200 guns are already reported captured."

### For Sale.

Used machinery in good condition. All sizes cream separators. Nine plows, steel and chilled in wood or steel beam. One 10-18 disc harrow tongue truck, nearly new. One 50-tooth spike harrow. Other machinery and implements at better than auction prices. One 14-inch gang plow with new shares, \$40.  
W. A. HESSEL, Gresham.  
Office Tel. 544. Res. Tel. 6x2