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If you spend all that you earn, some other fellow is banking YOUR money, and 20 or 30 years from now, this other fellow will be spending HIS old age in comfort on the income from YOUR money. This other fellow is wise—he is looking ahead. NOW—while his earning power is the greatest—he is laying by a tidy sum to live on when he is old. And he is doing it with the money you are spending foolishly.

Why not beat him at his own game? Save a part of what you earn each week and make certain of peace and comfort when you are old.

\$1.00 opens an account and obtains a Liberty Bell Bank

First National Bank

MONMOUTH, OREGON

CROSSED WIRES

By ANNE RICHARDS.

Frances Moulton's eyes were sparkling with anticipation and laughter as she stood before her mirror putting the finishing touches to a most becoming but somewhat unusual costume. To be sure, skirts were being worn short this season, but even the gayest of the gay circles did not carry the prevailing style to quite such a height, for the lowest hem of the lowest ruffle on Frances' party gown scarcely covered the knees, stranger still, wore no covering beneath the ruffle, a pair of white socks with tiny pink ribbon bows at the top reaching only partially to the fluffy ruffle.

A call of "Taxi's here" from below hastened her movements. Her mother and father called a good-night from the living room. Opening the door, she went quickly down the steps, gave the address to the taxi driver and, stepping in, settled down comfortably on the cushions.

Frances belonged to a club of girls who were always thinking up some novelty in the way of merrymaking. For this evening they had planned that each girl should come prepared to take the character of some acquaintance, to dress and act the part, and Frances had been studying her seven-year-old neighbor and had copied her dancing school frock for the occasion, looking forward gayly to the surprise she would give the girls.

The club was to be entertained at the new home of Isabel Burr, one of the club members, into which her family had moved but a fortnight before.

The taxi stopped and, alighting, Frances went up the steps, where a trim maid opened the door and motioned her up a broad stairway. In the large, nicely furnished chamber above a few wraps showed that she was not the first arrival.

As she passed down the stairs later two ladies came toward her. They were strangers and looked at her rather oddly. Who had the girls invited to this affair, anyway?

In the doorway at the foot of the stairs she stopped short. Of the group in the room about half were gentlemen, and all were in regulation dress. A lady of middle age came up to her. The lady who had greeted her came

to her side, saying pleasantly: "Tardon me, I do not recall your name."
"Frances Moulton. Are you Isabel's mother?"
"Isabel? Who is Isabel?" The lady looked puzzled.
"Why, Isabel Burr, who entertains our club here this evening." Frances felt that she was in a very real nightmare.
"I am not acquainted with Isabel Burr, and this is the home of Mr. Pendexter Burrage. I am Mrs. Burrage."
Frances looked at her in stammered surprise. "Isn't this—who—where—" she stammered.
"Oh, can't you take me somewhere?" She shrank back from the stairway just as an alert young man came from the hall.
"Hello, mother, have you adopted a little girl? Who is the pink fairy?"
"This young lady seems to have made a mistake of some kind, Lawrence. She thought this was the home of a Miss Burr, a friend of hers."
"Oh, if you will let me explain," and Frances told them who she was, where she lived and the reason for her unusual costume.
Mrs. Burrage looked relieved, and her son laughed heartily, which seemed to relieve the tension, and for the first time Frances smiled and felt a ray of hope.
A few minutes at the telephone solved the riddle. Merely a transposing of numbers had brought Frances to a dance given by Mrs. Pendexter Burrage to the members of the exclusive college club, instead of the informal merrymaking of a group of her intimate friends.
"Oh, how could I have been so heedless? I am so sorry to have caused you all this trouble. If I may ask one more favor, will you be so kind as to telephone for a taxi, and I will relieve you of my society."
"Better than that," returned Lawrence. "Wait here five minutes and I will take you in my car," and he went out before Frances could voice her objections.
A few moments later, as they rolled slowly down the long avenue, for the young man was in no haste to land his winsome passenger, Frances breathed a sigh of relief as she said, "Oh, I am so grateful to you and your mother."
"I will call tomorrow evening so that you may have a better opportunity of expressing your gratitude," said her companion.
"It will be grown up by that time."
"But not more charming, I am sure." He brought the car to a stop and

jumped out. "Little girls have to be helped out of automobiles." Taking her in his arms he put her lightly on the ground, and bending over, said, "and sometimes they reward the big man who takes them to ride."
She escaped from him and ran up the steps as he called after her, "I can wait for my reward—till tomorrow."

The Charm of Sound.

"It cannot be denied that the audience applauded your opponent's speech."
"You must bear in mind," replied Senator Sorghum, "that a speaker, like a musician, may be applauded for his technique, regardless of any ideas he may be attempting to express."

DREAM OF LUXURY FADES IN TOIL

Telephone Girl Says Aged Rich Mate Made Her Work and Eat Moldy Meat

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Eleanor A. Clark a seventeen-year-old telephone girl who answered an advertisement for an attractive housekeeper, and who married her wealthy employer, has found that being an "old man's darling" isn't all that she expected it to be.

Mrs. Clark, who is now suing for separation, says her beautiful dream is "all over now," and that it never did gleam very brilliantly in the first place. In her complaint she says that her seventy-six-year-old husband, Edward H. Clark, never gave her the life of luxury and love that she expected would be hers, but since the first days of their marriage has been penurious and cruel.

How she was compelled to look after Clark's big house in Metuchen, N. J., and was not permitted to receive any friends or go anywhere, is



Was Penurious and Cruel.

one of her complaints. Thirty dollars a month, or less than a dollar a day, she says, is all Mr. Clark allowed her to run the big house.

The wife alleges that from the time of her marriage in 1916 her husband was jealous of her and locked her in her room the greater part of the time.

Mrs. Clark said that her husband had inserted advertisements in papers seeking positions and signing her name and that after the "ads" had been answered he would order her to take the positions.

She declares that he would not buy ice, but insisted that she keep the ham on the cellar floor. The ham became moldy, she said, but he told her moldy ham was the best and made her scrape off the mold and cook the meat and eat it.

Clark makes a general denial of the complaint and says that his wife beat, scratched and kicked him on several occasions.

Deputy Marshals to Preserve Order.
Washington, D. C.—The government, through appointment of deputy United States marshals, will make sure that law and order is preserved, property and life protected, transportation of the mails continued and interstate commerce not interrupted despite the strike of railroad shopmen. Attorney-General Daugherty announced after a conference with President Harding. The attorney-general formally announced that he had within the last few days authorized the appointment of a number of deputy marshals in the middle west, where disorders arising from the strike have occurred, and he added that "this policy would be continued wherever justified and required."

Piano Must be Sold
Will sacrifice High Grade Piano now in storage at Monmouth for immediate sale. Will give easy terms to responsible person. For particulars and where it can be seen address H. L. Stiff Furniture Co., Salem, Oregon.

The person who exchanged umbrellas at the bank July 1, is requested to bring same to the Herald office for exchange.

Wanted—Some one to pick apples on shares for half. Oren McElmurry.

Let me mend your furniture or file your saws. J. W. Howell. 4t

For rent—Furnished house, 6 rooms, to family without small children. Apply to J. W. Pember.

Dry Oak Wood for sale. L. I. Bursell.

For Sale
6 room house, lot 82½ x 165. Goodbarn. Located within 3 blocks of Normal. Price \$1,000. Good terms.

A splendid buy, 7 room house, toilet and bath. ¼ acre land. Good orchard. \$2500.

A well constructed barn, nearly new, for one half its cost. Can be worked into a dwelling.

7 room house, 1½ acres of land, splendid orchard, good location. Price \$2200.

8 room house, toilet and bath. ½ block from Normal School. Best rooming proposition in the city. Price \$2500. Terms.

7 Room house, lot 82½ by 330 feet, fruit for family use, barn and chicken house and park. Price \$1800.

One of the best business corners in the city, paying big rent. Come in and let me tell you about it.

4 room house and lot. Fruit and berries. Close in. Price \$850. G. T. Boothby.

The Monmouth Cooperative Shipping Association will save farmer's money in the sale of live stock. Ship with us and cut out middleman's profit. If you have stock to ship notify W. J. Stockholm, Mgr. 4t

Wood Sawing per cord
Hard wood, twice cut, 90c
" " 3 times in two \$1.15
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Monmouth and Independence Auto-Bus Schedule

Leaves Monmouth	Leaves Independence
7.10 a. m.	North Bound 7.38 a. m.
1.50 p. m.	" " 2.22 p. m.
5.19 " "	" " 5.38 " "
10.00 a. m.	South Bound 10.26 a. m.
3.15 p. m.	" " 3.48 p. m.
6.45 " "	" " 7.15 " "

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No Mystery

All indications point in the same direction
The best way to get a house in Monmouth at present is to build one
Oregon Fir and Hemlock Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Lime, Cement, etc.
Estimates cheerfully furnished.
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L. W. Waller, Manager

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HOME SWEET HOME
To Pump or not to Pump?
—the Question
by Terry Gikison

