

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 \$170.00 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 sixty 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 wait to assure you that the stock of the company at twenty cents per share is the most unparalleled opportunity for the investor that ever came under our observation.

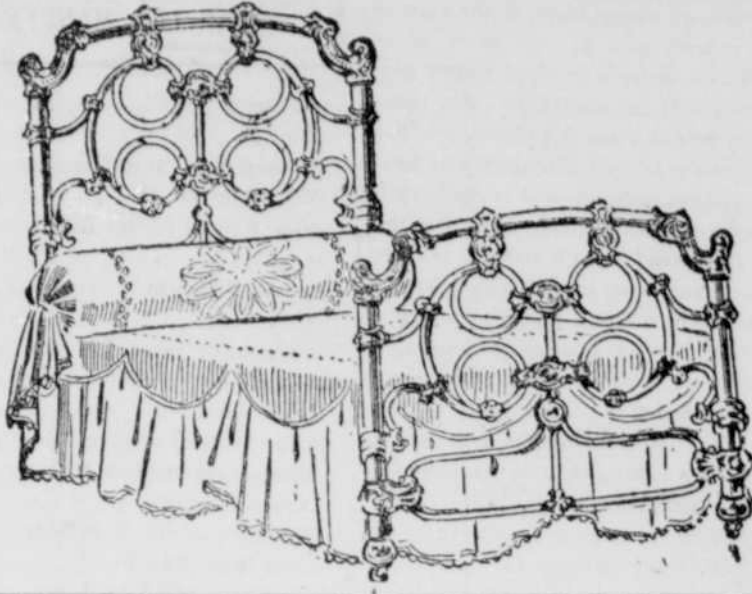
We sincerely believe that the Kern Associated Oil Co. is destined to pay dividends as surely and as regularly as are now being paid by the Associated Oil and other Companies operating on adjoining properties and we see no reason why within twelve months the Kern Associated stock should not be quoted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

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Forest Grove

Oregon

The One Condition.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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He was reading the bargain sales announced in the Sunday paper.

"I can get a morris chair, Nell, for fifty-nine!" she cried enthusiastically. "It's the opportunity of a lifetime!"

"A bargain in lace waists?" Nell asked irrelevantly.

Belaid down the paper in disgust. "Y're changing, Nell Stafford," she said, "and not for the better. You'd be so crazy over fling up this flat. Now all you think of is ches, and you know we agreed that thes shouldn't count until we got evrything we wanted in the way of beahold furnishings."

"B'here's no end to it, Beth," Nell plead. "The flat looks well enough. In fa it's beginning to look better than do. It's time we began to live up to our surroundings."

"I s'pose you mean Dick Wheeler," Beth interpreted. "I notice he constitutes our surroundings most of the time."

Nell ignored the innuendo.

"Ev'ning I possess is old fashioned and unbecoming," she continued. "I've in awfully patient, Beth; really I k. I just love pretty clothes, and I going to have some if we never buy morris chair, so there!"

As I grew excited Beth became calmer.

"Coloring what close friends we are," she said quietly, "I think you nt tell me the truth."

When Nell, breaking into tears, confes her engagement.

"If n't that I didn't want you to know, he sobbed, "but I couldn't bear teak up the little home, Beth."

Beth tied herself together heroically.

"It I going to be broken up," she said, "determination. "Of course, it wone the same without you. Nell, but I've got courage enough to commatrimony after all we've said agains why, then I guess I've got couragouh to carry out my conviction. Was it lace waists you asked price of?"

Thing the way Beth took the news, was characteristic that she pursuer original intention of visiting theitire sale during her Monday noour.

She just settled down with an air of ratiion in a green cushioned morrisr, "sale price \$5.89," when she wadly startled out of it.

"Thisbe only one we have with green ions, sir," a salesman declared pously to some one on his right, hing his hand down by way of emp upon the crown of Beth's hat.

Apologies, greetings and explanations followed, during which the offending salesman tactfully disappeared. It was obvious that three made no party to this chance meeting.

"Will business keep you in the city long?" inquired Beth. The question indicated more courtesy than interest.

Gilbert Taylor's eyes twinkled.

"It has kept me two years so far," he answered soberly.

"I hadn't heard," Beth said rather coldly.

"And you?" he asked. There was no doubt that his interest was genuine.

"Ah, I'm an established householder," Beth informed him with no little show of pride. "A business chum and I have a little flat together. That explains my monopoly of this morris chair. We need one, or, rather, we want one. But I've just about decided to wait until I can afford leather cushions. They're so much more aristocratic. Don't you think so?"

Gilbert agreed.

"But I'm awfully interested in this house-keeping experiment of yours, Elizabeth," he said earnestly. "I'm thinking of trying something of the sort myself. You can give me a lot of pointers. Take lunch with me, won't you?"

Elizabeth hesitated. She saw complications ahead. Nevertheless, because there was no time to analyze possible consequences, she accepted.

"The lace waists," she explained to Nell that night, "were such wonderful bargains that I got two of them."

"Two?" exclaimed Nell. "What on earth did you think I wanted with two of them?"

"One is for myself," Beth enlightened her.

Nell looked such volumes of astonishment that Beth felt obliged to make further explanation.

"The five-eighy-nine morris chair looked common," she said loftily. "I shan't get one till I can afford leather cushions. And, anyway, I've been thinking about what you said yesterday—about the flat looking better than we do. There's some truth in it."

Nell could hardly believe her ears—Beth, who took life so seriously and spelled Career with a capital letter, yielding to the temptations of personal vanity. There must be some compelling reason for it.

Beth's next remark supplied it.

"I think I'll put my waist on tonight, Nell, if you'll help me. Gilbert Taylor's coming to call."

"Not the man you refused on account of your career?" gasped Nell.

"Did I ever mention refusing any one else?" Beth retorted, a bit impatiently.

"It's as cozy as it can be," Gilbert exclaimed, looking around the artistic living room. "And it's so—so homelike." He hesitated for the proper word to express his feelings. "But I can see where a leather cushioned morris chair would be the crowning touch," he added laughingly. "Only what will you do with it, Beth, without a man in the family?"

Beth flashed a look of defiance at him. It reminded Gilbert of the old days when she had held out so persistently that she had as much right as he to an independent life of her own and meant to claim it.

"I suppose you have a notion," she answered him, with a fine show of superiority, "that morris chairs, like all other creature comforts, were invented for masculine monopoly."

"The average man is a selfish beast," he admitted good naturedly, "but I'm not. You shall sit in the morris chair every night, Beth. I won't say a word—if you'll."

At this critical moment Nell darted in, securing a refractory hatpin in transit.

Beth introduced Gilbert.

"I was just complimenting Elizabeth on your attractive little place here, Miss Stafford," he said easily. "She thinks it needs a morris chair to make it complete, and I had the stupidity to ask what she'd do with one without a man to occupy it. You've come just in time to settle the question."

"I'm afraid I'm what you might call prejudiced, Mr. Taylor," Nell answered lightly. "I really believe in both, if you can get them. When it comes to choice—well, Beth knows my sentiments. Dick's downstairs," she added, turning to Beth, "and I mustn't keep him waiting. Good night."

She gave Gilbert an encouraging smile as she closed the hall door, but Beth was unaware of it.

"I take it Miss Stafford has matrimonial intentions," Gilbert remarked when they were alone again. "That's going to upset your little menage, isn't it, Elizabeth? What are you going to do?"

It was a brutal mistake. He knew it as soon as the question had escaped him.

But there was no audacious reply from Beth as he expected. Instead, her eyes filled, and she buried her face in the cushions, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Gilbert had never before seen Beth unequal to a situation. Her helplessness touched him deeply.

"Beth," he said gently, "I have an idea. Suppose I buy out Nell's domestic interest?"

No answer, only feverish sobs.

"You shall sit on a cushion and"—

"No; I won't sew a fine seam. I hate sewing," came a muffled reply from the pillow depths.

At that Gilbert gathered her to him, laughing joyously.

"She shall just eat strawberries, sugar and cream, then," he amended, with indulgent tenderness. "All that I insist upon is"—

!!; paused, and Beth, flushed and disheveled, flashed him a challenging look.

"That she shall love me," he finished softly.

And Beth accepted the one condition.

New York's Working Girls.

Before the great arc lights have begun to fizz and glow processions of work girls, of shopgirls, of professional girls, have passed up and down this great avenue of the city, which in variety of interest and in claims to one's attention forms a strong rival to the Paris boulevards.

These young women are typical of New York and indeed of the whole American continent. In independence, in fearlessness, in ability to act and think for themselves, they are clearly daughters of the new world, but in the taste and elegance of their clothes there is something of the Parisian spirit, of that peculiar faculty for combining colors and blending effects which is certainly the heritage of the "ouvriere" and yet seems by some mysterious means to have become wafted across the broad bosom of the Atlantic. You feel an atmosphere of well being, of solid contentment, prosperity and self esteem about the common people in the States. This is typified by these well gowned, bright and pleasing young women who carry out so large a part of the daily routine of Uncle Sam. You see no dejected countenances. Who, be dejected when you have the chance or at least the sweet illusion of being one day called to the highest destinies of the country?—Cor. Fall Mall Gazette.

Envious Inference.

"What a happy, good natured, jolly girl Maud is! She's always smiling and laughing."

"Yes; she has pretty teeth and dimples."

The Oldest Encyclopedia.

The most ancient encyclopedia extant is Pliny's "Natural History," in thirty-seven books and 2,493 chapters, treating of cosmography, astronomy, meteorology, geography, geology, botany, medicine, the arts and pretty nearly every other department of human thought known at the time. Pliny, who died 79 A. D., collected his work in his leisure intervals while engaged in public affairs. The work was a very high authority in the middle ages.

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