

Fortunes of the World are Founded in Oil

Joe Chanslor, now several times a millionaire, was not long ago, a clerk in Los Angeles. He borrowed some money for the purpose of operating in California oil; the result was that it made him one of the wealthiest men in the state. John A. Bunting, formerly a brakeman on the Southern Pacific, through the investment of \$170,000 in California oil land became a millionaire. We could tell you of innumerable others. Why were Bunting, Chanslor, and the many others, who made their money through investments in oil, successful? Because they were shrewd, level headed, observing men possessing unbounded confidence in the great future of the California oil fields and the oil industry. The demand for oil is increasing daily. The consumption far exceeds the output. Several oil companies paid substantial dividends when oil was selling at fifteen cents per barrel. Oil is now selling at thirty cents per barrel at the well. The total dividends for the year 1908, from all the oil companies doing business in California, not including the Standard, will probably reach the \$6,000,000 mark for the year 1909. There fore the natural conclusion to arrive at, is Investment in Oil Securities. Invest at once. We are offering for sale a limited number of shares on what we consider to be one of the best companies operating in Kern county, in fact in California. We refer to the stock of the Kern Associated Oil Company. The Kern Associated Oil Company is the best oil proposition ever offered the investment public. This Company owns free of incumbrance forty acres in the very heart of the Kern river oil district, and situated on the Southern Pacific railroad. It adjoins the San Joaquin Oil & Development Company's property which was recently merged with the Associated Oil Co., whose stock is now selling at \$31.75 per share. It also adjoins the justly famous Discovery well where oil was first discovered in the Kern River Oil District.

The Kern Associated Oil Company has two wells on its property. Well No. 1 is in oil and gives about sixty five barrels of oil per day. With a greater depth and a more approved pump the production will be greatly increased. The Company desires to sink four more wells at once and to install modern compressed air pumps. We believe that well No. 2 will, with

greater depth, produce a large and inexhaustible oil supply as are the other wells on adjoining properties. We are offering a limited number of shares in this Company at twenty cents per share. Do you realize what that means? It means that in purchasing this stock you become interested in a company that can produce the oil. It is not a case of "they may," "they should," but "they are."

Let us again impress these highly important facts upon you: The property is a producer, is entirely surrounded by reliable producing properties, that there is sufficient acreage (forty acres) to justify the drilling of forty more wells all of which would be in the very core of one of the richest oil producing districts in the world. Remember that Kern County produces as much oil as any other three oil producing counties in California. Shipping facilities could not be better for the property adjoins the Southern Pacific tracks. The company has valuable assets in improvements: Two wells, derrick, tanks, tool and bunk houses etc.

Before accepting the fiscal agency of the Kern Associated Oil Company we thoroughly investigated every detail pertaining to the company and its property. We did not take snap judgment, we never do, consequently want to assure you that the stock of this company at twenty cents per share is the most unparalleled opportunity for the investor that ever came under our observation.

We sincerely believe that the Kern Associated Oil Co. is destined to pay dividends as surely and as regularly as are now being paid by the Associated Oil and other Companies operating on adjoining properties and we see no reason why within twelve months the Kern Associated stock should not be quoted at many times its selling price.

You can invest any amount from twenty (20) dollars up to twenty thousand (20,000) dollars. We allow you five (5) percent on cash subscriptions. You can purchase stock on the easy monthly plan if you so desire, one fifth down and one fifth per month. Send in your subscription at once. Don't delay. The stock of the Kern Associated Oil Co. is the best buy on the market today.

JOS. J. HOGAN CO.,
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OLD TIME PRICES.

Glimpse of the Days When Living Was Cheap in England.

Old time hotel rates in England were low. For instance, in the days of Queen Elizabeth the charge at the George Inn for a feather bed per night was a penny. Dinner cost sixpence (12 cents) and offered choice of "beef, mutton or pigge or fish." In Stuart times each room owned a name instead of a number, chiefly those of inn signs, such as the Cross Keys room, the Bell chamber, the Adam and Eve room, and so forth.

Formerly the custom in important cities during festival times was to limit the price of food and lodging by statute. In Canterbury during the celebration of the bicentenary of Becket's translation (1372) the price of bread was fixed at two loaves for a penny (2 cents), a fairly high figure considering the comparative value of money then and now, and wine brought 16 cents a gallon.

A century or so later the scale of prices in Edinburgh all the year round was equally moderate, sheep being sold at prices ranging from 12 cents to 20 cents, according to quality, "best hens" at 1 cent each and Rochelle wine at 1 cent a pint. Any vendor departing from these prices ran the risk of forfeiture of his goods.—Chicago News.

QUEER CRABS.

The Ingenious Manner in Which They Disguise Themselves.

Some species of crabs disguise themselves in an ingenious manner. They deliberately bite up seaweeds and plant them on their backs, very soon establishing a growth which harmonizes perfectly with the surroundings and deceives many an enemy. Should the weeds grow too vigorously the crab industriously prunes them with his claws and every now and then scrapes the whole lot off and starts a fresh garden on his roof, so to speak.

The sponge crab behaves in a similar manner, nipping off little bits of living sponge and sticking them on his back, where they grow vigorously. The same end is served as in the other case. It is very amusing to keep crabs of one or other of these kinds in an aquarium and deprive them of the usual means of concealment.

They get very nervous and agitated and try to cover themselves with bits of paper or anything else that may be provided. One such creature is said to have had a little crepecoat made for him, which he put on in a hurry as soon as it was handed to him.—London Sphere.

Queer Talismans in Malta.

There are still to be found in Malta a number of small stones shaped and colored like the eyes, tongues and other parts of serpents. The superstitious among the Maltese connect these with the tradition that St. Paul when shipwrecked was cast on their island, and it was there that while fighting a bundle of sticks for a fire a viper fastened on the apostle's hand. St. Paul calmly shook the reptile off into the flames, and no harm followed. The natives wear these stones as talismans, in which character they suppose them serviceable in warding off dangers from snake bites and poisons. They are found in St. Paul's cave, imbedded in clay, and are set in rings and bracelets and when found to be in the shape of a tongue or liver or heart are taken internally, dissolved in wine, which method is attended, according to some people, by more immediate results.

Islands in New York City.

"I was showing an Englishman our city a week or two ago," said a New Yorker, "and was surprised to hear him express astonishment at the number of islands within our municipal boundaries. 'Is this entire island a part of New York city?' he asked as I took him on several trolley rides over Staten Island. 'And all those islands, too, are they New York city?' he inquired another day as he went up the East river. His remarks put me to thinking, and I've discovered that not one of the really great cities of the world has so many islands within its boundaries as New York. Staten Island in itself would make a good sized city. Some of the other islands, of course, are hardly more than specks, but they belong to New York city just the same."

The Darkest Hour.

The proverb which tells us that "the darkest hour is that before dawn" is inaccurate, for light increases in the morning as gradually as it decreases in the evening. The saying should be "the coldest hour," etc., which is perfectly true and is owing to causes connected with the deposit of dew. Hoar-frost, too, usually take place just before dawn and are an additional cause of the peculiar chilliness of this time.—London Scripps.

The Salt in the Sea.

A scientist has calculated, after extensive tests of the density and saltness of the ocean in all parts of the world, that there is the equivalent of 3,051,342 cubic geographical miles of common salt in all the known seas. This is more than five times the mass of the mountains in the entire Alpine range.

The Resemblance.

"The buckwheat cakes at my boarding house always remind me of a baseball game."
"How so?"
"The batter doesn't always make a hit."—Puck.

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict.—Garfield.

"The Dog—His Day."

By TROY ALLISON.
Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Young Conway jabbed the oars into the water viciously.
"If I can't have what I want," he said sullenly, "I'll take what I can get. I'll ask her tonight."
Little Miss Pennell held on to the boat with both hands and gurgled delightedly.
"What a humble, doglike disposition is yours, Robert," she said admiringly. "I'm sure she will take you. She has been throwing herself at your head for six weeks."
"Thank heaven, women can never throw straight," he growled sullenly. "Seems to me she has done very well," said Miss Pennell flippantly. "If you ask her tonight she surely will have achieved her aim. But I can't say that you look a willing victim."



HE WAVED HER DOUBTS ASIDE WITH AN AIRY GESTURE.

That growl of yours was perhaps in accordance with your newly acquired doglike humility, but one couldn't exactly call it a yap of joy. Couldn't you force one little ecstatic bark, Bobbie, my child?" she suggested coaxingly.
"I wonder why on earth I like you. I've never been able to understand." He pulled the boat up to the sand bank and held it while she stepped ashore.
"Am sorry I'm so unaccountably fascinating."
She shook the wrinkles from her ruffled skirts airily and started to investigate the one deserted but that graced the tiny island of sand and rushes.

"Upon my soul, it's a mystery." He took their lunch basket from the boat and followed moodily.
Miss Pennell turned aggrievedly.
"You have spoiled your lovely metaphor. Dogs have no souls."
"Neither—so some philosopher has argued—have women," he retorted.
"That philosopher had probably just been turned down emphatically by the lady he wrote about. But even though soulless I have an appetite. Would you mind if we unpacked the basket and ate right here and now?"
Conway set the basket on the sand and took out his pipe, while she spread the napkins. "I don't want anything—have no appetite." He puffed his brierwood vigorously.
"But, Robert, you must brace the inner man. Don't you remember you have an ordeal before you tonight? I should think it would take some nerve to propose to Miss Stubbs. She's so—er—almost fat," apologetically. "That one would have to work his imagination overtime to say to her the things that the heroine of a romance is supposed to relish."
"I never did like skinny women," scathingly.
She hastily swallowed her bit of sandwich.

"If you want to call me little or petite or anything decently polite—her eyes were flashing—"I don't object to you expressing your opinion, but I won't listen to anything so rude as 'skinny.'" She shook the crumbs from her lap and walked toward the water's edge.
"Oh, Robert, the boat's untied!" she wailed.
"Thunder!" said Conway, springing to his feet.
They watched it helplessly as it drifted. The girl at last sat down dejectedly.
"I'll not get back in time to dress for the dance."
"You'll be lucky if any one comes by in time to take us back tonight at all," he said forebodingly.
"In all my twenty-two years I've never met with such vexation." She dug the sand into holes with the heel of her small tan shoe.
"You at least have some cause for gratitude. It's not everybody that achieves such a ripe old age by calmly peaceful paths."
Little Miss Pennell eyed him miserably. "But it will soon be getting dark, Robert, and I am afraid out here all alone."
"Seems that I should count for some-

thing in the way of company," with slightly more amiability.
"Oh, you!" she returned gloomily. "But you will be so bad tempered because of Miss Stubbs. You were going to have a tea-a-tete with her tonight, you know."
"That's all over now," he sighed.
"Over? Can't you ask her tomorrow?"

He threw a pebble far out in the water and waited to see it splash. "I'm going to ask you again," he said slowly, "and you will have to consider it this time—to keep those old cats at the hotel from saying things."
She drew a quick breath, and her eyes were muttonous.
"Let them talk. They have to talk about something. I certainly shall not let their silly chatter force me into matrimony."

"But, Petty, I hate to have them say things. And I'm not such a bad chap."
"I know you're not," said Miss Pennell, fast becoming more excited and angry, "but they can talk—and talk! I intended marrying you all along, but I won't be forced into it."
"What!" shouted Conway so loudly that a lone bird perched on a nearby grass stalk dapped its wings hurriedly.
She saw her false step and tried to retrieve. "I meant—perhaps."
"No, you don't renig," he said happily.

The shadows grew longer. He looked at his watch in the fading light.
"Too bad, but I must take you back in time for you to dress for the dance."
"How?" incredulously.
He waved her doubts aside with an airy gesture. "The hero of this romance knows how to relieve the heroine in distress, my lovely lady. See that hut?" dramatically. "Well, there are four canoes sheltered in it."
Little Miss Pennell dimpled appreciatively. "You dear!" she said.

She Liked Variety.
She is a very nice little girl, and yet she has an imagination so vivid that people can't help wondering once in awhile what is going to become of it. The little girl can and does tell the most marvelous tales, and when she is reproved she is entirely complacent and cannot see that her effective inventions are anything more than jokes. One of these she told to an interested neighbor at whose house she called frequently.
"How is your mamma, dear?" asked the neighbor one morning when the little girl made her appearance.
"She is very sick," answered the little girl earnestly. "Nelly (her sister) and I were up with her all night. We called the doctor." But when the kind neighbor went in haste to see her sick friend she found her in every respect as well as ever.

"Why did you tell kind Mrs. Blank such a story about me?" asked mamma seriously of her little girl at the first opportunity.
"Well, mamma," said the little girl, with a toss of her curls. "Mrs. Blank asks me every single morning how you are, and I get tired of telling her that you are very well."—New York Times.

A Busy Family.
"Say, bub," said the book agent as he drew up at the gate of a house in a country town on which was swinging a barefooted boy. "Is your pa around?"
"Nope. Pa's out breakin' in a colt," was the reply.
"Could I see your ma?"
"Nope. Ma's jest took a walk to break in a new pair of shoes."
"Is your big sister at home?"
"Nope. Pete Lawson fell over town an' busted his leg, an' she's gone over to break the news to his ma."
"Maybe I could see another one of your sisters?"
"Nope. The other's gone to town to break a ten dollar bill."
"Well, I guess I'll have to talk to your big brother, then. Will you call him, please?"
"Can't. He's breakin' stone up at the county jail."

Your folks seem to be pretty well occupied," smiled the book agent. "Maybe I could interest you in a big book bargain."
"Not me, mister," replied the boy. "That feller comin' over the hill called me squint eyed yesterday, an' I'll soon be so busy breakin' his head that I won't have no time to talk to you."—Judge's Library.

No Wonder She Didn't Know.
Before he had been in the car three minutes most of the women passengers and some of the men were explaining to their neighbors what they would do with the little imp if he belonged to them. Spanking was the popular remedy, and if that boy had received then and there all the paddlings that his critics were aching to administer he surely would have been well blistered.
To the general babel of advice and fault finding, however, there was one woman who contributed nothing. She was a gentle, gray haired body who remained unruffled in the midst of the small tempest raging.
"If that child was mine," said the determined woman beside her, "I'd make him mind if I had to half kill him. Wouldn't you?"
"I don't know," said the little woman mildly. "What I'd do."
"You don't?" said the determined woman. "Well, I know. But maybe you are not used to children? Maybe you never had any of your own?"
"Oh, yes," said the little woman. "I brought up thirteen. That is why I don't know what I won't do."

No Attempts, Please.
Mother (to future son-in-law)—I tell you that, though my daughter is well educated, she cannot cook.
Future son-in-law—That doesn't matter much, so long as she doesn't try.—Flegende Blatter.

Now is the time to visit California

When summer has passed in these northern states, the sun is only mild under the bright blue skies of Southern California. This is one of nature's happy provisions—eternal summer for those who cannot endure a more severe climate.
California has been called the "Mecca of the winter tourist." Its hotels and stopping places are as varied as those of all well regulated cities. Visitors can always find suitable accommodations, congenial companions, and varied, pleasing recreations.

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