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Scene near Avila Beach
The Black-Haired Damsel

By F. L. T.

ONE dark, gloomy Friday afternoon as I was sitting at my desk busily engaged, Mr. Turner, the proprietor of the ranch, entered and looking cautiously around, closed and locked the door.

"Wilson," he said, "I have come here and disturbed you," something he rarely did; "because I could not possibly delay any longer. As you know, I have a large amount of business to transact in the city and must be gone about two weeks. I want you to take care of my business here on the ranch. Do you think you can?"

As it was my custom to spend Sunday in town I could not speak up at once. I hesitated, because I did not know how to answer. As I left town last Monday morning I promised Elsie that I would come again the following Sunday. But now, as I had to stay at the ranch, how could I keep my promise? I knew not what to do. Presently a knock on the door was heard and I was told by Mr. Turner to answer it. I was met by Masterman, the boss hostler, who asked if I could tell him where he could find Mr. Turner. I told him I could and called Mr. Turner to the door.

Masterman told him that Watson, one of the hostlers, had not shown up since feeding time and asked for another man. Mr. Turner told me to send Thompson to the barn to report to Masterman by five o'clock and as Masterman heard this he walked away satisfied. Mr. Turner again locked the door and seated himself near the window.

"Mr. Turner," I said, "I guess I can manage things all right. I will try to, anyhow. Is there any outside work for me to do?"

He told me there was not and said if anything should happen while he was gone, to wire him immediately. With this he arose and left the room.

He had hardly gone when I felt faint. What was I to do? I could not go to town Saturday night and I had no way to let Elsie know the circumstances. What was I to do? I could not telephone as Mrs. Turner was in the proprietor's private office and I didn't want her to hear what I had to say.

"Mr. Wilson!" I heard. Again it sounded. It seemed to come from the hall. I arose and opened the door. It was the proprietor's child, who had brought me a note from her mother, requesting me to come to the private office immediately.

I locked my office and followed the child who went back to her mother. As I entered I overheard Mrs. Turner tell-
ing the child to leave the room and go outside to play. Mrs. Turner looked nervous. Evidently she was greatly agitated over something. She looked outside to see if anyone was near and then began—

"Mr. Wilson, did you know that Watson had left this morning?" I told her I had heard Masterman say so about an hour ago. "Well," she continued, "I really don't know what to do. My husband has just left for the city to be gone about two weeks and he said he might be gone longer. As I was looking over some bills here, I discovered a bogus check for $490 with Mr. Turner's name signed to it. There is something wrong about this. What shall I do?"

"If you wish I will send Masterman after Mr. Turner," I said. "He can overtake him before he reaches the river."

"No, I don't think that will do," she said, "because if you send Masterman after him, Masterman will know for sure something is up, and probably he is the guilty person. If he is, that will be a good chance for him to escape."

"Nonsense," I answered, almost without thinking. "Masterman is entirely guiltless. I don't think Masterman is that kind of a man. Ten to one it is Watson. He must have known something of Mr. Turner's departure, and skipped out bright and early."

"What should be done concerning the matter?" she asked.

"I do not know how to go at the matter myself," I answered. "Mr. Turner will not be able to reach town before 10:30, and then I will call him up and ask what is to be done."

"That will be all right I guess," she said.

It was now time for me to return to my office and I left the room. After attending to my duties, I went to supper. Mrs. Turner still seemed alarmed and nervous.

The men seemed to be quietly taking over the disappearance of Watson, and were wondering the cause of it.

After supper I went to my room and wondered how I was to overcome my difficulty. At last I gave it up in despair. It was now 11 o'clock and I went to Mr. Turner's office to ask him what was to be done about the forgery. An idea struck me. I could call her up and explain matters, before calling up the boss. No one will be in the office I thought. But alas! I was mistaken. As I entered I beheld Mrs. Turner near the desk talking over the 'phone.

"What is that?" she asked in answer to the question asked her by the other person. "Here he is now, I will call him to the 'phone and you can tell him yourself."

My heart throbbed with joy, for I thought that Elsie had rung me up and asked Mrs. Turner to deliver a message to me. Again I was mistaken. It was Mr. Turner himself.

He told me to let things pass and overlook the matter at the ranch as he intended to put two detectives on the case. I told him I would and we ceased talking.

I did not sleep that night, nor for nearly a week after.

It was nearly two weeks now since I had assumed control of the ranch and I felt nearly exhausted. I knew Elsie would never forgive me and this nearly broke my heart.

Mrs. Turner had received a telephone message from her husband stating that the detectives had gotten a clew and were closely pursuing their game. They felt confident of his immediate capture. He also said that he would be home Saturday.

When I heard this I constructed plans of my own. I knew where Watson lived and planned to do the capturing myself.

When Mr. Turner returned I laid my plans before him, and as he knew
I needed a rest, he told me to go 31m3d. But I could not see my sweetheart. I must go to the city, take the train and travel in an entirely different direction from where she lived.

When I alighted from the train, I asked an expressman if he could direct me to Watson's home. After listening awhile, I started and had no trouble in finding it. I knocked and was met by a young lady, whose head was covered with dark, heavy curls.

She asked me in and I took a seat commanding the path. She called her mother and when I told her why I called she grew indignant and declared that Hugh was not guilty of the crime, and besides, he was not at home. I was somewhat suspicious and told them they must allow me to search the place. The girl repented the suggestion and said it was an outrage for a stranger to come and try to take possession of their place.

I searched the house, however, but without making any discovery. I sat by the window and was soon deep in thought concerning the beautiful young lady. How much prettier she seemed than Elsie. I wondered if she would love me if I should make my thoughts known.

Presently a stranger came riding up the path. I withdrew from the window while the young lady responded to the stranger's knock. She left the house, but soon returned. She handed me a sealed envelope, which I tore open in haste. It read:

"Your efforts are fruitless. Return at once."

H. G. TURNER.

I stared at the message and prepared to leave. When I left the house I noticed the young lady uttered a silly laugh and closed the door.

I did not return at once, as I was directed, but went to Lindsale to see my sweetheart. She refused me and I, broken-hearted, returned to my employer.

He seemed somewhat excited and asked me how I made out. After relating my experiences to him, he said: "I was on the right track, but I did not take advantage of my surroundings."

He told me that the guilty person was captured and was in the next room. I followed him there and to my surprise I saw Hugh Watson, handcuffed, in the presence of the two detectives. I was asked to repeat my experience by one of the detectives. While I was doing so Watson seemed greatly amused. I was told by one of the detectives that Watson himself had played the part of the black-haired damsel, who completely foiled me in my attempt to capture him at his home.

When I finished I went to my office and resumed my work. I could hardly stand the curious glances cast at me by the employees of the ranch. They all seemed to understand the circumstances and wondered how it was possible for Watson to elude his pursuers in such a way.

In due time Watson was taken to the city, tried, convicted and justice satisfied.

NOTICE
(Justice-Department)

Notice is hereby given to those who, after reading what appears in this department and who feel that they owe something in the way of reward or revenge to the department editor, that the editor, whoever he may be, assumes no responsibility for contributed articles and therefore will accept no remuneration. It is the policy of this department to publish no harsh, personal "cuts." Also that all those who have axes to grind are not welcome to the department. Furthermore, that all articles published in this department are contributed. Still further, those who have been slighted or overlooked will please leave their names at Cell 4, North Hall, 2nd floor, Dormitory.
Editorials.

Spring vacation is over and again the familiar scenes of school life are being enacted. Many of the students visited their homes, while others spend the week with friends in other towns. But among those that remained in San Luis Obispo the current remark was, "Well I'll be glad when school commences again. I'm getting tired of bumming."

The above remark gives a clear insight into the student life of our institution. The school work is a continual grind but all sting of drudgery is removed by the anticipation of added pleasure, due to the education and training received here in which every line of work the student may be following.

* * *

In glancing through our exchanges we saw this complaint: "In a school where there are over eight hundred students, each one of or less ability in 'letters,' it would be surmised that contributions to the school paper would fill the waste basket to overflowing, and that from them all, those selected for publication would stand as gems of high school talent. But surmises often fail. Things are not always what they seem. As the matter stands, contributions are minus, and the waste basket is hungry." The "Polytechnic Journal" is glad that no such charge as the above can be made against the students of the California Polytechnic School. Although we have but one hundred students, the contributions to the "Journal" have been extremely liberal. For this liberality the editors wish to express their thanks to those that have helped and to those that will assist in the future. A school paper will be just what the students make it. The "Journal" was an experiment and thus far it has been a success. The editorial staff is simply a rudder, so to speak, to steer the paper through the rough places in its existence.

* * *

"Self dependence is the surest independence." How true this is when we stop to think of it, for it is the person who has learned and is capable of depending upon himself that is the strongest in moments of panic and fear. They are the persons whom we are glad to look upon as our leader and guide in all matters of importance. This applies to every one's case, whether wealthy or poor, high or lowly.

Kings, monarchs and statesmen, men whose names we honor and who are recorded in history as men that were somebody and had accomplished something, learned to depend upon themselves. Seldom if ever do we find one of them depending upon somebody else to do his work for him.

All the young men who have made names for themselves and have become famous, knew when and where to do the right thing and to take advantage of every opportunity that came in their way. Did they do this because they had learned to depend upon somebody else for guidance in matters of importance? No, they had learned to look to and depend upon themselves for the proper guidance and instruction. To day such as they stand at the top of the lader of fame.
The first celebration of Founder’s day was held on the afternoon of March 8th, five years after the signing by Governor Gage of the bill making the first appropriation for the establishment of the California Polytechnic School. The exercises of the day were opened by Doctor Anderson, who read the bill providing for the first appropriation of fifty thousand dollars. The speaker of the occasion was Trustee Warren M. John, who during the address told in a most interesting manner some facts concerning the history of the bill. A bill providing for the establishment of the school was first introduced in the legislature in 1897. It passed both branches but was vetoed by the Governor. In 1899 the bill was introduced again, but this time it did not reach the Executive on account of defeat in the Assembly after having passed the Senate. The third attempt, in 1901, led by Assemblyman John and Senator S. C. Smith of Bakersfield, was successful. Mr. John very interestingly relates how the bill came up for final debate in the Assembly on the night of February 21, 1901. One hour had been allowed for the discussion of this measure. For a considerable part of this time the floor was held by an opponent of the bill. This speaker was followed by Assemblyman John. Further comment on the efforts of the latter is unnecessary, when it is stated that on that night the Polytechnic School bill passed the Assembly with but one dissenting vote.

The total amount thus far appropriated by the State for our institution is $225,500. That this amount will be steadily added to, if the Polytechnic School continues to show results, is the firm belief of all who best understand the attitude of California toward her educational institutions.

Starch belongs to a class of food substance known as carbo-hydrates. It is one of the constituents of most plants and is sometimes found in small quantities in animals. Starch is found to a greater or less extent in all plants, but in some plants in large quantities in the seed. Rice, wheat, corn, arrow root, cassava and many other cereals contain starch in prepondering proportions, also some of the tubers, as potatoes, but to a less extent. The starch is formed in the plant cells by the action of the sun’s rays, carbon dioxide of the air. To obtain free starch the materials containing starch in their cells are ground up and put in water. The granules of starch then settle to the bottom and when the water evaporates, dry starch is the product.

Starch when dried is a white, opaque most complicated molecule known and and pulverant compound. It is the is not easily decomposed. Starch is insoluble in cold water, but partially dissolves in boiling water for making a transparent jelly when cooled. It is chemically composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen; the graphic formula is C6, H10, O5. Starch has the property of being both efflorescent and deliquescent.

Starch has many uses, namely: as a food, for laundry purposes, in finishing paper and cloth and in making glueose. Starch forms about three-fourths of our “staff of life.” It is eaten in the form of vegetables, many of which are nearly all starch, as peas, beans, rice, arrow root, sago and tapioca. Starch is essential in laundry purposes, because it has the property of, when heated to about 140 degrees Fahr. with water, the starch granules, swelling up and forming a pasty or viscous mixture. Then when the material is put in this mixture and dried it becomes stiff.
The making of glucose from starch comprises a vast industry. The glucose is made mostly from corn, which is almost entirely starch. The glucose is commonly called starch sugar and is used in making table syrup, in brewing beer, in adulterating cane sugar, in making confectionary and in making fruit jellies and artificial honey.

Before starch can be assimilated by the system it must be changed into dextrin. The important element in cooking vegetables is to convert the starch into a form that can be taken up by the system. Starch may be converted in two different ways—first, by slightly assiduated water and heat, and second, by a ferment called diastase. Starch cannot be utilized in the body as starch but may be somewhat changed by a ferment in the mouth and the process continued in the intestinal glands. Starch foods produce heat and energy in the body and when taken in excess, the extra supply is deposited as fatty tissue.

To summarize briefly, starch is found whereby the starch separates. Starch in most vegetable substances and can be extracted by the mechanical process of grinding and putting in water, is widely used for many purposes. It forms a greater part of the food of all individuals, but undergoes first a chemical process in the body before it can be utilized by the body as a food.

E. L. T.

Athletics

ITH great pleasure we chronicle the results of our first baseball game this season. Although the contest did not come under the auspices of the San Luis Bay Athletic League, it was looked forward to with great anticipations.

It was a jolly crowd that left San Luis Obispo for Paso Robles on the morning of March 10th. A thirty-five mile drive in open surreys and over a strange road is not a very promising forerunner for a ball game. But such were the conditions overcome by our team.

The game was called promptly at 2 o'clock. The Paso Robles High School put up a fine game and for the first three innings the game was hotly contested. After that inning our team rallied and began to pile up the score. At the end of the game the score stood seven to two in our favor. The contest had been exciting from the start to the finish.

Those partaking in the game were as follows:

Polytechnic Paso Robles
C. Tout .......... p .......... Ernest Rhyne
A. Kennedy .......... c .......... Wm. Gawla
N. Lewin .......... 1st b .......... Sam Hedgepeth
A. Miossi .......... 2nd b .......... Gus Classen
E. Basten .......... 3rd b .......... Harry Hatch
D. Wood .......... s. s .......... John Brooks
K. Knowlton .......... 1. f .......... Grant Hanson
F. Buck .......... c. f .......... Frank Hatch
G. Lisk .......... r. f .......... Harry Wobel

After the game the beauties of the city were enjoyed until dinner was called.

That night the High School gave a reception in honor of the visiting team. Dancing was the main feature of the evening and from the general appearance of the programs, all had a pleasant time. Those that were present pronounce the Paso Robles High School the most royal of entertainers.

At 12 o'clock the festivities drew to a close. Sunday afternoon saw our boys home again, wearing smiling faces and none the worse for the game and the drenching rain through which they had to drive home.
Domestic Thens and Nowas

It appears that education in manners consist generally in going squarely against that which is natural and easy, or why should it be vulgar to lean your elbows on the table when it is so comfortable? And how can you get any pleasure out of an ear of corn, if you don’t pick it up in both hands? It is so easy and the only way in which you can thoroughly enjoy it. What if butter does drip from your fingers, haven’t we large napkins these days? But no, now your corn is served, broken in half, and the idea that the cook has clasped it firmly in both hands in order to break it should not lessen our appetite for it, but it does. Today these half rations, eaten from a polite plate, have taken all the delight from eating corn in public.

Take the cream puff, not the miserable mass of leathery dough of today, but the luscious companion of childhood. Can any dietetic cook book of today concoct anything to equal the delight of being alone with such a dessert as the olden time cream puff?

Soup, too, is a trial to all, except those who are taught young. No one will have the audacity to say that a society is not fake to the core, which forbids one to absorb a glorious and life-giving gravy on minute morsels of bread and convey them delicately to the mouth. I defy any man, no matter how well trained, to see the beefstake platter before him without a longing to return to boyhood days.

Why leave the chief joy to the cook? Even if it were the fashion to sop bread in gravy, it would be simply an impossibility today, since the lace cut effect in breads has become the rage.

All things which are natural to primitive man are now days counted as being supremely vulgar, and the stamp of underbreeding is placed on the stout man, who tucks his napkin under his chin to protect his shirt front from splashes of gravy and bits of potato which are always neglected when one is busy with more important things.

Why we had just learned this method of protecting the shirt front when along came Beau Brummel, and now the napkin must be spread over the left knee. Why this idea of protecting one knee and not the other is more than I can see.

Not only along the lines of scientific cooking and serving has fashion played havoc with the natural ways of man, but also in the manner of dress.

Now men walk the hot pavements in patent leather shoes which draw closer and closer every step; they wear gloves which pinch their hands until they are left bloodless, and their ears are rubbed into a glow by the high collars, and with their whole spirit in revolt, they look back with bitter longing to the boyhood days on the farm, when cuffs and collars were unknown, when a single gallow supported their pantaloons, when companionable shirts with easy buttons could be donned at a moment’s notice. Shoes and stockings vexed not their peaceful souls and chores were their only dread.

Their feeling must be similar to the feeling that women experience in clothes that are tight at waist and throat, just where nature needs most room. Oh! for the long breaths of Peg-gathy—hooks, buttons and stays would be sent flying. Babies scream when you put tight clothes on them, and in nearly every Sunday’s paper can be found instructions, telling how to keep the body warm in warm, loose-fitting clothes, but education soon teaches that the joy of screaming for what we want, or making known our bodily discomforts is vulgar.

The gamins and alley children revel in joys which are denied to the polite and scientific.

FRANCES LEWIN.
Song of the Domestic Scientist

Before we learned to do things right, we always used to cook,
Without so much as peering at a dietetic book;
But this is not the way at all as science has made plain.

There's nitrogen and hydrogen, a small per cent of fat,
The carbo-hydrates, gluten, starch, remembers that;
The right proportion must be found in every meal each day,
For 'tis the only accurate and hygienic way.

Pa used to plead for pork and beans;
The boarders begged for pumpkin pie whenever we would bake,
We used to try to please them all, in our misguided way;
But now as we prepare the meals, beneath our breath we say:
There's nitrogen and hydrogen, a small per cent of fat,
The carbo-hydrates, gluten, starch, remember all of that
The right proportion must be found in every meal each day,
For 'tis the only accurate and hygienic way.

Pa hopes in vain for ham and eggs, the children can't have pie,
The boarders one and all have left—we often wander why;
But we steadfastly decline to do the way we know is wrong,
And as we cook the daily meals we hum the well known song:
There's nitrogen and hydrogen, a small per cent of fat,
The carbo-hydrates, gluten, starch, remember all of that
The right proportion must be found in every meal each day,
For 'tis the only accurate and hygienic way.  Ex.

EXCHANGES

Since this is the first exchange list published in our paper, we feel obliged to make amends for our seeming neglect of such a column in previous numbers. We have already been censured to that effect, but if "The Bell" had noticed that the "Journal" they received was Vol. I, No. 2, they perhaps would have withheld their criticism for coming issues.

We have received several exchanges but would be glad to welcome one from every school that receives a copy of the "Polytechnic Journal."

* * *

The "Shasta Daisy" of the Redding High School is the neatest of all our exchanges. The cover design is artistic and the work throughout is excellent. The story "An Idle Thought" is very clever.

The "Oriole" of the Campbell Union High School is a credit to any institution. The poem "To California" must have been written by a native daughter. It is fine.

* * *

We are glad to find on our list "The Review" from the Sacramento High School. The paper is very well written but we would suggest that the small advertisements be removed from the back page of the cover.

* * *

The story "When the Furies Made Friends" in the February "Sotoyo- man" (Healsburg) shows careful work and thought.

* * *

The "Bell" from the San Jose High School is the largest school magazine on our table. It speaks well for the editorial staff that has it in charge.
SCHOOL CALENDAR

January 3.—Registration Day.
January 4.—Opening of Spring Term.
January 6.—Reception and Dance, given Faculty and Students by the Dormitory Boys.
January 8.—Special Class in sewing started.
January 9.—Opening Meeting of the Athletic Association.
January 26.—Lecture by Professor Don. Smith.
January 28.—Faculty and students entertained by Misses Twombly, Musio and Veter.
February 3.—Meeting of School delegates in Assembly Hall—if draft Bay League Constitution.
Reception given by School to San Luis High School and delegates.
February 5.—Constitution drawn up by San Luis Bay Athletic Association, ratified.
February 12.—Lincoln’s birthday observed with exercises.
February 22.—Vacation in honor of Washington’s Birthday.
February 23.—Picnic enjoyed by Faculty and Students, at Pizmo.
February 28.—Ground broken for Domestic Science Hall.
March 8.—Lecture on Bacteriology by Dr. Ward.
Founders Day observed. Address by Warren M. John.
March 9.—Talk by Dr. Ward on milk sanitation.
March 10.—Baseball game; Paso Robles vs. Polytechnic School.
March 17.—Social Dance.
March 20—Debate, by second year students.
March 23, April 3.—Spring vacation.

On Thursday, March 8th, with an impressive ceremony the fifth anniversary of the founding of the California Polytechnic School was most fittingly observed by the institution.

At the opening of the Program all joined in singing, “Flag of the Free.” Director Leroy Anderson then read the original Act, which was followed by Warren M. John’s address. Its delivery produced a profound impression and was greeted by many applauses. In closing, the school sang, “Behold the Saber of thy Father.”

The method of celebrating Founders’ Day is an appropriate one, and will make it a gala day for all succeeding occasions.

On Friday morning, March 9, the students in Agriculture and Domestic Science listened to an instructive lecture, upon subjects concerning bacteria, given by Dr. A. R. Ward, Director of the State Hygienic Laboratory.

In the afternoon he gave an illustrated talk of milk sanitation.

As Dr. Ward is an experienced bacteriologist and an authority on milk sanitation, his lectures were among the most interesting given, to the students this term.

On the 17th of March the students and friends of the Polytechnic School participated in a most delightful dance at Mannerchor Hall.

There was excellent music and plenty of good punch. Socially, the dance was a wonderful success.

The dance was to have been given on the 3rd, but owing to the awful rainfall on that day, it was postponed to this later date.

This was the first dance of the term given in town, by the school and all were anxious for a good time.
The wind was blowing a rapid gale and the snow was falling fast. It was cold and everything looked dreary.

The fire in the large open grate was burning low and the room becoming chilly, as Mrs. Silas Saunders came in from helping her husband with the milking and other evening chores.

As she stepped into the room the group of little children looked up with fear in their eyes. They well knew what was to come, and were prepared to make the best of it.

Mrs. Saunders began with a loud unfeminine voice, "John, didn't I tell you to get some wood in and have this fire burning good by the time Paw and me got back to this here house and Mary, why in this world haven't you got that there supper nigh ready?" "Now, John, go and fetch that wood in double quick time."

At this command the two elder children started to do their tasks.

In a short while Mary came back into the room and in an instant was asked why she didn't stay in the kitchen and tend to the supper. After Mrs. Saunders had finished her questioning the girl was given a chance to speak.

She began by saying, "Maw, the teakettle is done gone dry, and they hain't a drop of water in the house."

At this Mrs. Saunders' wrath was raised and she began, "John! oh, John! hurry up with that there wood."

"Yes, Maw, I'm comin'."

"Well, hurry up, I say."

"Well, I'm comin'. Open the door."

At this Mary sprang to the door and opened it to admit her brother.

Then Mrs. Saunders said, "now, John, go and get that water that I told you to get about an hour ago."

John took the pail in his hand, but paused for a moment and in a tim'ic voice asked, "Maw, why can't Bill go and get that water." He hain't done nothin' all day."

Mrs. Saunders replied, "didn't Bill say he warn't feelin' well and hain't that enough? Now go and do as I tell you, get that water an' hurry up, for Paw will be in in a few minutes and you know what he'll do."

At these last few words John's face grew long. He well knew what would happen so he stepped out into the fast falling snow and went toward the spring.

Mary went about her work but could
do very little without water. She peeled the "spuds" as she called them and was intending to put them on to boil, but could not until John brought the water, so she went down into the cellar to get the meat and milk.

Silas drawled in reply, "Yes, Maw I'll go," and he put on his hat and started for the spring. As he came to the spring he found the pail full of water, but did not see John anywhere, so he picked up the pail and returned to the house.

After Silas' return the supper was soon prepared, then came the dishwashing. Jane was to help with this, but she was so sleepy that she was allowed to go to bed. By this time the work fell to Mary, who went about in a jolly mood, washed and dried the dishes and then went to bed.

Mrs. Saunders busied herself at her knitting while Silas enjoyed his pipe as he read the paper. In about an hour they, like the children, wended their way upstairs and retired for the night.

Fourteen years to a day had elapsed since John had stepped out into the wind and snow on that dreary evening. Nothing had ever been heard of him; his whereabouts was a mystery.

Mrs. Saunders sat in the large armchair busying herself with her knitting as she had done for the many years past. She had often wondered what had ever become of her John and had spent many a long hour thinking of him and wondering if he ever would come home.

This evening as the gray-haired mother sat by the table busily working away, a sound outside attracted her attention. Raising her eyes she saw the uncertain figure of a man passing the window and a moment later there was a knock at the door. Without hesitation she admitted the visitor, who she soon discovered was a stranger to her. Wondering who this man could be and what his business was Mrs. Saunders asked the stranger to be seated.

A minute or two was spent in silence then conversation started. Many questions were asked by the visitor concerning the household, also the land.
Mrs. Saunders told him that the land in that section was worth from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars per acre, but she thought that such a price was too much, as the crops produced were hardly large enough to pay one for the work put upon them.

After some questioning this visitor found out everything of interest about the family as well as much about the neighbors.

Mrs. Saunders saw that he took great interest in what she had said and was greatly pleased when more questions were asked.

The visitor told Mrs. Saunders that he was a stranger in that section and that he had been looking around for a few days with the view of buying if he found a place that suited him. He said that he had come to see if it was possible to purchase their farm. He also said that he had lived in that section some twelve or fifteen years before, but things had changed greatly since that time.

At this last statement Mrs. Saunders looked puzzled. She noticed that the visitor had been looking at a picture of her "John" which hung upon the wall and so she told him who it was and how he had left home. She said that she never would forget how he was treated before he left and how sorry she was.

As she rocked away in the old armchair she would glance at the visitor and then at the picture. She knew that the visitor would say something about the picture if she waited long enough, and he did.

His remarks startled her and by asking a few questions Mrs. Saunders soon learned that the visitor was her long lost John.

Her excitement was then at its height and she sprang to him, threw her arms about his neck and cried, "John! oh, John! my long lost son, can it be you?" Then she asked him why he went away and John told all. John Saunders looked no further for a farm, but settled down at home, where a farm was looking for him.

Day after day he toiled upon the farm, working to the best advantage, always getting good results. His neighbors, wondering how he made the land produce such good crops, asked him and he replied, "I learned how to use the land to the best advantage while attending an agricultural school in the Middle West."

M. M. T. '06.

SCHOOL HAPPENINGS

Two good debates were held in the Assembly Hall, lately. The question discussed at each was, "Resolved, That a Mechanical Education is of greater value to a young man than an Agricultural Education."

In the first debate, the first year students of the Polytechnic School argued the question. The affirmative was supported by Nathan Lewin, Valentine Drougard and Ben. Duncan; the negative by Le Rue Watson, Eizo Kondo and Harvey Hall.

The speeches were all very interesting and showed careful and hard study.

The judges were Judge Unangst, Warren M. John and R. M. Shackelford.

The decision was awarded to the affirmative.

On March 20th, the second year students debated the same question. In this the affirmative was upheld by Earl Dean Henderson, Carl Tout and George Wilson; the negative by Alfred Dickson, Evan Brown and Hollis Hyde.

Judges, Rev. H. Hillard, Rev. J. Smithers and T. Dibble in summing up the points found that the affirmative had won the decision.
Domestic Science Hall

The twenty-eighth of February, bright and sunny, with sparkling raindrops of the night before on leaf and grass, witnessed the breaking of ground for the new Domestic Science Hall. At nine o’clock faculty, students and visitors assembled near the northeast corner of the Administration Building for the ceremony which, though it lacked in grave formality, did not lack in genuinely impressive enthusiasm.

The platform from which the speakers addressed the happy assemblage was the farm wagon. The novelty of this arrangement must have been an inspiration, too, for the short address of the morning delivered by Trustee Warren M. John, was crisp and to the point, bringing forth heartiest applause from interested hearers. After the address Director Anderson showed his capability as a practical farmer by holding the plow which turned the first furrows where the excavation was to be made. The plow was drawn by the school team of fine Percherons, driven by Teamster Oliver Watkins. Foreman Samuel Griffith then drew up with the wagon which had just served as a platform, and then (with all respect to our director’s plowing) work began in earnest. The first shovel of earth was lifted by Mrs. Warren M. John, representing our board of trustees. She was followed by Miss Harriet Howell and Miss May Seerest, representing respectively the Domestic Art and Domestic Science Departments. Then came the “seniors grave,” fittingly impressing us with the proper dignity and solemnity of the occasion. Laura Righetti, dainty and blushing, her modest sister Irene, practical Lillian Fox, intellectual Katherine Twombly, all in turn helped deepen and widen the excavation begun a few minutes before. It was “Woman’s Day,” but just to show that broadness and liberality are characteristic of the sex, four men were allowed to handle the coveted spade—seniors they, of course, pioneers in our institution, Gus and Henry Wade, Herbert Cox and H. Floyd Tout.

Then came the enthusiastic work of girlish juniors and freshmen. Now the genial contractor, Mr. Chas. M. Kuck, who was present, began to smile his broadest and happiest, for here was profit on the job entirely outside of the close calculation he had made. How those girls did shovel! Kent Knowlton was ready to wager that Ester Biaggini and Annie Schneider could fill the wagon box in fifteen minutes. But Kent had to lead the cheering and he didn’t get his money placed. Frances Lewin landed a shovelful of earth away over on the other side of the wagon. Foreman “Sam” was going to drive the wagon a little farther on to accommodate the strength of the fair Frances, but just then some other girl grabbed the shovel and Frances, with characteristic politeness, gave way.

But what sewing class lassie couldn’t shovel with that cheering—the real Polytechnic kind—ringing in her ears?

Domestic Science Hall truly had an auspices beginning. Long may it stand a noble inspiration to the growing womanhood of Golden California.

California Polytechnic School, San Luis Obispo


There are no charges for tuition.

Fall term opens Wednesday, September 12th.
Gittin' Up.

Oh, I hate this gittin' up, gittin' up, gittin' up.
Oh, I hate this gittin' up wuss'n dirt;
I should like to lay in bed till the evenin' sun was red.
And if folks sh'd think I'm dead, 't wouldn't hurt.

I have ben gittin' up, gittin' up, gittin' up,
Ever since I lived to hum and my father used to come
With his finger and his thumb on my ear.

I hev ben a gittin' up, as I'm bound, as I'm bound—
Fer I reckernize the fac'. I am bound—
Gittin' up before the fowlis, with my eyes like hooter owls.
When the voice o' dooty yowls "Hustle round."

I hev hustled round and swore, hustled round, hustled round,
I hev scratched and fit and tore and hustled round.
Till I'd like to take a berth in the cemetery earth
An' jixe sleep fer all I'm worth, under ground.

I will go to Angel Gabe, Angel Gabe, Angel Gabe—
I will go to Angel Gabe an' I'll say,
"Don't you go fer to salute—I'm a common kind o' coot,
Jest an ornery galoot, plain as any.

"Ye don't need to make no show, make no show,
Ye don't need to put on style, not fer me.
I don't want no harp n' crown nor no shinin' golden gown,
Fer my tastes are all low down like I be.

"Just you put me anywheres, anywheres, anywheres,
So's it's somewhere I can sleep, sleep to stay;
Any shakedown ye kin fix where it's allers half-past six;
Where it comes to that an' sticks, sticks all day.

"An' then send a nigger kid, nigger kid, nigger kid,
Ef they's colored angels thar, as I s'pose—
Send him twice a day to shake at my shoulders till I wake,
An' tell me make a break fer my clo'se."

Then I'll sort o' groan an' yawn, groan an' yawn,
Then I'll roll upon my back half a turn,
Then remember putty soon, reckonize that octoroon,
An' jes' tell the angel coon, "You-be-durn!"

Then I'll hear him crawl away, crawl away, crawl away,
An' he'll tell me as he goes, "Don't you stir!"
An' I'll snuzzle down jes' so where it's sleepy warm below
Jes a murmurin' as I go, "Thank you sir."
Joseph Folk

During the past year certain men have come before the public notice as standing for true and just government in the cities and states. One of these is Joseph Folk, now governor of Missouri. The purpose of this article is to make the reader better acquainted with this man.

Folk is a man in the prime of life, about 35 years of age, small stature and resembles Teddy Roosevelt in build and temperament. He is a deeply religious man, not because he merely thinks it is the proper thing, but because he believes in it. Careful in his speech and a careful thinker, but after once deciding on a certain point he never changes his mind. As he is a public man he dresses in a Prince Albert and since he has become a prominent man politically he has given up smoking because of the influence he might exert on young men.

To show the magnitude of his work, let us dwell for a minute on Missouri before he took a hand in affairs. For 100 years Missouri had been under the influence of the Democratic machine. It is needless for me to explain that political machines are not run on a moral or religious basis, but on the contrary, to get in office men who will be easiest to handle and consequently to get the biggest graft for the machine bosses.

In 100 years there had been in St. Louis 40 cases against against bribery, and in no case had there been any penalty inflicted. But in three years of Folk’s rule there have been 34 cases and some of those convicted are serving terms in prison now. In his fight against bribe-takers he was opposed by the Supreme Court of Missouri. When he would convict a man, especially a politician, the Supreme Court would find some grounds for his acquittal.

At the time of his election to the office of district attorney Folk was a rising young lawyer of St. Louis. His father had been a lawyer and it was quite natural that Folk should follow in his father’s footsteps. In his campaign speeches he had promised to carry out the law, but as all his predecessors had said the same thing and never done it, little was thought of this. He had been nominated on the regular Democratic ticket, and the Democrats run St. Louis so he was elected.

As soon as Folk became district attorney he began to look into matters with a result that there were indictments made against various bidders in St. Louis. He was advised by his political friends to stop pursuing the course, then threatened with death and finally told that after his term of office expired he would find it impossible to make a living in that state. He was forced to believe that these threats would be carried out and he decided that if he wanted to remain in the state the only thing for him to do was to become governor. Another reason for this course was that in his attempt to clean the city of St. Louis his work had been blocked at every turn by the Supreme Court of Missouri.

He started out in his campaign for governor with money, machine and everything against him. By going directly to the heart of the Missouri farmers, stating his case and then asking for their support, he was elected, the only one on the Democratic ticket. He won his campaign not by any power of oratory, magnetism or physical force, for he does not have these qualities, but by a heart to heart talk with the people.

After he had assumed the governor’s roles, the first thing he did was to make active the law forbidding railroad companies granting passes to legislators, and thereby securing control of the legislature. Then he ordered certain noted lobbyists to leave Jefferson City during the session of the legislature. He
has enforced all the laws until today Missouri is the only state in the Union that does not have a dead letter law on its books. Among others he has enforced the Sunday closing law, laws affecting railroad freight rates, laws prohibiting unlawful gambling and bookmaking on the racetracks. In a few words, he has changed the government of the state of Missouri from corruptness and immorality into one of cleanliness and justice. In consequence of this change, immigration has increased, land valuation gone up and Missouri today is in a state of prosperity.

What Folk has done for Missouri can be done for any state. We do not need new laws, but merely the enforcement of existing ones. Folk and McKinley have been compared and are in some respects alike but the great difference is that McKinley was a great follower. Folk will be a great leader. Many a young man just as able and bright as Folk when they receive advancement become vain and conspire to get ahead quicker. Folk has not lost his head over his political success, nor has he conspired for advancement. He may have dreams of the White House but never shows it.

We need more men of Folk's type in politics today and the sooner we get them the sooner will this government be a government of the people by the people and for the people in the true meaning of these phrases. D. W.

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G. S. C.—"Wait For the Wagon (surry)."
Also—"What is Home Without a Mother (in-law)."
E. W. Y.—"Holy! Holy!! Holy!!!"

Wood—"With a Swagger That's Awfully English (Swiss)."
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A. V. E.—"I'm One of the Family now."
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N. M.—"Henry Did."

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F. M.—"We sure are."

L. F.—(wiping her pen)—Mr. Smith
"Miss Fox, do you need a blotter?"
L. F.—"No, thank you, I'm wiping the chocolate kisses off my pen."
Mr. Smith—"I'm sorry you waste them that way.

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