Thots of C. P. S.

By
LaRue C. Watson

How dear to every Poly
Are the letters C. P. S.
For they mean an institution
That is all O. K., I guess.
The school is young, but growing
With a vim that's seldom seen
And it has a future coming
That will make the past look mean.
But the future classes surely
Cannot greater pleasure find
Than the pupils of the present
Can so quickly call to mind.
The days we spend in study,
Or in work, in shop, or field,
Are engraved on mem'ry's tablet
Richest treasures still to yield.
Think of all the social evenings
In the old Assembly room;
And, the best of all I'm thinking,
Afterwards the long walk home.
Then the banquets ("Now you're talking"),
Where the feast of food and humor
For a time holds perfect sway.
We are here, but soon shall scatter
To our homes throughout the state;
Bearing forward Poly's banner
Till it stands without a mate.
How with joy the thought will quicken
When in future we recall
Years we spent in old San Luis
At Dame Education's call.
What Irrigation Can Do

In figuring the final average by which the Championship is awarded to Theodore Roosevelt, what he has done for the State of Nevada must not be overlooked. By the census of 1870 this state had a greater population than it had in 1900, when the last census was taken. In 1870 it contained 120,491 people, in 1880, 62,266 but in 1890 the population had shrunk to 47,355 and in 1900 to 42,355. At this time there was seriously talk of dismembering the state and disposing of it by division among the neighboring states and territories or knocking it on the head and calling it simply nothing.

The idea of permitting a population that would not make a fair-sized city, to have two United States Senators and a representative in Congress seemed so ridiculous that the movement to do up the state was liable to take action at any time. The only thing really standing in the way was no precedent for the annihilation of a sovereign commonwealth, but when it got so that there was grave danger that there would be nobody left to pay the taxes after the state and federal offices had been filled it was manifested that something would have to be done. At this juncture came Roosevelt.

First he demanded of Congress the law by which federal funds are used for the development of the waters for purposes of irrigation. With the exception of a slight fringe at the northern and southern edges of Nevada the whole state was as dry as a covered bridge, and nothing that could be eaten by man or beast was green therein save the grass that sprang up in places during the light rains of early spring only to die soon after. As soon as Congress passed the Irrigation law, or reclamation act, as it was called, the President directed that the first money available should be used to see what could be done for this dying state.

Surveys were made and by then it was learned that 400,000 acres of land could be reclaimed within a few years by works offering no insuperable engineering difficulties, and that when all the resources of the state in the way of available water were brought to their best use the ultimate result would be the reclamation of about 1,600,000 acres. This meant a greater area than that of either Delaware or Rhode Island and as irrigated lands always maintain a dense population it was fair to estimate from the other states having irrigated territory that Nevada could count upon a rural population presently of not less than 133,000. As 37 percent of the population lives in towns, and in irrigated sections this percentage is liable to be even higher. As two United States Senators began to look like a better fit, and the talk of capital punishment for the state on account of its lack of people, ceased.
Now to skip the hardest part of this immense task, the work required to build the canals, etc. I will take up the results. In 1905 50,000 acres of this improved land was thrown open to settlement and but a few days ago 100,000 acres more were added, elaborate ceremonies and much speech-making marking the event. The construction of the additional canals, dams, tunnels, reservoirs, etc., to bring the rest of the available land into use is going on and in the course of the next few years will be completed.

The people did not rush to Nevada as was expected, probably because the state had such a bad name, no doubt every one has heard it called the great American desert or it might be called the 49er’s grave yard, for when the work on the canal was going on many human bones were found bleaching on the desert in the line of the 49er’s trail and hundreds of skeletons were unearthed. All these lives could have been saved if they had only taken their mining tools and dug very few feet into the ground they would have had water in abundance as the water lies very close to the surface in many places.

But there is no justifiable reason for the lack of enthusiasm among present-day people regarding Nevada. The climate has none of the stifling tropical characteristics of Death valley and some parts of Arizona. Carson sink valley has an altitude of 4000 feet. It has a real winter, when the temperature falls below zero, though not often. In summer it often rises above 100 degrees but is not the strickening heat of the east but more like that of our own state. All crops of the temperate zone flourish here as they do in the northern Mississippi valley. The yields based upon some years of observation by the Department of Agriculture averages as follows: hay, 5 to 7 tons per acre; wheat, 35 bushels; oats, 75 bushels; barley, 50 bushels; corn, 30 to 69 bushels (shelled).

Among the other things which grow prolifically are apples, pears, peaches, plums, apricots, cherries, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, melons, canteloupes, sugar beets, potatoes, hops, and all other garden products. It is officially stated by the Government officers that one man in 1906 sold $1500 worth of tomatoes from a single acre. There is a demand for farm products in the mining districts where good prices are obtained for them. The official report to the Department of Agriculture for September of this year shows the following. It says that during the month the first crop of Alfalfa hay was cut and sold for $12 in the stack and $18 per ton baled. Eggs bought 60c per dozen. Potatoes sold for $38 per ton. There are a few farms which have been cropped for forty years without the use of fertilizers and still are very productive farms.

This portion of Nevada has direct railroad communication with San Francisco to market her products and as to the water supply there will always be an abundance. In addition to six large lakes and twenty or more reservoir sites, the snow from Sierra Nevada, only sixty miles away, furnishes an extra flow during the warm weather.

There are three ways to secure a home in this section. One is to buy land from private owner, another to buy from a railroad and the third and best of all to pre-empt a homestead from the Government holdings which are the most extensive. To buy from the Government a filing fee of $8 must be paid for a farm of 80 acres and $6.50 for 40 acres. After that the
settler must pay the Government $26 an acre in ten equal annual installments, but without interest. This is for the water rights and reimburses the Government for the construction of the irrigating works and the drainage ditches to keep out the alkali. Private lands can be bought for from $6 to $20 an acre and from the railroads for about the same but the $26 an acre for water rights must be paid to the Government just the same.

When a farm is once under cultivation with permanent water rights secured it of course becomes very valuable, because in this country there is no such thing as crop failure. There are no storms either in summer or winter worth mentioning save once in a while a rush of wind barely enough to operate a windmill. The water supply for domestic purposes comes altogether from wells, and it is the finest water in the world, as it is filtered through the sand all the way from the point where it leaves the mountains.

In any event the future of Nevada is secured. It will not much longer be known as a pocket-borough with two Senators and nothing to show for them.

E. H. M. '09.

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*The Boy From Missouri Valley*

Well, it was not so very long ago—only about ten years, when I was superintendent of a factory and he lived a thousand miles away at Missouri Valley, Iowa. I was twenty-six and he was fourteen. His brother was a traveling salesman and a particular friend of mine. One day he showed me a letter from the lad explaining his desire to see more of the world. It appealed to me and at once gained my heartfelt sympathy.

The boy had no opportunities set before him and his folks were poor and unable even to clothe him properly.

The boy wanted to come East. It was a dubious investment—a sort of financial plunge—to send for this practically unknown midget from the valley. The fare was thirty-three dollars and fifty cents.

The proprietor, a cautious man, said that the boy wasn't worth the money and there were plenty of them in the alleys of the city.

So there the matter rested till we received word that he would come for half fare. The railroad agent at Missouri Valley said if he bought a half-fare ticket, got on the train and explained to the conductor that he was 'leven, goin' on twelve and stuck to it, he would be alright.

We waxed reckless and sent the money—more than that, we sent a twenty-dollar bill.

In just a week the investment arrived. "I am here!" said the lad and he planked down on the desk three dollars and twenty-five cents, the change from the twenty dollar bill.

He was unnecessarily freckled and Greek curve; his hair was red and his wrists were bony and brier-scarved. He carried his shoes over his shoulder, so as not to wear out the sidewalks, or because they viritated sundry stone bruises—I don't know which.
I called in the proprietor and we looked him over while he wondered sheepishly. After consultation we decided to put him at indexing the letterbooks as he was not able to do a man's work and if put with the city boys they would naturally make life miserable for him.

His head only reached the top of the desk but he had a couple of boxes fixed in no time and we were surprised to see how ingenious he was.

We found a neat boarding place for him and there he boarded while working with us. In the office things were dusted that never were dusted before and, he made everything systematic and we wondered how we ever got along without him.

Everything was a bright for six months and then one day one of the workmen intimated to the proprietor that he better watched that red-heated office boy. Of course, the proprietor insisted on knowing the rest and the workman said he saw him enter the office every night with a tin box.

We at once thought that our chief competitor, Ike was at the bottom of it all. Ike was a rogue and had played several tricks on us and we thought this strategy was at work again. Our chief worry was that we would never be able to save our Bank Balance alive, for fear of Ike.

That subtle Jew has hired our office boy to give a list of our costumers—he is stealing our formulas, I know, said the proprietor. The boy’s pretense of wanting a key to the factory so he could sweep out early, was really that he might get in late.

Next day we watched the office boy—he surely had a looks of guilt, his countenance showed it—his freckles stood out like sunspots only more darker.

The workman had given the clue and on being further interrogated, he was sure he had seen Ike go by the factory twice in one evening.

That settled it.

At eight o’clock that night we went down to the factory. There was a dim light in the office and we peered through the windows, and sure enough there was the boy hard at work writing.—We waited and watched and saw him copy something into a book. We decided the proper thing to do was to confront the culprit then and there. We unlocked the door and walked cautiously in.

The boy was startled by our approach and still more by our demand for the letter he had just written, he began to cry, then we knew we had him.

We read the letter but it was only to a friend of his in Missouri Valley explaining his success and we found nothing of any importance. But we had seen something that opened our eyes—a Savings-Bank Book and by entree we saw he had deposited one dollar every Monday for eleven weeks and his pay was two dollars a week. We wondered what he had done with the other dollar but it was all laid before us now. We questioned the boy and he answered that he came to the office evenings only to write letters and get his arithmetic lesson’. He did not want to write on our time and he wanted to use the office because he wanted to use the letter press and could copy his letters—just to be business like.

The proprietor coughed and warned the boy never to let it happen again. We walked silently home—the stillness being broken only when the proprietor said: “That conserved Ike! If ever I find him around our factory, I’ll twist his nincompoop nose, that’s what I’ll do.”
Ten years. That factory has grown to be one of the biggest in America and that red-headed boy from the Missouri Valley is its superintendent now. The Savings-Bank habit came naturally to that boy from Missouri Valley. In a year he was putting six dollars in the bank a week and now he has his limit. They say he gets twenty-five thousand a year. It is none too much. Ike has failed, discouraged and whipped by an unappreciative world because he never acquired the Savings-Bank habit.

G. T., '09.

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The Naughty Nine

The scene is at Poly,
A school for each sex,
Where the crazy and jolly
The quiet do vex.

Of the “Bunch,” Alma’s first
In all pranks and plays,
She’s head of the dancing
On all rainy days.

Ruth comes next in the line.
She’s the girl whose color fades
When the subject is mentioned
About the old maids.

But there’s still hopes for Ruth
For at home in Canon See,
There’s a lonely one waiting
For her to make tea.

Grace is our blond, bright and gay,
For with hair of gold and eyes of brown
She’s the best and the cutest
That comes to town.

Mary, Mary quite contrary,
Doesn’t go in this case,
For our Mary is good and kind
With a smile on her jolly face.

Hazel and Hertha are next on the list
They’re written here because they were missed,
But if this is true, they should have come first.

For of the “Bunch” they’re about the worst.

Livia is found upon the porch steps
Quite despondent and sour,
She has little to say, while yesterday
She gave us a spiel by the hour.

When questioned, she replies
In a low tone, and sighs,
“Well, isn’t it enough to vex
For I plunked in a chemistry ex.”

Last but not least come the Rachaelas,
Percy and Pal they are called,
They’ll make racket in the lab,
’Till out of the class they are bawled.

Of course some forgive them
And look o’er their sins,
But most people say, what’ll they do today
Those dreadful and awful twins.

My tale is now finished,
’Tis laid on the shelf,
’Till each girl finds out
What is said of herself.

’Tis not all written and pictured to life
But will do very well in the world of great strife.

One Who Knows.
The Polytechnic Journal

The Polytechnic Journal
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Editorials

The Journal is supported largely by our advertisers, a list of which will be found on the first page of the ads. Therefore when trading in town give our advertisers first consideration.

Owing to extra duties as director, Mr. Smith has given up his history and English classes and Mr. Herring of Berkeley is now teaching those subjects.

Owing to the absence from school of the exchange editor the mailing of exchanges last month was left to the editor-in-chief and if any of our exchanges were left out it is not his fault as he had no list and sent papers to only those schools whose publications could be found. We will try and reach all our exchanges again this month.

Owing to a lack of space little will be said regarding the Y. M. C. A. Conference at Pacific Grove Dec. 28 to Jan. 5. Polytechnic had six representatives. Harry Henderson will in all probability be with us in February to help organize an association. The school is in need of such an organization and we hope it will be successful.

Miss Ethel Richardson, assistant in English during the past term received a Christmas present of a trip to Europe and sailed from New York Jan. 1. We will expect to hear from Miss Richardson often and will publish anything which she sends. To fill Miss Richardson's place as instructor Miss Margaret Chase of Cambria has been elected.

School has begun again and everyone is buckling down to good hard work. The seniors are, as might said, on the home stretch and are looking anxiously forward to the time when they will receive their diplomas. The juniors are fast approaching the time when they too may be called seniors while the freshman will before many months roll by lose the name of freshman. Let each and everyone combine to make this the happiest and most profitable year ever spent in the institution.

Our athletic season has thus far been very successful and we wish to win many more victories. Baseball season is here and we must get to work. Our captain is a good man and we must support him. Don't wait for him to come around to you but get out and show us what you are made of. These should be about three or four men trying for every position. We should organize a second team that will make the first team hustle. And then track must not be forgotten. We ought to plan for a home field meet sometime in the latter part of April.
On the evening of Dec. 14, 1907 a farewell reception was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Anderson, by the student body of the California Polytechnic School. In the early part of the evening a program was rendered, consisting of Dr. Anderson's favorite song "Holy, Holy, Holy," sung by the student body. This was followed with a piano solo by George Hopkins, Reading by Ida Bachman, Vocal solo by Hazel Helmar, and the last but not least by any means the male quartet, consisting of Havey Hall, Mr. Condit, Mr. Heald, and Mr. Tavenner who sang the favorite Cornell songs.

The program was short for there was another treat awaiting which would take up the time for the rest of the evening. This was the supper served in the drawing room. The drawing room was beautifully decorated in green ferns, holly-berries, Cornell colors, and pennants.

Ernest Curtis, as toastmaster was responded to by our former Director Dr. LeRoy Anderson, on the subject of "Our Institution, Its Past." He was followed by Lee McDowell, on "School Spirit," Miss Ethel Richardson, "Basketball," Henry McDonald, "First Impressions of Polytechnic" and Mr. LeRoy B. Smith, "Our Future." Earl Campbell representing the senior class, represented to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson a beautiful clock given by the student body. After this every one went home wishing Mr. and Mrs. Anderson future happiness and prosperity.
Our exchange list is considerably larger this month than last and among the list are several new papers that I have not noticed before. The papers are all so good that I hardly know where to begin.

The Olive and Gold, Santa Barbara High is a very nice paper with plenty of good reading matter. However, we would suggest that the Editorials be nearer the front and also that the names of the staff be printed. A few cuts would add much to your paper.

The Bulletin, Montclair, New Jersey, is a new exchange. Your exchange list is long and is a credit to your paper.

The Janus, Hanford, Cal., is a well written paper with plenty of stories. It seems as though you criticise some of your exchanges rather severely.

Cardinal and White, Whittier, Cal., is a neat little paper and is true to name. The placing of the editorial staff is good as person can immediately tell who publishes the paper. You certainly have an enviable record in boy’s basketball.

Scribner’s Scoop, in the Cardinal, Portland, Oreg., and Ishet’s Christmas Surprise are both good long stories. Your exchange column is rather short compared with the rest of the paper.

Nuntius, Lenmoore, Cal., is an attractive paper, well gotten up. The department headings are fine.

Ye Chronicle, Pomona, Cal., is a well written paper. A good half-tone or so would do much to improve the paper. A table of contents would also be a good addition.

The Trident, Santa Cruz, Cal., has an attractive yet simple cover. The frontispiece is also suggestive.

Your exchange column is short. Aegis otherwise you are good.

El Gabalin, Salinas, Cal., you are too good a paper to appear only four times a year. Your stories are well written and nicely arranged.

The High School Folio, Flushing, N. Y., is the first January paper to reach us. Your editorials would appear better if placed anywhere but last.

His Constancy, in the Skirmisher is a good story and well written as is also Dream or No Dream?

Practice what you preach Argus and have a cartoon or cut yourself.

Orestimba, Newman, Cal., is also a new comer. We are glad to put you on our exchange list and want to see you again.

From far off Massachusetts comes another new paper, The Herald from Holyoke. We are glad to see you and hope you will come again.

At last I have reached the end of the exchange list for this month, as I pick up the Toesin, Santa Clara and glance over its pages. It is easily the best exchange we have. We wish you may prosper in the future and remain a credit to your school.

The Oriole, Campbell, Cal., is a neat little paper with several good interesting stories. A few headings for departments would be very attractive.

The Alert, Turlock, Cal., is another new comer to our exchange table. Your paper is neat and attractive but needs a few department headings. Come again.
Teacher:—“Mr. Knudsen, how do you prepare ammonia in the laboratory?”

Peter:—“Oh, you take slaked lime and put some other kind of dope on it.”

A person would think from the letters floating in and out of Moonies room that he had found the “Little girl just his size.”

Mr. Edwards:—“Hopkins what is specific gravity?”

Hopkins:—“It is the attraction one body has for another body.”

Ruth G.:—“What did you get in the History ex. Ida?”

Ida:—“Nobody knows but the teacher and me.”

Miss Secrest (on vacation trip at Rubio Canon, Mt. Lowe):—“My! these people must use a lot of eggs; just look at all the crates.”

Miss Fordyce:—“Why those are not egg crates, they are beer cases.”

Wanted to know?

How many railroad ties there are between the railroad crossing and Turney’s. Ask Oswald Judd for details.

A. C. D. (after much thought)—

“Well, it’s explained in the book there.” Er— —— General laughter.

Problem.

If Leo Manning can eat 3 dishes of milk sherbet in three minutes, how long will it take him to eat 7 dishes of chicken salad, 1 quart of cream and 4 more dishes of sherbet?

Prize for correct answer: 1 ticket to Star and Crescent theatre.

In American History. Mr. S.:—

“What do cicisatlantic affairs mean?”

Miss Gould:—“Affairs on this side of the Atlantic.”

Mr. S.:—“What would affairs on the other side be called?”

Kennedy (promptly):—“Their own affairs.”

Notice to the Faculty!

We wish to call the attention of the faculty to our learned senior E. E. Campbell and his ability to lecture on subjects such as styles of ladies’ hair, dressing, coats, suits shoes, etc., also rules of etiquette. We think it would be profitable to engage Mr. Campbell to lecture to the girl students at least once a week at 11:15 in the Domestic Science Building.
Position Wanted.

By experienced private detective, willing to butt in or resort to any kind of strategy to gain desired information. Satisfaction guaranteed. Call or write

E. E. Campbell
Alias Sherlock Holmes
Box 23.

Why did Moonie flip that neatly written envelope over when Pezzoni came into his room? He must have gotten an answer to the notice in the December Journal.

Because we lost the debate to San Luis High does not indicate that we must lose the championship for the coming year. It only means that we must work harder to win from Santa Maria. This will be no easy task as Santa Maria has some experienced men who have debated several times before. Everybody must get busy and help win the cup for this season.

Comus, Zanesville, Ohio, came just a little too late to be mentioned in our December Number so you are practically a new exchange. Your cover design is attractive and neat. Come again for we will be glad to see you.

Purple and White, Peoria, Ill., is one of our largest and best exchanges. The cuts and stories are good and appropriate. The editorials are good also. We wish you as much success in coming years as in the past four years.
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