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## PATTISON BROTHERS GROCERY

### Typewriter Magnate Weds Young Woman

New York, March 19.—Henry Harper Benedict, 73, retired president of the Remington Typewriter company and the man to whom is credited much of the development of the typewriter as a commercial asset, was married here today to Miss Catherine Josephine Magill Geddes, of Hamilton, Ontario, granddaughter of the late Very Rev. J. Gamble Geddes, who was dean of the Niagara diocese, Ontario and of the late Colonel Charles Magill, formerly Mayor of Hamilton. Since

his retirement in 1913 Mr. Benedict has been living with his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald A. Forest, here.

Elgin People Married Here.

Miss Myra Tucker and Howard Hazelwood, of Elgin, were married at the parsonage of Rev. J. J. Tickner, party returned to Elgin this morning. Mrs. Hazelwood is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hills. Alden Parsons and Miss Nellie McCully, of Elgin, attended the young people. The of the Baptist church yesterday.

OLD PAPERS—For sale at The Observer office, 25 cents a bundle.

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## French Soldier Tells Graphic Tales of Battles on Western Front

Patrick McGill, The Irish Poet And Story Writer, Interviews a French Fencing Master—The Wonderful 75 Gun Is Given Credit of Helping Turn the Tide of the German Invasion.

Editor's Note:—Patrick McGill, the Irish poet and fairy story writer, is a member of the London Irish regiment whose two famous books, "The Red Horizon" and "The Great Push" doubtless are familiar to some of our readers.

By PATRICK MCGILL  
(Written Exclusively for the United Press.)

London, March 19.—(By Mail)—"Down tools," said the platoon sergeant and blew his whistle. The hour was noon and we had been working since dawn on the fields by La Bassee road digging trenches. Across the road was an estaminet; and, accompanied by my mate Spudhole, I made my way to the place hoping that I could get something tasty.

The estaminet was crowded and we made our way to a low roofed room at the rear and here we found two persons, a man and a woman. The woman was sweating over a stove, frying cutlets; the man was sitting on floor peeling potatoes into a large bucket. He was a thick set lump of a fellow with long, hairy arms, dark heavy eyebrows set firm over sharp, inquisitive eyes, a snub nose and a long scar stretching from the butt of his left ear up to the eye almost. He wore a nondescript pair of loose, baggy trousers, a fragment of a shirt and a pair of bedroom slippers. He peeled the potatoes with a knife, a long, rapier-like instrument which he handled with marvelous dexterity.

"Digging trenches?" he asked, hurling a potato into the bucket and splashing water all over us. I understood French spoken slowly. I told him yes.

"But the Boche will never get as far as here unless as prisoners," said the man.

"They may thrust us back!" I said. "One never knows."

"Thrust us back! Never!" A potato swept into the bucket with a whizz like a spent bullet. "Their day has come. Why? The big English guns and the many shells. And then there's the 75, the little love. The beautiful gun, one of the best. It's the very devil when it starts. Pip. Pip. Pip. Pip. Four shells in the air one behind the other. Nothing can stand them. Bomb! one lands in the German trench. Run. Some go right, some go left. The second shot lands on the right, the third on the left and fourth finishes the work. The dead are many. Other guns are good, but none so good as the 75.

"What about the gun that sent this over?" As I spoke I pointed to the percussion cap of one of the gigantic shells which the Germans raked La Bassee road in the early stages of the war, what time the enemy's enthusiasm for destruction had not the nice discrimination which permeates it now. The remnant on the mantelpiece, the remnant of a mammoth Krupp design, was cast off by a shell in the road opposite the door.

"A great gun, the one that sent that," said the Frenchman digging the clay from the eyes of a potato and looking at the percussion cap on the mantelpiece which lay beneath a picture of the Virgin and Child. "But compared to the 75 it is nothing. The big shell comes Boom! It is in no hurry. You hear it and you are into your dugout before it arrives. It is like the thunder which you hear and you are in shelter when the rain comes. But the 75 is lightning. It comes silently, quicker than its own sound."

"Do you work here?" I asked.

"I work here," said the potato peeler.

"In the coal mine across there?" I asked.

"Not in a coal mine," was the answer, "I peel potatoes."

"Always?"

"Sometimes," said the man. "I am back now on ten days leave from the trenches. First time since last summer. I just got back this morning."

"Oh, I ejaculated. "Then you have seen some fighting?"

"Fighting," said the man. "Yes, a little."

"In fact a great amount." His eyes lit up as with fire and he sent a potato stripped clean of its jacket up to the roof, but with such precision that it dropped down again, straight into the bucket. "I was in it at the beginning when we went south and the Germans came across up north. It was turn about and up again like mad, perched on timbers, taxis, ambulance wagons, anything. We got into battle near Paris. The Boches came in clusters, they covered the ground like flies on the dead in summertime. The 75 came into work there. It was wonderful. Pip. Pip. Pip. Pip. Men were cut down, wiped out in thousands. When the gun was no further good—guns had lives short and glorious then a new one came into play and killed, killed until it could stand the strain no longer."

"Much hand to hand fighting?" I asked.

"The bayonet? Yes." The potato peeler thrust his knife through a potato and slit it in two. The Germans said 'Eugh. Eugh. Eugh. Eugh.' when we went for them like this." The potato peeler made several vicious prods at an imaginary enemy. "And we cut them down." He paused as if at a loss for words and sent his knife whirling into the air where it spun at an alarming rate. Spudhole and I edged our chairs nearer the door but the potato peeler standing suddenly upright caught the weapon by the haft as it circled and bent to lift a fresh potato.

"What's that for?" I asked, pointing to a sword wreathed in a garland of flowers tattooed on the man's arm.

"The rapier," said the man. "I am a fencer, a master fencer; fenced in Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, several places. The patronne, the man's wife, had been buzzing around like a bee, droning out in an almost incoherent voice as she served the customers and took their money from them. Now she came up to the fencing master, looked at him in the face for a second and then cast a hurried glance at the bucket. The sweat oozed from her face like water from a sponge."

"Hurry and get the work done," she said to her husband, and the master fencer bent meekly to his task. Then the woman turned to us.

"You are keeping him from his work," she stuttered, "you two chattering like magpies. Allez-vous en!"

We ordered dinner then, but ate our meal in the next room.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

### Pittsburgh Life & Trust Co.

of Pittsburgh, in the state of Pennsylvania, on the 31st day of December, 1916, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the state of Oregon, pursuant to law.

Capital. Amount of capital stock paid up \$1,000,000.00

Income. Total premium income \$3,278,725.13 Interest, dividends, and rents received during the year 1,010,123.21 Income from other sources received during the year 112,388.12

Total income \$4,401,236.46

Disbursements. Paid for losses, endorsements, annuities and surrender values during the year 3,025,142.74 Dividends paid to policy holders during the year 152,811.85

Incidents paid on capital stock during the year 60,000.00 Commissions and salaries paid during the year 647,017.28

Taxes, licenses, and fees paid during the year 180,217.59 Amount of all other expenditures 241,041.22

Total expenditures \$4,506,850.48

Assets. Market value of real estate owned \$9,080,280.03

Market value of stocks and bonds owned, amortized value 3,820,409.77

Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc. 5,077,018.00

Premiums notes and policy loans 4,280,395.51

Cash in banks and on hand 265,312.22

Net uncollected and deferred premiums 329,554.42

Other assets (rents, interest and rents due and accrued) 215,042.73

Total assets \$24,001,571.36

Total assets admitted in Oregon \$24,001,571.36

Liabilities. Net reserves \$21,087,887.00

Total policy claims unpaid 635,549.19

All other liabilities 88,165.82

Total liabilities, exclusive of capital stock of \$1,000,000.00 \$22,811,602.01

Total insurance in force December 31, 1916 \$115,113,016.69

Business in Oregon for the year. Total insurance written during the year \$261,956.00

Gross premiums received during the year 21,820.32

Premiums retained during the year None

Losses paid during the year 6,288.00

Losses incurred during the year 7,672.00

Total amount of insurance outstanding in Oregon December 31, 1916 337,831.00

PITTSBURGH LIFE & TRUST COMPANY.  
By JAS. H. MAHAN, Secretary,  
Statutory resident general agent and attorney for service: W. S. Nash, 3000 Bluff, Portland, Oregon.

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### Lady Hamilton Works In Munitions Factory

London, March 19.—(United Press)

Lady Mary Hamilton, daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, celebrated her 21st birthday by working all day in a munitions factory, just as she has been doing for more than a year. During this time she has had one lay off, due to a rather bad accident. They say Lady Mary is more than average pretty, which likewise is true of Lady Iris Capell, daughter of the Earl of Essex, who began her war service as a nurse and is now a chauffeuse. The latter's younger sister, Lady Joan, is parlor maid at Londonderry House, a hospital for officers. The roll of beauty-on-the-job also includes Yvonne Fitzroy, daughter of Sir Almeric Fitzroy, who has been nursing in the Balkans under severest conditions for many months. There are others, also.

Wedding invitations, announcements and calling cards printed at the Observer Job Printing Department. 10-28-17

### NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of the provisions of Chapter 317 of the General Laws of Oregon for 1913, I will on Wednesday, the 21st day of March, 1917, at 10 o'clock a. m. sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, on the corner of Depot Street and Washington Avenue in La Grande, Oregon, the property hereinafter described which was brought into my hotel—the Sommer House of La Grande, Oregon,—and which belonged to or was under the control of J. B. Hudson, J. U. McDonald and R. W. Michael, who were guests and boarders, of said hotel, to satisfy my lien as inn keeper for the proper charges due me from said parties for accommodation, board and lodging as such guests, and for other extras furnished to said parties at their request, and for money paid for and advanced to said parties—said money so advanced being less than \$200—and the total of my said claim against all of said parties amounting to \$567.60, and all of said property having been brought into my hotel, known as the Sommer Hotel, in La Grande, Oregon, and more than 60 days having elapsed since the last items of said food lodging and advancements were made. Said property so belonging to or under the control of said parties and to be sold in payment of my said lien as inn keeper is as follows, to-wit:

- 1 Vulcan four burner range.
- 1 Small hot plate.
- 3 Light fixtures (mantles).
- 1 Large instantaneous auto thermal water heater No. 8 A.
- 1 Water tank.
- 1 No. 25 Rudd water heater.
- 1 Large eclipse 8 burner range.
- 1 1-2 H. P. dynamo motor, speed 1400 revolutions per minute, amp. 6, volts 230, No. 2616, size 1 c.m.
- 1 81-B hot plate, and large board of electric light globes.
- 1 Type T. F. M. & Co. gas engine,

Rev. 400, 2 H. P.  
1 Large tin tank 10x12.  
1 Wooden container for same.  
1 Iron retort encased in brick.  
1 Feeding tank with large valve at top of retort.  
1 Small condensing tank with inside tank.  
Some 3-4 inch pipe, 1 inch pipe and 2 inch pipe, stop cocks, fittings, etc.  
1 gold stop watch.  
GEORGE E. GOOD,  
Proprietor of Sommer Hotel.  
3-10-107



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