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A VICTORIOUS UNDERTAKING

The sun was serenely sinking in the western horizon one afternoon in June as Alice Mead, in response to the dinner call, came tripping down the stairway of the largest mansion in the little city of San Luis Obispo. She was unquestionably the prettiest girl in the neighborhood, and, in her evening dress of pure white, she presented a figure of rare beauty.

Alice's father had, during the early part of his life, acquired a vast fortune largely through investments in the oil fields of Southern California, but tiring of such an active life, resolved to pass the remainder of his days in peace and happiness. He therefore sold out his complete interest and retired to the city to live, but to Alice's great sorrow, a few years before the evening in question he was suddenly taken ill and in the short space of a week was peacefully laid to rest in the family burial place.

This left Miss Alice to the care of a wise mother who tried in every way to bring her daughter to womanhood as she thought her husband would have done had he lived. Alice loved her mother dearly and tried in every possible way to comfort her. She showed her affection very plainly when they met in the dining room on this June evening.

Immediately after dinner the young girl, leaving her mother for the day, went out to take her evening stroll among the roses. Returning in about half an hour, she went into the library and taking up her favorite poem, was soon buried in deep thought.

She was found in this mood almost an hour later by the maid who presented her a card with the name "Russell Thorn" written upon it in a clear, bold hand. The girl, blushingly placed the card in the receiver and went forth to admit her visitor.

Russell Thorn's father was a well-to-do farmer. Hearing of the California Polytechnic School at San Luis Obispo he had decided to move to that city so that his son might attend the institution and learn the science of thorough farming, so as to be able to meet all difficulties that may arise to an unskilled farmer.

Young Thorn had been in attendance at the institution for almost a year now, and it was during this season that he had met Miss Alice.

He was a handsome young man, with broad shoulders, dark hair, and a pair of dark brown eyes that looked forth with an expression that told of a pure and noble heart hidden away somewhere within his breast.

"Good evening," said Alice, extending her pretty white hand as she glided into the hallway.

"Good evening, Alice," responded
Russell. "I hope I have not taken you utterly by surprise."

"Oh! no, Russell," replied Alice half timidly, "I was just thinking of you. Will you not come into the parlor and spend the evening with me?"

"Most assuredly, Alice," said Russell, "nothing on the face of the earth could delight me half so much, and besides, I have something very important to tell you."

He was ushered into the parlor. Here he told, with a troubled smile, of his parents' intentions of leaving for Europe to visit the many different beauty spots of the Alps during the summer vacation which would begin quite soon. He regretfully told her that he had promised to accompany his father and how he would miss her bright and happy smiles in his absence.

"Will you really be absent so long as that, Russell?" asked Alice. The expression that covered her face was what Russell had most longingly wished to see.

"I shall be absent for three long months, but will write to you quite often if you do not object," said Russell, casting a fond glance at Alice.

"I should be most delighted to hear from you," replied Alice with a sweet smile, brightening up her face, "and Russell," she continued, "do take good care of yourself while you are away."

"Let us hope for the better, Alice, but by the way," looking at his watch, "it is getting rather late. I think I shall have to depart."

As Russell Thorn walked slowly home that evening his thoughts were many, for his heart was filled with admiration. He thought that he might some day make Alice his wife, but he knew full well that her mother would never consent to their marriage unless he had gained a high reputation for himself. She had openly declared that she wished her daughter to marry a man with high ambitions.

Two short weeks slipped quickly by and the Thorns were ready for their tour, but Russell could not think of leaving without visiting the Mead home again. On the evening before his departure he called upon her in whom his thoughts were centered, and it was not until a late hour that evening that he crossed the threshold of his home. Alice had promised to think of him quite often, and this made him feel very happy.

As Russell Thorn boarded the train on the following afternoon, he almost wished that he had not planned to spend his vacation in Europe, but he resolved to gain a reputation and something within him seemed to say that he was beginning at the bottom of the ladder, so he set himself to thinking. Having slept but little the previous night, he was soon fast asleep, and was found in this state by his father when the announcement for dinner was made.

In a few days the little party reached their destination and Russell's first impulse was to send a note to Alice, whom he knew would be glad to hear from him. She was exceedingly glad to learn that he was safe. Each succeeding letter filled her heart so full of wonder that she longed to be with him.

Two months flitted happily by and one day Alice received a note from Russell saying that they were to spend a few weeks traveling through France. He also said that he had persuaded his father to visit the vineyard districts of that country as he had heard of an experiment, now under way, regarding certain grape diseases. He wished to become familiar with the nature of the experiment, for he knew that if these diseases could be prevented, grape producing would be rendered more profitable.

He knew that the grape diseases of France were similar to those of California and that if he could carry the experiment to this country, and succeed in his undertaking he would be
crowned with success. He could then without a doubt take Alice as his own. The thought of her made him full more determined to carry out his plans.

He returned from his trip early in September and upon arriving at home immediately paid a visit to the Mead home. Alice was most delighted to see him again and was glad to learn that he intended to continue with his school work. She was even more pleased to learn of the experiment he intended to carry on some time within the future.

Alice's thoughts concerning the subject were so encouraging that Russell returned to school with very high projects in view. He was to take up horticulture this year. He decided to take a special course on the subject outside of class work and by so doing was able to collect some very important material relating to his future experiment, which he could not have otherwise obtained.

The following summer he again went to France. He learned, upon reaching there, that the experiment of a year before had been successful to a certain extent, but had, from some cause or another, fallen through. He, however, obtained a few important views of the experiment and returned home with renewed inspiration.

During the next year of school young Thorn obtained permission to carry out his plans on the school premises, and by the aid of the Instructor of Plant Industry, was able to secure some notable results. Alice watched his every movement and prided in the thought of the honor that would be placed upon him if his efforts proved successful.

After graduating from school with high rank as a scholar, Russell obtained a sum of money from his father and went into the vineyards of the San Joaquin Valley to repeat and improve his experiment. He worked steadily for two years and the results he obtained were wonderful.

The Secretary of the Agricultural Department at Washington, D. C., upon hearing of the wonderful success he had achieved, requested Russell to lay the matter before him. This he did in such an eloquent manner that he received a handsome reward for his work. In a short time he was employed by the Government and sent to different parts of the country to introduce his method of preventing the dreaded grape diseases.

In the course of a year his work had become so well known that reports of it found their way into Europe. The French Government, upon hearing of young Thorn's successful work, immediately requested him to lay his methods before them, and if proved to be satisfactory, he was to receive a large sum of money and a good position.

Russell gladly accepted the offer, but this time he was not to board the train alone as before, for Alice was to accompany him. She had promised to be his wife and they were to be married before the time set for the trip to Europe.

R. L.

California Polytechnic School, San Luis Obispo


There are no charges for tuition.

Fall term opens Wednesday, September 12th.
Editorials.

The school year of 1905-6 is speedily drawing to a close. Many of the students who have been hindered by sickness and other uncontrollable circumstances fully realize that little time remains in which to complete the work prescribed in their respective courses. Summer vacation will be an enjoyable season for all; it means the secession of school work for awhile and a visit with friends and loved ones at home.

*A Judgment of God,* so the terrible fire and earthquake of San Francisco is called by some who see a prophetic meaning in the disaster.

Granting it is so, we can but take it in the best spirit possible and be thankful that out of all the pain and suffering will arise a more beautiful city, clean and bright.

The other coast towns that suffered are also badly damaged, but they had no fire and the inhabitants could easily get into safe places.

The sadest and most disgraceful part of it all is the inhuman and careless manner in which irresponsible soldiers and cadets shot down innocent people. Of course we grant that sometimes verity was necessary to keep order. But let us put aside the dark aspect and take a bright clear outlook as we think of San Francisco, as it will be in the future, the most beautiful city in the world.

* * *

School spirit is that love of the student for the school which grows only as the institution grows. It is that desire to see every move undertaken by the school, whether scholastic or athletic, pushed forward to success with every particle of energy possible. It is that interest which will compel us to open our purses to lend assistance to our athletes should such occasion arise. It is that power which urges us on to a more thorough search after knowledge in what ever line of work has been chosen. The scenes of school life can never be eradicated though long and rugged may be the path of life.
We wish all of our issues would bring criticism and lots of new ideas. We would like to become better acquainted with other journals.

Porcupine, your cover contest certainly did prove a success and is worthy of mention. We like the manner in which your criticisms are made. Page 25 in your March number caused a real hearty laugh.

SCHOOL HAPPENINGS

A number of Polytechnic boys started to see the sights in San Francisco on the 18th of April, but could not gain admission to the city and so were forced to return. They saw many of the other towns on their way and have given quite interesting accounts of their impressions.

An interesting lecture was given on the 17th by Mr. Pillsbury, secretary of the State Board of Examiners. His subject was "Impressions of the School." In his introductory talk he told us that he would say nothing new, but would repeat and arrange in generalized form well known and established truths. This he did in a most clear and comprehensive way. His thoughts were particularly helpful. Mr. Pillsbury is a delightful speaker, one whom we would gladly hear again.

One of the first events of this term was the reception and dance given on the 11th by the Polytechnic students to the San Luis High School and Santa Maria High School baseball team. The Assembly Hall was artistically decorated with ferns and banners. At the head of the stairs the guests were received and escorted to the Hall, where introductions were soon made and partners procured. After many merry dances the guests and students dispersed in fine spirits. The occasion was especially helpful in bringing together the students of three different schools. It is not well for schools, having common interests as we have, to be strangers to one another.

Many of us, too, are grateful for the forming of pleasant acquaintances, and we hope there may be more opportunities such as this one.

The various classes in our school have formed class organizations. In this case the object has been to arouse a greater class spirit.

The following are the officers of the various classes:

Senior Class
H. Floyd Tout, president; Laura Righetti, vice-president; Gus Wade, secretary and treasurer.

Junior Class
Francis Buck, president; Jean Tout, vice-president; George Wilson, secretary and treasurer.

Freshman Class
La Rue Watson, president; Grace Tout, vice-president; Harvey Hall, secretary; Francis Lewin, treasurer.

Saturday evening, April the 21st, there was given a most interesting operetta at the Pavilion Theatre by the young ladies of the school, under the direction and leadership of Miss Naomi Lake. The stage was very appropriately decorated for the occasion. The young ladies interpreted and executed their parts well. Between acts choruses were sung by a number of the school boys.

The proceeds of the entertainment which were to have gone to the Athletic Association of the school, were contributed to the benefit fund for the earthquake sufferers.
IRRIGATION

The discussion of the means of securing and saving soil moisture naturally suggests the subject of irrigation and drainage. Whether we shall irrigate or not depends on, first, the minimum local rainfall; secondly, the character of the soil and sub-soil; thirdly, the situation and environment of the ground on which the fruit is to be grown; fourthly, the kind of fruit which it is desired to produce. The amount of rainfall which is adequate in one locality, or in one situation, even, may be quite insufficient in another, on account of the different soils.

When to irrigate is governed by local conditions and the needs of different fruits. On lands with sufficient depth of fairly retentive soil, the grower may artificially supplement a scanty rainfall by thoroughly soaking the land by winter irrigation, and then by careful summer cultivation he will be able to conserve enough water in the soil to carry deciduous fruit trees or vines through bearing and autumn bud formation without further water supply. This cannot be done on every soil. Everywhere water must be adequate to the demands of the tree at the time it is needed, and whether it can best be applied in summer or winter, or both, or whether it is not necessary at all, depends upon existing conditions which the grower must ascertain and to which his policy and practice must conform.

After the ground is irrigated it must be thoroughly cultivated. Not only is there danger of over-irrigation in the growth of the tree and fruit, but the ill effects of water upon the soil, when unattended by good cultivation, are constantly threatened. The tree needs air as well as water. It needs a certain free condition of the soil for its best root action. These needs can be amply secured when adequate application of water is quickly followed by soil-stirring. Irrigated soil rightly treated, is delightfully mellow and free and in condition to invite the fullest activity on the part of the tree. Irrigated ground not properly treated becomes compacted, fissured, cloddy and generally hateful, losing moisture rapidly, setting around the roots like cement and tearing them by its subsequent shrinkage. These conditions do not occur on lighter soils, and yet even these are best when cultivated in a rational manner. After irrigation the ground should be stirred about two inches deep as soon as possible and afterward cultivated as deep as practicable.

There are three or four methods of irrigation of orchards. Some of the principal ones may be enumerated as follows: Permanent ditches, annual ditches, furrow system, the check system and the basin system. In digging furrows, deep furrows are better than shallow furrows because the water sinks in the ground and very little of it comes to the surface to be evaporated.

A special importance attaches to complete and systematic drainage in connection with irrigation. There is a pressing need of such provision where the soil has become overloaded by seepage water from irrigation ditches and a suitable and sufficient drainage outlet is needed as well as an irrigation inlet. Another matter closely allied to this is the action of alkali on soils thus artificially water soaked. Drainage is plainly essential, both in individual farms and in districts where the water level is rising too high.
Wheat and the Manufacture of Flour

Wheat flour is of two varieties, triticeum hibernum and the bearded wheat, Triticum aestivum. Wheat cultivation has superseded that of all other grain. In the Middle Ages, only the wealthy classes could use it, but it's use has been constantly on the increase until now it is food for all.

The quality of prepared flour is dependent on the variety of the wheat, the curing of the ripened grain and the process of grinding.

There are two kinds of wheat, the hard and the soft.

The curing of wheat is of the utmost importance, for if the grain is allowed to become damp and mouldy a disagreeable flavor will be communicated to the flour.

There are two processes used in the grinding of flour, known as high and low milling. In the early times the kernels were beat in a mortar, and later they were ground between stones. Low milling is grinding between two large round stones, revolving at so small a distance from each other as to crush the kernels, which are caught by grooves in the stones. The action is purely a single crushing and is better adapted for the softer kinds of wheat than high milling. High milling is a succession of crackings, or of slight and partial sifting and sorting.

The method for which the hard wheats are adapted may be described as follows: A series of cylindrical rolls are arranged at distances so graded that, when the wheat kernel passes between the first set, it is merely cracked; then the fragments drop between the next set and are again cracked and so on. In this process the husk is not bruised, but flattened out and loosened, so that the dry starch granules drop out. It is thought that the separation of the non-nutritious portion is also more complete. In this process therefore the flour is richer in the phosphates and nitrogenous substances, which are found in the layer of cells next the husk. The high milled flour is whiter because it contains no bran.

There is also a mixture of the two processes called half high milling. A plan has also been tried by pulverizing the grains by friction of the kernels on each other, the wheat being kept in motion by beaters revolving at a high velocity in a hollow cylinder.

The next step in the production of flour is the sifting and sorting. This is usually done by a series of sieves and lastly by a fine silk cloth, giving the fine flour, while the coarser grades are left.

Low milling yields about eighty per cent of flour of various grades, differing very little from each other; but on the other hand, high milling yields only about forty-five per cent of the choicest flour, such as the famous Vienna bread is made from, with several inferior grades.

Flour for household use usually will average seventy-five per cent of starch and dextrine, about seven per cent each of sugar, mineral matter and cellulose, one per cent of fat, and about fifteen per cent of albuminous or nitrogenous substances. These constituents are so proportioned as to render wheat flour a highly nutritious food, capable by itself of sustaining life and health.

The adulteration of flour is not practised to any extent in this land, where wheat is so cheap, but in foreign countries the addition of inferior sorts of grain, minerals, such as chalk or gypsum, to increase the weight and sometimes alum or copper sulphate, in order to enable the baker to make whiter bread out of an inferior grade of flour, is common.
Microscopic examination will serve to detect the presence of adulterations. If the flour contains any considerable quantity of alum it will become blue when moistened with a solution of logwood.

The proportion of gluten is of great importance, when flour makes up a large portion of the diet of a family. The following method of determining it is given by Dietzsch: A portion of flour weighing one hundred grams is made up to a stiff paste with forty to fifty grams of water, allowed to stand half an hour, placed in a cloth, and water until the water no longer comes through milky. The yellowish elastic residue should weigh, when moist, from thirty to thirty-five grams; when dry, fifteen to eighteen grams. If the paste stands three hours instead of one-half an hour, the residue is said to contain three per cent more.

The testing of flour in the barrel is, like tea tasting, an acquired art. Only long practice can enable one to judge with certainty the quality of flour by its shade of yellow; or its mode of caking when pressed, etc. The importance of good flour can hardly be over-estimated, since upon good bread depends the health of the greater part of the human race in all temperate climates.

A. S.

The Idol With the Green Eye

In the early nineties I was a student in the University of California, in the College of Commerce, preparing myself for the diplomatic service, and while there I studied the Chinese language as one of my requirements. This study often led me to the famous Chinatown of San Francisco, where I studied the Chinese race and characteristics to the best advantage.

Spending most of my spare time amongst the Celestials. I learned their mannerisms, peculiarities, language and customs to such a high degree of proficiency that I could dress in their costume and by a little facial disguising pass myself off for a Chinaman with little fear of detection.

I soon became acquainted with the members of the police force on the Chinatown squad and particularly with Sergeant O’Donnel, whom I had the pleasure of assisting in a little detective work once or twice. In reward for these little services he promised to take me on the next big raid on the Chinese either gamblers or criminals, so when one afternoon I received a phone message from him, requesting me to meet him that night at a certain corner in the midst of Chinatown, I was very much pleased with the outlook for an adventure of the liveliest sort.

That night at ten sharp I met him at the designated corner and he hurriedly informed me that we were going out for big “game,” in fact, the chief of a gang of high-binders. Our party consisted of Sergeant O’Donnel, Dan Manley, a newspaper reporter on a big San Francisco daily, myself and five detectives.

We first went to the police station, where we were to meet the rest of our party and complete our plans. Sergeant O’Donnel requested me to don a Chinese disguise and to go out and learn from the friends of our quarry the exact whereabouts of Hong See, the dreaded highbinder chief.

This I consented to do and in about an hour I returned with the exact information. Then O’Donnel requested Manley to station himself on the corner opposite the house where Hong See was hiding, and to watch the entrance to see whether Hong See left the house by that exit. Manley was selected for this most dangerous post because he, not being connected with the police, would not be an object of sus-
picion by the crafty Orientals. The rest of us scattered and approaching the house from every direction, in about fifteen minutes we were ready for the raid. Then it was that we discovered that Manley was missing from his post.

We broke open the front door and found ourselves in a narrow hall with a low ceiling and grime blackened walls. We hurried along this passage and soon came to another door of iron barred oak. When this yielded to our axes we found ourselves in total darkness. Lighting matches we found that our search was not ended for we saw a trap door in one corner of the room. Lowering ourselves carefully through this opening in the floor we groped our way, for miles it seemed, through an underground passage-way of many devious turns.

By this time we had given up all hope of catching Hong See, our only hope being to rescue Manley. We feared greatly that we had seen him for the last time, for this gang of highbinders
was one of the most merciless in existence.

After groping around in semi-darkness for what seemed hours, which in reality was only minutes, we came to another thick oaken door.

constant motion and low guttural sounds issued to scare anybody, even those used to these sights.

Our search for Manley ended here, for there on the floor he lay, unconscious. We quickly got him out into

Breaking this down we burst into the room it guarded, to go through a most terrifying experience. The room was in a half-light that seemed to have no source, the floor was of hard wood and the walls were hung with Oriental tapestries, the air was reeking with a suffocating incense and in the center stood an idol of hideous aspect, from whose forehead blazed a single green eye with the brilliance of an emerald. The grotesque face and body were in

the open, and revived him, but he could never tell us what had befallen him, for from that day he was a raving maniac of the most violent type.

This satisfied me it may be believed, for since that adventurous night I have never had the least desire to aid the police in their dangerous work in Chinatown.
It was a beautiful May morning. Birds sang among the flowers and the branches of the tall trees were swayed by the soft breeze passing over their tops. The sun shone full on Mary's golden ringlets and her pretty head tossed back and forth, while the splendor of her eyes could not be surpassed as she raised them to the speaker. She wore a sky-blue dress and around her neck a chain of gold beads. As she tripped lightly over the grass, whistling that dear old ballad, Cynthia, the old servant that had cared for her and raised her since she was a babe, mut-

"Mary! Mary! Where are you, child?" The voice rang out in the clear morning air and the echo reverberated back to the speaker.

"Here," answered a sweet, musical voice. "Here I am, out here in the garden, lying on the clover, being enraptured with notes of love from my playmates."

"Well, I want you to go to the post-office. Hurry, child."

"All right, Cynthia, I'm coming," the same sweet voice answered, and a slight figure darted across the lawn, whistling the old song, "Max Wellton's Braze Are Bonny."
tered to herself, "Oh, that gal's getting to be a beautiful creature."

Soon Mary reappeared, carrying a few letters and bundles. She had placed a dainty blue chiffon hat on her head, and as she started down the walk she called back to Cynthia, who still stood in the doorway, saying, "I'll be right and spent many happy hours with them. She was stooping to pick a wild pansy when the canter of horses' hoofs caused her to look up. As she did so a horseman came into view and she stepped out of the path in order that he might pass, but to her surprise the gallant did not pass on but, raising his hat, stopped

back." She tripped on down the little country road and Cynthia went back to her work singing one line of an old darkey song over and over while birds outside whistled notes of farewell to their little garden mate, as she turned the corner and disappeared from their view.

An hour later Mary was on her way homeward. She is walking slowly, now and then stopping to pluck a wild flower or to whistle to her playmates, the birds. Mary loved the birds and flowers and inquired the way to Mayfield, a neighboring town. She raised her dainty, white hand and pointed the road out to him, but he, too enthused with her looks, to follow her hand, gazed into her countenance with wonder and admiration. Her cheeks became quite rosy, while the musical voice quivered somewhat. He noticing her embarrassment, thanked her kindly for her directions, and passed on down the road.

Morro Rock, Coast of San Luis Obispo
She stood motionless for sometime and gazed after him as he turned the bend of the road, while many thoughts swam through her mind. "He is not from here for he is far superior in manner and looks too young men of H——. I hope I may see him again."

As for the intruder, as he passed on down the little country road, a sweet voice rang in his ears and a sweet face stood before him while a dainty, white hand pointed west, "By Jove, what an angel!" he muttered. "I'll make it a point to pass that way again before I leave these American lands." He was a tall, fine looking gentleman very dark and with a skin as fair as any child's. He wore a kahki suit and from his appearance one would judge him to be of an English descent.

Mary, soon gaining her presence of mind, raised up from the bank where she had flopped herself in her dreaming and went on her homeward way; but still to her wonder that face shone before her, while that voice seemed to be saying, "Thank you, my pretty maid. I hope we meet again."

As she entered the yard Cynthia came to the door and said, "Well, child, I thought you would never come."

"Oh, it was so pleasant out this morning, Cynthia, that I sauntered along my way." Then changing the subject, she said, "Is dinner ready? I'm so hungry."

"Yes, child, and waiting. Run along."

She took her dainty summer hat from her head and skipped in the dining room whistling a merry tune.

Two years have passed since we left sweet Mary. She was then sixteen, but now she has reached her eighteenth birthday. She is more stately and perhaps more quiet, but that same winning smile plays around that dainty mouth, and the same sweet voice is ready to speak words of comfort to a stranger, while a soft, pretty hand, now bearing a shining stone on the third finger, awaits a time to direct some way-worn wanderer on his way.

Did I say she wore a sparkling stone on her third finger? Oh, yes, and who has placed it there? 'Tis but the stranger that it guided. He did make it a point to pass that way again and each time his heart was stealthily stolen away from him, until at last he found himself sitting among the clover whispering words of love to a fair damsel, while her playmates sang soft notes of encouragement above them and a voice often called, "Come Mary, where are you? and a voice from the garden would answer, "Here I am out in the garden among the clover, being enraptured with words of love from my playmates."

A. L. H.—'01.
Teacher—"Do you know that at your age George Washington could read, write and cipher?"
Kid—"Yes, and at your age he was President of the United States.—Ex.

"Say," said the fat man, seating himself at a restaurant table and tucking his napkin under his chin, "Can I get some lunch here?"
"Yes," responded the waiter, "but not a shampoo."—Ex.

Teacher—"Johnny, for what is Switzerland noted?"
Johnny—"Why—Swiss cheese.
Teacher—"Oh, something grander, more impressive, more tremendous.
Johnny—"Limburger."—Ex.

Would-be-Wit (to farmer who is sowing)—"Well done, old fellow; you sow, I reap the fruits.
Farmer—"Maybe you will, for I am sowing hemp."—Ex.

He (as they entered a crowded street car)—"Do you think we can squeeze in here?"
She—"Is there any tunnel on the line?"

A Dormitory Inmate—A French scientist declares that fish can sing. He must have heard a codfish ball.

While Evan B.— was sick, Douglas W. borrowed his dairy suit. We all wonder where Ester caught the measles.

Frenzied Finance—
Concentration.
Accumulation.
Organization.
Combination.
Inflation.
Syndication.
Speculation.
Peeulation.
Perturbation.
Investigation.
Abdication.
Incarnation.

Graduate—"Professor, I am indebted to you for all I know."
Professor—"Oh, don't mention such a trifle."—Ex.
First Student—"The Athletic Association is getting quite up-to-date.
Second Student—"How so?"
First Student—"They had a case of embezzlement not long ago."

A tennis player to a Cambria maiden—"I am in an awful predicament. I wish you would be so kind as to help me out."
It—"Certainly I will. What is it?"
Tennis Player—"Thank you; when I was in Paso Robles I made a bet with a girl over there that if there was a dance when I went there I would take a girl home."
Another tennis player—"May I take you home?"
Lady—"Wait until I ask my husband."
Baseball

Santa Maria vs. Polytechnic

On April fourteenth the Polytechnic baseball team crossed bats with the Santa Maria High School. It was the first league game of the season for us and we were anxious as to the outcome, for we realized that Santa Maria was one of the most worthy foes for diamond honors that we would have to meet. At the end of the fifth inning the score stood 5 to 2 in our favor. We thought it would be a "walk over," but to our surprise Santa Maria scored three more runs. Things then grew exciting and only by hard work did we score two more runs, making the final count 7 to 5 in Polytechnic's favor. It was a fine game and the best of spirit prevailed throughout the contest.

* * *

Tennis

Cambria vs. Polytechnic

On Saturday morning, April 14th, a company of Polytechnic students and Mr. Rubel of the faculty went to Cambria, some to witness and others to compete in a league game of tennis.

The game was called at 1:30 p. m. The doubles were contested first. Wood and Buck were the representatives for the Polytechnic, while Bright and Carry represented Cambria.

The game was very hotly contested throughout. It was won in straight sets by Wood and Buck. The score being 7-5 and 6-1 respectively.

The singles were then played off. The contestants being Carry of Cambria and Lisk of the Polytechnic. The singles were won in straight sets by Carry. Score, 6-4 and 6-2.

After the games were over the party was escorted to the beach, where a pleasant hour was spent. Then after this they were taken to the Oceanic mine. Here things looked strange to some of the boys, for upon seeing the smokestack layed up the hill, one of them asked if the wind blew too hard to stand it erect.

After the sights had been viewed the party returned to town and in the evening they tripped the light fantastic toe to the good music rendered by the Cambria band.

The party returned to San Luis on the following day, all declaring that they had had a very pleasant trip, and that the Cambria people had proved themselves to be entertainers of the first rank. A. C. D. and M. M. T.

* * *

Basket Ball

Basket ball is progressing rapidly, although at times girls do seem scarce. An interesting practice game, under the supervision of Mr. Waters, was played Friday, April 3. The contesting teams were from the Domestic Art and the Domestic Science departments. It was a lively game and enjoyed by all. Both teams fought vigorously for the victory, but the final score was 14 to 8 in favor of the girls of the Domestic Science Department.
Baseball
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Santa Maria vs. Polytechnic
(Second Game)
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On the twenty-eighth of May the ball team was aroused at an early hour in order to catch the seven o'clock P. C. train for Santa Maria.

This game was looked forward to with great enthusiasm, for it was to be a second game with the Santa Maria High School, the first game having been won by us.

Wishing to let Arroyo Grande know that we were alive, the boys gave several of the school yells. Then we sped (?) on to Santa Maria.

Arriving at Santa Maria at nine o'clock, we were met by their manager who conducted us to the new high school gymnasium. Here we donned our "glad rags," then proceeded to the field of action.

Here the team warmed up, showing the spectators a few things about handling the sphere, even though the wind was blowing and the dust sometimes rising in clouds.

At ten o'clock the umpire walked into the field and the contest was on. "Win or loose, hit or fan, that is the question." Polytechnic took the bat and three men were counted out before a score could be made. Santa Maria did similar work. Thus the game progressed, hotly contested, until the end of the sixth inning, when the umpire "called" the game on account of rain; the score at that time standing one to one, a victory for nobody.

The contest will be played off at some later date.

A Domestic Science Pie

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mama,
I'm going to make a pie.
For John will be tired and hungry, ma,
And his tissues will decompose—
So give me a gramme of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.

Now, give me a chunk of caseine, ma,
To shorten the termic fat;
And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the termostat;
And if the electric oven's cold,
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home.

Now, pass me the neutral dope, ma,
And rotate the mixing machine,
But give me the sterilized water first
And the oleomargarine.
And the phosphate, too, for now I think,
The new typewriter's quit,
And John will need more phosphate food
To help his brain a bit. Ex.
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Thomas is becoming addicted to drawing likenesses of feminine faces while in dairy class. Some one said it was caused by the same old story, but seems decidedly new to him.

Instructor in Physics—“Silver clings to all copper surfaces.”
Bright Student—“I am going to have copper pockets put in my trousers.”
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Earl Pierce, one of our progressive agricultural students, has been carrying on an experiment in the incubation of snake eggs. One morning recently, upon removing the egg tray from the incubator he found a healthy, well developed snake. In his surprise he dropped the tray, thus causing the discontinuation of the experiment. We wish him better luck in the future.

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Livia Storni was seen after one of our delightful parties with very suggestive finger marks in the neighborhood of the waist-line of her dress. Be careful, Roy; officials consider such marks valuable evidence.

Geometry Kinks—Kent: "The side of this triangle is a cube.
Wilson: "If I could see through this proposition I could understand it."
Remark—The originator of the saying that parallel lines never meet, never tried to hang striped wallpaper.
Ques.—"What is a parallelopiped?"
Ans.—"Lump sugar."

We were much surprised to see our editor under the guiding hand of a chaperone, but seeing is believing.
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Josephine (to a pet dog) “Hello Mayor, I've got to wink at you now as I have no one else to wink at”.

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