LUMBER COMPANY SELLS YARDS

The lumber yards of the Southwestern Lumber company at Enterprise and Joseph have been sold to Richard C. Jackson who will continue the business as the Jackson Lumber company. He arrived from the East on Sunday after spending several weeks visiting the oilfields of Oklahoma and Texas, and spending a few days at his former home at Kansas City.

Mr. Jackson will continue to make his headquarters in Portland, where he now lives. From his office there he will direct the business of the several retail yards, for he expects to put in a number of others in the northwest territory. The business will be conducted much as his father, Duval Jackson, has conducted the Southwestern Lumber company from Kansas City.

The oil fields, Mr. Jackson found to be a place where a few make it big and where others go broke. There are four-barrel wells, and 4,000-barrel wells. The small ones do not pay for the drilling and the big ones make a man rich. One well, a good producer yielded oil of such a low grade that nobody would buy its out put.

While in the oil country Mr. Jackson met Daniel Boyd, Fred S. Ashley, and W. C. Hinterman, who made a trip there a few days ago.—Enterprise Record-Chieftain.

A COMMONPLACE BOOK

How many of the great army of present-day readers keep an old-fashioned commonplace book? Only a few, I dare venture, and they mostly sentimental young misses at boarding school, or underclassmen just emerging from freshman English literature. These are not the kind of commonplace books I have more particularly in mind. Your sophomore is likely to accumulate his collection of pithy utterances as a store against famine in the time of mid-year examinations; the boarding-school miss treasures hers in the same book in which she pastes dance programs and bits of ribbon from boxes of sweets—souvenirs of a romantic past which is all of three months old. The true commonplace book is a collection of extracts from your reading, set down according as the passages struck your fancy or offered you a new idea. There is no order to it; no rhyme or reason, say such as the whims of your taste may dictate. Here are simply choice bits, saved apart from the banquets you have consumed, to be reserved for more leisurely gustation later.

The Academic Tribe

Nor am I thinking of the academic tribe who have a vile habit of systematizing their reading, and of recording its fruits upon neatly tabulated cards alphabetically arranged. Such a method of preservation prevents the depth of your erudition from surprising you, whereas one of the true delights of a commonplace book is to come across passages you have forgotten, or a subscription to notes upon the margins. Such a practice does them like good—for one sees all the shades of a sitting? [illegible] of eyes would protest having whole bookcases strewn [illegible] of an evening, for it would, of course, be her task to replace in their accustomed habitat those volumes of their owner's celebrity. Your friends, likewise, are amused when they borrow your books and all too frequently borrow your books to find their opinions challenged by your marks and margins. Your friend has no objection to a disagreeable good-natured row with you face to face; indeed, he welcomed the opportunity, but to disagree with you in absentia is certain to irritate him. A commonplace book protects you from all of this, for no one lends a commonplace book. It is too intimate a self-revelation.

However this may be, I intended at the outset to inquire why the commonplace book has ceased to exist. Do we read too rapidly to pause by the wayside, or do we dislike the effort necessary to set down in longhand our favorite passages? Few of us do write in longhand, as a matter of fact; for some unaccountable reason we prefer to deliver orations to young ladies seated before clicking machines. To keep a young lady and her typewriter by us as we read, ready to record anything that strikes our fancy, is unthinkable. The young lady would be bored to tears and her presence would be distracting to the reader. Furthermore, you could not endure listening to Keats performed upon a typewriter, however much feeling you might put into the reading of your selection. Conceive, if you can, of "Thou foster-child of silence and slow time" as "click, click-click, click-click-click-click-click-click-click," and so on! The machine would dispute to your face the very content of the line. Last indignity of all, if you continued, say, with the "Grecian Urn," the young lady would certainly ask you how to spell "brede." No, we may not have a commonplace book upon such terms as these.

Bacon's Commonplace Book.

Yet what leisurely delight Francis Bacon found in putting aside certain learned snippets, later to be worked up into essays or to creep into greater time within "The Advancement of Learning." What was in his mind, when he spent the whole morning scribbling the name of William Shakespeare over a single page of his notes? Was he thinking of Lear, wandering across the heath, or of Hamlet upon the battlements of Elsinore? Probably it was of Richard II and the Earl of Essex; his thoughts were political rather than literary that day, but it is pleasant to imagine otherwise. In another manuscript, "Promus," which he left behind unpublished, are the jottings of ideas, of proverbial sayings, and all the miscellany of a proper commonplace book.

In the eighteenth century, the commonplace book assisted the letter writer to convey his opinions to a friend. No elegant epistle was complete until it had been well padded with apt quotations and complete passages. Today, when we begin "Yours of recent date received and contents carefully noted," a quotation from the classics in such verbal company would stick out as amazingly as a damask rose on a desert. What would Flaubert say to our businesslike letters? Indeed, since we abandoned the commonplace book, we have reduced ourselves to cutting sorry figures with our pens. We have nothing worth telling our friends, because we do not trouble to think upon what others have said.

Yet the remedy lies ready to our hands. We have only to begin to keep a commonplace book, taking care the while that we read things worth putting down in it. To these odds and ends of correspondence, we should add, from time to time, our own thoughts, not after the manner of a diary, but stray jottings—the flashes and gleams that once and again come to us, but which, if not registered, are lost in the outer darkness. Begin today to keep a commonplace book, but likewise remember that its value is not to be reckoned at the end of a week, or a month. You true commonplace book yields its best fruit only after many years.—Christian Science Monitor.

OUR OWN UNITED STATES.

A public speaker recently pointed out that while the United States has only 6 per cent of the population of the world and only 7 per cent of the land, it produces:

Sixty per cent of the world's supply of copper.

Forty per cent of the world's supply of lead.

Fifty per cent of the world's supply of zinc.

Sixty per cent of the world's supply of aluminum.

Sixty per cent of the world's supply of oil.

Seventy-five per cent of world's supply of cotton.

Forty per cent of the world's supply of silver.

Fifty-two per cent of the world's supply of coal.

Forty per cent of the world's supply of iron and steel.

Twenty per cent of the world's supply of iron and steel.

Twenty per cent of the world's supply of gold.

Eighty per cent of the world's supply of gold.

Eighty-five per cent of the world's supply of automobiles.

Twenty-five per cent of the world's supply of wheat, and refines 80 per cent of the copper and operates 40 per cent of the world's railroads.—The Merchants' Association of Greater New York.

Mahogany Trees.

Mahogany trees do not grow in clusters, but are found scattered throughout forests and hidden in dense underrowths.

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WANTED RAGS 3c PER LB.

DOORN, Holland, Sept. 22.—"The House of Doorn," as the estate recently purchased here by the former German Emperor has been called for centuries, lies right in the midst of this clean, slow-moving Dutch village, whose 3,000 or so inhabitants, while not at all excited about it, are looking forward with considerable interest to numbering among their burghers one Willian Hohenzollern, formerly of Potzdam.

The villagers, along with most persons in this section of the country, believe that he is coming to settle down for life. If that be his intention, he has selected as a voluntary substitute for St. Helena one of the prettiest spots in Holland. There is nothing in the estate he has purchased or in the surrounding community to suggest a place of exile.

Doorn, like Amerongen, is one of the few villages in Holland located on ground that seems to be above the sea level. Instead of canals and dykes and the monotonous flat land

Garden Lady one summer day that had a hint of fall in its coolness.

"No—Garden Lady—tell—us—about her!" cried the children of the United States School Garden Army.

"I saw her," said the Garden Lady, "by the Compost Heap back of the rockery in the Golden Girl's Garden. My old friend, the Scarecrow, opened my eyes—my mind's eyes, I mean—to her. She was very strange very beautiful, very wonderful, children," the Garden Lady went on in a queer, deep, quiet-sort-of-voice that made pleasant little shivers run up and down their backs. The children looked at her with big eyes opened very wide, as if she had laid some sort of "Spell" upon them.

"I was standing by the rockery just at dusk one evening last summer. Late in August, it was, I believe. I was standing there watching the green-gold sky that turned to orange and rose color above, while a sort of blue-brown gauzy curtain of shadow settled down over the world, and I was wondering if

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THE Franklin Engine has *no water* to carry—it is freed of the 177 parts of the complicated water-cooling system, and free of all the annoyances that go with water-pumping mechanism.

If you want a clear idea of just what it means to get rid of these 177 water-cooling parts, step into a local repair shop. cells, its pipes, all-bore water nud and sedi-

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The Ford Coupe, and lighting system, h upholstered. Sliding the breeze can swee car. Or in case of a st closed car, snug, rain- all the Ford economi tenance. A car that torily as long as it with 3½-inch tires al and travelling salesm

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Cold Days
and Nights

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A ROBE FOR YOUR CAR—
A COVER FOR YOUR COUCH—
AN EXTRA FOR YOUR BED



Imperfect Vision In A School Child

often entails more than mere eyestrain. It must be remembered that trouble from imperfect seeing school work, comes not only from seeing words and figures wrongly but also from fatigue of the brain caused by eyestrain. Twenty-five per cent of children have defective vision. Frequently a bashful child fails to tell the teacher he cannot see the blackboard easily and so is unable to do his work—is accused of neglect and falls behind in classes—all because of lack of proper eye care. If your child has defective vision have it corrected by an Optometrist. Our equipment is the most modern in the optical Science.

J. H. PEARE & SON
Optometrists