

CONFIDENCE IN VICTORY SHOWN

FRENCH BELIEVE IN SUPERIORITY OF GUNS OVER HUGE ENGINES OF WAR USED BY THE GERMAN FORCES.

By Patrick MacGill,
(Written for the United Press.)

LONDON, March 19.—"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 estimanet, and I made my way to the place hoping that I could get something tasty.

The estimanet 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 setting on the 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 but 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, as he hurled a potato into the bucket, 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 the 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 with 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 the 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 turned about and up again like mad, perched on limbers, 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. 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?" asked.

"The bayonet? Yes." The potato peeled thrust his knife through a potato and slit it in two. "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.

"What is 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."

GOOD LYCEUM NUMBER LISTED FOR TONIGHT

Brewer Musical Entertainers Will Appear at Grand Theatre Under High School Auspices.

One of the best numbers of the Lyceum course this winter will be given at 8 o'clock this evening at the Grand Theatre, when the Brewer Musical entertainers will appear in a high class program, under the auspices of the Bend high school.

The Brewers is a company composed of Mrs. Eleanor E. Brewer and her two talented daughters, Grace Montana and Ruth Marie. All three are talented musicians, giving a wide variety of entertainment. Mr. Brewer, who has had extended experience as a teacher of music, is the accompanist and manager. Miss Grace Brewer is a violin, trombone, piano and vocal soloist. Upon the first named of these instruments she is particularly adept, winning recognition as an unusual artist wherever she has appeared. Miss Ruth Brewer is a clarinet soloist and reader, and a pianist of more than usual ability. The combination of talents embraced in the company gives assurance of a most enjoyable concert.

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FOR SALE—Buttermilk at the creamery, five cents per gallon. Central Oregon Farmers' Creamery. 68ffc

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WANTED—Good girl for general housework. Inquire Bulletin. 79ffc.

EMBARGOES LIFTED AS STRIKE PASSES

(By United Press to the Bend Bulletin)
SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—All S. P. embargoes, announced when the railroad strike seemed imminent, were lifted today, Traffic Manager Luce announced.

WAR OFFICE LISTS MORE FRENCH GAINS

(By United Press to the Bend Bulletin)
PARIS, March 19.—The war office announced today, a gain of two and one-half miles over a 12-mile front to the north of Ayre.

QUEEN MARY'S HAIR BEQUEATHED IN WILL

(By United Press to the Bend Bulletin)
LONDON, March 19.—A lock of hair of Mary, Queen of Scots, was one of the valued possessions disposed of by the will of Major Sir Foster Hugh Egerton Cunliffe, who met his death on the field of honor in France. The will said the heirloom would be found in the Major's safe and was to go to Sir David Kinloch.

ADAMSON LAW CONSTITUTIONAL

(Continued from Page 1.)

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen—demanded of the railroads of the country an 8-hour day with time and a half overtime, overtime to be computed on the minute basis and regular time to begin when a railroad man was required to report for duty. This was to replace the old mileage basis, by which the men were paid for a trip—100 miles constituting a day's run, usually of ten hours. Railroads refused this and other concessions, and in return asked arbitration by the federal board of mediation or the Interstate Commerce Commission. This the Brotherhoods refused flatly. The Brotherhoods held out for the eight hour day and the time and a half overtime; the railroads contended granting these would have meant material increases in pay and should be arbitrated. Little attention was paid to the dispute until, late in the spring, it

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HERE TODAY
STOP AND SHOP AT
MANNHEIMER BROTHERS

became apparent neither side would yield without a struggle. Both sides claimed the other was bluffing. When neither side would concede anything, and the negotiations at New York seemed about to end in a strike, President Wilson asked leaders of the brotherhoods and railroads to go to Washington for a conference. Brotherhood leaders admitted the strike had been called for Labor Day, by a 98 per cent vote of the railroad men. Faced by possibility of paralysis of commerce, President Wilson prepared a message to Congress, asking immediate passage of an eight hour law. Adamson introduced his bill in the House on August 31. The House passed it the next day. The Senate passed it September 2. The President approved it September 3. Case of Great Moment. The strike was called off. The bill provided a commission to investigate the working of the law—which was effective January 1, 1917—with-in six or nine months, and report 30 days after that to the President and Congress. The country settled back. Then came rumors the railroads would fight the law, and on November 20, Alexander New and Henry C. Ferris, receivers for the Missouri, Oklahoma and Gulf railroad, filed complaint in the federal court at Kansas City, attacking constitutionality of the law. Judge William C. Hook, of Kansas City, considered the case November 22 and decreed the act "unconstitutional, null and void," and the "judgment of the court is, the law cannot be sustained." That brought it before the supreme court on appeal. The case is regarded as one of the biggest of recent years. The law, passed frankly to avoid a railroad strike, was looked on as a departure from anything done by Congress, in that it named the compensation to be given the men for overtime, and incidentally stipulated that no man, under the eight-hour standard, should be paid less than his 10 hour wages when the law went into effect.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE'S VERSE.
One of the attractive features of the dinner at the Pilot Butte Inn on Saturday night was a "brochure," which each guest found at his plate, on the back of which was printed the menu. Within there was an article descriptive of "The Spirit of the Inn," based on a verse by an Eighteenth century English poet, named William Shenstone, which is shown in copper letters on the hearth of the Pilot Butte fireplace.
The complete poem from which the verse is taken is as follows:
(Written at an Inn at Henley.)
To thee, fair freedom, I retire,
From flattery, cards, and dice, and den;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot, or humble inn.
'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.
I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from falsehood's specious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.
Here waiter! Take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store;
It buys me freedom at an inn.
Who'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome, at an inn.
—WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

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