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Daily Telegram Print
Distant View of San Luis Obispo From Red Hill.
Industrial Education

H. F. Tout

In this age of "doing things," this age when the hand as well as the brain must be trained, it is necessary that educational methods should be established whereby the greatest proficiency can be attained in what ever course of study the individual may choose.

Industrial Education is the equal balancing of art and science. By "science," we mean the understanding of "why" certain things take place, while by "art" we mean the knowing of how to put these scientific principles into practice.

I shall deal particularly with industrial education and its relation to agriculture. I do this because the agricultural course has been my selected work and I can better appreciate the many needs for improvement along all lines of agricultural pursuits.

The present educational system deals almost exclusively with mental and moral training. Industrial education demands that more time shall be devoted to the training of the hand. A verbal exposition upon any subject, no matter how complete it may be, fails to create in the mind of the reader, mental pictures as clear and complete as results obtained from personal work and observation. To illustrate my point: a student reads a graphic description of how a bee deposits pollen upon the pistil. Upon leaving this flower in search of more honey, the bee carries the pollen from the last flower visited. By this wise provision of nature that particular species of plant continues to live. Here is the point. That individual may receive no stimulus to investigate the subject from the mere reading of that exposition. But once establish a system of school work whereby the instructor may control the "physical activities directed to useful ends" and compel this student to visit nature's garden and investigate that printed story, then at once a desire is created for further research.

Another illustration of the utility of industrial education. The most accomplished blacksmith may lecture to you for a week upon the principles of blacksmithing. He may explain just how to "upset" the ends of the iron to get the best weld. He may tell you just what the welding heat is, its color, the behavior of the iron and all the other details, yet I'll wager that not one in this building can make the iron "stick" the first trial. You may have the science of blacksmithing perfectly established in your mind, but with all this knowledge, without the art you will be a failure as a blacksmith.

In establishing a system of industrial education a perfect balance must be attained between the mental and the physical training, for until the automatic
stage is reached, the workings of the hands are governed by the active operations of the mind. The training of the hand should not be all of the education for any calling. Up to the present time, the work in the schools of rural communities has been lacking in the elements of industrial training. The chief aim has been to acquire mental training and knowledge from books. The use of pencil and pen furnish about the only illustration of “doing” requiring the use of the hand as our educational systems now stand.

To say concisely what I mean, we should introduce into our present school system, commencing with the third year, a line of work whereby the hand as well as the mind may be trained. The very first primary elements of agriculture should find a place during these early years of school life.

It may be argued that it is not the business of the common schools to train mechanics, nor to train farmers. It is the duty of the common schools to so train those attending them that they may be more effective and resourceful in whatever line of work they may enter. Nearly one-half of the children in the United States who are in the public schools are enrolled in rural schools. Ninety-five out of every hundred never attend any other than the district school. The farmer boy and girl is surely entitled to something better than they get. It is time to recognize the fact that a system of rural schools should be planned whereby its course of instruction will fit the reeds of the ninety-five per cent of pupils who never go beyond the grammar school.

Time will not permit me to go into a thorough discussion of the subjects that should be taught in this newer system of education. I can but mention a few. Commencing with the third year and continuing until the fifth, nature study could be introduced. Under this topic would come, for example, a thorough study of the leaf, its form, shape, color, peculiar position on the stem and the reason for the same; the different shaped trees, why some are evergreens and others are not. When spring comes the study of flowers as to color, shape, size, odor and the reason for these. A great multitude of subjects are ever present for nature study. The primary readers could have interesting stories of birds in their natural habitat. Stories of domestic animals and many similar topics could be introduced. After the fifth year teach something of the nature of the soil and the correct fertilizers to use on particular soils. The treatment of the simpler plant and animal diseases should find a place. Many of these subjects that I have proposed could be introduced into the reading courses and dispense with the present readers.

There has never been a time in the history of this country when arguments for industrial education in rural communities could be presented with such great force as at the present time. Competition is no longer confined to the commercial world. The farmer finds himself face to face with problems of competition as never before.

The Government report for 1903 says “that all the land susceptible of cultivation in their natural condition have been taken up, so that this outlet for our growing population is closed. There are, however, vast areas of land which when drained or irrigated, can be cultivated.” It seems to me therefore that somewhere in the farm boy’s education he should receive some training in the construction and maintenance of irrigation ditches and reservoirs and the proper surveying out of drains systems.

We have a very notable example in our own state of defective secondary education in the case of the Fresno High School, a school of over 400 students. The colonies south and west of
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Fresno have become famous as horticultural districts which have been ruined by improper irrigation. The water has risen within three feet of the surface of the ground because of improper drainage and excessive use of water. As a consequence, vineyards, orchards and alfalfa fields are dying. Boys from these drowned farms attend the High School for four years. There they study Latin, Greek, Classics, Myths, Greek, Roman, Medieval and Modern History, and many other nice things to know. The fact remains that less than five per cent of the High School graduates in the United States ever go on to the Universities. Hence ninety-five out of every hundred of these boys return to the already drowned farms, run more water, foolishly endeavoring to make the poor yellow-leaved vines and trees grow. It is too bad that never in that long four years of hard study the principles of irrigation and drainage have found no place. With a few dollars invested in drainage systems those now almost worthless farms could be redeemed. But the agricultural department of the State University or the California Polytechnic School are the only places at present in this vast irrigated State where such principles are taught.

A man that would open a machine shop without previous education and training would be a failure. For the same reason many farmers are failures.

The attitude of uneducated farmers is a potent factor in retarding the growth of agricultural education. One of our dairymen here, who had lost heavily because of tuberculosis in his herd, was asked to attend Dr. Ward’s lecture on that particular subject. He refused to go, replying, “No, I won’t go. I know enough about those durned bugs already.” See the attitude. In fact he did not know the first principle about the disease, for it is not caused by a bug at all, but by a minute plant.

Two years ago, a vineyardist with whom I am personally acquainted, had his vineyard seriously ravaged by bugs, those that suck the sap from the leaves. He had read that sulphur dusted on the vines would prevent fungus diseases. At once the forty acres of vines were thoroughly sulphured. The bugs sucked just the same. Upon their departure the army worms laid siege. He sulphured again. The worms chewed away and seemed to grow greener upon the sulphur. Now almost everyone knows that powdered sulphur has no poisonous effects. I have eaten sulphur and sugar many many times when I was a boy. Some claimed that it had great virtue as a blood purifier. One thing I do know. It does not posses much virtue as to flavor. But here is the point. That vineyardist did not know the first principles about controlling insect troubles. Had he been taught these simpler truths during his early school life, no such foolish moves would have happened.

I could give you many more examples of lack of training among farmers, but you can see them for yourself on every hand.

Scientific agriculture is simply the aiding of nature to carry out her plans. It is simply a thorough investigation of nature’s laws. Disobey one of them and suffering is the inevitable result.

The time has come when it is no longer the man that arises with the first faint streak of dawn and labors until day has turned to night that is the successful agriculturist. It is no longer the man who can work the longest hours and do the hardest work that prospers, but rather the man that has been trained for his agricultural pursuits, the man that thinks, the man that spends a few minutes in the morning planning for the day’s employment, the man that studies, experiments and investigates, and when once having determined upon a conclusion, follows it with all his might, he it is that is the successful farmer and can live to enjoy the fruits of his labors.
**Editorials.**

The Journal desires that the readers give its advertisers first consideration when dealing in their particular lines of business.

We always take pleasure in welcoming those from the outside who visit our school and thoroughly enjoy any word they may give us.

In spite of all the care that we can use, mistakes will undoubtedly be made, but whenever they occur we will gladly rectify them in succeeding issues.

It is with a great deal of regret that we issue our first Journal this year under an old cover design. Our new designs failed to arrive in time, but we trust they will be here by next issue.

We submit to you this, the first number of the Second Volume of the Polytechnic Journal. We sincerely hope that we may, with your assistance, make each succeeding issue better than the last.

The Journal is glad to publish in this number the graduating address on Industrial Education, delivered by Mr. H. F. Trout, at the first commencement exercises of the Polytechnic School, held at the San Luis Obispo Pavilion, June fifteenth, 1906. Mr. Tout, it will be remembered, was selected by the faculty to represent his class on the graduation program. His address won most favorable comment from many quarters.

Summer vacation is over and again the familiar scenes of school life are before us. Many new faces are seen. We note with a great deal of satisfaction the material increase over last year. As Congressman Smith said in his address before the student body on September 26: "I am very much gratified to note the large increase of young ladies in attendance since my last visit."

On March 22, 1905, the bill appropriating $30,000 for the construction and furnishing of a Domestic Science Building passed the State Legislature. On February 28th, 1906, with appropriate and impressive ceremonies, the ground for the new building was broken. It stands to the left of the Administration Building in the same relative position as the Dormitory.

The building comprises two floors and a basement. The first floor is taken up principally with Laboritories and the Sewing Rooms. On the second floor are the Kitchen, Dining Room and Class Rooms.

The structure is almost complete and will be ready for occupation by January 1, 1907.
Japan Day

What was Japan Day? It was nothing historically important. Everybody loves a good time, and it is a natural desire for a foreign people who are scattered among strangers that they wish to gather and have a good time in their own way. So the Japanese merchants at the Venice Exposition, Ocean Park, planned to have a typical Japanese festival on September third.

At two o'clock the celebration began in the Auditorium, profusely decorated with greens and flowers. But what attracted our attention most was a large pendent picture behind the dais, which presented the rising sun and cranes—the highest significance of prosperity and longlife to a Japanese. After a few speeches and musical performances, a brief drama termed the "Fall of Port Arthur" was played and won applause. Then it was announced that Japanese refreshment would be served in the Ship Hotel and that the rest of the program would be conducted at the front of the Amphitheater.

It was truly a festival scene that was presented along the street leading from the pier down to the lagoon, which was continuously arched with pennons, flags, and lanterns. Such a crowd Ocean Park had never seen, and it was surprising that from a limited locality in and around Los Angeles such a number of a foreign people of one nativity could be gathered, for nearly two thousand Japanese were present. One little thing, yet which added much to the occasion was the badge representing the nationality by the red globe on white ribbon. This was worn by every Japanese whose face was gleaming with joy.

There were a number of interesting contests and performances of swimming, Jiu-jitsu, and fencing, but the main feature of the afternoon program was wrestling. A small roped arena enclosed within four corner posts, wrapped with linen alternately red and white like a barber's sign, was erected in strict accordance to the old law of wrestling still followed in Japan. The umpire attired in a stiff angular shoulder piece projecting like a butterfly's wings and a pair of long skirt-like pantaloons, stood at the middle of the arena. His obcordate-shaped iron fan with engravings of the moon and the sun and with long purple tassels—all the sign of authority—divided two contestants who entered from the east and west sides of the arena, and according to the ceremony sprinkled salt, clapped hands three times, and squatted down face to face in due position. Now back the umpire drew, the wrestlers clinched, tugged, and tangled in fierce struggle until one set a foot beyond the ring. Then up the scepter went followed by loud proclamation of the umpire of the result of the combat and a thousand times louder acclamation from the audience. Thus the wrestling went on for about an hour when people dispersed for refreshments and rest.

As the evening came, the fireworks which had been booming the whole afternoon became louder and thicker. The sky which now became sufficiently dark, was streaked and splashed with rockets. The countless lanterns which arched the street, climbed towers and flag-poles, encircled the lagoon, and decked the boats and flats were now all lighted, giving the scene that astonishingly gay yet peculiarly languid aspect which people call Oriental. The reflection of those variegated soft lights upon the rippled surface of the lake was something paradisaical. At this moment the lantern procession began its march. Fifteen hundred red lanterns in long line waving and flinging as if in joy went up and down the street, not in silence, but with triumphant songs, for every Japanese sang at the top of his voice. Meanwhile the fire-
works went on with all its mirth and freak and when the last hour came the whole length of the tower standing at the middle of the lagoon two hundred feet above the water, was suddenly blazed into light.

The lake was transformed into one great mysterious mirror reflecting the luridly scarlet and a most fantastic scene. The whizzing neburas shrieked, the shooting comets whizzed, and the bursting plants roared all in one chaotic and intermittent succession as if the last eve of the universe had come, and vividly you could see the electrified expression of those who were standing at the other side of the lake. E. K.

The Story of the China Lily

A widower, with two young sons had accumulated great wealth in various parts of China. At the age of forty, the father died, leaving his children orphans and entirely alone in the world. Although he could have left them both way beyond the reach of want for a reason known only to himself he chose to leave the bulk of his fortune to the elder son, while to the younger one, he left nothing but acres upon acres of low swampy land, which was covered with from one to two inches of water at different seasons of the year, and as the brother thought was perfectly worthless.

While the older brother was wasting away his fortune in foolishness, he did not help his brother by so much as a penny, but traveled to different parts of the world and was not heard of again. The younger son tried his best to make a living for himself, but he found it even harder than he had at first supposed. In utmost despair he had wandered one afternoon out into the midst of his new dominions and throwing himself down on a large rock he sobbed as if his heart would break, as he thought of the wrong his father had done him.

An old and bent Chinaman whom the brother had not noticed in his wretchedness, had been watching him from a distance and thinking that he might help the lad he got up and walking over to him asked him if he was in trouble. At first the brother was inclined to remain silent, he only wanted to be left alone in his wretchedness, but something in the friendly manner of the old man made him open his heart and he told all about how he had been left alone in the world with nothing but the low, swampy land he saw around him.

The Chinaman was silent for a long time, but finally his face lighted up with a broad smile and tapping his friend on the shoulder he said, "Don't cry boy, don't cry, I will make you rich, very rich, if you will let me.

The son listened to the old man patiently, although he was not comforted in the least, but on going home he did as he was told and in a few days he received a sack of seeds which he was to sprinkle all over his land. A day or two later he did this and then sank again into wretchedness, forgetting all about having planted it.

About a month later in bitterness of heart, the brother again walked out to see his vast dominion, thinking only of the wrong done him, when, as if by magic, he looked up and saw, not the low, barren land before him, but one mass of bloom. Lilies of delicate color and having an almost enchanting odor, had sprang up all over everywhere, as far as he could see. It was a beautiful sight and the son realized in this moment of awe, the old Chinaman's words would come true and so they did.

As soon as it became known people came from all over the world and paid vast sums of money to behold the wonderful new China lily, as it became known by this name.
After accumulating enough money to live comfortably, the brother allowed his property to be turned over to the public, so that everyone could come and enjoy the beautiful sight and allowed them to carry away a bulb in remembrance. So it became a yearly event for the people of China, to have feasting and merry-making at the time each year, when the China lily was in full bloom, in memory of the man who had first planted it. F. L.

Our Stock Exhibits

On September 3rd our stock exhibits to the annual fair at Sacramento came back in triumph. Their banners were heavily laden with ribbons for prizes which amounted to one hundred, eighty five dollars and fifty cents. The list of animals and their prizes is as follows:

HORSES—Dolores, best mare, 4 years old, $10; Dolores Princess, best mare 2 years old, $7.50; Dolores Jean, best mare 1 year old, $5; Dolores Fantive, suckling filly, $5; Dolores and two colts, $7.50.

CATTLE.—Imp. III, of Glen Hurst, second best three year old $20; Flossie of Glen Hurst, third best three year old, $10; Jennie of San Luis, best cow two years old, $15; Jennie II of San Luis, best junior yearling $7.50; Comet's Lady Floss, best senior calf, $5; Jennie III of San Luis, second best junior calf $5; Imp. Lassie, third best junior calf, $3; Comet of St. Annes, best bull three years old, $20; Lady Bird's Comet, best senior Calf, $5; Best Exhibitor's herd, $30; Best Get of Sire $15; Second Produce of Dam $15; Comet of St. Annes, senior champion bull, gold medal; Comet of St. Annes, grand champion bull, gold medal.

Dolores Queen is a seven year old white Percheron mare, weighing about 1590 pounds. She was born in April, 1899, was bred by Mr. H. L. Lilien crank of Aptos, Santa Cruz, County, and purchased by the Polytechnic in December, 1903. Thence she became the dam of three promising fillies, Princess Jean, and Fantive. The original Ayrshire stock of our school was purchased in Canada in 1903, the females from Wm. Benning & Son of Williamston, Ontario, and the male, Comet of St. Annes, from Mr. Robert Reford of Montreal.

Comet is a large princely bull, weighing 1650 pounds, with beautiful yellow skin and glossy white coat spotted with brown. Thus he was a center of attraction and really was the best dairy bull in the whole fair.

As a matter of fact, what has chiefly effected such a wholesale winning is undoubtedly the individual excellency of the stock itself, but in the same time it must be remembered that an adequate preparation and skillful management were just as essential for the success. We must be thankful, then, to Mr. C. W. Rubel, upon whom the fate of the entire stock depended. For the cattle we extend our congratulation to Mr. Geo. C. Coonradt, who proved himself to be a most capable stockman, and also to Mr. Francis Buck. Of horses, let us quote Prof. Anderson's words: "Mr. S. C. Griffith prepared the horses for the fair and had them shining like blue bottles."

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Miss Richardson in Dormitory—“Everybody works here but father.” Geo. L.—“Who’s that, Mr. Roadhouse?”
Miss R.—“No, of course not.”

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Sam Cook is getting to be quite an electrician. He helped Mr. Yount to set up a motor (onto a table).
Exchanges

We are entering upon our field of work for the coming year. This, the first Journal of the second volume, comes out under a nearly new staff who take up the work where it was left at the close of last year. We have started on the new year which promises to bring many changes with it. We hope many improvements will be noticed throughout our paper in the future.

We feel even a greater interest in our exchanges this year than we did last and were very pleased to find many of our old friends waiting for us when school opened. We hope that all of our old exchanges and many new ones will show a renewed interest in us. Let us hear from you each and all.

We have noticed that many of the Journals which are issues annually at commencement time are among the most readable of our exchanges. Why not issue a paper oftener. Nothing can speak better for a school than its own actual work.

Santa Maria—Your paper was exceptionally good. We noticed our yell leader had a conspicuous place in your paper.

The Oak has some good articles. The Horoscope of the Class of '06 is exceptionally good.

The Oracle has one or two very good stories in its last number. The coming of the popies deserves especial mention.

The Searchlight is a very interesting paper. We hope to see you in our exchange list.

Dialogue

Girls studying Algebra in the Library, 10:30—11:45 a. m.

Hertha S.—“I am going to work like sixty now. Did any one of you girls get that 16th example?”

Maggie M.—“How much of your five dollar fee do you expect to get back?”

Hazel G.—“All of it of course.”

Frances R.—“I guess not, they keep fifty cents of it any way.”

Annette G.—“O say girls, I got 20x equals 0 for the 18th and the answer is 0. That isn’t right is it?”

Frances—“I wish you girls would keep still, I can’t work with so much noise.”

Maggie—“1st! 1st! Whose coming?”

Hazel—“O its only Watson. I don’t see how you girls get that 7.”

Annette—“Let’s see 77-11. Oh say girls, have you seen the school pictures?”

Hertha—“Where is it?”

Frances—“Where is it?”

Frances—“Get it quick Annette.”

(Hertha brings picture in)

Hertha S.—“Where is my little self?”

Maggie—“Isn’t that just lovely?”

Frances—“I think it’s just fine.”

Annette—“O girls I can’t get this Algebra.”

Hazel—“I would rather sew than work this Algebra any day.”

Hertha—“What are you sewing on now?”

Frances—“I can’t get this 17th. What is the answer?”

Annette—“Gee, I can’t find my answer book.”

Hazel—“I can’t read this China writing. How do you expect me to explain anything?”

Frances—“Let’s see 28x-11 equals!”

Maggie—“Oh, he just does that to show off.”
Hertha—"Why the 18th is easy, just work it this way 21 plus 42x."
Annette—"No 21-42x."
Hertha—"I got it! I got it! It's equal to 4x plus 24."
Maggie—"22 plus 2x. If I don't have an answer book I can't never get any right."

(Mr. Anderson steps in. Ominous silence.)
Frances—"117 plus"
Hazel—"You do."
Frances—"117 plus 4x. Oh keep still. No one can study with so much noise."
Hertha—"Frances is very industrious all of a sudden."
Annette—"See how she is blushing."
Frances—"When, where, who said so."
Hazel—"Plus 10x."
Maggie—"No, it is -10x."
Hazel—"No sir, it is plus 10x."

(Train passes and all look out of the window.)
Frances—"What is the answer for the 18th."
Hazel—"I got 24x equals 12."
Annette—"I got 22x equals 12."
Frances—"Oh, gee, mine is all wrong."

(Clara comes in.)
Annette—"Oh Clara, how do you work the 18th. Come around here and show me."
Frances—"Oh Clara is this right."
Hazel—"Is that today's paper?"
Annette—"I am going up stairs and get the teacher to show me how to work this."
Maggie—"Oh gee, there's that bell and I haven't worked two problems this period."
Frances—"Come on girls and make the best of it. We worked hard enough to get them."
“Revenge is Sweet”

As the train slowed up and Frank McKenzie stepped off and looked about, an expression of blank surprise spread over his face. He set his suitcase on the ground, put his hands in his pockets and gave a low whistle. His surprised remark to himself, “Well, what in the deuce do you call that outfit?” expressed exactly the feelings of the astonished crowd of passengers.

A group of about two dozen boys and girls, who looked like a lot of Indians, were huddled together in a little bunch near the waiting room. A more dilapidated, disconsolate looking lot one could scarcely imagine. In the midst of the group was an old rickety buggy in which a middle aged woman sat, who seemed the only civilized being among them. Their hands and faces were besmeared with mud and dust. Some of the girls, their hair hanging in strings, were carrying dirty little white bonnets and parasols. The whole group were wrapped in blankets of various shades, which were covered with dust and grime. An occasional laugh came from the many spectators who peered from car windows and from behind house corners, when some one would drop his blanket and display a muddy bathing suit. Strangely in contrast with this, was a group of high school boys and girls who stood in the shade of the station awning with satisfied looks on their faces.

Frank turned round with a scowl on his face as Jack Dalton slapped him on the shoulder.

“Well, stand off there and grin like a set of idiots,” he snapped,—“Why don’t you give them some clothes?”

Jack didn’t answer until the last one of the sorrowful looking bunch had filed on the train, then turning to Frank he said:

“Don’t be in such a hurry, old fellow. Just wait until I tell you who and what they are. It was a week ago yesterday I believe, and Ned and I were walking down the street, when six big autos came dashing up and stopped in front of the post-office. Talk about your sports: You ought to have seen them, they looked more like fiesta floats than a crowd of campers. The girls all had some kind of little white concerns set on the back of their heads and tied on with bows under their chin. White parasols were floatin’ around in the air, oh! I tell you they were stunners. But no joshing, two of them were peaches. You remember the Robins girls we met at the beach last summer? Well they were there, too. Gee! it they didn’t freeze us proper. Well, what do you think they did then? I’ll be jiggered if every one of the boys, and there were fifteen of them, didn’t go in and ask for their mail, when they knew they didn’t have any there. It was kind of funny, for we had done such things ourselves, but it made us little bit sore, just because it was them. Yes, they were the
senior class of the Santa Maria high. You know the whole school think they are above us just because they have put it over us in the last few games, but I believe the senior are the worst of the bunch. They were on their way to the canyon, and I suppose they arrived there safe and sound for we didn’t hear any more of them until the next day.

"Three or four of us boys had planned to go hunting that day and we just happened to eat lunch near their camp, and gee whiz! The girls went around with their heads up in the air as if they owned the whole canyon. Why, they wouldn’t hardly look at us. We boys talked it all over coming home and decided that we would treat them white, at least, even if they weren’t very nice to us, and that our senior class would give them a dance. We thought we would kind of like to meet those girls, anyway, you know. We told the rest of the class our plan when we got home, and they thought it would be scads of fun.

"Early the next morning we sent a messenger up to their camp with a note, inviting the whole gang to a dance the following night. We worked like good fellows all that day getting things ready and taking them up. We even prepared a chicken bake and whole tubs of punch.

"We all went up that night in tally-boys, expecting to have a roaring good time and we had it too, but it wasn’t their fault. We got there a little bit early but of course waited for them to come before we began to dance. Their camp was about half a mile from the pavilion, so we supposed they wouldn’t be so swell as to wait until nine o’clock before they came. We waited until nine anyway, but they hadn’t yet arrived. Half past nine and no signs of our guests. We thought this was too much of a good thing so we began to dance, but of course expected them to send some kind of an excuse. Pretty soon we saw the reason for it all. A big bon fire was blazing over in the direction of their camp. Geminy! but we were hot. Little Dick was so mad he couldn’t see straight. The rest of us danced until midnight, drank enough punch to kill ourselves, and went home swearing we would get even if it took us till doomsday.

"In the morning when I got up the first thing I saw was Dick hiking up the road in the direction of the canyon. You know how hot tempered he is? Well I just imagined there would be something doing about the time he got there but I thought I wouldn’t say anything, anyway.

"I went up town pretty soon. I thought perhaps some of the fellows might have sent him up but he evidently hadn’t told a soul, for no one said anything about him and everybody was talking about the dance. I wouldn’t have been surprised to hear he had beheaded the whole mob but it wasn’t my place to spring it on him so I just kept
mum. About ten o'clock mother sent my brother up to tell me to come down to the house right away. When I got there she had just finished tying up a nice little package. She said dad had left me the auto and she wanted me to take the package to Mrs. Norris—a friend of hers, who happened to be chaperoning that or' nary gang. Gosh! if I had been a girl, I'd 'a fainted right there, but as it was, I just swore I would not go. I stormed around there until I was ashamed of myself and when she didn't say a word, but just walked out of the room, what could a fellow do but say he was sorry and get up and go. I suppose she didn't realize what a punishment she was inflicting, but I would rather work forty-nine problems in falling bodies—Caesar's ghost! think of it—any old time.

"I took my spite out on the machine and got up there in about two shakes. I heard no racket around camp and was just rejoicing that they weren't there when I spied Miss Robins, stirring something she had over the fire, and I don't suppose she knew any more about it than I do mixing dopes in chemistry. She had on a little white apron about as big as the middle of my Sunday handkerchief and that same little 'bunni'. If possible, she looked sportier than before. I suppose the rest must have gone hunting for she appeared to be the only one about. The only thing I could do was to butt up and in as few words as possible, and as politely as I could, ask for the chaperone.' Well, she just politely turned her back and said she did not know as it was any of my business whether they had any chaperone or not. When I told her I had a package, she snapped off something about the chaperone being in the tent and for me to put the package there on the bench.

"I couldn't help but notice, in these few moments, that the fire over which she was cooking was in a direct north line from the tents. I knew what it would mean if a north breeze should come up so I thought it would be no more than right, she, being a girl, I supposed she didn't know about it, to caution her. But, gee! she didn't see it that way. She fired up and asked me to mind my own business; she guessed they could 'tend to their own fires. Things were getting pretty hot, so I left about that time.

"I kept an eye on the road from the canyon that afternoon and sure enough about four o'clock, I saw Dick coming. I knew something was up, for he was grinning all over his face. He said he had gone up expecting to lie low around camp and get even some way, he had not decided how, but he was spared the trouble and we were all going to get to enjoy the results of some one else's revenge.

"There seems to have been a crowd of little kids camping up there who were sore at the whole gang, because they had monopolized the swimming hole. They most have had more nerve
than we did for they sneaked up to camp, about the time I left I guess, and ripped the auto tires good and plenty, in spite of the squeals and screeches of Miss Robins. He said the gang didn't seem to care very much they saw what had been done, I suppose because it meant a few more days of fun, so they went for their plunge that afternoon as usual. Well, while they were gone, the north wind, that I had so wisely predicted, came up and blew the fire over to their tents and very nearly burned them out of house and home. They were up against it then, their autos punctured and not a scrap to eat in camp. It seems they had rolled up their blankets and put them all in one of the autos, and these blankets and their bathing suits were all they had left in the way of wearing apparel.

“This was as good as we wanted and in half an hour every member of our class had heard it. We knew they couldn’t possible stay all night with nothing to eat and no place to sleep, so we supposed they would try to make it into town to hit this six o'clock train. It just happened that Madge Wilson was coming home on this train, so we had an excuse for all coming down to the depot.

“What! why didn’t we lend them clothes? Gee! they would have frozen to death rather than take them and besides blankets are good enough for them after the way they froze us about the dance.” B. B. D. Ex.

“Lives of great men all remind us:
We can be as great as they
And, departing, leave behind us
All we cannot take away.”—Selected
OUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Our athletic association recently held a meeting and elected new and competent officers for the ensuing year.

The new officials installed were—Geo. W. Wilson, President; Harvey L. Hall, Vice President; Fred L. Thaler, Secretary, and Fred Grant was re-elected Treasurer. With this new staff at the head of our organization we intend to put through in good order everything that comes in our way, such as pulling out winning teams in football, baseball, tennis and basket ball.

At present we are interested in football as it is the game in season. The grounds have been worked on, but are not yet in a first class condition.

With all the new material that joined us this year and Mr. Lewin’s combined efforts, we should put out a fast and winning team.

Eugene Steinbeck is manager of our team and a letter of challenge addressed to him will be given due consideration.

SAN LUIS BAY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The San Luis Bay Athletic Association held its annual session September 26, 1906, with Mr. H. B. Waters in the chair. The Paso Robles, San Luis, Arroyo Grande, Santa Maria High Schools and Polytechnic School were represented. The Paso Robles High School was admitted to membership at this meeting.

The business of this meeting was the election of new officers and the revising of the constitution.

The merits of the Rugby football and the American game were discussed. It was decided upon to play the American game for this season as it would be much less dangerous than as previously played, also it will be impossible to obtain competent coaches for Rugby.

The following were elected: President—Prof. Metzler, S. L. H. S.; First Vice President—Prof. McKinnon, P. R. H. S.; Second Vice President—Miss Marriot, S. M. U. H. S.; Secretary—Eugene Steinbeck, C. P. S.; Treasurer—Mr. Mann, A. G. H. S.

After the meeting adjourned the executive committee met and appointed the following managers for the various departments controlled by the league.

Track Manager—H. Stonier, S. M. U. H. S.; Football Manager—G. Claassen, P. R. H. S.; Baseball Manager—G. Conrad, A. G. H. S.; Basket Ball Manager—Miss McFadden, S. L. H. S.; Tennis Manager—Francis Buck, C. P. S.
School Happenings

The opening of the school term shows favorable signs of progress, as the registration marks decided increase in the school, and the Freshman class is now the largest the institution has ever known.

The people of California have faith in the practical courses of the school and are showing it by their interest.

Friday evening, September 14, a reception was given by the Faculty to the students. The Faculty, assisted by the Senior Class, received the guests in the Assembly Hall. Partners were then procured for five-minute conversations on assigned subjects, which proved very successful for the "Freshies" in breaking the ice.

Punch was served during the evening to the thirsty ones.

At eleven all dispersed in fine spirits and grateful for the forming of many pleasant acquaintances.

The Faculty reception is always the first event of the season and one of pleasant memories, which serve to endear our school life to us.

Mr. C. Rubel, instructor in animal and dairy husbandry, has received an appointment from the Bureau of Animal Industry, at Washington, to assist in the eradication of the Texas fever in the neighboring counties. Mr. Rubel will be absent for a few months. Mr. Lynch of Ames, Ia., is his substitute, while he is absent in his work.

We are glad to note that many of the students have purchased tickets for the second course of lectures of the University Extension Center, given by Prof. M. Stephens. The subject is the "History of the French Revolution." Prof Stephens is a good lecturer and well worth hearing.

On Friday morning, the eighteenth of September, Dr. Alexius Sigmond of Budapest, Hungary, gave a piano recital to the school in Assembly Hall. Dr. Sigmond chose several favorite selections from the French and Italian classic composers. He executed and interpreted the piano with a master's skill, giving a morning of rare pleasure to the music lovers of the school.

A very enjoyable evening was spent on Saturday, September 22, by the members of the faculty and students at a party given by the Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian Church. Hersman Hall was prettily decorated with flowers and evergreens. At the door the hosts and hostesses extended their hand in welcome to the incoming guests. After a few moments of conversation the guests were entertained with games, which caused much merriment. Lemonade had been served during the evening and after the games dainty refreshments were given to all. The party broke up at ten and all left with expressions of a most delightful evening.

The visit of Hon. S. C. Smith to the Polytechnic School on Wednesday, September 26, was certainly appreciated by the members of the school. At 8:45 in the morning Hon. Smith gave a rousing talk, in which he expressed himself as very well pleased with the work and the prospects of the school. Hon. Smith has done a great deal for the establishment of our institution and is one of our warm friends. He is a delightful speaker and had a very appreciative audience. We will look forward to seeing and having him again at our school.
Miss B.—"No, you couldn’t make a
‘cat noise’ you’re only kittens."

Miss R.—"I wonder if the cook will
gather up this sawdust for breakfast
next Sunday?"

H. J.—Well, sawdust is fine board
isn’t it?"

Miss Lewin—"Harvey are those
shoes comfortable?"

H.—"Yes, why?"

Miss L.—"They are large enough."

Girls anxious for compliments apply
to Mr. M.

New ideas in hair dressing, see the
Misses Tout, 758 Toro Street.

New student in garden planting car-
rots.

First Student—"What kind of car-
rots are these?"

Second Student—"14 K."

Ask Curtis if lizards make good bed-
fellows.

Miss V.—"Please Mr. Ewing may I
go out and get My ‘Rubber?’"

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| Dawson Drug Store                          | Schulze, W. H., Clothier       |
| Duff & Co., Merchandise                     | San Luis Jewelry Co.           |
| Green K., Clothing & Shoes                 | San Luis Implement Co.         |
| Hill’s Bazaar                              | Smith J. W., Drugs             |
| Hill J. C., Gunsmith                        | Sperry Flower Co.              |
| Harrington Bros., Harness                  | Sinsheimer Bros., Clothing     |
| Latimer B. G., Drugs                       | Snyder's, Ladies Furn'gs.      |
| Lind C. C., Book Store                     | Southern Pacific Milling Co.   |
| Lewis & Loomis, Real Estate                | Salinas Valley Lumber Co.      |
| McCurry H., Photographer                   | The White House, M'ch'dise     |
| Norton & Norton, Drugs                     | Vetterline & Butcher,          |
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