February, 1909.

PolyJournal
San Luis Obispo, Calif.
GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM.

Miss Chase, Coach
Dora Bergh
Hazel Griffith
Rachael E. Ramage
Lene M. Watson

Livia Stover
Clara Patva

Launey Swedelger
LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Words From the Lips of Men
Who Knew Him.

The Lincoln Day exercises at the California Polytechnic school, Friday morning, Feb. 12, were a success in spite of Jupiter Pluvius. Considering the weather there was a good attendance of the students and their friends, the Fred Steele Post, G. A. R., also being present. The program was as follows:

Song—America.
Welcome to G. A. R.—Director LeRoy B. Smith.
Response for the Post—S. D. Ballou.
Piano solo, Meditation—Miss Hazel M. Griffith.
Reading from Senator Savage—Miss Annette G. Girard.
Reading, Gettysburg Address—LaRue C. Watson.
A Personal Reminiscence of Lincoln—Edward Secrest.
Song—Star Spangled Banner.
Duet, clarinet and piano—Messrs. Johnston and Hopkins.
Veterans Welcome.

Director Smith stated that the school had long been looking forward with pleasure to Feb. 12, and that he was pleased to have on exhibition for the first time an excellent picture of Lincoln, which arrived just in time for framing for this occasion. In addressing the veterans Mr. Smith said in part:

"Gentlemen, you are welcome. From you only can we properly learn of the stirring events of 1861-65. We are fortunate today in being able to hear from those who actually shook the hand of Abraham Lincoln and personally knew him. We appreciate your presence and welcome you."

Mr. Ballou's Response.

S. D. Ballou spoke in response. He said:

"In behalf of the visiting post, we appreciate the words of Director Smith, and we regret as much as he does the inclement weather. But some of the boys are getting old and could not come today. I appreciate the honor of being chosen to respond for the post and feel my inability to express my thoughts. We are gathered here today to commemorate the birth, life and virtues of Abraham Lincoln. Having been in the army
from 1861-65 I will give some of my first impressions of Lincoln."

Mr. Ballou then vividly drew, from a number of personal incidents, a picture of the depth and nobleness of the character of the emancipator. The following are extracts from his talk:

**Personal Experiences.**

"In 1861 my regiment was sent to Washington. According to Lincoln's custom he spent much time in the camp endeavoring to become personally acquainted with the men. He passed daily through the camp, shaking hands and speaking words of cheer and encouragement. At that time I was 16 years old and I thought he was the homeliest man I ever saw. But when you saw that eye you could not help feeling that there was an inward beauty which compelled you to love the man.

"We were at the front in July, 1864, when the enemy entered Maryland and approached Washington, which was practically unguarded. We were hastily put on transports and rushed to the capital city, I being on the first steamer to arrive. A great crowd was on the wharf to greet us, but Abraham Lincoln was the most conspicuous figure of all. He shook hands with the soldiers and spoke to as many as he could. He had aged greatly in the past few years and his face bore the marks of care and anxiety.

"We double-quicked to Fort Stephens, where we arrived about dark, and on the morning of the 12th of July an attack was made and the enemy routed. The most conspicuous man on the field that day was Lincoln. He stood on the parapet of the fort beside Gen. Wright and cheered the troops on the victory.

"The last time I saw Lincoln was in March, 1865, when he was a guest at Grant's headquarters in the field. An advance was being planned and he rode up and down the lines encouraging the men. We had all learned to love him and cheered him wherever he went. On the 2d of April the advance was made—Petersburg fell and Richmond was taken.

"When we returned to camp after the battle Grant and Lincoln had stationed themselves beside the road to greet us. Tears were rolling down Lincoln's cheeks and on his face there was an expression of supreme gratitude and of hope realized."

In closing, Mr. Ballou spoke eloquently of Lincoln's place among the heroes of history and of the position of the stars and stripes among the flags of the world. His final statement was:

"We who are here today will pass away and our nation may decay and become a thing of the past, but its great fundamental principles will live on in eternal youth and immortality."

**Edward Secrest Speaks.**

Mr. Secrest's words were substantially as follows:

"May I address you students as boys and girls? I can feel much freer in doing so. I was a boy once and went to school in two hemispheres. My primary education was in Switzerland, that model republic, and my secondary schooling was in New Hampshire. My sympathies are especially with you because your studies bring back to me a flood of memories of my own childhood days.

"My education was completed in an Indiana log cabin.

"In the spring of '55, as a young man of 22, I left my father's farm in Indiana and went to Kansas as an ardent Republican Free Soiler to help make that a free State. A few years"
later my younger brother followed me. Then my father sold his farm and sent for us to come and help bring him and his household goods to Kansas.

"This we did and our small fleet of prairie schooners wended its way slowly westward to help make Kansas a homestead of the free. Lincoln had been nominated during the previous spring and now there was being waged the greatest political campaign in our history.

"We found liberty poles everywhere along the road, with a flag at the top and underneath it a picture of Abraham Lincoln. There was with us a young printer, who was also an ardent Republican, and every time we approached one of these liberty poles we cheered lustily for Lincoln.

"But one night we nearly got into trouble. We were camped beside the road near a liberty pole when a body of Democrats, pretty well 'corned,' came along the road. Seeing the pole they shouted: 'Hurrah for Douglas!' This was more than we could stand, and we replied: 'Hurrah for Lincoln!' The Democrats drew together and held a council of war, and we overheard them say: 'They are a bunch of black Republicans. Let's go over and clean them out.' However, they decided that discretion was the better part of valor and they moved on. But this taught us the lesson that when a Democrat gets whisky there is bound to be trouble, because a Democrat and a bottle of whisky is a hard proposition.

"A few days later my brother saw a rabbit and in getting the gun from the wagon broke the shaft. This gun was an old timer and had a wonderful history, but that is another story. When we reached Springfield, Ill., we stopped at the gunsmith's to get it fixed while I took a stroll through town. While I was passing the post-office, among the many going and coming was a man of peculiar appearance. He was long, lank, stoop-shouldered and had a rough, uncouth countenance. He wore an alpaca coat which hung on him like a scarecrow, and on the back of his head was an old silk stovepipe hat. Under his arms and in his pockets were great bundles of papers. As he took his way toward the State House I said to myself, 'I'll bet that's Abraham Lincoln.'

"When I returned to the shop the gun was repaired and the gunsmith took us boys to Lincoln's office to introduce us to him. When we entered there were a large number of men, evidently office seekers, in the room, and in our embarrassment and awkwardness we merely shook hands and beat a retreat. However, I scoured up courage enough to ask Lincoln for a copy of his Cooper Institute address, which he gave me.

"Little did I think when I left that office that in less than two years I would be enlisted with the boys in blue and would be singing with thousands of others: 'We are coming, Father Abraham, a hundred thousand strong.' Little did I dream that in two more years I would hear read that immortal emancipation proclamation. Little did I dream that in four and one-half years I would be one of the first of my regiment to hear of the assassination of Lincoln.

"It happened like this: We were in camp near the outskirts of Little Rock, Ark. It was in the dusk of dawn and my duties placed me near the officers' quarters, when I heard a clatter of hoofs and soon perceived
that it was a mounted orderly. He drew near, dismounted and handed his message to the officer. I saw that it was something unusual, and asked what it was. I was told that it was the news of Lincoln's assassination the night before.

"The news spread like wildfire through the camp, but the boys were slow to believe and rushed to headquarters to get particulars. Some stood about the camp pale and mute, some wiped an occasional tear from their cheeks, while others, full of passion, swore vengeance on the assassin.

"As the news was confirmed the flag came slowly down. Boom after boom of cannon broke dully upon the air and added solemnity to the occasion. I can hear those booms yet! A peculiar feeling comes over me which perhaps some of these other comrades can understand. Part of the time I carried the flag at the head of my regiment and part of the time I followed in the ranks.

"I thank you very much for your attention."

Masterful Address.

Mr. Fitch's address was masterful and well calculated to inspire one to lofty ideals and greater achievements. He showed that a great pile of marble or a legal holiday do not necessarily constitute a fitting memorial, but that a knowledge and loving appreciation of a man is the best memorial to him. The speaker then showed from Lincoln's life that he richly deserved a true memorial.

THE AGRICULTURAL CLUB.

January 15, 1909, the Agricultural Club held its first meeting in the new term, and officers were elected. Mr. Condit was elected President; Elmer Murphy, Vice president; Irving Davis, Secretary; and Attilio Pezzoni, Treasurer. Besides these officers the President appointed two standing committees, one on Program and one on Finance.

The first regular meeting of the club was held the evening of Jan. 28. The program consisted of a talk on "The Hog Industry In the Imperial Valley," by Leo Mannlag, and "The Breeding of Pure Bred Hogs," by Elmer Murphy. Mr. Condit read a selection which gave variety to the meeting.

After a short recess, a business meeting was held and important matters discussed. The President announced that henceforth one of the features of each meeting would be a question box on general agricultural topics. Another feature will be a discussion by some appointee of "Agriculture Up-to-Date," giving the latest inventions, discoveries and methods of interest to the farmer who means business.

The Agricultural Club has untold possibilities of good, for those who attend. The club has a few enthusiastic supporters, but it needs and deserves more.
Oct. 13, 1908.

I arrived here at Portland yesterday evening about six o'clock. As to the voyage I have not very much to say. The sea was calm but too foggy to allow any distant views until we reached the mouth of the Columbia river, when the scene which opened before our eyes was too grand for adequate description.

It was about half past five yesterday morning that we sighted the famous bar toward the starboard and a high cliff on the left. They say that the government spent three million dollars for this bar to keep the river in its right course. Two hours later the ship entered Astoria. This picturesque waterfront town, I heard, has a very interesting history. About ninety years ago it was established as a fur trading post by adventurers sent out by one of the Astors of New York; hence, Astoria. Of course it has had the usual tragedies of a frontier post, but now is a well established, prosperous looking city, somewhat smaller than San Luis Obispo, but the second largest city in Oregon.

As I say, it is a very picturesque town, clinging to the steep, wooded hillside, rising right out of the river, which here is fairly narrow and curving so as to add much to the landscape. It is unique, too, because its "down town" is really on the great wharf upon the river. You see, lumber is so abundant here that it is not so extravagant for Oregonians to build a city upon piers as for Californians.

Now as you go up the river, which is becoming narrower, being hemmed in from both sides by islands and flats, you would surely feel that you are in another country than California. It is the forest that makes you feel so. From the very banks of the river up to the distant mountains, as far as you can see, it is all one dark forest of Oregon fir; a primitive grandure of creation, which sooner or later, I suppose, man will destroy for the satisfaction of his greed. You can already notice in some places, ugly patches that men have recklessly made, or fire-licked spots with lone, shattered, lifeless giants standing as fit monuments for nature's outrage.

But now you may turn to more pleasant objects along the river. You would see every two or three miles by either bank salmon traps, house-boats, log-cabins, lumber-mills and canneries. I don't think the latter two are very picturesque, but the rest are appropriate to the general landscape and without them it would be too desolate and gloomy.

Well, our boat kept on its course, regardless of what we saw or thought, and late in the afternoon left the Columbia and entered the Willamette River, which is decidedly narrower than the other, and at about six o'clock we were at our destination, Portland.

Oct. 20, 1908.

The other day I went to the fair grounds—that is, the old site of the Lewis and Clark Exposition—and was
rather surprised at its desolation. Except the Forestry building, which is well preserved as a permanent attraction, all the buildings are left to decay. None of them seem to be torn down by human hands, but by the weather they are reduced to a pitiful ruin. The walls are crumbling and roofs are falling. The walks and avenues are thick with weeds. The California building, styled after a mission structure, looks now like a real, old, deserted mission with its decaying walls and rusty bells forever silent.

A masquerade ball was given by the Freshmen class, Friday evening, Jan. 22, in honor of the rest of the school. The attendance was good and the make-ups were “wonderful to behold.”

Clowns, cowboys, little boys and girls, Geo. and Martha Washington, Jack of Hearts and Queen of Hearts, and many others took their place in the grand march. A tall, dark complexioned young lady (?), dressed in a directoire gown, gave an interesting dancing exhibition.

The first prizes were taken by Alma Miossi, and Harvey Hall, while the second prizes were carried away by Bess Holloway and Allan Stone. Refreshments were served during the evening, which was chiefly occupied with dancing. The various committees in charge deserve great credit for their successful management of the function.

Some of the most marked costumes. Alma Miossi, a little girlie; Harvey Hall, directoire woman; Allan Stone, Geo. Washington; Bess Holloway, Buster Brown; Geo. Tilton, clown; Mae Brew, sea side girl; Diana Kendall, school girl; Leland Smith, school boy; Carrie Ramage, school girl; Walter Kendall, school boy; Mr. Coleman, a woman; Ida Backman, waiting maid; Miss Chase, Southern girl; Elmer Awl, country doctor; Ivy Brumely, Queen of Hearts; Ray Evans, Jack of Hearts; May Brumely, night; P. Knudsen, clown; Miss Gollet, Martha Washington; E. Berringer, Indian chief; C. Baumgardner, Negro.
Director Le Roy B. Smith and Mr. R. M. Shackleford, president of the board of trustees, spent several days during the last of January in Sacramento in the interests of the Polytechnic appropriations bills.

The following sums have been requested for the next biennial period:

- Operating expenses, $105,000;
- Dormitories, Dining Hall, etc., $72,500;
- Barns and Farm Equipment, $20,000;
- Power Plant, Mechanical Laboratories, etc., $17,000;
- Creamery Equipment, $4,000;
- Cottages for Employees, $4,000;
- Poultry Department, $2,500;
- Water, Irrigation and Sewer Systems, $16,000.

The unusually heavy and persistant rains have played havoc not only with the schedule of baseball games, but also with the athletic field, and especially the track.

The class of Senior girls is now giving the customary series of luncheons. Before the end of the year, each girl must be servant at a regular luncheon and later, be hostess at a similar function. When her turn comes, she must plan the menu, prepare the meal, invite a few members of the faculty, and preside over the function in proper style.

(From the Daily Telegram, Feb. 10, 1909.)

Chas. and Allan V. Emmert of the Ione Reform School, accompanied their father, Attorney J. M. Emmert, of Arroyo Grande, to San Luis Obispo, yesterday afternoon and paid a brief visit to their many friends in the county seat.

"Chas. Emmert is the director of the dairy department at the school and Allan V. Emmert is the professor of horticulture. They have about 400 boys to instruct and both are meeting with gratifying success in their respective branches."

Chas. Emmert was among the first students at the Polytechnic School, while Allan was a member of the class of '07.

The following is from an article in a Lansing, Mich. newspaper on the trying out of new material for track and field events in the Michigan Agricultural College:

"Among the new men who showed that they could do brilliant work, are the following:" Then follows a list including "Curtis of the California Polytechnic School in every event." "Curtis is undoubtedly one of the best all around athletes ever entered at the college. The Californian displayed exceptional ability in every event that was run off."

JOSHES.

Student in greenhouse—"What is that tall spindling plant over there?"
B.—"I don't know.—Here's a label. It says Hertha Schulze."

Alpha—He goes to bed with the chickens.
Beta—Doesn't he find it beastly unhealthy?

Mr. Ewing, borrowing some apparatus from the chemistry lab.—"But this one is hollow. Can't you give me a solid glass tube?"
F. E. E.—"I am afraid not."
The Polytechnic Journal
Published Monthly by the Student Body of the California Polytechnic School.

EDITORIAL STAFF
Editor-in-Chief—LaRue C. Watson.
Associate Editors—Hazel M. Griffith and Irving F. Davis.
Exchange Editor—Rachel E. Gould.
Social Editor—Rachel E. Ramage.
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TERMS
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POLYTECHNIC IS NOT LACKING:
IT IS DIFFERENT.

The following discussion is prompted by the great misapprehension, which exists among our own as well as other students, as to the nature and object of the Polytechnic school.

The lack of literary material in the Journal is often criticized by Polys (those, by the way, who would be the last to write a story for us.) In the first place, we consider that the most important function of the Journal is to record the history of our institution as it is made from month to month and to publish pictures of our school and the athletic teams which will be treasured in future years. In the matter of cuts, the Journal excels most school papers of twice its size.

Admitting that the literary side of the Journal is weak and might be improved if the editor could devote more time to it, the fact remains that our students are exceedingly diffident about writing. The same applies to work in debating. From the beginning of the school until this year, Polytechnic has steadily held the debating championship for this part of the country, but it was through the efforts of the few. At the beginning of this year, there was only one man in the school, eligible for an inter-school debate, who had had any experience. As a result, we lost the first debate of the season and thus, under the present schedule, were down and out for the whole year. Otherwise we would have two more debates during the year with still a possibility for the championship.

Let us now inquire into the "why"
of these and other conditions. We find in most High schools that it is the fourth-year students who are chiefly relied upon to support the school's honor in athletics, debating and other school enterprises. With our present three-year course we are handicapped by a fourth less training,—and the most important fourth at that.

As regards achievements in debating and literature, not only does the above hold true, but those who have an interest and natural ability along these lines, naturally go to a high school where they study allied subjects throughout a four-year course. On the other hand, Polytechnic students come from those who are interested in educating their minds along technical lines and with regard to handiwork and dealing with the physical world, and their three years education in our school is mainly along these lines.

In spite of these disadvantages, Polytechnic does not always suffer in meeting High schools on their own grounds. But suppose we turn the tables. Put third-year high school students against third-year Polytechnic students in a discussion of, or in a practical application of the knowledge of any of the following:—The choosing and preparation of fertilizers, the principles of plant growth, the testing of milk, electric wiring, construction of a steam boiler, home sanitation, the chemistry of human food, etc. The average High school student not be in the game at all.

Our school represents a new idea in the educational world and it is "making good." It does not suffer when properly compared with other schools.

It is but a few short months until the Seniors will have the pleasant duty of placing their class tree on the school grounds, and as some difficulty may be experienced in securing just what is wanted from the nursey men, it is not too early to begin planning for it now. The following class trees have already been planted:—'06, Quercus agrifolia (California live oak); '07, Cedrus deodara (Indian cedar); '08, Araucaria Bidwillii (monkey puzzle.)

We are indebted to Geo. Tilton for the cover design appearing in this issue, while the department headings were drawn by staff artists, Jesse Methvin. The printers thought that our cuts were drawn by professionals and were surprised to learn that the students turn out all of such work.

JUST FOR FUN.

J. L. M.—"I wish he would get next to himself and bottle that noise. He never tries to sing when nobody is around."

Professional Goat.—"How do you know what he does when nobody is around?"

Mrs. E. had a large umbrella, Miss Edith R. had a small one, and the third party had none.

Mrs. E. to third party;—"You had better get under mine, mine is a family umbrella."

Third party, consolingly.—"Well, miss E's will be some day."
"You go around dere to de back while I stay here and hickey for de cop," said "Jerry the Lag" as he and his pard Dan stopped in front of a large brownstone house.

"Well, you want to be sure and give de call when you set your glims on de cop. I was never much taken with these 'aristocratic' places anyway."...

As he said this he stole over the lawn, keeping in the dark places as much as possible. He soon came to the back of the house and at once set to work opening a basement window. After getting it open he slid silently through and then stopped to listen. Everything was quiet and he was soon going up the basement steps. He found on reaching the landing that he was in the kitchen. Now pulling out a dark lantern he soon found his way to the dining room. As he reached the door, he stopped in amazement at the amount of silverware on the side-board. Coming out of his daze he set to work piling the silver into a sack. He had gotten the sack about half full when stopping a moment he heard a creaking on the stairs. Hastily shoving the sack under the sideboard he ducked behind the heavy portiers. Peeking out from behind them he saw the door softly open and a masked face stuck in. The face peered around the room and then came softly in. When the unknown had his back to him he stepped out and leveling his revolver, told him to hold up his hands.

Just then Dan's heart went beating like mad, as a voice behind him said, "Well, gentlemen I am sorry to spoil this little comedy but I am afraid I will have to."

Dan whirled quickly, but faced a leveled revolver held by a young man with blue eyes and curly hair who called the butler and the two intruders were soon in the hands of two big policemen.

J. ANSON JACKSON.

FROM MICHIGAN.


To the Polytechnic Journal:
I received a copy of the December Journal and was pleased to hear of your athletic victories, though I am sorry you lost the debate. Michigan Agricultural College was not beaten in football this past season and scored 236 points to opponents 22. The great University of Michigan was held to 0-0 score.

M. A. C. has a total enrollment of about 1200 which is swelled during the winter to some 1500 by the short course men. M. A. C. is the oldest agricultural school in the U. S.

The winter has been very mild so far, with little snow. The mercury dropped to 10 below for one day, which is the coldest we have had. Skating has been fine so far.

Wishing the class of 1909 every success and a prosperous and beneficial year to all, I remain ever a supporter of Polytechnic.

ERNEST W. CURTIS, C. P. S. '08.
ATHLETICS.

On account of rain, two baseball games have had to be postponed, one with the Santa Maria High School and the other with the Salinas High School. A lot of good material came in with the Freshman class and Polytechnic expects to take the championship in baseball this year.

Mr. Condit is having good success with his Indian club class. The members have purchased clubs and hold meetings every afternoon in the carpenter shop.

Track season will begin about the latter part of March with a lot of new and promising material. The meet will take place at Santa Maria, but the schedule of events is not thoroughly completed.

One new event, the discus throw, will take place. This is a new event for the league, but already some of the fellows have made the record look scared. It is expected that the track team will go to Santa Barbara again this year, but no definite date has been agreed upon.

A good deal of interest is being shown in wrestling, under the leadership of Mr. Coleman. A set of boxing gloves has been ordered and when they arrive, Mr. Johnston will give instructions in their use.

DEBATING.

Although the debating society is doing nothing, there is more interest shown in debating than there has been for some time.

Friday morning, Jan. 29, there was a debate in Miss Chase's section of the second year English class, on the question, "Resolved, that women should be given the right to vote." The affirmative was upheld by Diana Kendall and Selina Wyss, while the negative was supported by Fred Markloff and Jas. Willoughby, the rebuttal speeches being made by Mr. Markloff and Miss Kendall.

The judges, Miss Harriet Howell and Mr. J. J. Condit, decided in favor of the affirmative.

The debate was interesting throughout and all the speakers did well, but it was agreed by those present that the decision was justly awarded.

At the present writing, this class is planning for another debate about Feb. 26, after which it will challenge the second year English section under Mr. Derringer.
The "Journal" halls with a hearty welcome a much lengthened exchange list and wishes to thank them all.

The "Oak" from Visalia High is a neat and well arranged paper. Your headings are excellent and your paper good.

"The Herald" is very good, its most striking feature being its number of short stories.

This issue of the "Argus" is quite an original piece of work, your headings are very artistic. Interest is evidently not lacking in athletics. Your exchange list is well written and we like your style of criticism.

"The Comus" again reaches us from Ohio. This is a most attractive paper and commands more than passing attention by its excellent arrangement and well written editorials. The unusual length of your column entitled school notes indicates that yours is an active school.

"The Nuntius" of Lemoore is very good. Your cover design is clever and your headings and joshes are good.

"The Skirmisher" and "High School Folio" are excellent papers and we hope to see them on our list regularly.

"Olive and Gold" is as usual one of our very best exchanges. Your cuts are most interesting. The "Legend of Santa Barbara" is excellent. One of your most striking features is your great quantity of short stories.

"The Felician" is good. It brings us a clear idea of the activities of that high school in New York. It would indeed be a credit to any high school.

"The Forum Tatler" is a small but excellent journal. Your stories are the best we have had the pleasure of reading for some time.

"The Polytechnic" is a very good paper and we hope to see it often.

"The Cardinal" from Portland, Oregon is one of our most attractive exchanges, due to all around good work.

"The Tatler" is really excellent. The josh section is good, your class pictures are good and add to the general effect of your paper. Your short stories are interesting.

"The Clarion" is as usual very good.

"The Alert" is well arranged. Your short stories and headings are excellent but a few more cuts might be an improvement.

"The Gazette" is one of our best exchanges. Your headings are very clever and original, but some cuts would be a great improvement.

"O. A. C. Barometer" is as usual full of athletic news.
J. L. ANDERSON

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