My Dearest Marie:

I will have time for only a short letter today for I am rushed with work, but I know that you will forgive me, and be glad that I was able to write, if only a note.

The news of the last two days is causing the greatest rejoicing in France. There is no thought that the Allied Governments will grant an armistice to the Central Powers (5), but the present willingness to accept all the conditions enumerated by President Wilson in his January and August speeches, and particularly his September speech, is most significant, especially when it is considered that this is the first peace proposal they have made while being held. I
have always claimed that they were "yellow" and now it is beginning to show. Do you remember what I have said all along? That Peace would be more in the air than ever before this Fall and Winter. And it has only begun. While it may be too much to hope for the unconditional surrender of the Central Powers for some time to come, the proposition already made is a precursor of that and shows a growing inclination on their part to accept any terms which the Allies may propose. In other words, they admit defeat and the inevitability of national disaster, which is the one thing I think they will eventually go to any necessary limits to
prevent. Be that as it may, it is most certainly grateful news, and good food for thought.

Yesterday was Sunday, and was a day of rest with me. I went to the club with Charles in the afternoon and played four games of billiards, winning two of them. I spent the rest of the afternoon and evening reading and studying French, and I will admit that I did very little of the latter. Today is a beautiful, clear, sunny day although it is a little cool to be comfortable inside without a fire. I am quite happy this morning because I have been able to buy some Cannel cigars and some American candy. They
are hard to get. I am fairly
well fixed for cigarettes now,
having succeeded in picking up a
carton here and there, so that
now I have about 100. That's
not so bad is it dear.

I didn't get mail from you
yesterday but can't complain
at the past few days. Have
been very generous in
that respect. However I do
hope to get some this morning.
If it were to make the weak
a success all through, if
I were not disappointed.

Well dearest, I must close.
I have to go to work at once.
I'll write more to morrow.
Love and kisses to all dear. I
love you.

Y.B.

128 W. 137th St. New York.