THE VOICES OF NATURE.

BY LARUE C. WATSON.

1
Is there anyone who has never felt
The pulsing throb or nature,
Who has never thot of this beautiful
world
As a great God-painted picture,
Who has never thrilled with a joy
supreme
As he trod the springy soil
And thot after all that life was a song
Instead of mere grinding toil?

2
I love to look at the mountains grand
Heapt up in their rugged estate;
They make me think of a power subl-
ing
And tell me that God is great.
As we gaze with awe at the towering
steeps
Our soul is lifted on high
And we breath fresh strength from the
mounts as they stand
Pointing the way to the sky.

3
I have wandered at night on the ocean
strand
When the clouds were thick o'er head,
And the wind rush'd on thru the
black'ning mass
Which the Storm King around me
spread:
And all I could hear was the booming
surf
As the roaring waves dashed high,
But the Master of storms as I tar-
ried there
Made me conscious that he was nigh.

4
The rolling meadows, the woodland
Tell us of peace eternal,
And our minds are freed from their
load of care
As we look on a landscape vernal.
The rippling brook, as it flows at our
feet
And waters the grass by the way,
Reminds us that service is noble
and blest
When living for Him day by day.

5
The products of man in their might-
lest form
Can never compare with nature:
The greatest machinery that man ever
made
Is inferior to God's smallest creature.
What music more joyous in all the
wide world
Than the meadow lark's soul-thrilling
lay:
What picture more rare in the realm
of all art
Than the sunset which closes each
day.

6
Yes, God is great, for he maketh all
things
By the power of his almighty word,
And he ruleth the world with the
tenderest care,
Whether mountain or tree or bird.
He careth for these, then why should
not we
Cast away all our doubt and our fear
When we have a Father so great and
so good
And one who is ever so near.
A Baseball Hero

This game was the deciding one of the series and many baseball fanatics were looking forward to it with interest. Our antagonists had succeeded in winning the required four games as had also our team.

We were determined to win this game above all, as it placed the league championship in either their hands or ours.

Everything was promising well in practice, and we were confident of victory. But three days before the game our pitcher was taken sick and unable to perform in the box. This unforeseen misfortune disheartened the boys almost to despair, as he was the only player capable of holding down that position with due credit to the team.

Everybody was dubious as to the outcome of the contest up to the morning before the game was to be played, and then a new light was thrown on the situation through the discovery of a freshman pitcher who claimed to have played before. This delightfully unexpected, as he had kept out of athletics up to this time.

The day for the game was ideal, and inspired our nine men more than ever with a vigor and a vim that kept them alert during the progress of the game.

The visiting team was prepared for the ordeal as fully as we, and were ready for anything. Fortunately we won the toss and wisely chose outs.

The game began with our new pitcher in the box. His fine action won us from the start, and we could see a promising twirler in him. The first man made a safe hit. The next fanned, but the third hit an infield fly which was doubled up, retiring the visiting team for the first half of the first inning.

Our men went down one, two, three, in regular order, which didn't add much hope to the situation.

The pitcher of the other side came up first and he made first on the erroneous playing of our short stop. The following two men were walked, filling the bases. The man now at the bat was known to be a heavy hitter, and so he proved by planting the ball in left field, scoring a home run. The score was now four to nothing against us.

We went down one, two, but not three, for one of our men broke the monotony by scoring a three-bagger, and the next one evened up by making a home run. The score was still against us four to two. Neither side scored for six innings and it was practically a contest between the two twirlers.

At the beginning of the ninth our opponents were making ready to raise the score, but narry did they touch the twirling sphere that flew by so fast only to hit with a thud into the catcher's mit in the form of a strike.

Now came our last stand to even up or win. Our exceptionally good batters fortunately were up first. One safe hit, another, and another. The bases were filled. It was evident that the pitcher was getting rattled. The crowd was giving way to its restlessness by cheering. Our already "hero" came to the bat. He had fanned twice of three times to the bat, but the crowd rang forth voluntarily with three rousing cheers, and at this moment the crowd was hushed as smash went the ball over the fence beyond
reach of the fielders, and a home run was scored. Five to four.

We had won! and were undoubtedly the champions of the league. Our lanky, farmery-looking fellow was no longer cast in the shadows, but was pronounced the hero of the day, and was carried off the grounds holstered on the shoulders of the other players.

G. A. T., JR., '09.

Vignettes

THE CANON STREAM

The running of a stream could be heard near at hand. I walked in that direction and soon saw a small brook with sparkling water running down its rocky bed. Lying halfway across the stream was the decaying and weatherbeaten trunk of a fallen tree and at the other end could be seen the upturned, spiderlike roots, all twisted and gnarled. Scattered here and there about the stream were many trees shading the water except in a few patches where the sun, victorious in his search, had found an open space in the many branches and had cast her glistening trademark there. On the banks could be seen a mat of creeping and tangled vines and here and there a stray tiger lily or clumps of wild azalias. Following along the stream a ways I came to where the water formed a small cascade in leaping from rock to rock in its downward flight. It finally reached the bottom and gurgling up from the foot of the rocks, sped onward, seeming to be happy in its own being.

I. F. D., '09.

A COUNTRY STORE

At the cross roads in a little valley is situated this wonderful little department store. The first thing that catches your eye are some big tobacco signs which take up all one side of the structure. As you draw near a half fed dog crawls out from under it and gives warning of your approach, then his duty being done he seeks the shade of some drought stricken trees which ornament the back ground.

On entering the store your first impression is that it is a huge rat's nest, for sacks of goods are stored in the corner, paper scattered on the floor and possibly a pile red beans in the corner where they have dropped from a sack which the mice have gnawed.

When you reach the counter the clerk begins scratching his head pondering whether or not he will have any of the goods you want. He gazes over your order checking up the things he has and says the rest of the things you wanted are on the way and by rights ought to be here now.

As he stumbles over a box in putting up your order, out crawls an old cat which has had a nice warm in the box of dried peaches. She looks around and makes a jump at a mouse coming out of a sack of raisins, but failing in the attempt to catch him, climbs up on the shelf and begins eating a ham.

After putting up about half the goods you want, the clerk comes smiling back to the counter and asks if there is anything else he can do for you. If you pay cash he will give you a "red top" stogy cigar and ask if there's anything else in the tobacco line you want, for that is his principle stock.

H. L. R., '09.
The Senior Girls

On Monday and Tuesday afternoons
The Senior girls don their aprons white,
And soon by the clatter of knives and spoons
You'll know they are doing things up right.

Although in the class there are but five
There's not one that's backward or slow,
And if after a treat you're still alive
You'll admit they can handle dough.

The first on the list is Ida B.
Renowned as a cook, and dishwasher fine;
If you don't think so, just come and see,
And maybe she'll ask you to stop and dine.

Next comes Mary, wise as an owl,
Ask any Senior and they will say so.
Although very studious, she's jolly and gay
Especially when flirting with dear Romeo.

Though so small in size, we have an old maid,
Famous for beauty, and graceful too.
Up in her studies, with no blue days
Is Ruth Gould. Don't it seem so to you?

Now then for Livia, who makes us all laugh,
And I know there are others who want to know
Why she shivers and dreads these mornings so cold,
And yet is quite happy when she is near Snow!

Next, and last is Clara the wise,
A noted historian and botanist, she.
Seems to be troubled and can't quite decide
Which one she wants, a C. or a D.

Thus ends the story of five little girls
Who're going to leave you next June.
And if you don't like it, just find the one
Who wrote this—I'm sure though it won't be soon!

For all information as to the proper dress for gentlemen, kindly consult me.

Mr. Valente Frank Dolcini.
(The College Sport.)

Higgins wants to know who invented Algebra.

Well in Botany: Don't sycamores have bulbs in the axils of the leaves?
Domestic Science

TONICS AND STIMULANTS

Power to do work and to think is made in our bodies by what we eat. We can get the most out of it by obeying nature’s rules, or we can force ourselves to do more work by the use of tonics and stimulants. But while the use of tonics and stimulants enable one to do more work for a time it soon uses up the reserve force of the body. The careless use of stimulants is like pouring kerosene on a fire, it may save time but at the expense of a life. Stimulants and tonics have their use at rare intervals and in emergencies. But in most cases eating proper food and staying out of doors does more good than a “tonic” to “tone up” the system.

The need of a tonic is often brought on by wrong habits of living. The bad feeling may start in a cold or it may be caused by over-eating or eating bad food. In some way the digestion becomes weak and needs strengthening. In many cases going without food a few hours or eating very little and drinking plenty of hot water or a day spent in bed would bring matters all right. Often a change of food is the best tonic. Sometimes over strain in business or social life seems to call for a tonic. If this strain is followed by a period of moderation or rest no harm is done, but if the strain is long continued there is no opportunity for recuperation and the energies flag. In this case resort is had to tonics and bitters as a ready means of calling out the reserves that are stored up in us. But these reserved vital forces have their limits and he who recklessly draws upon them soon finds himself a physical bankrupt. This is one of the dangers of stimulants. Another great danger in using tonics, stimulants and bitters is the danger of forming a habit, of creating an appetite with an intense craving for these stimulants and narcotics, which in itself is a disease and a cause of disease. The one safe rule in regard to all drugs, tonics and stimulants is to avoid them except under the advice of a competent physician.

Tea and coffee are not foods but are mild stimulants which in time impair the action of the stomach. The greatest harm done by these drinks is, that while they are not foods they relieve the feeling of hunger and prevent the taking of real food. Children should not know the taste of these drinks. Water at the ordinary temperatures is the best drink for them.

What helps one person may not help another but the tonic which helps every one is fresh air, the best restorative, sleep and the best stimulant, exercise.
The Polytechnic Journal

EDITORIAL STAFF
Ernest W. Curtis—Editor-in-Chief.
Ruth Gould,
E. Earl Campbell,—Associate Editors.
Hertha Schultz—Exchanges.
George A. Tilton—Staff Artist.
Hazel Griffith—Social Editor.
George Hopkins—Athletics.
Lee McDowell—Jokes.
J. Roy Smith—Business Manager.
Edw. J. Berringer—Faculty Advisor.

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Editorials

At a recent meeting of the editorial staff a new position was created in the staff, that of staff artist. In appreciation of his former services Mr. George Tilton was appointed to fill the position. Miss Hertha Schultz has also been appointed exchange editor to fill the vacancy left by Miss Grace Tout.

A new ruling has been made by the faculty for eligibility for athletics. The new rule makes any student who has an average of 75 in all studies, but has one or more subjects below 70, eligible, or if he has an average of 70 or above, with no subject below 70, he is eligible to represent Polytechnic on the athletic field. Under the old ruling 70 per cent of the freshman boys were barred from athletics.

Mr. Frank Aston has been taking a series of pictures around the school lately, some of which will be used in getting out the new catalogue. The pictures will be in the form of post cards, and will form a set which every Polytechnic student should own.

A View from the Bluffs

You were probably out on the plains leading to the mountains to gather wildflowers and were frightened on discovering yourself on the edge of some high bluffs. The gradual uphill climb had obscured this view entirely and you were held spellbound by this unexpected and beautiful sight.

The green shrubbery that almost hid the river followed the winding base of the bluffs. The easy rolling hills beyond were dotted with oil derricks for miles around—singly and in groups—some in full view, others partly obscured. The eye was eased by the appearance now and then, of a house surrounded by tall green trees. Black, rolling clouds of smoke could be seen rising from behind the hills in different parts of the oil fields. The river as it descended into the open country made a distinct winding path to the horizon.

G. A. T., '09.

Duffy to Friend: “Say, are you going to the dance tonight?”
Friend: “No, I guess I won’t.”
Duffy: “O, come on, you’d better go.”
Friend: “What makes you so anxious to have me go?”
Duffy, after a pause: “I don’t know where she lives and I want you to come and show me the place. I’ve got her address. It is 1530 Santa Rosa St., but I am afraid I can’t find her house.”

Well, the Friend finally consented to show Duffy the way, and he was at the dance all in smiles.

Doc Pierce in Physics Lab.: “Where is the place for the water in this hot-air engine?”
Owing to the absence of the exchange editor and the necessity of appointing a new editor, the exchange department has been in an unsettled state for some time, but in the future we hope to do better.

We welcome for the first time the "Baby of Exchanges" from the Los Angeles Polytechnic High School. Your reading matter is very good, and we notice with pleasure that your school has a good many musical organizations. We hope that, as you grow older, you will grow larger and will be a source of pride to your 2,150 students.

The first on our list for January 1908 is the Toecin. You are an old and a true friend indeed. Your cover is simple and attractive. It is a good plan to scatter your joshes throughout the advertisements because then your readers will naturally have to notice some of the "ads."

The Christmas number of the Manzanita, Watsonville is an all around good paper. Your reading matter is very good, while the sketch on the front page is very attractive. Your cuts are interesting and your exchange column is well written.

The O. A. C. Barometer is another paper which we think could be improved by putting it into the book form, but for a weekly paper it is good.

The Janus is an interesting paper with a good cover. Your stories "His Valentine" and "Amy Jeans" are especially worthy of note.

We receive, with thanks, the Oriole from Campbell Union High School. It is a good plan not to deface the cover with "ads." on the back, yet why not have the front of your cover more interesting? Also have a few cuts and headings.

The Porcupine—Your josh column is good, but how could it be otherwise? You have four josh editors. We don't approve of your method of having "ads." in the front of your paper. It is best to confine them to the back.

We welcome the Argus from Tulare. Your cover design is attractive and neat. Your heading for joshes is very good, as likewise is the reading matter under the heading.

The High School Folio from Flushing High School, New York is rather large to read with comfort. Reduce your size and you will be an ideal paper.

We receive, with many thanks, the Tempe Normal School and enquire why not put your paper into book-form? It has two much the appearance of a newspaper.

We welcome The Oak of Dec., '07. Your reading matter is all good. You have a good number of stories and you are an allaround good paper. Come again.

The L. S. Gazette contains a good story "The Hand In Red." Your exchanges are short, but to the point. The Xmas design is an improvement upon your usual covers.
A leap year party was given by the girls of this school on Jan. 11, in the Assembly Hall. They took advantage of the year as soon as possible.

I don't think any of the boys were afraid of proposals, as they all turned out in goodly numbers.

A pleasant evening was enjoyed by all, the girls taking turn in furnishing the music. The Junior punch was served to the thirsty ones. The dance broke up at 11 p.m. sharp, with many rousing cheers from the boys, wishing another such dance would be given soon.

On Jan. 24, '08, Mr. Le Roy B. Smith was welcomed as our new director with a reception given by the student body and faculty of the Polytechnic School.

At 9 o'clock a program was rendered, consisting of an address by Mr. Waters, our vice-director, a reply to his address by Mr. Smith, an address by Avery Kennedy, reading by Mr. Heald, vocal solo by Mr. Condit, violin solo by Mr. Waters, vocal solo by Mr. Tavenner, reading by Mr. Condit, and last the Mystic Mirror, a tableau consisting of fifteen girls and Mr. Rubel, acting as a man looking for a wife, and Miss Secrest, as the witch. This was followed by dainty refreshments served in the drawing room.

After this all went home, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Smith future happiness and prosperity.

On the morning of Feb. 3d we gathered in the Assembly Hall to listen to an address by Prof. Joseph Wing. Prof Wing told us about a few things which make this life worth living. He told us of some of the things he had seen in this world that impressed him most. He dwelt especially on some incidents of his European trips. He also impressed upon his audience the value of knowing how to do things.
Baseball is the principle sport at present, but it will not be long until track is here. On Saturday, Feb. 1, we played a practice game with Arroyo Grande High School and were defeated by a score of 5 to 0. The result was not unexpected, as muddy grounds had kept us from practicing for nearly two weeks. The new suits were used the first time in the game with San Luis High School.

Track
The new track suits have arrived, and as soon as the track is fixed we should begin training. Our material for track is decidedly better than last year and we should be able to make a good showing. In the sprints we have Cox, Beck and Willoughby, and in the distance runs Smith, Adams, E. Curtis, Knudsen and Hopkins. For the shot we have Pezzoni again this year, with several other possibilities. As yet no hammer thrower has appeared on the scenes, but we will look for the best and hope that some will prove a good weight thrower. The pole vault will be contested by Tilton, Hopkins and Reilly; and we hope that all will be winners. McDowell is the only one who has shown up for the high jump this year, but we expect several others to try for the position. In the broad jump E. Curtis and Willoughby will contest for honors. The relay team should be exceptionally fast, as there are any number of good men to try for a place.

The track meet will be held at Polytechnic's track this year on May 9. There is a possibility, however, that we may take part in a big field meet at Santa Barbara before that time.

Tennis
During the Christmas vacation the backstops for the girls' tennis court were erected, but as yet the grounds have not been put in shape. If the girls wish the court put in shape they should agitate the matter a little and before many days go by the court would be cleaned and in condition to play on. The boys' court has been moved slightly and plans have been made to make a double court with one set of backstops. This will be a great improvement over the old court.

Baseball
Saturday afternoon occurred the first league game of baseball of the season in this city.

The teams of the local High school and the California Polytechnic crossed bats on the Ramona grounds, and Polytechnic won by a score of 9 to 1. It was a good clean game throughout. Polytechnic secured the lead from the
first and maintained it throughout the game.

The Polytechnic boys started the scoring in the first inning, when with two outs McDowell got a good single. He stole second and scored on Methwin's two-bagger.

High school scored their only run on an error by Curtis, second baseman for the Polys, in the second inning, Stewart being the High school's lucky man.

The Polytechnic team put two runs to the good in the third inning, and the score remained three to one until the eighth inning, when the High school went to pieces and the Polytechnic scored six times.

With the bases full and no outs Wayland walked Murphy and forced in one run. At no time did the High school endanger Polytechnic's lead. Murphy, pitcher for Polytechnic, fanned eight men as did also Wayland for the High school.

The line-up was as follows:

Polytechnic |
---
Capt. Murphy | Wayland
1B McDowell | Gragg
2B Curtis | O'Sullivan
3B Buck | Smith
SS Walbridge | Smith
CF Stewart | Cox
RF Tilton | Dart
LF Fiedler |
CF O'Sullivan |
RF Tilton |
CF Methvin |
RF Tilton |
C Cox |
Umpire—W. W. Routzahn.

**Poverty**

It was a little old weatherbeaten shack squatted down between two bare hills. Its sides had once been whitewashed but it must have been many years ago, judging from the appearance of it now. The shakes on the roof, which was bowed in the middle, were all turned up to the weather and tinged green with moss. There was one dilapidated window in the front of the house. An old hat was stuffed into one of the broken panes to keep out the wind that raged up and down the canon from morning till night. Through another broken pane projected a piece of rusty stove pipe that turned up at the end. In the half open door stood an old grey headed negro trying to tune up a banjo almost as aged as himself. His beard was gnarled and grizzly, probably never having felt the touch of a razor. He wore a red flannel shirt that was minus half a sleeve and all the buttons. Out of the bottoms of his overalls, that were white with age, projected an exceedingly large pair of shoes, that had more than lasted their time.

F. H. W., '09.

Clerk in store to innocent-looking Clara as she leaves: "Here, little girl, is a box to put your doll clothes in."

Clara at school next day: "I am afraid they will give me a teething ring if I go back."

Campbell: "There is a piano tuner in town that has a pretty nifty wife." That is a strange remark for a man in Campbell's position.

John G. in Dairy Lab.: "Is this a laundry?"

Student: "I'll bet he is a mechanic."
Freshman to Senior: "Which should I say, 'My boy Henry laid an egg on the table,' or 'My boy Henry placed an egg on the table?''

Senior, impatiently: "Well, if you want something to crow over, and he is that kind of a Henry, let him say it on the table—if he can; otherwise have him place it there."

One, two, three!
Who are we?
We are Seniors of the Polyee.
That's no lie,
That's no bluff;
We are Seniors and we're the stuff!

Miss Chase, in English: "Clara, what was the Captain's favorite pet?"
Diana, in a whisper: "A pig, a pig."
Clara: "An owl."
Miss Chase: "You must have been sleepy when you read this."

The latest song: "What is Home Without Sherman?" Published by Miss Rachael G. We all knew Miss G. was brilliant, but did not suppose she was equal to anything like this.

Ida: "Clara, you have some pencil marks on your neck."
Clara: "Which one?"
We wonder how many necks she has.

**Monday, in Chemistry**

From twelve until the hour of one,
Not a soul in the hall you'll find,
But when the clock says after one,
Then I bet you change your mind.

The boys come first with a sweeping rush,
Jolting the loafers aside
While far behind with downcast eyes,
Come the girls side by side.

But when In the Lab., oh my poor ears,
Its hard to tell which is worst;
For its giggling here and hollering there
'Till you think your head will burst.

The girls with lots of hints and help
The right experiments manage to hit,
But ask if they'll graduate in '09
And the answer'll be, "I guess not."

In the fartherest corner of the room
Is where the boys do yell,
For its get the sodium and potassium quick
And bring 'long some H. Cl.

Oh my friends, let this be a warning,
If a visit here you seek,
Let it be on a Wednesday or Friday,
But oh! not the first day of the week. Chemist, '09.
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W. C. DeNise
798 Monterey Street  San Luis Obispo