THE
POLYTECHNIC
JOURNAL
Return to Fiona Stammers
65 Casa Dr. S.F.O
James Edwyn Roadhouse

James Edwyn Roadhouse was born in Watsonville, California, March 3, 1879. In his early youth his parents removed to Kern County and later to Selma in San Joaquin County. His preparation for college was received in the Selma Union High school, and he entered the College of Agriculture of the University of California in August of 1900. He was prominent in all college activities, in politics as President of his Junior class, in athletics as manager of the University crew and a member of the crew, and as yell leader during his last two years. In University work he took a high standing and was recognized as one of the best men ever graduated. His specialty was irrigation engineering, of which he took all the courses offered in addition to the agricultural courses. During three summer vacations he conducted investigations for the irrigation department at various places in California.

Mr. Roadhouse was graduated in 1904 and in September of that year joined the faculty of the California Polytechnic School as Instructor in Plant Industry and Irrigation. He held this position three years and resigned to enter the service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture as a Field Superintendent in Irrigation Investigations in the Sacramento Val-
house, a Freshman, was working to the same end. The success of our experiment was due largely to his care and efficiency, for he was then as systematic as we knew him in after years and was characterized by the same hustling, well-directed energy. Before the year was over he was assisting me in my office and the card index of my library will always remain a pleasant reminder of his early interest in agricultural literature.

Mr. Roadhouse's family, consisting of father, mother, brother and sister moved to Berkeley from Selma at the beginning of his Junior year and occupied the house in which I had roomed for two years. It was during that summer that he conducted some official tests at the Pierce dairy ranch at Stockton, work which was done under the direction of the dairy department which was my special charge at the University. In September of that year, 1902, I came to San Luis Obispo, but not to lose sight of him. I watched his course and at the close of the college year engaged him to teach in the Polytechnic. Well do I recall that day during commencement week in May, 1903 when we sat on the ground near where now stands the big football field and talked over plans for the Polytechnic. The school had not opened yet and he had a year of University work before he could join us. But he became one of us from that day and remained one of us until his death. I there unfolded to him my plans for the Polytechnic and what I thought it ought to accomplish for the boys and girls of California. He planned his Senior work with a view to our needs and every moment was fraught with something of value to the Polytechnic.

It has been my pleasure to share the hopes and plans, the joys and disappointments of several men of late years, but none more thoroughly than those of Mr. Roadhouse. He shared with me every plan—from the smallest detail of school work to the larger things pertaining to his position with the government and his ideas for the establishment of the Hawaiian College of Agriculture of which he was so recently elected Dean. And so through the three years of his teaching at the Polytechnic I came peculiarly close to him and knew him quite as a brother.

No one has brought to this institution more natural ability, more energy, a more open mind or generous heart, and no one has entered into every phase of our life with a more acute interest. Our course of study, our social life, our sports, all have felt his touch of vigorous and contagious enthusiasm. Every building recalls some remembrance. The fields, the plants, the vines, the hills and the canons all about us speak of his love of nature and the outdoor life. Those of us who have had an opportunity to accompany him upon an excursion or a picnic cannot forget his keen eye in detecting new plants nor his interested search for everything that would add to the school's store of useful and decorative plants.

Mr. Roadhouse was a natural leader. In high school football, in University politics or crew, in the Polytechnic life he was at the head, not because he liked to lead but because of an impelling desire to be helpful. Some of his family have recently told me that he never did think of himself. He was always doing something for somebody, learning something or investigating something, and always with the thought of a present or future helpfulness. His strenuous endeavor to increase the efficiency of
our practical work in agriculture was based upon his knowledge of the need for it and upon the acuteness with which he had himself felt the lack of it in his college course. I would not have it thought that he lacked ambition. No one who knew him would for a moment believe that. But his was an ambition sanctified by the love of mother, of wife, of the truth, and of God as God is the truth.

It is said and not without some grain of probability that his desire to be helpful and his ambition were responsible for his early death. It is true that the dread disease which claimed him, as well as other diseases, have a freer field when the body is tired and worn. It is true that for several months he had been doing more than one man's work and had the additional care of his mother during a long illness and death only preceding his own by a few weeks. Thus the thought has arisen that had he been as strong as his athletic frame would indicate he might have resisted the disease and have been spared to us for many years. But we must not doubt the wisdom of Him who giveth life, and let us believe with Dr. Hut-sin-piller who officiated so tenderly at the funeral services where he said: "There is only one interpretation to be put upon the ending of this young life, so full of promise—that God has a more important work for him to do."

It is rare indeed for a man of 28 years to have been given the honored positions which have come to him—all without seeking. In a few weeks only he was to have sailed the Pacific to organize and direct a new college of learning in one of our island possessions. The Polytechnic is honored in his honor because he first belonged to us. It is characters and noble souls like this that make our schools powerful in the land as well as make living in this world worth while. The young people of the Polytechnic are to congratulated upon having had Mr. Roadhouse here for three years and for having felt the stamp of his individuality. It is further cause for congratulation that they meet daily in their class rooms and laboratories souls of equal depth and characters of kindred strength. After all is said and done and after buildings and materials are provided, it is really men and women with warm red blood running in their veins who are our all important equipment and without whose labor and sympathy and daily lives of sacrifice our schools would go for naught. Let us be grateful that we had Mr. Roadhouse with us as our own friend and teacher, and let us be grateful that we have others bearing the same imprint of loyalty and strength and devotion to carry on the work he helped to begin and which he loved.
Zamora is a small town in Spain, shut among the Sierra de Sagsta mountains. It is surrounded by a wall like all Spanish towns and its people live by growing corn, grapes and oranges on the fertile plain around the village.

Outside the walls upon a mountain peak stands a convent, old and gray, whose belfry overlooks the town. In the belfry is a bell which has not been tolled for over one hundred years. There is a story connected with this long silence, of a boy who gave his life to save the village.

For several years Morena, a bandit was the scourge of all the surrounding country. Many richly laden mule trains had been plundered by Morena and his followers. Many country homes and small villages were destroyed and plundered. The people of Zamora lived in constant fear that their turn would come next. A watch was kept at the belfry so as to warn the people of this little village to gather together and drive the robbers back.

One day in early autumn when all the village was engaged in harvesting their crops, the watch was given to Gomez Reno, a young cripple. All day he watched in the belfry looking north, south, east and west lest Morena should come and take Zamora by surprise.

It was quite late in the afternoon when everything was quiet and still that Morena and his band appeared within the belfry. They had killed several sheep and disguised in their fleeces had succeeded in creeping so stealthily up to the belfry that the boy had no idea they were near until they surprised him at his post. There was neither time nor opportunity to give any alarm as the ruffians were soon upon him. They bound Reno's hands and feet and carried him down to where the bell rope hung. They placed him on a bench and tied the bell rope in a noose around his neck. Then they hurried down into the village to carry on their work of pillage and slaughter. Morena was sure that no alarm could be given as the boy could not ring the bell without forfeiting his own life and this they did not imagine he would do.

The young cripple thought only of saving the town and not of himself. He could hear the bandits hurrying to the market place and he knew that Zamora was doomed if they were once in possession of the village. The people must be warned of their danger and quite soon or it would be too late to be of any use in saving the town. There was but one way and that meant death—a cruel death—for him. Murmuring a hasty prayer, young Reno sprang out with all the force he could command. Clang! Clang! the old bell in the belfry rang out its warning peals. The laboring men heard the warning and soon rallied at the market place where they drove back the robbers. Moreno and his band retired slowly to the hills beaten by the heroism of a boy.

The bell ceased to toll and the people rushed to the belfry and there beheld a sight that made the bravest look with wonder. The lifeless body of Reno, their saviour swung there in the gathering twilight. They quickly cut the rope tried to bring him back to life again but it was too late as he had given his life to save the town.

No one has rung the bell since that day. For more than four generations it has hung silent but the name of the brave young cripple is not forgotten.

H. F. M. '10.
Alphabetical Rhyme of the Students

A is for Aubrey, the boy with big feet
For up-to-date queening he cannot be beat.
B is for Buck, Georgie we know,
And how the girls work him is certainly not slow.
C is for Charley, whose color will rise,
But his blushes and hair do not harmonize.
D is for Dixon, we know well enough,
In history he's fine, but better on bluff.
E is for Earl, the lad of great wits,
He lectures on science and gives the girls fits.
F is for Frank, Simon, the clown,
As a base ball catcher he does things up brown.
G is for George, Hopkins, or Snow,
Who goes in for basket ball as our record will show.
H is for Harvey, the Cook, who cannot be beaten,
For the dishes he cooks can hardly be eaten.
I is for Ida, our red headed pet,
On some poor freshie her cap she'll set.
J is for Jackson, happy and bright,
When it comes to queening he's out of sight.
K is for Kirk, known as Ruby by all,
For more information on E. Murphy call.
L is for Lee, who in Geometry is fine,
But in the Chemistry Lab. is where he can shine.
M is for Mary, happy and gay,
Her thoughts dwell quite a bit on Gassaway.
N is for Nolan, a young Freshie beau,
Who is noted for being quite popular you know.
O is for Oswald, our chemist who's in it
In all experiments he is sure the limit.
P is for Pease, a vegetable green,
In all classes on time he is seen.
Q is for quiet, when it can't be found,
Then Seniors and Juniors sure to be round.
R is for the Rachels, in Algebra bright.
But in all other classes they're out of sight.
S is for Smith, one of our telegraph poles,
He can't be beaten in throwing goals.
T is for Tommy, our little Pearce,
In Chemistry Lab. he is simply fierce.
U is for Utzerath, known as Fred,
Ask his sister all about "Red."
V is for Vivian, our slender blond,
Of Cox and Pederson she's very fond.
W is for Willoughby, he's clever we know it,
Sometimes in the future he may be a poet.
X is a symbol which usually vexes,
And is always connected in quarterly "Exes."
Y is for Yelland, the sailor boy,
Whose life is all trouble and not any joy.
Z we have never yet seen
But will sure enter Poly before 1913.
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Editorials

With this issue of the Journal we are embarking on something new. Heretofore our paper has been printed in large type on rather large pages. In this issue we have cut the size of the pages and are using smaller type. We are in hopes that the new Journal will be popular with the student body and also the Exchanges. Owing to the change in size we are not able to have department headings this month though we hope to have some new ones for the January edition. To make up for the lack of headings we have, however, a new cover design. The design is quite appropriate and much credit is due to the artist.

Many people have been finding fault with the Journal in one way or another. One of the main criticisms is the small amount of reading matter published. In the first place the number of pages of the Journal has been cut down because of higher prices for materials and labor. In the second place the student body is not backing up the staff the way it should. The Journal is published by the student body through the medium of an editorial staff. The staff was elected to work and all are doing the best they know how. The staff is here for the purpose of arranging the material and seeing that it gets printed. Now if the Journal does not come up to what you think it should think outside some way to better it and do not come to the editor and say that the Journal is no good. Another thing to be considered is finances. The Journal is on a rather insecure financial basis and is hardly clearing expenses. The Journal cannot be run on hot air. We would like to have some one lay a plan before us to raise more finances for without finances we will be unable to publish the Journal.

Owing to the death of our former instructor Mr. J. E. Roadhouse, this number is largely a memorial in his honor. Mr. Roadhouse, while connected with this school was loved and respected by every student in the institution. He was a leader in all student activities and anything that he undertook was always carried through in the most expeditious manner. Mr. Roadhouse had a great future before him and would have succeeded in everything had he not been called to the bright home in the great beyond.

Quite an interest has been shown this fall in the way of forming a Young Men’s Christian Association. Mr. Harry Henderson, student secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in California has been here twice this fall and plans are under way to effect the organization of an association early next term. A committee of the students interested in the work has been at work in preparation of organization for some time. At present strenuous efforts are being made to secure a delegation
to attend the student conference at Pacific Grove during the Christmas vacation. An attempt is being made to send a delegation of ten or a dozen. We want the strongest and best men in school to be our representatives there this year. Any who go will testify on their return that they have had the time of their lives. If you wish to go do not be afraid to say so as it will be worth while.

It has been proposed that we organize a student body in the school. The student body would have charge of all other school organizations such as the debating society and athletic association and all social functions. The other organizations would remain as they are at present with the exception that the student body would be at their head. Money in the student body treasury would be available for the athletic association, debating society, social functions or the Journal. Think the proposition over and let us have your views on the subject.

It may appear funny to have a Christmas number with no Christmas stories but what is to be done when no one will write them. There are six more editions of the Journal and you must help. This means the student body as a whole. The staff asks your assistance and hope will get it.

Much credit is due to Mac and his rooter section for our success in athletics this fall. We pride ourselves in having the best yell leader and rooter section in the country. The latest acquisition to the rooter section is one of Mr. Rubel's young Berkshires which came out to one of our games all decorated up and rooted for us in fine style. A new feature of our rooter section is the lock step for which we are indebted to Mr. Edwards.

Alumni Notes.

On December 4, Miss Annie Schneider, '07 was married at her home in Morro, Cal. Miss Schneider is the first of the Polytechnic graduates to depart into matrimonial lanes. We wish her the best of success and a long and happy life.

Before this Journal goes to press H. Floyd Tout, '06 will be started in life as a family man. Mr. Tout was president of the pioneer graduating class from the Polytechnic. He was president of his class, president of the athletic association and editor of the Journal and one of our star debaters. We hope that his family life will be happy and that he will meet with no reverses.

New rules of hygiene propounded by Freshman Note books:—A person should eat slowly so as to domesticate his food well. To fast eating causes interjection. If a person starts out responded he shall die responded.

The average temperature of a moral body is 98.6.

There are many organic functions of the body. They are maintained in their long divisions.

For good health avoid assimilation of food in childhood.

People that are little breathers are when broke when they run.

Many a college champion has gone broke by holding his breath.

Most children reach futurity with the laws of health.

Judd's favorite song when he found out that his father had paid his board bill:—"Father and Mother pay all the bills and we have all the fun."
It is the break of the day. The grey shroud of mist wavers as though the valley has just begun to wake. Then up rises the sun, and across the plain I see a sullen host of Evil and Ignorance firmly arrayed. Their black banner of the skull and crossbones waves heavily and ominously. Then there comes, clear and bold, the sound of a trumpet and soon a band of men emerges out of a forest beyond. For a short space it stops; it reforms; and lo, from within appears the chief! His banner is of "the strange device, Excelsior!" Upon his head shines the golden helmet of genius. His impenetrable armor, Knowledge, is wrought of steel. He rides on a prancing charger, activity; and he waves his sword of science high over his head. Never saw I a figure so gallant, stout, and agile as he. He looks a man to lead—a man to fight.

Now the battle begins; he rushes at the head of his men; the deadly missiles fall around him thick as rain. Then his men falter; he turns back to encourage them, when, alas, a poisonous arrow finds its way through the seam of the armor over his side, and he falls dead, crimson in his own blood! But is he really dead? No, look how his men fight. As if by magic each one of them has been transformed into himself! Charge, on, charge! Then, victory, sure! Aye, warrior chief, may thou rest! Ever a drop of thy noble blood has not been split in vain. Thy image so deeply enshrined in the hearts of thy men shall live forever and shall lead them toward the betterment of the world, for which thou hast fallen.

E. K. '08.
We are sorry that our exchanges are not gotten off earlier but at times it seems difficult to do so. Our Journal is supposed to come out on the fifteenth of each month but it is usually four or five days later before it really goes on sale. One thing which makes it bad for the exchange editor is the loss of last years exchange list. However, we hope to get you all in by the first of the year and have as large an exchange list as last year.

For some reason our number of exchanges this month is rather small but we hope that it will be larger next issue.

The Cardinal and White is true to its colors which is easily seen by the cover. Your paper is neat and the quality of your paper shows that someone has worked.

The reading matter in the Argus is good and your cover design is excellent. The stories are long and their originality is evident. We may criticize quite strongly ourselves but we think that your criticism are perhaps a little too pointed.

The Throop Polytechnic from Pasadena reached us in fine shape and is a fine paper though for a school of your size and standing we think your paper might be larger. Your cover design was neat and appropriate.

The High School Folio has some good things in it especially in the line of jokes. We think that your paper would be more attractive if the size of the pages were cut down and you would have an occasional cut. When your paper reached us the edges were torn and ragged.

The Sacramento Review is a fine paper and is worthy of a great deal of praise. We think that if you had a little more reading matter besides the special department that your paper would be better. Your cartoons are a feature of your paper and are to be commended.

The Tocsin from Santa Clara is always good and we enjoy reading your stories very much. The little cuts in the corners of the pages are very neat and add to the attractiveness of your paper.

The Porcupine is the last exchange to arrive. Your stories are good and show that the student body is back of your paper. You also have some enviable records in track athletics as some of them are close to coast interscholastic records.

Our exchanges this month are as a whole very good and need no criticism. We hope to see criticisms about our Journal in our exchanges so that we may be able to correct mistakes and make improvements.
Saturday evening, Nov. 16, '07, a reception was given in honor of the basket ball girls by the boys of this school, in the Assembly Hall. Dancing was enjoyed throughout the evening, St. Clair's orchestra furnishing the music. Punch was served to the thirsty ones.

On the evening of Nov. 22, a reception was given by Dr. Anderson to the members of the Junior and Senior class at his beautiful home on Mills street. A program consisting of songs, recitations and musical numbers, was rendered. Games were indulged in and a few lucky ones carried off handsome prizes. Dainty refreshments of coffee parfaite and cake were served during which toast were given. Both the Junior and Senior classes were well represented and before the evening was over all had agreed that Dr. and Mrs. Anderson made charming entertainers.

The practice debates began Dec. 4, in the morning assembly. Mr. Curl opened the debate. He was followed the next morning by La Rue Watson and Earl Campbell

Mr. Condit has finished his lectures on Washington and we have returned home with but fifteen cents to our credit in the treasury. His last talk was very interesting and we all heartily agree that we had a very pleasant trip.

Teacher in English class:—“Clara can you tell us about the beginning of the Trojan War?”

Clara being absent minded at the time the reading was going on replied:—“I believe I was absent the day we had that.”

Teacher:—“Well, I just finished reading it.”

Clara very much surprised:—“Oh!”

Ask J. D. Stetson if he enjoys his midnight strolls.

Willoughby says his favorite fruit is the Cherry.

Why does Rachael R. cry when she hears the song “The Bullfrog and the Coon?”

Tilton at the Basket Ball girl’s dance:—“Don’t you think she is pretty?”

Drouguard:—“How are we going to get rid of old maid?”

Mary C.:—“Marry them.”

Mr. Pearson (in freehand drawing room about one hundred times a day) —“Draw it just as you see it.”
This month athletics are very limited. The girls and boys have played their final games of basket ball. The season of base ball was opened in an informal way, on Thanksgiving morning by the Agriculturists and Mechanics.

The girls played their final game of basket ball with Santa Maria, on Nov. 16 on the home grounds. It was a very exciting game. At the end of the first half the score was 2 to 6. At the beginning of the second half the Santa Maria team put in a new player, but little good it did. Our girls got together and played all around their opponents and at the end had the long end of the score 12 to 4.

The line-up was: Polytechnic, Livia Storni, captain; Rachael Gould, F; Hazel Griffith and Alma Miossi centers and Grace Tout and Rachael Ramage, guards.

In the following Saturday the boys journeyed to Santa Maria to win their final victory and became champions of the league. The game from beginning to end was in favor of the Polytechnic. The players remained cool and showed their advantage in team work over their opponents. The points made by each team are: Polytechnic, Ernest Curtis F 13; Geo. Hopkins, F 11; Roy Smith, Cap. 6; Geo. Buck and Leo Manning, guards.

Santa Maria: R. Deyer, cap.; E. Bryant, F. 3; C. Cooper, F. 2; S. McFadden and L. Valenula, guards. Total: Polytechnic 30, Santa Maria 5.

Base Ball.

Thanksgiving morning witnessed an exciting game of base ball between the picked teams of Agriculturists and Mechanics. The Mechanics showed their superiority in batting and fielding, and particularly in pitching. Geo. Buck the pitcher for the Freshmen last year showed marked improvement in his delivery. At the close of the ninth inning the score was 14 to 10 in favor of the Mechanics.

Mechanics:
F. Walbridge, Catcher
Geo. Buck, Pitcher
J. Pederson, 1st Base
A. Dixon, 2nd Base
R. Whitmore, 3rd Base
C. Young, Short Stop
G. Hopkins, C. Field
A. Anderson, L. Field
E. Fiedler, R. Field

Agriculturists:
R. Smith, Catcher
A. Kennedy, Pitcher
L. McDowell, 1st Base
E. Curtis, 2nd Base
A. Dixon, 3rd Base
J. Willoughby, Short Stop
E. Campbell, R. Field
L. Manning, C. Field
E. Murphy, L. Field

Do you hear the ocean groaning,
Moaning, soft and low?
That is only Fat Matasci
Stepping on its undertoe.
Found.
In Prof. Joplin's room two bone hair pins. The owner will please apply at room 5 of the Faeh's Hotel.

Lost.
One Keen Edge Safety Razor. The finder will please return to Mr. Pease.

Wanted.
A little girl, just my size.

Edwin Pearce.

Miss Richardson knew what she was about when she said Mr. Tavenner would have to "say the word."

A. C. D. to instructor:—How long do these holidays last?
Valentine D. (butting in):—"All day."

La Rue:—"I wish some-one would sit on that chair in front of me. I want to put my feet on it and it needs some kind of an anchor."
Mary C.:—"Your own feet are anchor enough."

Mr. Edwards in Chem. class: —"Mr. Judd how do you name salts of an acid, whose ending is oui?"
Judd:—"ing pronouncing distinctly."

Clara S.:—"Edward give me those kisses."
Edward:—"I won't do it."

Sherman Y. relating his experiences at sea to Rachael G.:—"When I finish in two years I am going back again to sea."
Rachael G.:—"Oh, I wish I could go to sea!"
Sherman Y.:—"Engineers are not allowed to take their wives."

Rachael R. in Chem. Lab.:—"Moony want you come and kiss me good-bye? They won't any of them kiss me."
Sherman Y.:—"I will."

For Pointers go to Valenti D.

Chas. Y. in English class:—"When Ivanhoe and Sir Brian began to scrap——"
Miss R. Boys:—"You must cut out the use of slang in class."

Curl to a friend in Arch. Drawing class:—"I don't want a seven roomed house."
The Friend:—"Do you think Clara will be satisfied with a smaller one."
Curl:—"She will have to be if I have anything to say about it."
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