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J. H. SHERLOCK, Prop.

It Was a Mistake

And He Escaped One Bondage to Fall Into Another.

By EDWARD C. HANCOCK

I reached my destination at 11 o'clock at night, was driven to the L. hotel, was shown to my room and went to bed. The next morning I did not return to the room after breakfast, but did so at noon. An important matter of business absorbed my attention, and I was unmindful of everything else. My key did not work in the lock; but, turning the knob, the door opened. I concluded that either I or the maid who had put the room in order had left it unlocked.

Still thinking on other matters, I saw on the mantel a package done up in paper. It was about three inches long by two broad and an inch thick. At another time I would have examined it; but, with my mind full of business, I concluded it to be one of a number of small parcels I had taken out of my suit case when making my toilet in the morning, so I put it in my coat pocket.

Going to the stand to wash my hands, I discovered lying on it a ring set with two large diamonds.

I dropped my business matter and fixed my attention on the ring. Then I looked about the room. There was a trunk in it that was not mine. A wardrobe stood open, and I could see within articles of woman's apparel. I had got into the wrong room.

Had the ring not thus been exposed I would have simply retired. As it was, if I should be seen leaving the room and a thief should appropriate the jewelry I would be suspected of having stolen it. I concluded to take it to the office.

As I was leaving to do so I met a lady about to enter. She looked at me, flushed and asked:

"What were you doing in my room?"

Before I had time to reply she called a porter and said:

"Hold that man till I go into my room and see if anything is missing."

She ran into the room while the porter kept me under observation. "It's gone," I heard her say, and, coming out, she told the porter that she had left a diamond ring on the washstand and I had taken it.

"Pardon me," I said; "I got into the wrong room. I found your ring on the washstand and was taking it to the office. Here it is."

"That's a likely story," said the porter. We three went to the office, where my explanation was listened to with evident distrust. But the young lady, having secured her ring, was not minded to press the matter, and it was dropped, but not for long. In half an hour, while I was sitting near the hotel entrance, a policeman entered, the clerk pointed to me, and I was taken into custody.

I was led to the police station to answer to a charge of robbery and, fortunately having evidences of property with me, was enabled to give bail for my appearance the next day. Returning to the hotel, I asked the clerk why the matter was to be pushed. He replied that the lady had missed something else—she would not say what—and it had made her very angry. I tried to think of something I had misappropriated besides the ring, but could remember nothing. Later, upon putting my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief, I took out the little package I had found on the mantel. I went to my room—my own room this time—uncovered the package and displayed a bundle of letters.

I made up my mind that there was a story in these letters which was running counter to the story of my having inadvertently come into possession of them. I was to be tried for stealing the ring and perhaps would not be able to prove my innocence. Indeed, appearances were much against me. Might not these letters be used to induce the lady to withdraw her charge? I had no sooner thought of this than I took them to the office of an acquaintance and put them in his safe. I did not wish them to be recovered by search.

As soon as I had done this I wrote my accuser a note telling her that I had inadvertently appropriated some letters belonging to her and that she might have them by withdrawing her charge against me. She had become so sure that I was a professional thief that she wrote back stating that she would with-

draw the charge and give me \$500 for the letters. I wrote her that I did not ask money for the letters and that she was welcome to them if she would withdraw her charge against me. To this she acceded, and instead of sending some one to me with an order for them she appointed a meeting with me in one of the hotel parlors. I did not propose to be outdone by a woman, so I left the letters where I had put them.

We met as agreed. The lady was not over twenty-four years old and was quite comely. She was evidently of the upper class and had wounded my self love by not recognizing me for a social equal instead of mistaking me for a thief. She opened the negotiations.

"Are you a tool of George Norton?" she asked abruptly.

"I haven't the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance."

"You must have seen his name on the letters. They were addressed to him."

"I looked at one address, which convinced me that the letters did not belong to me."

"Do you mean to tell me that you haven't read them?"

"I do."

"Then how did you know I would value them so far as to offer so much for them?"

"I didn't until you made your offer."

"I have made a mistake."

"Several. Which one do you mean?"

"I have been engaged to George Norton. I was warned against him, but would not listen. I stole my letters, which he would not return. I supposed he had employed you to get them back for him."

"Does he employ gentlemen for such purposes?"

For the first time she looked ashamed. She dropped her eyes and fidgeted with the ring I was to be tried for stealing.

"I didn't observe you closely when you came out of my room. I see now I was very much mistaken. I ask your pardon."

"Now that you have begun where you should have begun before, at the beginning, we can get on rapidly. Permit me to apologize for having mistaken your room for mine. I was absorbed in a matter of business. I put your package of letters in my pocket without being conscious of what I was doing."

"I see. I have acted very hastily."

I arose and touched a button. Then I wrote on the back of an old envelope an order for the letters. When an attendant came I told him to send for them. In fifteen minutes he returned and handed me the package. I handed them to the lady.

"But I have done nothing toward withdrawing the charge," she said.

"You will. I have no fear of that."

"Why?"

"Because I know you for a lady, and a lady once convinced that I am a gentleman, not a thief."

"Please don't."

"—would never think of charging me with being one."

"What shall I do to stop the thing?"

I advised her of the necessary steps, after which we went on with our chat.

"It seems to me," she said, "that I am the real thief in this matter."

"Why so?"

"I stole the letters from George Norton."

"That was not stealing. They belonged to you. You only took your own. I don't quite understand, though, why you thought it necessary to offer so high a price for your letters."

"I supposed," she replied shamefacedly, "that you were an agent of George Norton. I wished to induce you to give me the letters instead of giving them to him."

"In other words, I was considered not only a blackmailer, but a subject for bribery to turn against my employer."

She hung her head. Indeed, she seemed so pained at the position in which she had placed herself that I hastened to apply a balm to the wound.

"It was all a mistake," I said, rising. "But I trust that it is a mistake that may give me a valued acquaintance."

I asked her where she lived, and when she replied that it was in a city not far from the one in which I resided I asked permission to call upon her when I went there. This she readily accorded, and I took it upon myself to go without waiting for anything except herself to call me there. I not only called once, but often, and finally persuaded her to do penance for mistaking me for a thief by marrying me.

And so it was that I narrowly escaped imprisonment for robbery, assuming later the chains of matrimony.

ROME'S PANTHEON.

This Wonderful Structure is Nearly Eighteen Centuries Old.

The Pantheon is unique in Rome—in the world—as a building which has been in use for nearly 1,800 years and still retains its old walls and vaulting. The bronze doors, though much restored, are originals. The doorway is forty feet high and twenty feet wide, and the old bronze doors, the oldest and finest in Rome, are twenty-six feet six inches high, a bronze lattice filling the rest of the space.

The interior is remarkable. All the light enters from the round hole in the dome, which is about twenty-eight feet in diameter. Yet this light is ample, and, what is more important, it is distributed perfectly evenly. No lighting ever devised gave so fine an effect.

There are really two parts to the Pantheon, the circular part or rotunda and the portico. The portico was originally a part of a temple built by Agrippa, but was not put in its present place until some time after the great rotunda was built by Hadrian (117 A. D.). It is poorly joined to the main edifice.

The name of Agrippa still shows on the front, but the sculptures of bronze, which once filled the pediment, have disappeared. Twelve superb granite Corinthian columns fifty feet high support the portico.

The rotunda is splendidly preserved. The interior has all the appearance of the original paneling of marble. It measures 145 feet in diameter internally, but the walls are twenty feet thick to support the great dome that rises to a height of 140 feet. Around the rotunda are seven niches alternately rectangular and semi-circular and fronted by Corinthian columns.

There is a quiet magnificence about this building which is unequaled. We visit many churches in a trip to Europe and many galleries and see many great buildings, but there is none that takes a stronger hold upon our feelings and our memory than the Pantheon—"Famous Buildings," by Charles L. Barstow.

Red Cross Pioneers.

The two great pioneers of Red Cross work were Italian born, says London Ladies' Field. The one, our own incomparable Florence Nightingale, born at Florence, the other Ferdinando Palasciano, a Neapolitan physician, who, at the siege of Messina, in 1848, boldly replied to the Bourbonic General Filangeri, who threatened to shoot him, "A wounded man is no longer an enemy." Ever after by word and deed he advocated the humanity of Red Cross work.

It was only in 1862 that the Swiss philanthropist, Henry Dunant, succeeded in starting the international Red Cross work, which has now become a worldwide blessing.

Mississippi Lily Beds.

Some of the most beautiful and extensive natural water lily beds in the world are to be found along the upper Mississippi. During the summer months persons come from miles around to look upon these vast exquisite displays. When the river is low portions of its bed, in some cases scores of acres in extent, are covered with shallow water or wholly exposed, according to Popular Mechanics. In such places the white and yellow lilies, surrounded by their shining green leaves, are to be found, some of the beds stretching as far as the eye can see.

Origin of One Graveyard.

The family of a member of parliament from Yorkshire has a private graveyard and has had it for several generations. The founder of it was a Quaker, and the rector of the parish in which he lived said to him after a dispute on religious matters, "Well, if you don't come to church when you are alive you will when you are dead." But the Quaker thought otherwise and founded the burial place, which is used to this day.

The Real Gentleman.

Do not undervalue the character of the real gentleman, which is the most respectable among men. It consists not of plate and equipage and rich living any more than in the disease which that mode of life engenders, but in truth, courtesy, bravery, generosity and learning, which last, although not essential to it, yet does very much to adorn and illustrate the character of the true gentleman.—John Randolph.

Patriotic.

A surgeon in a mining town, engaged to perform an operation of minor character upon a somewhat unsophisticated patient, asked him if he were willing to have only a local anaesthetic.

"Sure," replied the other. "I believe in patronizing home industry whenever you can."—Exchange.

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Administrator's Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Benjamin F. Higgins, deceased, has filed his final account as administrator of the estate of said deceased, in the County Court of Yamhill county, Oregon, and that said court has appointed Monday the 27th day of August, 1917, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day as the day and hour for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof.

Now, therefore, all persons interested in the estate of said deceased are hereby notified and required to appear at the County Court room, at the court house at McMinnville, Yamhill county, Oregon, at said time and then and there show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be settled, allowed and approved, and said estate forever and finally settled and said administrator and his bondsmen forever discharged.

Dated this 26th day of July, 1917.
John T. Higgins,
Administrator of the estate of Benjamin F. Higgins, deceased.
First insertion July 26, 1917
Last insertion August 23, 1917

Newberg Lodge No. 104 A. F. & A. M. Regular meeting Second and Fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Visiting brothers always welcome. By order R. J. Moore W. M., G. O. Keeney Secretary.