

# "BETTER TIMES."

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## OUR SPECIAL REPORTER AT THE ARMISTICE TABLE,

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*Unparalleled Feat By Mr. TEECH  
BOMAS.*

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## GREAT SCOOP BY "THE BETTER TIMES."

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I AM cabling you here the true and inner history of what happened at the Armistice Table. I was present, camouflaged as a Spaniel and overheard the most momentous meeting in all history.

The scene was set in a rural glade. The birds were singing, although it was November. I don't know why but I must mention the fact—I always do.

Plunging into the smoke of the creeping barrage I was soon up to our foremost troops . . . . Cancel that last I've got the wrong number.

To resume, Autumn tints were quickly turning into Winter as I hid myself behind a tree and barked to be in keeping with my disguise. One could hear the boom of the guns, and one's heart ached to be back in the heart of the conflict. But duty is a stern mistress, and one cannot help thinking how many hearts have ached for the same reason during this concatenation of Herculean forces engaged in the death grapple. Stifling the almost irresistible desire to plunge back to the strife, I concentrated my attention on a blur of smoke just apparent in the West. Nearer it came and nearer, and eventually evolved itself into a train. Of course I knew what the train was, and where it would stop. (You know my methods, Editor?) No-one else knew, not even the driver. Suddenly the brakes screeched in answer to a sharp jerk at the communication cord and the train came to a standstill right opposite to my tree. I yelped with delight, and hurriedly dodging a lump of coal flung at me by the driver, was in time to see the dapper yet military figure of the Generalissimo descend from the wagon— I use the French-habit, you know!—rubbing his hands, and humming to himself that little air which he is famous for, he seated

himself at the table. I prepared myself for a long wait, but nothing had been left to chance, and shortly four perspiring allemands emerged from the jungle hair shirt. The foremost approached and inquired, "Donnerwetter?"

"Ja, Monsieur," answered the german, "Beaucoup van Blang!"

"Ach, Himmel," cried the representative of fallen Germany, "Deutschland Ueber Alles, napoo." So saying he fell in a swoon and his conferees carried on their discussion without him.

Angrily striking the table Foch said in an imperative tone. "Armistice! Compromis Armistice? rien faisant."

"Verfluetes Kerl," cried the Huns in despair, "Armistice, napoo! Oh, hell!!"

With a sweep of the hand Foch affixed his signature over a twopenny stamp, the others doing the same in rotation. It was I a privileged witness of one of the most historical meetings in the world's history. Yelping with joy I threw off my disguise. "The devil," cried Foch. "Nicht Monsieur," I replied, "Teech Bomas."



## THE XMAS PRESENT.

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German Plenipotentiary receives a  
"Special Peace-Signing" Fountain  
Pen.