

# Royal White Laundry Soap

## 7 Bars for 25c

**Just think of it, Royal White Laundry Soap 7 bars for a quarter**

A special purchase enables us to sell it at this unheard of price. We want all our customers to get a chance at this bargain, so in order that we may have enough to go round, we must limit each customer to 14 bars.

**REMEMBER ONLY 14 BARS TO A CUSTOMER.**

**This sale will last one week, from Saturday, May 4th to Friday night, May 10th at 6:30 O'clock, P. M.**

We list below some seasonable articles that we have in stock.

**L. L. MAYS Garden Seeds, 3 5c packages for 10c. 1000 Headed Kale seed, 50 cents a Pound.**  
Flower Seeds in 5c and 10c packages. Tomato Plants. Cabbage Plants. Onion Sets,  
**Farmers Friend Egg Carriers, 12 dozen capacity, 55c. Sprinkle Cans for the Garden.**

Money saved is money made, and you can make money by trading with

## THE LIBERAL

T. M. FRENCH, Prop.,

SUCCESSOR TO

**STRICKLER & MURDOCK**

### Local and Personal

Mrs. C. H. Guin, of Rickreall, was trading in our city this week.

Orvil White has been installed as deliveryman for the Mercantile Company.

Brown & Sibley, attorneys and abstracters, 610 Mill Street, Dallas, Oregon.

Mrs. Bert Guin, of Independence, was doing business in town Wednesday.

Waterman Self Filler, Vest Pocket and Safety Pens. \$2.50 and \$3.00. Perkins Pharmacy.

The Misses Olea and Loette Shore drove to Salem last Saturday returning home in the evening.

Miss Nina Bartlett, who had the misfortune to spill some liquid lye in her eyes some time ago, is getting along nicely.

Mrs. Orvil White went to Portland Wednesday to be present when her brother, Thomas Hockena, underwent an operation for appendicitis, which was to take place yesterday.

May Day visitors were out in full force Wednesday evening paying their tribute of flowers to their friends and having their usual fun. Numerous were the bouquets left in their wake.

A. L. Sperling, proprietor of the new hotel building being built at Independence, was in Monmouth yesterday. Mr. S. informed a HERALD reporter that the work upon the hotel would be completed this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Griffa are delighted over a May Day basket left at their door. It contained a goodly collection of flowers, fruit and nuts, and although the the mysterious donors are unknown the gift is appreciated just the same.

### A CRANK ON TEA.

**Cyrus W. Field's Encounter With an Expert in the Business.**

Cyrus W. Field was never given to any of the expensive hobbies of other rich men. He did not dote on horses or yachts or pictures. But Mr. Field did like tea. He used to say there was only one man of his acquaintance who knew how to brew it, and that man was "Old Field." The father of the submarine cable used to travel a great deal by rail, but he never went anywhere without his favorite brand of tea and his personal utensils for brewing it.

Mr. Field seldom traveled in his private car, and none of his retinue of servants ever made tea for him. From his berth in the Pullman he rose early, as at home, and it was not an uncommon sight to see the gray old philanthropist half dressed and stirring about in a buffet car at daylight, seeking hot water with which to brew his choice young Hyson, a canister of which was invariably a part of his baggage.

One day when Mr. Field was going through Front street, in New York city, he was attracted by a tea taster who was sipping the contents of a number of small cups. Mr. Field watched the man carefully and observed his method of using boiling water. Finally he entered the place and said to the expert, "How long have you been in this business?"

"Thirty-one years," said the tea taster, who was enjoying an annual income of about \$20,000.

"Well, you had better give it up," remarked Mr. Field frankly. "You don't know how to make tea and you are too old to learn. Let me brew some of that stuff for you."

The aged philanthropist poured water on some leaves which he took from a paper in his pocket, let it draw for a few seconds and invited the tea taster to test it. But the expert spat the stuff out. "Worst ever!" was his comment. "Not even properly brewed." Then Mr. Field, who was a sensitive man, turned on his heel and walked away, muttering, "If you are an expert, the good Lord help some of our tea drinkers."

But when the millionaire was out

of sight the tea taster roared with laughter and said to one of the clerks: "That was old Field. He's a crank on tea. Pays \$9 a pound for it, and I told him it was like dishwater."

### There Was No Peace.

At a dinner party at the White House one evening the conversation turned on the giving of presents and the art of making a gift appropriate.

"That reminds me," said the president, "of the marvelous astuteness of a young man I knew. This fellow was very much in love with a girl who worked in a candy store eight hours every day. They quarreled, and, in the hope of making peace, he decided to send her a present."

"I sent it to her," he informed me one morning, with an air of pride.

"What was it?" I inquired.

"Two pounds of candy," he said brightly.—Popular Magazine.

### An Inquisitive Jury.

It is told of one jury that after having been in the jury room for half an hour following the close of the trial the jury returned to the courtroom to ask the judge a question. When he announced his readiness to give the jury any needed information bearing on the case the foreman said:

"What we want to know, your honor, is if you think that the prisoner is guilty or not guilty."—Detroit Free Press.

### Applying the Cure.

A hard drinker was informed by his doctor that he could be cured if every time he felt that he must have a drink he would immediately take something to eat instead. The man followed the advice and was cured, but the habit of asking for food had become so fixed with him that he was once nearly locked up as a lunatic. He was stopping at a hotel and, hearing a great commotion in the room next to his, he peered over the transom to see what the matter was. He saw, and rushed madly down to the office and shouted to the clerk: "The man in 153 has shot himself! Ham and egg sandwich, please!"—The World Today.



### Often Saves Human Life.

**W**HEN the doctor is summoned to the farm, it is generally in an emergency case.

Often it is a matter of life or death.

A member of the family has been stricken with sudden illness or an accident has occurred.

Every minute's delay reduces the chances of recovery.

It is then that the Bell Telephone is "worth its weight in gold" to the anxious farmer.

It pays for itself then and there.

Consult our local manager and protect your family, next time you come to town.

**The Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co.**

|            |                                            |        |
|------------|--------------------------------------------|--------|
| <b>THE</b> | Herald and Pacific Monthly one year,.....  | \$1.75 |
|            | Herald and Pacific Homestead one year..... | 1.75   |
|            | Herald and Weekly Oregonian one year.....  | 2.00   |
|            | Herald and Daily Telegram one year,.....   | 5.00   |

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Mary E. McCaleb, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County, and has qualified.

All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified, together with proper vouchers therefore, to the undersigned administrator at his residence in the City of Monmouth in said County, within six months from the

date of this notice.  
Dated and first published, May 3rd, 1912.

JOHN MCCALED,  
Administrator of the estate of Mary E. McCaleb, deceased.  
B. F. SWORE, Attorney.

### V. O. BOOTS

Fire, Life and Casualty  
**INSURANCE**  
Losses Promptly Paid