

CHRIST'S GRAY GENERAL

THE MAN OF THE HOUR IN THE WORLD'S GREATEST CRISIS.

Devout, Dignified, Unassuming and Firm as the Rock of Ages, the World Honors the Greatest Soldier of All Time.



GEN FOCH.

(The following article, which first appeared in the Los Angeles Times, was printed in the Outlook last week just before the termination of hostilities. Anticipating a demand for the papers extra copies were printed but the edition was soon exhausted and so many have expressed disappointment that the Outlook reprints the article for the benefit of its readers.)

Foch may be called the Man of the Hour. A study of his character reveals him as the Flower of the French nation—unassuming, kind, brave and prayerful.

In every great and grave crisis in the history of the race God has prepared a leader of this type and committed his great cause to such a man—a man who is worthy of highest honor, history will put him in the same class with Joseph, Moses, Washington and Lincoln.

Napoleon and William Hohenzollern and hosts of others failed because their ambitions were personal and selfish. They sought glory and dominion. The world gives its praise to those who merit it by their heroism, sacrifice, unselfishness and devotion to right.

I.

This man is General Ferdinand Foch—the Gray Man of Christ.

This has been Christ's war—Christ on one side, and all that stood opposed to Christ on the other side. And the generalissimo, in supreme command of all the armies that fought on the side of Christ, is Christ's man.

This may seem a strange statement for a secular newspaper to make. But, it is the business of a newspaper to get at facts. If the facts are of a supernal nature, it is still the business of the newspaper to get at them and to record them.

And the fact is that owing to the genius of Ferdinand Foch, the Hun stands at this hour with his back against the wall—a wall that is soon to crash and

crumble upon his head and annihilate him forever from the face of the earth. And the additional fact is that the deeper we question as to who Foch is, the clearer is the answer that in every act of his life and in every thought of his brain he is Christ's man.

If you were to ask him: "Are you Christ's man?" he would answer, "Yes." It seems to be beyond all shadow of doubt that when the hour came in which all that Christ stood for was to either stand or fall, Christ raised up a man to lead the hosts that battled for Him.

When that hour came in which truth and right, charity, brotherly love, justice and liberty were either to triumph or to be blotted out of the world, Christ came again upon the road to Damascus.

Whoever does not realize this and see it clearly as a fact he does but blunder stupidly.

There will be a crowding company of critics when the war is ended and they will all be filled with the ego of their own conclusions. They will attempt to explain the genius of Foch with maps and diagrams.

But, while they are doing so, if you will look for Foch in some quiet church; it is there that he will be found humbly giving God the glory and absolutely declining to attribute it to himself.

Can that kind of a man win a war? Can a man who is a practical soldier be also a practical Christian? And is Foch that kind of a man? Let us see.

II.

If you were to know a man who came home every night with a bag filled with gold nuggets, you would naturally be curious to know where he went to get them.

In the same way, when you see a soldier winning battles you are curious to know from what source comes his genius.

Where, then, does Foch go for the strength and magical power to bring home the marvelous victories he has won and is still winning over Prussia and the unholy alliances she has made to crush the world and drive freedom from the earth?

We have the answer close at home. A California boy, serving as a soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces in France, has recently written a letter to his parents in San Bernardino in which he gives as well as anyone else could give, the answer to the question we ask.

This American boy—Evans is his name—tells of meeting General Foch at close range in France.

Evans had gone into an old church to have a look at it, and as he stood there with bared head satisfying his respectful curiosity, a gray man with the eagles of a general on the collar of his shabby uniform, also entered the church.

Only one orderly accompanied the quiet gray man. No glittering staff of officers, no entourage of gold-laced aides were with him; nobody but just the orderly.

Evans paid small attention, at first, to the gray man, but was curious to see him kneel in the church praying. The minutes passed until full three-quarters of an hour had gone by before the gray man arose from his knees.

Then Evans followed him down the street and was surprised to see soldiers salute this man in great excitement, and women and children stopping in their tracks with awe-struck faces as he passed.

It was Foch. And now, Evans of San Bernardino counts the experience as the greatest in his life.

During that three-quarters of an hour that the generalissimo of all the allied armies was on his knees in humble supplication in that quiet church, 10,000 guns were roaring at his word on a hundred hills that rocked with death.

Millions of armed men crouched in trenches or rushed across blood-drenched terrain at his command, generals and field marshals, artillery, cavalry, engineers, tanks, fought and wrought across the map of Europe as he commanded them to do, and in no other manner, as he went into that little church to pray.

Nor was it an unusual thing for General Foch to do. There is no day that he does not do the same thing if there be a church that he can reach. He never

fails to spend an hour on his knees every morning that he awakes from sleep; and every night it is the same.

Moreover, it is not a new thing with him. He has done it his whole life long.

If young Evans could have followed the general on to headquarters, where reports were waiting him and news of victory upon victory was piled high before him, he would doubtless have seen a great gladness on the general's face, but he would have seen no look of surprise there.

Men who do that which Foch does have no doubts. When Premier Clemenceau, the old Tiger of France, stood on the battle front with anxious heart, one look at the face of Foch stilled all his fears. He returned to Paris with the vision of sure and certain victory.

The great agnostic statesman doubted, but the Gray Man of Christ did not doubt.

III.

The facts, then, in the case are that when the freedom of the world hung in the balance the world turned to Foch as the one great genius who could save it against the Hun; and that Foch, who is perhaps the greatest soldier the world has produced, is first of all, a Christian.

What is the use of listening to materialists in the face of these facts? Where did the man go who brought home his sack of gold nuggets every night? Where does Foch go who brings home a victory every day?

If he goes to the chemists, to the war councils, to the map makers, and to them alone, well and good. That's what the Kaiser and Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff do, and so the materialists would give us their answer.

But that is not what Foch does. He goes to God. He goes to Christ, who turned back Paul on the road to Damascus; to the Nazarene, who raised Lazarus from the tomb; to the Wanderer who went up the dark path to Calvary and hung there upon the tree between two thieves that the sins of the world might be washed away.

Think of this type of man, quiet and as humble as the humblest peasant in the stricken fields of Flanders, with the hopes and the destinies of a whole world in his hands!

Is it not our tradition that such a commander, compared to whom Alexander and Constantine and Napoleon and Caesar stand as corporals in Lilliput should be inaccessible in his lordly grandeur from the eyes of common men?

And yet, young Evans of San Bernardino, just an every day American boy from under the shadow of old San Geronimo, spent nearly an hour with Foch in an old French church, and not even one bayonet was there to keep them apart.

They represented the two great democracies of the world, but there in that old church they represented, jointly, a far greater thing—the democracy of Christ.

IV.

The war is not yet ended, but Foch has already won it. The Kaiser prates much of God, but we know that his "Gott" is not the God who gave us Christ as His only begotten Son. You shall search the utterances of the Kaiser in vain to find one single reference of his to Christ, or one appeal that he has made to the Son of God.

The Kaiser, and that Prussia which he has builded up, have thrust Christ out. Allen is He to the Hun as He was to them that slew Him.

Of Him was the prophecy that He would come to be the Prince of Peace. For such a Prince the Hun could have no longing and no love, because it was foretold that through Christ there would come an end of war.

"For all the armor of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall even be for burning, for fuel of fire."

When, some day soon—pray God it may be soon—the trumpets shall sound the clear, sweet call of peace across a broken world, the victors shall kneel at the feet of Christ, and at the head of all the weary yet rejoicing host shall kneel Christ's gray general, Ferdinand Foch.

How the Whale Got His Throat

From Kipling's Just So Stories, by the Gresham Librarian.

In the sea, once upon a time, O My Best Beloved, there was a whale, and he ate fishes. He ate the star fish, and the garfish, and the crab and the dab, and the plaice and the dace, and the skate and his mate, and the mackerel and the pickereel, and the really truly twirly-whirly eel. All the fishes he could find in all the sea he ate with his mouth—so! Till at last there was only one small fish left in all the sea, and he was a smate 'Stute Fish, and he swam a little behind the whale's right ear, so as to be out of harm's way. Then the Whale stood up on his tail and said, "I'm hungry." And the small 'Stute Fish said in a small 'stute voice, "Noble and generous Cetacean, have you ever tasted Man?"

"No," said the Whale. "What is it like?"

"Nice," said the small 'Stute Fish. "Nice but nubbly."

"Then fetch me some," said the Whale, and he made the sea froth up with his tail.

"One at a time is enough," said the 'Stute Fish. "If you swim to latitude Fifty North, longitude Forty West (that is magic), you will find, sitting on a raft, in the middle of the sea, with nothing on but a pair of blue canvas breeches, a pair of suspenders (you must not forget the suspenders, Best Beloved), and a jack-knife, one shipwrecked mariner, who, it is only fair to tell you, is a man of infinite resources—and—sagacity."

So the Whale swam and swam to latitude Fifty North, longitude Forty West, as fast as he could swim, and on a raft, in the middle of the sea, with nothing to wear except a pair of blue canvas breeches, a pair of suspenders (you must particularly remember the suspenders, Best Beloved), and a jack-knife, he found one single, solitary shipwrecked mariner, trailing his toes in the water. (He had his mummy's leave to paddle.)

Then the Whale opened his mouth back and back and back till it nearly touched his tail, and he swallowed the shipwrecked mariner, and the raft he was sitting on, and his blue canvas breeches, and the suspenders (which you must not forget) and the jack-knife. He swallowed them all down into his warm, dark, inside cupboards, and then he smacked his lips—so, and turned round three times on his tail.

But as soon as the Mariner, who was a man of infinite resource, and sagacity, found himself truly inside the Whale's warm, dark, inside cupboards, he stumped and he jumped and he thumped and he bumped, and he pranced and he danced, and he banged and he clanged, and he hit and he bit, and he leaped and he crept, and he prowled and he howled, and he hopped and he dropped, and he cried and he sighed, and he crawled and he bawled, and he stepped and he lepped, and he

danced hornpipes where he shouldn't and the Whale felt most unhappy, indeed. (Have you forgotten the suspenders?)

So he said to the 'Stute Fish, "This man is very nubbly, and besides he is making me hicough. What shall I do?"

"Tell him to come out," said the 'Stute Fish.

So the Whale called down his own throat to the shipwrecked Mariner, "Come out and behave yourself, I've got the hicoughs."

"Nay, nay!" said the Mariner, "Not so, but far otherwise. Take me to my native shore, and the white-cliffs-of-Albion, and I'll think about it." And he began to dance more than ever.

"You had better take him home," said the 'Stute Fish to the Whale. "I ought to have warned you that he is a man of infinite-resource-and-sagacity."

So the Whale swam, and swam and swam with both flippers and his tail, as hard as he could for the hicoughs; and at last he saw the Mariner's native shore and the white-cliffs-of-Albion, and he rushed half-way up the beach, and opened his mouth wide and wide and wide, and said, "Change here for Winchester, Ashuelot, Nashua, Keene, and stations on the Fitchburg Road;" and just as he said "Fitch" the Mariner walked out of his mouth. But while the Whale had been swimming, the Mariner, who was indeed a person of infinite-resource-and-sagacity, had taken his jack-knife and cut up the raft into a little square grating all running criss-cross, and he tied it firm with his suspenders (now you know you were not to forget the suspenders), and he dragged that grating good and tight into the Whale's throat, and there it stuck! Then he recited the following Sloka, which, as you have not heard it, I will now proceed to relate:

By means of a grating I have stopped your ating. For the Mariner he was also an HI-ber-ni-an. And he stepped out on the shingle, and went home to his mother, who had given him leave to trail his toes in the water; and he married and lived happily ever afterwards. So did the Whale. But from that day on, the grating in his throat, which he could neither cough up nor swallow down, prevented him eating anything except very-very small fish; and that is the reason why whales nowadays never eat men or boys or little girls.

The small 'Stute Fish went and hid himself in the mud under the door-stills of the equator. He was afraid that the Whale might be angry with him. The Sailor took the jack-knife home. He was wearing the blue canvas breeches when he walked out on the shingle. The suspenders were left behind, you see, to tie the grating with, and that is the end of that tale.

LIBRARIAN.

TROUTDALE

The Red Cross committee for the examination of Christmas parcels will meet at the postoffice all day Tuesday. The members of the committee are Mesdames James Norman, C. I. Thomas, Geo. Schlatter, Charles Bramhall and William Crawford.

The delayed meeting of the Ladies' Aid will be held at the church on next Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The Red Cross will meet for sewing on Thursday from 10 to 4 at the work room.

NEVER A NIGHT BEFORE AWAY FROM HOME.

By BRUCE BARTON.

The whole town was gathered on the platform that morning to see the train pull out—men and women and children, waving and cheering and trying hard to keep on smiling through their tears.

Out of the car windows leaned the boys to wave a last good-bye. Just average, clear-eyed country town boys; twenty of them altogether. And seventeen of them had never slept a night away from home before.

They are dwelling in a strange land tonight, whose language they cannot understand.

But across the mud and the snow a light gleams warm from a hut on the edge of the town, and inside good cheer and happiness are ready for whoever will come in to claim them.

Friendship dwells in the hut; keep its warm fires burning bright this winter. Let it be perfectly clear to the men over there that you have not forgotten.

—to the men that only a little while ago were boys who had never slept a night away from home.

Tailoring

For men and women—cleaning, pressing and repairing done well. Peter Lenard, Powell street.

Greatly Benefited by Chamberlain's Tablets.

"I am thankful for the good I have received by using Chamberlain's Tablets. About two years ago when I began taking them I was suffering a great deal from distress after eating, and from headache and a tired, languid feeling due to indigestion and a clogged liver. Chamberlain's Tablets corrected these disorders in a short time, and since taking two bottles of them my health has been good," writes Mrs. M. P. Harwood, Auburn, New York.—Adv.

FAIRVIEW

Fairview's young folks kept the excitement over the peace news going some with their cow bells and drums of all kinds, as well as the two church bells and school bell. They kept the town in a hum all day. In the evening a huge bonfire was built when every one turned out and made all the noise they could. They then went to the city hall where the Mayor, Cedric Stone, and D. S. Dunbar gave short speeches. Patriotic songs were sung and a treat by a few of our citizens, consisting of candies and cigars, was passed around.

If the ban is lifted as has been stated, Fairview school will open next Monday morning.

At the city election held last week, the same officers were re-elected Cedric Stone as mayor; Mrs. Snover, recorder; Roy Stone, treasurer; Mr. Fuller, marshal. The councilmen are Ed. Heslin, John Jonas, D. W. McKay, E. C. Morrison, E. A. Whitney and R. H. Morrill, the latter being the only new councilman.

The solicitors in the United War Work report the work nearly finished and all have responded freely. Margaret Jonas, who has the Victory Boys' and Girls' work, reports up to date as having a good number so far, and a definite report of the work will be given later.

J. W. Moller has been confined to his home with a sprained ankle.

SANDY.

After suffering from paralysis for some months, death came to the relief Wednesday of Mrs. James Phelan of Sandy, and the funeral will be held from the Brady chapel in Oregon City Saturday afternoon with interment in St. John's Catholic cemetery. Surviving the deceased are the husband, and a sister, Mrs. Allen, who came to Sandy several months ago to nurse her sister. A native of England, born there 59 years ago, Mrs. Phelan had resided in Oregon a good many years, being married in Oregon City 15 years ago to Mr. Phelan.

Says an elderly man in his farmer's garb, "I want a little piece in your paper: Wanted—A woman who can cook, wash, iron, milk four cows and manage a market wagon. Shall I state the wages? 'Wages nothin—I want to marry her.' Man wants but little here below.

DAMASCUS

Wealthy Royer, of Damascus, passed away on Wednesday at the family home following an illness of several months' duration, death being due to tuberculosis. Deceased was 27 years of age. The remains were taken to Oregon City pending funeral arrangements.

Zip cleans your chimney for 30c. L. L. Kidder Bldg. Co.

LUSTED

Through some mistake in a recent issue of the Outlook, credit for making thirteen feather pillows for the Portland emergency hospital was given to the Cottrell instead of the Lusted school. Cottrell school, being in Clackamas county, did not share in this work.

If you haven't got it yet try a want ad.

AUCTION SALE

ON THE CORBETT FARM
Corbett, Oregon.

MONDAY, NOV. 25, 10:30 A. M.

FOUR GOOD MARES

Shires and Belgian—Weight from 1500 to 1700

Sow and Boar, Chester White

Gas Engine, Feed Mill, Binder, Mower, Grain Drill, Hayloader, Hayrake, Tedder, Gangplow, Oliver Plow, Steel-Dipper Plow, Subsoil Plow, Hoover Digger, Kepler 6-row Sprayer, Spring Wagon, Buggy, Low-wheel Farm Wagon, two-horse Planet Jr. Cultivator, Bement 2-horse Weeder, Cabbage Planter, Bean Harvester, Acme Drag, Spike-tooth Drag (three sections), Spring-tooth Harrow, Steel Land Roller, Cream Separator, Babcock Milk Tester, Planet Jr. Hand Cultivator, Planet Jr. Garden Drill, Wheelbarrow, Grass Seeder, Cart, Hay Carrier, Hay Forks, Pitchforks, Potato Forks, Manure Spreader, Potato Grader, Disc Harrow, Harness, Saddle, Household Furniture and many other articles too numerous to mention.

SALE RAIN OR SHINE

FREE LUNCH AT NOON

TERMS—Sums under \$20 Cash. Over \$20 six months' time on approved security.

R. P. RASMUSSEN, Owner

W. S. WOOD, Auctioneer

A. MEYERS, Clerk

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Office with Commercial Transfer Co., 225 Ash St., bet. First and Second
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Ever Get Caught?

Did you ever get caught away from home without any money? What did you do? We suppose you told someone you had money at home—but of course that did no good, any more than water at the bottom of the well.

But say, if you had had your money in the bank you could have written a check and cashed it most any place. Nearly everybody uses the bank now, and if you are not already a customer of this bank we extend a cordial invitation to make use of us and our excellent facilities for safe-guarding your funds and conveniently conducting your business.

BANK OF GRESHAM

BAKING EXCELLENCE

Allows us to compete with all rivals. The ingredients of our bread and pastries are in strict conformity with the war regulations and the neatness of our bakery has given us the highest sanitary rating. Patronize a home industry.

CITY BAKERY

Gresham. Phone 11.

We Have Heard a Lot

about the compliments that our patrons are paying us, and we want to say right here and now, "Mr. and Mrs. Customer, we thank you. Your kind words are sending your friends to this shop, and we are going to treat them right. Again, we thank you."

GRESHAM MARKET

A. J. W. BROWN, Prop.
Gresham, Ore.