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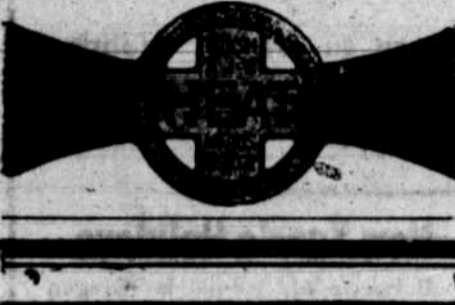
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## The Prefect Of Police

### Story of a Stolen Necklace In Valparaiso.

By **GEORGE CATHERWOOD**

It was on board the steamer Atlantic, sailing from New York to South America, that we first became acquainted with Jim O'Rourke, a young fellow of twenty-five, who had just enough blarney and brogue in his talk to be true to his name. However, he was an expert in his line and at the time was on his way to Brazil to buy diamonds for a New York firm.

Tom Hargreaves and I had planned to spend the winter months in the tropics, so when the steamer reached Panama we said goodbye to our friend O'Rourke and went ashore, but the torrid heat of the day and the cold nights made the climate disagreeable, so we soon went on southward, and the following month we reached Chile.

Hargreaves and I put on cool white suits, such as are worn in South American countries, and went down to the late evening meal, the fashionable one of the day at Chilean hotels.

As a waiter bowed us to a table we unexpectedly came on our old friend O'Rourke, who was dining with another American. When he caught sight of us his good natured Irish face broadened into a smile.

"Hello, fellows!" he cried, shaking hands cordially. "I'm certainly glad to find you here."

"I thought you were in the wilds of Brazil," I said, laughing.

"I was for awhile," he answered, "but I'm going home now. I came over to Valparaiso to see my friend here, the consul." And, turning to his companion at the table, who had risen, he introduced us.

"Mr. Cuthbert, two friends of mine from the States, Mr. Hargreaves and Mr. Moore."

The consul greeted us heartily when a messenger appeared and handed him a note.

"I have little time of my own," said the consul, and, excusing himself, he left the room.

Through a nearby window the evening air came in with delightful coolness after the heat of the day, and in the gay surroundings the meal passed happily. The majority of the tables were surrounded by wealthy natives, and the chatter of the Spanish language sounded incessantly.

Many of the women wore jewels, and as we passed our attention was attracted especially to a corner table near the door, where a man in uniform sat with one of the most beautiful Spanish women I had ever seen. I think her beauty first attracted me, though all noted the elegant necklace that encircled her throat and the large diamond that formed its central ornament. In a moment we had passed on, and a screen separated us from the couple at the table.

"Did you see that woman?" exclaimed Hargreaves.

"Yes," I replied, "and her diamond necklace."

"I got only a glimpse of it," said O'Rourke, "but it was a beauty."

We stopped in the doorway, and as a waiter approached O'Rourke motioned toward the screen and asked, "Who is the lady at the first table?"

The servant replied in broken English, "Senora Garcia, the owner of the Pasaje."

"And the gentleman?" O'Rourke pursued.

The waiter looked surprised at the question. "The prefect of police," he said in an awed whisper.

We sat on the veranda smoking until it was late. Then Jim remembered a stiletto he had bought as a souvenir and went up to his room to get it.

A few minutes later a disturbance came from within. A woman screamed, and a man's voice called out in Spanish.

Hargreaves and I rushed in with the other guests that had heard the noise, and at the foot of the stairs a strange sight met our eyes. Lying prostrate on the floor was the beautiful Senora Garcia, with eyes closed and hair disheveled, while around her neck was a red band, almost bleeding, as though the necklace had been snatched off with violence. Up on the stairs the prefect grappled with O'Rourke, and as they swayed back and forth with uncertain footing the light gleamed from a stiletto in the latter's hand.

It was the prefect that had called for help, and before we could reach them to assist O'Rourke a half dozen of the hotel servants appeared, and Jim was overpowered. The prefect disengaged himself with difficulty from Jim's embrace and stood panting.

"Lock this fellow up until police come from the city," he ordered. But Hargreaves and I interposed.

"What's the trouble, Jim?" I called to O'Rourke.

The prefect tried to keep him from replying, but Jim cried: "He stole the senora's necklace. It's in his pocket."

At this the prefect turned on him with a string of oaths. "Villain!" he hissed. "You took the necklace, and if it had not been for me the senora might have fared worse. Thank heaven I arrived in time to save her from your stiletto."

The retainers wrenched the knife from O'Rourke's hand, and the crowd surged up hissing, for nothing excites the Latin mind like the sight of naked weapons. The affair was becoming desperate for O'Rourke, but luckily at this moment Mr. Cuthbert pushed through the crowd, which fell back sullenly as they recognized the consul.

"Hold on there!" he called as the waiters tried to drag Jim away. "There must be some mistake, prefect. I know Mr. O'Rourke quite well, and no doubt we can settle this affair in a moment."

The prefect interrupted angrily, but the consul turned his back on him and asked Jim to explain what had happened.

"I had gone up to my room for this stiletto, a curio which I wished to show my friends on the porch," Jim explained, "and on my return from the head of the stairs I saw the senora in the hands of a man who held her by the throat. I shouted to him to let go and was surprised to see it was the prefect, who by that time had wrenched loose her necklace and slipped it into his pocket. Then, realizing that he was caught, he rushed at me as though I was the culprit."

The prefect stamped his foot and shouted "Liar!" But the consul held the floor, and Jim in proof of his honesty turned his pockets inside out. As he emptied his right hand pocket a glimmering gold chain fell from it, at the sight of which he staggered as though he had been struck. It was the diamond necklace. But entangled in the meshes of the chain was the prefect's police whistle engraved with his own name, "Pedro Menendos." Unknown to him, it had clung to the necklace during the scuffle when, in order to throw the blame on O'Rourke, he had transferred it to the latter's pocket.

The face of the prefect blanched, but he fell back on the dignity of his office. "This proves nothing," he said haughtily.

"It proves the necklace was in your pocket!" Hargreaves called out, and what might have been a general riot was at that moment prevented by Senora Garcia regaining consciousness.

For an instant she swept the crowd with a bewildered glance; then as her eyes fell on the prefect she realized the situation and, with a cry of anger snatched her necklace from his hands.

"Oh, you ingrate!" she exclaimed. "You pretended to love me, but it was only for my jewels. I owe my life no doubt to this young man." And she turned to O'Rourke.

"He arrived just in time to save me." Then as her hands caught the police whistle she disentangled it from the chain and hurled it in the prefect's face.

"It is a lie!" he reiterated, and, drawing the dress sword that hung at his side, he brandished it in a circle at arm's length. In this manner he fought his way through the crowd and made his escape by a rear door.

Later Hargreaves and I laughingly suggested that Jim might supplant the prefect in the senora's affections, but he declared he had had enough of South American dealings, and we left the next morning on a Pacific steamer.

**Tough Luck.**

"I always was an unlucky beggar," said the pessimistic person. "The one great opportunity of my life was lost this way:

"Some years ago I was a member of a band, and one night among the audience were three men who had struck it rich and become millionaires. They were in a happy state and just in the humor to do what they did.

"After we concluded the concert, what do you think? I am a sinner if those fellows didn't invite the whole band across the street and offer a treat in the clubhouse filled all our instruments with money. And there was I with a piccolo!"

**Neighborhood Amenities.**

The black-haired boy had a mighty contempt for the towheaded boy.

"Huh," he said; "your mother takes in washing!"

"Of course she does," the towheaded satirist retorted. "You didn't think she would leave it hanging out at night unless your father was in jail, did you?"—New York Times.

### BATTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

It Was the Last Serious Conflict of Our War With Mexico.

Chapultepec is the name of a hill three miles southwest of the City of Mexico, rising about fifty feet above the surrounding plain. On it the Aztec monarchs are said to have made their summer home, and here in 1785 Galvez, then viceroy of Mexico, began to erect an imposing fortified castle, which, though never completed, was used after 1822 as a military school. In the war between Mexico and the United States the hill was strongly fortified by the Mexicans and was the scene, on Sept. 12 and 13, 1847, of the last serious conflict of the war.

After the battle of Molino del Rey, Sept. 5, General Scott planned a movement against Chapultepec and on the 12th opened a heavy bombardment, under cover of which, on the following day, Generals Pillow and Quitman, supported respectively by Generals Worth and Smith, made gallant assaults, the former carrying the fortifications on the west and the latter on the southeast. The Mexicans, after making a stubborn defense, were driven in confusion back toward the city. On the 14th the Americans entered the City of Mexico, and the war was virtually ended.

During the three days (Sept. 12, 13 and 14) the Americans lost 808 in killed and wounded, General Pillow being among the latter, while the Mexicans are known to have lost a much larger number. On the side of the Americans about 7,500 men were engaged and about 4,000 on the Mexican side.

### INSECT INVENTORS.

Clever Things Done by Spiders, Bees, Wasps and Ants.

The best commentary perhaps on such a sentence as "The inventor is just a clairvoyant who translates his forecastings to castings" is that among our greatest inventors are the insects. "As a warning reflection on human cleverness these insect inventors should not be forgotten. The wasp made excellent waterproof paper ages before man ever thought of doing so, and made it from wood pulp. We have been using that material only for a couple of generations.

The bee and the wasp used hypodermic needles long before man ever thought of them, and the bee uses formic acid as an antiseptic to preserve its honey from fermentation.

The spider made the first suspension bridge according to all the rules of the craft, and some spiders make excellent airships. One of them even makes a diving bell.

The bee makes a wax that we cannot imitate.

The silkworm is still the unrivaled manufacturer of silk.

To these we might add the ant, which makes tunnels and subways; the mason bee, with its cement work, and the great peacock moth, which calls its kind from a distance by wireless telegraphy. But to complete the story we should have to reprint Henri Fabre's books."

### Dye Before You Patch.

"Never patch a garment just before it goes to the dyer," was the advice of a young woman in a dyeing establishment. "Unless the patch and the thread it is sewed on with are exactly the same kind of material as the garment they will come out of the dye pot different shades. Here is a blue skirt that was brought to us cream colored. The cloth had worn through in several places, and the owner had patched the tiny holes so painstakingly that the patches could not be detected in the original color, but after the dyeing they showed up a darker blue. The amount of dye any material will take depends upon how much cotton, wool or silk it contains. It is so hard to determine that exactly that any garment that has to be mended can be matched much better after dyeing."—New York Sun.

### Old Leather Bottles.

Leather bottles, or blackjacks, were common in Europe two centuries ago. The bottles were often made of one skin doubled up and closely stitched together, leaving an aperture for the neck. The stopper was made of wood, horn or old leather. A good deal of care was required in the preparation of the leather, which had to be oiled and worked with hammers to make it supple and then washed with a lye so that all the impurity was entirely removed, leaving the leather clean and dry. No moisture or air had any effect on it.

### Moth Killer.

If moths get into a closet saturate a cloth twelve inches square with formaldehyde; place cloth in the closet and close up tightly for twelve hours. The same plan may be used in chests, trunks or boxes where clothing is stored. The fumes will kill moths as well as their eggs.—New York American.

### An Obstinate Family.

Cholmondeley—I thought you intended to marry Miss Wealthington? Dolmondeley—I thought so, too, but her family objected. Cholmondeley—What did Miss Wealthington say? Dolmondeley—Oh, she's one of the family, you know.

### Making It Easy For Her.

"Yes'm, I'm going to leave. I'm tired hearing this family quarrel."

"Please don't leave, Julia. Promise me you'll stay and I'll get you a pair of ear muffs."—Browning's Magazine.

### His Disappointment.

Visitor—Poor man! Have you been disappointed in love? Hermit—No, lady; only in matrimony.—Exchange.

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