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A BIT OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

As the train pulled slowly up to the platform of the small southern station of Patterson, I swung from the steps of the rear car with my suitcase in my hand.

As I expected no one to meet me, I turned directly to an expectant looking old colored man standing near me, whom I judged to be the driver of one of the three ramshackle vehicles which were drawn up to the platform. Wishing to escape from the heat of the summer afternoon as soon as possible, I soon made a bargain with this ancient Jehu to convey me to the town which was at some distance from the railroad.

After an unpleasant half hour's drive through the hot Georgian sun we reached the town proper, which consisted chiefly of a typical southern hotel, three stores, a church and a scattering of houses. Paying my driver and being deposited in front of the hostelry, I entered the front door without so much as seeing a soul.

After a strenuous effort, I managed to arouse a sleepy-looking clerk who seemed surprised to see a customer. Nevertheless, with a hospitable southern manner, he soon made me feel welcome, and after a few remarks showed me a room, which was poor enough, but which he assured me was their best.

After being left alone I set about arranging my few belongings and making the room more habitable. This done I sat down to consider my program.

My presence in this little out of the way town was due to a little matter of scientific investigation. I had been sent down to this locality by the American Society of Psychical Research to run to earth an alleged apparition, which, rumor stated, had been frequenting a certain section of country and frightening several people. It was claimed that men of sound reputation had attempted an investigation, but declared themselves baffled.

I disposed of the subject by declaring that it was as usual an overindulged case of imagination, but it was persisted that this was no fake. I was much surprised, some days later, to receive an order from the Society to proceed to investigate, and either to uncover and stop the
mystery or to advance some plausible theory. Several newspaper clippings were enclosed, also some explicit directions for procedure, maps, etc. I had immediately come to Patterson.

After eating supper in the dining room of the hotel, with the clerk as company, I sat on the front porch smoking and studying my directions and locations until I had them perfectly “pat” and felt I could travel all over Patterson and the surrounding country after dark.

I did not make the cause of my presence known to any one, as I wished to work unhindered. That night after all the lights were out I left the hotel without interference and made my way slowly through the streets and out to a small country road that led eastward to a rather heavily timbered section.

The night was warm and comfortable. There was no moon, but the stars made sufficient light to make walking easy.

After walking about an hour, I reached a section of the road that led through a particularly dense portion of forest and here it was I knew my investigation commenced.

As my business leads me into all kinds of uncanny places I have become practically proof against ghost frights, never having known one to originate from other than a fake.

After entering this dark strip of woods for some way, I stopped, felt around in the dark for a comfortable place to rest, and after finding one, lay down.

The air was still pleasantly warm and there was no danger from exposure, so I made myself perfectly comfortable and prepared to enjoy a few quiet hours. I had supposed when I laid down that I was sufficiently wide awake to keep from sleeping on duty, but such must not have been the case, for I am sure I must have dozed. At any rate I remember sitting up suddenly with a strong impression of some one being near. I also remember feeling the warm night wind on my face, but I myself was frozen with a cold, clammy sweat.

I jumped to my feet reaching spasmodically for a pistol which I always carried. As yet I had seen nothing, but the chilly sweat of intense fear increased. I swung around square on my tracks to see if the cause of my strange fear was behind me.

I stood in this position for a long moment, seeing nothing, and then slowly, directly before me, and it seemed only a few feet away, arose a shape of I knew not what. It resolved itself out of nothing.

It was large and had the outlines of a human shape. It was of a bluish white color and appeared to shed a light from around it. Its nearness appalled me. For the first time in my professional career, I felt true fear. My hair rose slowly on end.

I stood paralyzed. I felt as if I could not move a muscle,—and then that ghostly thing began to glide slowly towards me. I made a fearful effort to shout. My lips moved without sound.

As I gazed, terror stricken, on this phantom which was slowly advancing on me, features began to define themselves on its face, until I was aware that I gazed on the ghost of an old enemy of mine—one long since dead.

O, heavens, I must escape, I must not stand rooted like this! I made a superhuman effort to move. Suddenly my powers returned and frantic with terror I dashed at my tormentor, attempting to grapple with him. A sardonic smile appeared on the ghostly face.
Then I must have lost my reason, for an unnatural frenzy seized me. I lunged forward, exerting all my strength. I threw out my arms expecting to tackle a tangible form.

My arms closed on—nothing! I'll swear it, yes I'll swear there was nothing there!

I must have fallen forward on my face in a faint, for the next I remember I was in bed with attending nurses and doctors.

I was not allowed to talk, but later was told that I had been unconscious four days. When I was able to leave my bed, I happened to glance in a mirror. I was petrified with astonishment, for I beheld in that glass a person with silvery hair.

M. N. Y.

THE FIRE.

It was a cold stormy night in November. An occasional pedestrian, bundled like a mummy, hurried by Engine House No. 33. A light burned low. No horses snorted in their stalls and save for a buzz in the battery of signals on the wall telling of an alarm in a distant part of the city, all was still. A bronze gong mounted among the other signals had power to galvanize into life this seemingly empty establishment, but it was silent. Overhead, men were sleeping, half dressed in readiness for action. Below, the powerful auto-engines, pride of the city and of house No. 33, were also ready for action.

Suddenly the crash of the gong was heard. At the first tap men rolled from their cots, reaching for their outer garments. Ten seconds later and they were sliding down the poles. O'Grady felt for a switch key and jumped to the wheel of engine 5, his particular pride. A raw recruit ran to the starting crank, but in his excitement succeeded only in barking the skin from his knuckles. With a muttered curse the sergeant pushed him aside and the engine responded to his efforts with a roar. Men were rushing everywhere in apparent confusion, but each with a definite duty. As they hurried into rubber hats and coats they grumbled as firemen will, calling down the wrath of the gods on fire, weather and themselves.

With a grinding of gears and a huge cloud of smoke, the heavy engine lumbered out of the door and, gathering momentum, hurtled down the street. It was instantly followed by hose and ladder wagons, each with a crew of men.

At the wheel of No. 5 O'Grady was having a warm time, in spite of the freezing temperature. The heavy engine skidded dangerously, but being built with low center of gravity, it fortunately remained upright.

On the ladder wagon the men were discussing the location. "Plug 90," said one, "that will be the Jew clothing store next the corner." "Aye," replied another, "or the Jew lodging house overhead that we put out four times in the last six months, with never enough evidence to convict, curse him." "There's a new Dago eating house in that block," volunteered a third. "It's right next to the paint and oil store, too." "Lord save us from a job like that on such a night as this," was the universal comment.

In a remarkably short time No. 5 reached the fire and was connected with the plug nearly fifteen seconds before the hose wagon ar-
rived, to the small satisfaction of O'Grady. "Begorra" he remarked, "the likes of that Mick a-drivin' a w-a-agon! He's fast enough to punch cows in an auto."

Without stopping, a man on the hose wagon threw one end of a hose to the engine and proceeded to the end of the block then turned and laid another hose back again, as No. 5 was capable of throwing two streams.

The worst was realized. A careless cook and a blazing restaurant were likely to have serious results. The fire spread rapidly to the buildings on each side. In one, a grocery store, the fire was soon under control, but the paint and oil shop was not so easily coped with.

On the other side of the oil house was a large tenement, one of the few fire traps left in New York. Heroic efforts were necessary to save it. The paint house was a four story brick building with the greater part of the oils stored in the basement and the third floor. The basement was broken into from the sidewalk and flooded with water before the fire reached it. There were now three engine companies on the ground, but the ladder wagon had not arrived.

The ladder wagon, while not as long as the old style horse-drawn vehicle, was at best a difficult thing to handle. In turning a corner the car skidded on the icy pavement, and swerved into the curb. Luckily it did not turn over, but a hind wheel was smashed. A change of wheels occupied but a few moments and soon after the wagon was at the scene of fire. The few minutes' delay were sufficient to give the fire an advantage, and by the time ladders were in place, the oil store house was seething with flames. Still the men pluckily stuck to their hose, with the flames from the windows belching in their very faces. At last the wall nearest the restaurant partly fell and as it was feared that the front would soon go, men and ladders were hastily withdrawn.

As nozzleman of hose No. 2, Engine 5, wearily descended from the ladder, he was startled by a cry. It was scarcely audible above the roar of flames, but was repeated frequently. He hurried to the ground and anxiously scanned the tenement walls. His blood froze with horror for in a window on the fifth story of the tenement stood a little child, pitifully extending its little arms for help.

The front of the building was blazing briskly and all persons were supposed to be out.

This nozzleman decided on a desperate course that filled the newspapers with the name of "Green" for several days. With a whispered permission from the chief, he wound a length of line about his life belt and taking a short ladder, he hurried to the fire escape of the doomed building. As he placed his ladder and mounted rapidly, the flames clutched his clothing, but up he climbed with desperate energy. The heated fire escape scorched his hands and feet until he reached the fourth story. At the fifth the air without was fairly clear, but as he peered through the window he saw the sable clouds of smoke eddying through the hall. As he paused for breath a muffled cheer reached him from the crews below.

He now tied a wet handkerchief over his face and prepared for the hardest trial. Vaulting through the window he crept swiftly down the hall hugging the floor to breathe the purer air. Then he began to try the rooms. They all stood open, the tenants fled, until at last he
reached a door that refused to open. Listening intently he knew he was at the right door. Tightly pressing the handkerchief to his mouth and nose he rose to his feet and fell against the door with his full weight.

The door flew open and he staggered into a room of slightly clearer atmosphere. Hastily he slammed the door and sank into a chair. Almost at once he recovered, and seizing the boy, bound his face and mouth with strips from a sheet moistened with water from a pitcher that stood in a corner. He dampered his own handkerchief and throwing the boy on his back opened the door and started to return. To his dismay he found the fire had crept up the stairs and cut off his retreat. His line was not long enough to reach the ground. He retreated to the room and setting down the boy paused to think. A four story concrete building stood on the other side of the tenement, and from a window, by means of his rope, he could probably reach the roof. He rushed across the hall only to find that the windows all opened on a light well, from which he could not reach the other building. From the boy he learned of a rear staircase and picking him up he hurried to the top floor with the flames in swift pursuit. A ladder communicated with a trap door in the roof. Up this ladder the now fast weakening Green, painfully climbed. The trap door was battened fast. Passing his life belt through a rung and bidding the lad hold fast, he attacked it with his hand axe. A few blows forced an opening through which he passed the boy and followed to the roof. Here he was obliged to rest, although wisps of smoke were rising from the shingles.

He now unwound the stout line from his waist and fastened one end securely to a sewer pipe. He passed the other end through the thumb brake on his life belt and carefully lowered himself with the boy on his shoulders over the side. When he reached the level of the other roof he applied the brake and found to his agony that the roof was just out of reach. Do what he could his frenzied fingers fanned the air a few inches from the goal. He now began to address the boy who clung to him in frantic fear. Much persuasion was necessary to get the lad to stand upon his shoulders while grasping the rope. Green then turned his face to the wall and by bracing with his feet and hands extended his body as near the other roof as possible. He then bade the lad jump to the roof of the other building, which was protected from the fire both by its construction of concrete and by the water from the engenes. The lad made the jump safely and at once hurried to the street where aid was secured. It was a simple task to throw a noose over the now unconscious man's shoulders and draw him to safety. Less than half an hour later the walls of the ill-fated building fell, and before morning the presses of the great papers were printing the story of a fire and an heroic rescue. M. C. '13.
On Saturday March 18, the Freshmen and Juniors played a class game of base ball. The game started off with a rush and showed much class rivalry. There was some very good playing on both sides. George pitched a good game for the Freshmen, but at times had very poor support which lost the game for the Freshmen.

McArthur pitched a good game for the Juniors and had fairly good support all during the game.

Until the fifth inning, it looked as though the Freshmen had things all their own way, but in the fifth the Juniors started a rally and made six runs.

The Freshmen made three runs in the first and one in the second, but could not get any more. The final score was 10 to 4 in favor of the Juniors. Those who played were:

**Juniors**
- McArthur ............ Pitcher .......... George
- Shipsey .............. Third ............. Bush
- Murray ................ Short ............. Smale
- Hammaker .......... First ............... Fitzgerald
- Paul ................... Catcher ............ Ward
- Swartz .............. Right Field .......... Cooper
- Iles .................. Left Field ........... Harris
- Sommers .......... Second ................ Dyer
- Weymouth .......... Center Field ......... Righetti

On Wednesday March 22, the Seniors and Juniors played the last of the class base ball games. The Juniors won by the score of 17 to 8. The Juniors started the game by making five runs in the first inning. The Juniors played a good game all the time, while the Seniors played very ragged at times.

The three base hits by Cox were the most sensational points of the game. This gives the Juniors the most points for the class cup that was put up by the Alumni. This cup is to be held for one year by the class winning the greatest number of points in the class games.

Those who played the game were:

**Seniors**
- Flint .................. Catcher .......... Paul
- Rielly .................. Pitcher .......... McArthur
- King ................. First Base .......... Hammaker
- Cox .................... Second Base ......... Sommers
- Willoughby ............ Short Stop ........ Murray
- White ................. Third Base .......... Shipsey
- Strowbridge ........ Left Field ........... Iles
Herring .................. Center Field ............... Weymouth
Freeman .................. Right Field .................. Swartz

The Track Team is fast rounding into shape and will be ready for the Santa Barbara meet the 8th of April.

We will have a pretty fast relay team this year and should get the relay cup at Santa Barbara.

White is showing up good in the mile and Iles in the hurdles.

Willoughby, Murray and Pease are also doing well in the runs.

Flint is showing good form in the hammer.

With all the rest of the men making a good showing we should have a better team than last year.
Miss Ione Condit acted as hostess at the third series of luncheons given by the Senior Girls in Domestic Science Feb. 28. Jonquils formed an attractive center piece for the table and covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. King, Misses Willets, Palmer and Mr. Pearson.

On Thursday evening March 2, Mr. Johnson, coach for the base ball team, gave the battery an oyster supper at Mrs. Fiedler's home.

The old boys of last year had Mrs. Johnson for their guest at dinner Friday March 3, after which a pleasant evening was spent at the Boys' Dormitory. Mrs. Johnson raffled off a couch cover among the boys, Merton Weymouth holding the lucky number.

The Boys' Literary Society met in the Assembly room Saturday evening March 4th, and had an election of officers, as follows: McArthur, Pres.; Sibley, Sec.; Flint, Treas. and Pierce, Sargeant. After the regular business meeting was finished a short program was enjoyed by those present.

"The Younger Set" chaperoned by Miss Castle entertained their gentlemen friends with a "chicken feed" in the Household Arts building March 5th. Later in the evening all gathered around the grate fire, singing school songs, popping corn and toasting marshmallows.

A jolly dancing party was that given by the boys of the Dormitory to the Dormitory girls Friday evening March 10. Those who didn't care for dancing popped corn and roasted peanuts in the fire place. A most enjoyable time was had and the girls all voted the boys royal entertainers.

The Amapola Club met Friday afternoon March 17 at the Girls' Dormitory. After a short business meeting Miss Willets gave the girls a very interesting talk on Current Events. Each girl was called upon for an original poem and Florence Knights' poem was accepted as the best, receiving a handsome copy of Shakespeare's Macbeth.

The D. S. I. girls served a dainty luncheon to the Board of Trustees Saturday March 25, in the Household Arts Building. The table was
beautifully decorated with yellow violets and places were marked for Mr. and Mrs. Shipsey, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Wickson, Simpson, MacNeil and Ford.

Monday March 27, the Faculty members and their families enjoyed a tally-ho ride to Morro Beach and spent the day there. A sumptuous dinner was eaten on the beach and those who did not care for bathing, climbed Morro Rock.

The Misses McMillan and Loring have had as their house guest Miss Ruth Sawyers of Santa Barbara. Many parties, picnics and rides have been enjoyed during her stay.
We acknowledge the following exchanges previous to this issue
The Crescent—Moorhead, Minn.
The Oak—Berkeley, Cal.
The Bulletin—Montclair, N. J.
Poly High—Los Angeles, Cal.
The Herald—Holyoke, Mass.
Ye Chronicle—Pomona, Cal.
The Tyro—San Bernardino, Cal.
El Gabilan—Salinas, Cal.
The Wilmerding Life, San Francisco, Cal.
The Janus—Hanford, Cal.
The Oracle—Jacksonville, Fla.

El Gabilan—Salinas.
What splendid stories you have. Your essay on "Cattle Raising Today" was well written. We think you would have a neater journal in appearance if the cover did not overlap the main leaves, for it quickly becomes shabby looking. Your contents page is cleverly done.

Poly High—Los Angeles.
Please do not call us "San Luis Obispo High School." The Polytechnic Journal is not issued by that school. Your cartoons are all good and you certainly have a neat little book.

The Janus—Hanford, Cal.
Your cover is not as attractive as usual. What a pretty description of a meadow you have in your last issue. You have good literary talent. We think your editorial could be improved.

The Tyro—San Bernardino.
We have your Feb. and also March issues. They are both "classy" journals with interesting stories. The editorials are well written in both issues.

The Crescent—Moorhead, Mass.
Will you feel offended if we say your arrangement is poor? Please hunt up a staff artist. You have some good material in your journal, which would be taken better if cuts and better arrangement were used.

The Oracle—Jacksonville, Fla.
You have good literary talent in your school. Your jokes are spicy.

* * * *

How Others See Us.
The Polytechnic Journal—C. P. S., San Luis Obispo, Cal.
"The Day Before Christmas" is interesting to the end, as also "A
Christmas Thanksgiving." Jokes are of an inferior class, and so is the quality of paper.—(The Wilmerding Life, S. F.)

Polytechnic Journal: "Using My Imagination" is true to life. Your paper would be improved with larger headings. Only fourteen pages of literary seems so small for a school of your size. We wish you a more prosperous year.—(The Janus, Hanford.)

Polytechnic Journal of San Luis Obispo, Cal., is new on our table. It contains a number of short sketches which are well written and show a keen power of observation. By supplementing a little more imagination they might have been converted into valuable productions.
Dr. McGovern gave us an interesting lecture on personal hygiene during our Assembly period Thursday March 16.

Our Director visited in Sacramento during the week of March 13-20.

Mrs. Johnson, the former matron of the Boys' Dormitory, was here visiting from Feb. 24th to March 3. She is now in San Francisco.

"Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works" was presented in the Assembly Hall on March 16. The proceeds went to defray the expenses of the representatives from here to Pacific Grove. The play was presented by Mrs. L. B. Smith's Sunday School class.

Miss Howell and Miss Secrest wrote recently from Italy that they expected to be back in San Luis Obispo about June 1, 1911.

Mr. George Seeman of Los Angeles was here in the interests of the Y. M. C. A. and spoke to the young men of the school at 3:15 p.m., Wednesday afternoon, March 15.

The Freshmen-Junior class baseball game was played March 18.

Dr. Stover gave his final lecture of the series on personal hygiene in the Assembly Hall at 11:15 on Wednesday, March 22.

Mr. Jas. R. Willoughby and Mr. Harold Reilly were official timers at the interclass meet held by the Watsonville High School March 25. They also acted as official timers at the Dual Meet between Santa Cruz and Watsonville held at Watsonville April 1. Mr. Donald Cox was official starter for both meets.

Mr. Harold Burket, a former student, is now attending Watsonville High School and is also yell leader.

Prof. C. W. Rubel is now with the State Demonstration Agricultural train and will tour the southern part of the state.

Miss Ruth Sawyer was here from Santa Barbara during the spring vacation visiting Miss Ruth Loring and Miss Vera McMillan.
Miss C. Zoffman of San Jose was here during the spring vacation visiting Miss Chase.

The Misses Loring, McMillan and Sawyer visited Miss Leona Forbes of San Miguel for a day during the spring vacation and on their way back visited with Miss Miriam Stevens of Paso Robles for a day.

Mr. W. Perkins and Mr. A. Carranza visited in San Francisco, Modesto and Los Angeles during the vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Waters and Miss Gillet left Friday, March 24 on a fishing trip to Lopez Canyon.

Messrs. Snyder and Strawbridge and Misses Firdley and Hilliard visited Pismo Friday, March 31.

Mr. Ralph Pease and Mr. Wheeler King made a trip to Morro bay Tuesday, March 28. Not being accustomed to owing on the rough sea, a fine luncheon was spread for the delighted inhabitants of the waters.
Nine more weeks of school, and our work will be done. Many of the students do not realize what this means. It means, however, that a great amount of work is before us, both in school and in our activities.

The Journal has been published from month to month and little has been said about the work. Our paper has meant work to a few, but little to the students at large. It is now time that every one should take more interest in it; for the commencement issue is before us. More stress is laid on the last issue than all the other issues together. It means a great deal of work for the staff and the Senior class. Every student who is asked to help should do his utmost in making it a success. The student body at large should take more interest than they have in the past and work for the last issue. The Josh Box should be patronized, more stories should be handed in and those who can draw cartoons and designs should do so.

Many have been putting the work off, saying they will do something. If such is the case and the condition goes on, there will be no large issue. Now is the time to start.

Now that we are in the midst of track season, base ball seems to
be forgotten. Base ball is not over, for there are two more games to be played. The base ball men have decided to play the games off. This is somewhat of a sacrifice for the men that are out for track and on the baseball team. If these men have given their services to play base ball and still train for track, those who do neither can, at least give them their support, come to the games and boost. The games are to be played on our grounds; the receipts also will go to us. It's up to every one to take a part and boost the thing along. By playing these two games it will benefit our treasury and furthermore show the other schools that we are not quitters whether we have a chance for the rag or not.
Oh, why doesn't the pitcher pitch the ball?  
And why are the basemen base?  
Because they let the runner steal?  
Why does he slide on his face?  
How does a field muff a fly?  
Is a shortstop ever tall?  
Would the umpire call the pitcher out  
If he didn't catch the ball?  
Do they ever let the batter pitch?  
Is it fair to knock a foul?  
Does a home run count more than a bunt?  
What makes the people howl?  
Oh, isn't a pop-up simply grand,  
And a squeeze play just divine?  
But why do the men have mittens on,  
In the hot old summer time?  

Johnson—So you were at your last place four years. Why did you leave?  
Wright—I was pardoned.  
Hamaker—They say you once had a home.  
Shorty—I did.  
Hamaker—Why didn't you do something to make your folks happy?  
Shorty—I did. I left!  
Pixley—I see that Ward has a chill today.  
White—Yes, the last place he stopped at he had ale on draught.  
(And Burr got right into the draft.)  

WANTED—A room in the Girls' Dorm. Apply to Evan Harris.  

A Suggestion.  
The next time Harris goes to the Girls' Dorm, he had better move in.  

Mr. Eastman in Math.—When you add you subtract.  
Flint—So Berry is quite wealthy, is he?  
Jack—Well, in the place he came from he is worth $2000.  
Flint—How is that?  
Jack—That is what the county offered for him, dead or alive.  

Mr. Condit (pulling down map in Phys. Geog.)—'Now where will we look for the Dead Sea?
Smart Little Maudie—"Right there across from Alaska,"
Smart answer; isn’t it?

Mr. Rubel—What kind of animals get the most wheat?
Swerdfeger—Chickens.

Queer animals.

Ask "Mac" about the Santa Maria girl who put him on the train when the base ball team was down there.

Mc—Shorty, why don’t you let Burdink get out and play base ball?
Hazel—I do not stop the dear man

Mr. Edwards—What is the source of ammonia?
Mike—Thru pipes.
Edwards—Clay or meerschaum?

Why is Miss Heartt making such a close study of the Bulletin “Reading Course for Farmers’ Wives”?

Wanted to know why Miss Palmer asked Eva Heartt to make the Bride’s Cake in D. S. II Class?

T. Iles—When asked what was the matter that his clothes did not fit him, “Well,” he answered “I haven’t had enough to eat for six weeks.”

**WHY NOT?**

The verse you write
You say is written,
All rules despite,
But not despitten.
The gas you light,
Is never letten,
Suppose you speak,
Then you have spoken.
But if you sneak,
You have not snoken.
The shoes that squeak,
Have never squoken.

Des Granges (trying to sell a Journal to Murry Jr.)—Ah! Come on through. Your brother has given his away already.
Nat Brew (speaking up suddenly)—Huh! Then I won’t have to buy one.

Found in the back of one of McArthur’s books:
"Love and the kodak, the same fate envelop,
"For both in the dark room seem best to develop.”
LIST OF ADVERTISERS.

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