

Everybody Liked "T. R." Says Rancher of Western Days

Theodore Roosevelt was born with the gift of making friends with all sorts and conditions of men. Wherever he hung his hat, he was immediately at home, whether it was in the white of Africa, where Mr. Roosevelt was on his famous safari, or in the Red Land along the Little Missouri River in the days that he was a ranchman. These days are interestingly described by A. W. Merrifield, who was Roosevelt's ranch partner in 1885 in what was then the territory of Dakota. Roosevelt and Merrifield were once on a big round-up of cattle that lasted for three weeks.

"Everybody liked him," says Mr. Merrifield reminiscingly. "He was one of us, working at our side by day and sitting around the fire at night, talking and spinning yarns and singing. He was careful about his personal appearance. He carried a razor and toothbrush, which weren't things the ordinary cowpuncher had much use for, except possibly once a week. But otherwise he was just a cowboy, doing his job."

"It was hard work, and it told on him. On this trip a horse named Ben Butler fell on him, and Roosevelt broke the point of his shoulder. But he didn't speak of it, and the rest of us forgot about it. He must have suffered terribly from that shoulder, but he never let a peep out of him. The very hardships and difficulties seemed to stimulate him and give him added energy."

"There was plenty of excitement; there were good horses and bad riders and bad horses and crackerjack riders. There'd be men giving exhibitions of fancy riding and roping and there'd be contests for prizes. Some one was doing something all of the time. Some poor rider would be getting his first lessons in roping and would rope a cow or a calf around the tail or by mistake rope some other fellow. And perhaps a crack roper would come along with a lariat and pull the fresh hand out of the saddle. It was no place for molly-coddles! A man had to be a regular man all the time to stand the gaff."

"There was much hilarity of all sorts and the boys would play all kinds of tricks on each other. Sometimes they'd stick things under the horses' tails or under the cinch-belt and there'd be a lot of hilarity to see the victim get hoisted into the air. But they never played tricks like that on Roosevelt. They never bothered him at all. He commanded everybody's respect, and he had a great deal of influence over the cowboys, not only of his own outfit but of the other outfits in the round-up."

HOUSE OF DOORN CENTURIES OLD.

Holland People Believe the Former German Emperor Has Come to New Home to Stay.

DOORN, Holland, Sept. 22.—"The House of Doorn," as the estate recently purchased here by the former German Emperor, has been called for centuries, lies right in the midst of this clean, slow-moving Dutch village, whose 3,000 or so inhabitants, while not at all excited about it, are looking forward with considerable interest to numbering among their burghers one William Hohenzollern, formerly of Potsdam.

The villagers, along with most persons in this section of the country, believe that he is coming to settle down for life. If that be his intention, he has selected as a voluntary substitute for St. Helena one of the prettiest spots in Holland. There is nothing in the estate he has purchased or in the surrounding community to suggest a place of exile.

Doorn, like Amerongen, is one of the few villages in Holland located on ground that seems to be above the sea level. Instead of canals and dykes and the monotonous flat land

occupied by sleepy-looking black and white cows and pompous, fat windmills which form the unchanging scenery of most of Holland, the country about Doorn, while generally flat, is, of course, here and there a fertile expanse of a hillside, and the white and pink Dutch houses are quite frequently tucked into the folds of the private preserves of the frugal nobility.

Hundreds of automobiles pass through Doorn daily during the summer season, for it is on the main highway from Amsterdam and Rotterdam to Arnhem, which passes the Huis Doorn estate. From this road through a long avenue of stately trees is visible one side of "The House of Doorn." There is also almost a constant procession of bicycling tourists, and the two main hotels, with their white-painted little veranda cafes, and the "pensions," or boarding houses, do a rushing business all through the season. In fact, caring for summer tourists seems to be Doorn's only means of livelihood. The country for miles around is dotted with handsome villas, summer homes of wealthy people of Amsterdam or Rotterdam, and the more pretentious castles of the Dutch aristocracy, who live there all the year round, emerging daily from old time feudal castles for carriage rides behind slow but sure Dutch horses driven by solemn looking coachmen in tall black hats. Some of the nobility have automobiles and nearly every Hollander has his bicycle.

Doorn is quite easy of access to the ordinary tourist. One travels by express train from Utrecht, a fifteen or twenty minute ride to the station of Driebergen. There he boards a train of small but comfortable cars drawn by a steam locomotive only one size larger than those operated for children in American amusement parks, and this miniature railroad, runs down the highway, with its narrow track at the right of the automobile road, toward Doorn and Amerongen. It is a thirty minute ride from Driebergen, and the train, at the melancholy signal of a tin horn blown by the conductor, stops within a hundred feet of the entrance to the estate.

There are no guards about the estate now nor walls nor moats to protect the house from the curious passerby. It is forbidden, however, to walk in the 200-acre park without special permission, which it not being granted just now, at Herr Hohenzollern's furniture and art treasures, 51 big vanloads valued at something over \$4,000,000 are being stored and placed preparatory to the moving out of the Baroness Van Heemstra de Beaufort, on November 1, and the moving in of the former Emperor late in December or early in January.

THE GARDEN LADY'S STORIES

(Written for the United States School Garden Army, Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior.)
The Lady in the Dark Cloak.
Part I.

"Did I ever tell you about the Lady in the Dark Cloak?" asked the Garden Lady one summer day that had a hint of fall in its coolness.

"No—Garden Lady—tell—us—about her!" cried the children of the United States School Garden Army. "I saw her," said the Garden Lady, "by the Compost Heap back of the rockery in the Golden Girl's Garden. My old friend, the Scarecrow, opened my eyes—my mind's eyes, I mean—to her. She was very strange, very beautiful, very wonderful, children," the Garden Lady went on in a queer, deep, quiet sort of voice that made pleasant little shivers run up and down their backs. The children looked at her with big eyes opened very wide, as if she had laid some sort of "spell" upon them.

"I was standing by the rockery just at dusk one evening last summer. Late in August, it was, I believe. I was standing there watching the green-gold sky that turned to orange and rose color above, while a sort of blue-brown gauzy curtain of shadow settled down over the world, and I was wondering if

I could catch a sight of the Enchanted Princess when she came out of her castle in the rockery. A cool, queer wind blew up all at once out of nowhere, and I began to remember that seasons change, and that again I was here. I felt sort of sorry. You know how you feel when you begin to remember the days before the end of vacation. Yet I was a little bit excited, too, and sort of thrillingly, you know, with a queer kind of happiness, as if something wonderful were going to happen, and as if I were just about to be made a shaver in some beautiful secret. I always feel that way when the seasons change, you know. Don't you?"

"Yes, I know," said Big Sister Pecky, softly.

"A yellow leaf drifted down from the old Apple-Tree, touched my hair lightly, and settled to the ground. I thought that I felt rather than heard, a step, and that a trailing dress brushed against me."—By Ethel Allen Murphy.

(To be Continued)

Test for Diamonds.

It may be taken for granted that anything which will scratch a sapphire or a ruby is a diamond.

Job printing, The Observer, main 37.

Moths in Closets.

Get a wide-mouthed bottle, three inches will do, and fill it with all of kerosene. Leave the cork out of the bottle and place it in the trunk of clothes in your closet. It will not burn, but it will keep the moths away. Life insurance are very poisonous to insects. For a very large amount of all insects the oil which keeps sprays, heavy blankets, quilts, etc., with the oil of salerene before packing away.

Too Much to Bear.

"Acacia," said old Mr. Braderton as he finished his dinner. "I'm going to ask you to do me a favor. I want you to give your young man, Mr.—Mr.—I forget his name—a message from me." Acacia blushed and looked down at her plate. "Tell him," her bluff old parent went on, "that I don't object to his staying here and running up my gas bill, but that I do object to his carrying the morning paper away with him when he leaves!"

Plaster Casts.

When plaster casts become soiled dip them into cold liquid starch. When they are dry, brush the starch off and the dirt will come off with it, leaving the cast clean and white like new.



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Induced Eyes
Nothing brings quicker relief to inflamed eyes than a wash with boracic acid water. And one thing that its user must remember is to have the preparation free from any foreign particles, however minute, or they will cause irritation. The boracic acid should be thoroughly dissolved in water that has been boiled and cooled.

Birds Lack "Homing" Sense.
Although birds build nests, these are only used for breeding. The sense of birds is killed by the cold each winter because they have no real "homing" sense.

Daily Thought.
Better not be at all than not be able.—Tennyson.

Water Wrappers printed at the Observer office.

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