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GOT THINGS DONE

Quality That Was Characteristic of Colonel Roosevelt.

Matter of the Removal of Old Railroad Station in Washington Re-called as a Proof of His Energy.

Since the death of Colonel Roosevelt, old-timers in Washington have been recalling many incidents illustrative of the tremendous vitality of the man, his determination to get things accomplished, and his unwillingness to let red tape interfere with the accomplishment of that which seemed necessary to be done. One of these incidents was recounted the other day by Col. William Boyce Thompson, chairman of the Roosevelt Memorial association. It was narrated with much appreciation by a congressman who didn't appreciate it so much when it occurred. It ran as follows:

The government was co-operating with the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio railroads in the project for a new union station—the present fine edifice. The site of the Pennsylvania's old station—now the mall near the White House—had been purchased by the government, and it was proposed to raise the buildings. But congress had been held late in a special session, and the members were anxious to get home, so it was decided to postpone the letting of bids for tearing down the buildings until congress reassembled the next fall. This duty naturally devolved on the committee on the District of Columbia, which has charge of government property in the district. Meantime a major of engineers was placed in charge, as custodian.

When the committee held its first meeting at the next session of congress, the matter of letting contracts for the raising of the old station was brought up.

"Why, gentlemen," declared an astonished representative, "there is nothing to tear down. I walked past this station this morning, and there's nothing but the bare earth where the old station stood."

The committee sent post-haste for the custodian, and the chairman asked him sharply what had become of the building he had charge of.

"It has been raised and the material stored, sir," replied the major.

"By whose order?" queried the chairman, red in the face.

"My order of President Roosevelt," replied the major.

"Where in — did he get any authority to butt into our business?" exploded the chairman.

"Well, sir," said the major, "it is not for me to question the authority or the orders of my commander in chief, but to obey them. And I did, sir."

And congress decided to consider it a fact accomplished, and let it go at that.

A Bachelor's Complaint.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftentimes offends me at the house of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description—it is that they are too loving. Not too loving neither; that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society; implies that they prefer one another to all the world. But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal that you are not the object of his preference.—Charles Lamb.

Da Vinci Thought of Tank.

Italy has just celebrated the fourth centenary of Leonardo da Vinci's death. His name has been often mentioned during the war and his prophetic genius recalled. It is known that he intended to build airplanes for war purposes, but it is now claimed also that he was the first to think of the tank. In his letters to U. Moro he speaks of armored cars which could shelter the occupants and drive right amongst the enemy's masses, slaying and shattering all opposition. It is unfortunate that more is not known of Leonardo's intentions, and of the way in which he proposed to propel his craft. Horses might possibly have been intended, for if a horse could carry less weight than the armored motor, protection in those days was more easily got than now. But it is certainly very singular to read that his cars were to charge ahead while the infantry would follow behind—for this is exactly what happened four hundred years after his death.

Wrong Diagnosis.

"That picturesque old gentleman sitting there under the tree must be at least an octogenarian," commented the motorist who had stopped for a drink of water.

"Yes, look you," tranquilly answered Gabe Day, the sandy haired region. "You're talking about my Uncle Rip! He's eighty-two years old, and can't take up for himself, but I want you to understand, by thunder, that he isn't so old as you think!"

INDIAN THIEF HAD INGENUITY

Remarkably Clever Stratagem by Which Plegan Escaped With His Steady of Stolen Ponies.

Among the many interesting stories told by members of the Canadian mounted police is one that has to do with the cleverness of an Indian.

One snowy morning a band of Crees awoke to find that about a dozen of their ponies had been stolen during the night. A band to go in pursuit was immediately organized, and in the course of an hour the trail was struck. The band followed it for thirty miles or more, till it entered a river and headed for a little wooded island.

Smoke was rising from the trees, and an opening, apparently the mouth of a cave, was in plain view. Presently a Plegan Indian showed himself in front of the opening. At his heels was a dog.

Pretty soon the dog scented the Crees, who were lying low, and began growling and barking. The Plegan looked up, glanced about him for a moment and then instantly entered the cave. In about ten seconds, another Plegan came round the rocks and also went in; then another, and another and another. The Crees lay silently in the bushes, counting, till upward of fifty Plegans had come round the rocks and gone into the cave, and still they kept coming. Each carried a rifle.

When at last seventy men had disappeared in the cave, the superstitious and cautious Crees concluded that the evil spirit had something to do with it. So thoroughly were they filled with this idea that even when reinforcements came, which was in a few hours, they were reluctant to attack the island.

That night, however, one Cree, less cautious than the others, crossed over the ice to investigate. On approaching the supposed cave, he found that it was no cave at all, but simply an opening leading some ten feet into the rock, where it made a turn and came out on the other side.

There was the remnant of a smoke camp fire, the ponies were gone and not an Indian was in sight. The ingenious Plegan thief, by making the circuit of the passage, and the end of the island seventy times, had so deceived his pursuers as to gain the time necessary for his escape.

Want to Rent Old Castle?

If anybody wants to buy a ruined castle, described as "of great historical and romantic history," now is their chance, according to advertisements inserted in the British papers.

It is not exactly modern, dating, as it does, from 1000, and the advertiser states that "considerable outlay will be required to reconstruct it." The purchaser is assured, however, that it reconstructed, "a unique and charming home would result."

Nothing is said about ghosts, but it stands to reason that a castle of this age must have a large and lively flock of such insects. So here's a chance for some of America's millionaires to acquire at small cost a castle—and all that goes with it.

An added inducement is that there is good trout fishing near by, so that when tired of gazing at his unique and charming home the purchaser can rest his mind by going fishing.

British Land Changing Hands.

Land in the British Isles is changing hands at the rate of 100,000 acres a week, well-informed real estate dealers estimate. By the end of this year some \$100,000,000 in land deals will have been completed.

Large estates are being sold, mostly in small lots. One of 10,100 acres in Durham fetched \$450,000 when cut up into 98 farms. Syndicates are getting in their work. One estate, valued at \$500,000 was sold to a syndicate for \$750,000 and the latter disposed of the land to another syndicate for \$1,000,000. Only 3,000 acres were involved.

Tenant farmers are pressing for opportunity to own the land and large landowners are availing themselves of the chance to "get out" at high prices.

Big Demand for Diamonds.

The demand for diamonds all over the world so far exceeds the supply that the stocks of importers and cutters are practically exhausted and they are unable to fill the orders of their retail customers. This condition was attributed by New York jewelers chiefly to the prosperity of the country. The war-time period of bonanza wages has made the working people the nation's greatest diamond buyers. This class, it was said, had absorbed a large portion of the small stores on the market, but the rich man is as badly off as the man of moderate circumstances, because the larger and more valuable diamonds are scarce and higher in price.

To Boost U. S. Food Products.

The first agricultural trade commissioner to work in foreign lands for the interest of American food producers has been named by the United States department of agriculture. He is Edward A. Foley of San Francisco, Cal., who has been appointed to represent the department's bureau of markets in the United Kingdom. Mr. Foley will investigate conditions in the United Kingdom and study the marketing and distribution of farm products, with a view to the development and improvement of foreign trade in American agricultural products.

Too Suggestive.

"Buddy Pikes—You didn't remain at all wayside cottages long?"

"Buddy Pikes—No, he was too pedantic. She pointed over to the sunset and said the clouds reminded her of bars of steel. I thought it was time to beat it."

Shiloh Relief Corps, No. 28

Meetings held 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month at 8:30 p. m., in I. O. O. F. hall, corner of First and Meridian streets.

Frances Woodruff, President.
Emma L. Snow, Secretary.

Newberg Lodge No. 104 A. F. & A. M. Regular meeting Second and Fourth Thursday evenings of each month.

Visiting brothers always welcome. By order W. H. Woodworth, W. M.
Curtis A. Houser, Secretary.

Notice of Appointment

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Yamhill County. In the matter of the estate of John Hutzen, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have been duly appointed as Executors of the last will and testament of the above named court, and have duly qualified as such executors.

Further notice is hereby given all persons having claims against the said estate, to present the same, with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the First National Bank, Newberg, Oregon within six months after the date of the first publication of this notice.

A. C. Ruby,
W. H. Woodworth,
Executors of the last will and testament of John Hutzen, Deceased.

C. R. Chapin,
Attorney for Estate.
First Issue July 3.
Last Issue July 31.

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Summons

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Yamhill.

Susie Harriett Barr, Plaintiff, vs. George Marshall Barr, Defendant.

To George Barr, Defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this Summons, and in event you fail to so appear and answer, the above named plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in her complaint herein, to-wit: for a decree of divorce dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, and awarding the plaintiff the care, custody and control of Merrill Grace Barr, the minor child of plaintiff and defendant, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem meet and equitable in the premises.

This is a suit for divorce begun by plaintiff, Susie Harriett Barr, against George Marshall Barr on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment, and this Summons is published once each week for six successive and consecutive weeks in the Newberg Graphic, a weekly newspaper published in Yamhill County, Oregon, pursuant to an Order of Honorable C. F. Daniels, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Yamhill County. Date of first publication July 17th, 1919.

First Issue July 17.
Last Issue August 31.

Arthur I. Moulton,
Attorney for the Plaintiff, 711 Lewis Building, Portland, Oregon.

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