Typical Coast Scene Near San Luis Obispo.
How Andy Won Out

There had been so many accidents in football games during the season of 1905, that the leading universities and schools of California decided that Rugby would be a far better and less brutal game. But, many of the schools could not get a man to coach Rugby, without considerable means, so they had to play the old football or none.

There was one particularly ambitious youth, a freshman in that school, whose sole aim was to be a “star player,” as his elder brothers had been. Andy was physically well built and possessed considerable speed with his weight. There was one drawback, however, and that was that Andy Casey could not get his mother’s consent to play football.

Mrs. Casey was a generous-hearted old soul, who, though not having had the advantages herself, firmly believed in higher education. Andy had been trying to convince her that football was a very good thing and should go along with education, but Mrs. Casey’s convictions against football were strong and when Andy approached her, she argued thus: “I hev’ always bin ag’inst this football game, an’ whin yer brothers played, it was ag’inst me wishes. I’ll se fo it that yez don’t git ahead uv me this toime. Now don’t ask me agin.”

“But,” protested Andy. “Earl and Harry are both playing Rugby at college.” “Well, what if they ar’? That isn’t football! I heard them sayin’ that there wuz some science about Rugby, whole in football it is jist brute force.”

Now, yez, remembers whin the Santa Cruz football team came down here with ther’ heads all strapp’d up and the folks o’ ther. Ther’s no sense in it.

Again Andy tried to show his mother how the boys had played football all through school without having met with any serious accident, and told her that next year they might play Rugby here too. Mrs. Casey was invulnerable and Andy had to retreat without having gained his point.

“I’ll play anyhow,” he soliliquized, when he had started out to do his chores. “I know mother wouldn’t care if someone hadn’t told her a lot of non-sense about football. Besides, she has never seen a game and doesn’t know any more about it than I do about Greek, which I never expect to take up. Latin is enough of those dead languages for me. Anyhow, I have an excuse to go to the library every evening, so I’ll just take a few minutes longer, “cut” going to the library, and practice. Of course the coach will help me along some and make it all right with the folks if they should find out. I’ll put my big sister wise and I’m sure she will stand in with me.”

Reasurin’ himself thus, he went about his work whistling merrily. Mrs. Casey even noticed it and wondered
how her refusal should have such an effect on her son.

In the evening when he came in to supper he was still in high spirits and his mother remarked that she was glad that he was sensible enough to see the right side of things.

Andy remained silent but thought deeply.

The next evening it was after six when he arrived home. He fairly flew up stairs, changed his clothes and set about his work. When questioned about his tardiness he answered that he had to go to the library. This passed for once, but every evening following Andy failed to appear until after six. He always had some equally good excuse to offer. Mrs. Casey became suspicious, however, and sent a younger son down to the high school grounds to see if Andy had been playing football. Of course this settled all with Andy, for he had not only been deceiving his mother, but he had been playing football. Mrs. Casey was very much put out about it and Andy knew that he was "up against it" as soon as he saw his small brother at the grounds. In the evening he hastened home he was prepared for almost anything, but to his surprise his mother said not a word until his small brother piped up: "Yes and I seen Andy playin' football this evening, whereupon Mrs. Casey simply asked him why he had been deceiving her, why he hadn't told her that he was playing football instead of sneaking about it."

"The only reason I am playing is because the fellows can't get along without me, besides I don't want to be called a sissy. I did not want to deceive you, but wanted to play and did not think there would be any harm done. Anyway, playing now may help me along in athletics when I go to college." Here his elder sister came in and seeing poor Andy looking fearful lest he should have to give up football or quit school, helped him along by saying: "Let him play this year mother, he is so large and strong that he is not liable to get hurt. Perhaps next year they will play Rugby. Mrs. Casey hesitated some time but finally gave her consent to his playing provided that he get home from school earlier in the evening.

There was but one week left until the game with Paso Robles High School. Andy was anxious for the time to come. Although he had never been in a match game he felt that he could do himself credit.

The night before the game he came home very much excited and handed his elder sister several tickets for the game, and told her to try and get his mother to go. Of course, Mrs. Casey flatly refused with the retort: "Does yer think fer one moment that I'm goin' there to see me son kill. Not much. I never went to a game when the other boys played and I'll not go now."

After much coaxing on the part of the elder sister and the fact that the game was to be played under American rules, which would make it less rough, Mrs. Casey was finally persuaded to go "fer awhile anyway."

The time for the game arrived and from a seat on the side lines Mrs. Casey saw the two teams come onto the field. "They all look aloike to me. Fer the land sakes how kin I tell Andy from the rist o' thim." A lady friend near her who understood more about the game pointed out to her that each team wore different colored sweaters.

The game was on and the teams worked back and forth over the field without a pause until a player was laid out. "Hivenly Father," cried Mrs. Casey, "is that Andy what's hurt?" She arose and started forward but was held by retaining until she was assured that it wasn't her son, but another of the team. By this time the injured player had resumed his place and the game went on. The first half closed
with the score 3 to 0 in favor of Paso Robles.

The second half opened with San Luis High determined to score. Back and forth over the field the teams surged. The wild cheering suddenly ceased and the signals of the San Luis quarter rang clearly over the field both teams were struggling frantically when suddenly a player, with the ball under his arm, darted from their midst and started speedily for the Paso Robles goal.

The crowd was silent for a moment only, then there burst forth a regular torrent of noise, mingled with shouts, "Run Andy," Touch down Andy" and the like.

Andy succeeded in placing the ball squarely behind the goal posts, after which an easy goal was kicked, making the score 6 to 3 in favor of San Luis. As there were only a few seconds left to play the score remained the same at the close.

Andy was the hero of the day and when he came home that night all his mother could say was "Andy, I'm proud of yez. Football is not so terrible as I thought it was. Yez can play if yez wants ter."

The girls are rejoicing over the prospect of having new basket ball and tennis courts. The old courts are to be for the use of the boys. With these better facilities we are planning to put out winning teams in both basket ball and tennis, when the seasons arrive.

We are not very well pleased with the way our exchanges are coming in. We mail nearly 100 copies of our Journal and up to this time we haven't received more than 10 exchanges for any issue. What is the trouble? Isn't the Journal worth sending an exchange to?

The English Department has recently been presented with an excellent picture of six American authors, Bryant, Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell. Hearty thanks are due to the generous donor, Mr. Harvey L. Hall.

"What do you get for all this work," I was asked the other day.

"Oh nothing at all but thanks," I said, "Our glory is our pay."

And straightway 'round the corner came some class mates on the run, And advancing towards my helpless self said, "Gee, this issue 's bum."

Ex.
Saved By a Dot

A young boy when hardly out of his teens entered college and reached his senior year without any trouble. In fact he was looked upon as a very promising young man. But an incident occurred which promised to cast a shadow over the remainder of his life, which had looked so bright and promising a few months before.

He was charged with being implicated in a murder case, arising from hazing, which had been practiced by the seniors, on one of the freshmen during the opening months of the first term of '04.

The student on whom the hazing had been practiced, after having suffered for three months, finally succumbed, and although the doctor dreaded to say so, he had to admit the young man's death was the result of the hazing in which Eddie had played the leader's part. Consequently he would have to be punished according to the law.

The case finally came before the judge, and it seemed as if everything were against him. A great deal had been said in the newspapers and magazines at that time about the harmful results of hazing, in fact it seemed as if the whole world had turned against him. Although his parents sacrificed all they had in engaging the best counsel possible, in trying to save their only son from the gallows, the jury nevertheless found him guilty. He was sentenced to make expiation for his crime by the penalty of death. So the judge pronounced penalty, and the day for execution was set. From this time on the friends and parents of the young man tried their utmost to invoke the clemency of the governor to set aside the verdict. But as the time grew shorter and shorter, and the day of execution was close at hand, the prisoner and his parents were dreadfully disheartened, as no reprieve came from the governor. But at the eleventh hour, just as the prisoner was ready to go onto the gallows, a lull seemed to have settled over the whole assembly as if every one seemed to expect something to happen, by which the young prisoner would be freed. He looked so young and innocent, that the thought of the horrible death which was awaiting him sent a pang of regret through every one who was then a witness. At this moment the door hurriedly opened. A messenger boy rushed in, handing the hangman an order which had been received from the governor a moment before. While the crowd stood breathlessly waiting he read these lines: Live he shall. Not die. And accordingly the young prisoner was led away by his parents and friends, a free man.

The fact that the governor had freed the prisoner at the last moment, was published in all the newspapers. When this reached the governor he was very surprised, as it was not his intention to interfere, but to let the law take its own course. In writing the message he thought to make it more forcible by wording it thus:

(Live he shall not. Die.)

But the telegraph operator had placed the dot in the wrong place, and therefore it read in this way: (Live he shall. Not die), consequently the misplacing of the dot saved the young man's life.

F. L.
Our Trip to the Santa Ysabel Ranch

(Myron M. Thomas.)

Early on the morning of October 28, 1905, eight or ten boys of the animal industry class were gathered around the little station near the Ramona hotel waiting for the seven o'clock train.

As the train pulled up, two or three of the boys that were also going to take the trip, but who had got on the train at the main depot, stepped to the ground and yelled at the crowd in a loud tone of voice: "Boys, its all off, we can’t go, the professor didn’t get on. Oh what a surprised lot of boys.

Yet this isn’t all of the story, for as the old saying is, “If you first don’t succeed try, try again,” and so on the following Saturday, November 4, we tried again.

Our instructor procured the ticket a few days in advance this time, so as to be sure that we wouldn’t get left again.

Again the little station near the Ramona had about the same crowd of happy looking fellows gathered around it, and again the north bound train pulled up and came to a stand-still, but this time the boys that had previously got on, did not get off and say: "Boys, its all off."

Instead of this they waited until the boys had climbed into the car and the train had again taken its former motion, and then they said in a pleasant voice, "We’re off," and so we were.

As the train passed the school, the boys waved their handkerchiefs at the ones that were left behind and in return we received an answer by the waving of sheets, pillow-cases and handkerchiefs.

Then the train began to climb over the mountains and looked down into small but beautiful valleys.

In this way we traveled until we came to the summit and then the only change was that we went much faster. At 8:20 the train pulled into Paso Robles and here we climbed off. In a few minutes we were seated in the bottom of a large farm wagon and were on our way to the ranch, which is about two and a half or three miles from the town.

The trip in the wagon was pleasantly passed in a rough and tumble manner.

At last we arrived at the ranch house and were given a most hearty welcome by Mr. Nelson, foreman of the ranch.

We were immediately piloted to the dairy barn, where our work was to begin. The first thing to do was to cut six or seven cows out of the herd. Then we were ready to begin our scoring.

The first cow to score was Lady Ysabel, a promising Holstein-Friesian, who scored 87.6 points out of a possible 100.

We had the pleasure of having Mr. Brown, a breeder of Holstein-Friesian cattle, of New York, with us, who told us about many points in scoring.

We were now to do some judging. Of course this didn’t take much time, and after completing this our host, Mr. Nelson, gave us permission to take a swim in the Santa Ysabel lake and so we hurried ourselves off to the lake. A very few minutes had elapsed before the water was splashing in grand style. Here is where we enjoyed ourselves even if the water was cold.

After this we went to the house, where a bountiful supply of good things to eat was ready for us. We were soon gathered around the good old
fashioned farm table doing justice to it. A pleasant half hour was spent here. After luncheon we gathered in the yard and gave a hearty three cheers for the lunch and also for Mrs. Nelson, who cooked it. Then we gathered in the parlor to spend a half hour listening to the music.

By this time we had become rested enough to resume our duties with the cattle. This time we went into the field. Here we scored the chief of the Santa Ysabel herd.

After this we commenced on another animal of the same sex. Although this fellow was not as near perfect as the other, he was a very good animal. Our time was now nearly up and we had but little time to look at the master of the Jersey department.

At last our time came and we started off with a three cheers for Mr. Nelson. In a short time we were in Paso Robles again. At about five o'clock we were on our way toward home.

A crowd of tired boys arrived in San Luis Obispo at 6:15 and were soon wending their way homeward.

The Arc Light

The arc light was first exhibited by Sir Humphrey Davy. At first it was generally used for light-houses, but it was not long before it was used for street lighting and is now more generally used for that than any other purpose.

If two carbons attached to a dynamo are touched together and then drawn apart a short distance the current will continue to flow between the points and the carbons heated to an exceedingly high temperature. The carbon tips are used because the carbon does not melt so rapidly and also the color of the arc depends on the electrodes. Carbon makes a light more closely approaching sunlight than any other material. The lamp is made up of the feeding mechanism, resistance coils and the two carbon bars.

The lamps are arranged so that when the current is thrown on the lamp automatically arranges itself, so as to give a light. A current of electricity will pass through a small air space and doing so causes an arc or spark. This spark is maintained by a mechanical contrivance, which holds the carbons a certain distance apart.

This mechanism consists of a coil of wire and an enclosed iron bar, which is connected to the upper carbon by a clutch. The lower carbon is maintained stationery. When the carbons are close together the current will pass through the air easily, but as they are drawn apart the air space is increased and hence there is more resistance to overcome. As the current depends on the amount of pressure and resistance of the conductor, the current passing through the coil is weakened, which causes the bar to drop. When the space gets so that the current can overcome it the magnet holds the bar in place. There is an air chamber, which prevents the magnet from drawing the carbon up too quickly. The clutch grips the carbon while it has the weight on it but as soon as the weight is taken off it drops.

The resistance coils are chiefly used as a protection to the lamp; that is, in case the carbons touch each other and the current is given an easy path the whole current does not fall on the machine, but is kept down and does not burn up the lamp.

When the current is turned on the carbons are drawn apart and it is passed through the air. The light is not
THE JOURNAL STAFF.
Harvey Hall, Eizo Kondo, E. E. Campbell, Florence Muscio, La Rue Watson, L. B. Smith.
Guy Worden, Jeanne Tout, Francis Buck, Frances Lewin.
due to combustion, but to the conversion of energy into the arc. Most lamps of the present day have a globe, which fits over the carbons and cause the arc to burn in a gaseous mixture of hydrogen and carbon monoxide. By this method the carbons are made to burn about ten times as long as in the open arcs.

The current goes from the top to the bottom carbon, therefore the upper carbon is disintegrated, having a crater in the end of upper carbon and a cone on the bottom one. The crater is placed on top so as to throw the light down. The top carbon is connected with the feeding mechanism because that one is dis-integrated and hence must be regulated.

E. H. S. '07.

**Domestic Science**

To most of us the words "good housekeeping" mean the keeping of a house in immaculate order and the prompt serving of well cooked meals. But this is not really all the words mean.

For instance, in a scrupulously kept parlor there are beautiful rugs on the polished floor quantities of bric-a-brac on the mantel; the logs are carefully adjusted, beneath them a neatly swept hearth, the whole looking so clean that one can only speculate how a fire would look in that grate. Scattered about the room are gilt chairs looking so dainty and frail that one is most afraid to sit on them for fear of soiling or breaking them.

But somehow amid all these beautiful surroundings the feeling comes over us that this is not a home, that it is merely a decorative scheme to show what a housekeeper can do. There is nothing that even suggests high and lofty purposes or even ideas in such surroundings. The few books in the room are in neat piles, and look as though they were never opened, as if they had never made friends with any one, in fact, as if no one cared to make friends with them.

One might have gone through the entire house and found the same neatness everywhere, and still it would not give the feeling that this was not a real home.

Good housekeeping then does not consist in keeping a house in immaculate condition, but where order and neatness reigns, not for discomfort, but for comfort for the inmates.

The traditional dishes for Christmas are roast goose and plum pudding, but turkey may take the place of the former. As a goose is a most uncertain bird to buy, care must be taken in its selection.

**Menu for Christmas:**

- Oysters on the half shell
- Clear Soup with Hot Wafers
- Roast Goose or Turkey
- Stuffed Sweet Potatoes
- Hubbard Squash
- Baked Celery and Cheese
- Banana Salad in Shells
- Plum Pudding
- Foamy Sauce
- Coffee.

**School Happenings**

A very pleasant reception and dance was given in the assembly hall on Saturday evening, November 3, in honor of the Salinas football team.

The evening was a little rainy, but this did not interfere with the attendance, as our usual crowd was there. There was everything to make it pleas-
ant and agreeable to our visiting team. Refreshments, games and a good floor, also plenty of partners. The Salinas heroes soon forgot their tired feelings and defeat in the whirl of the dance. Everybody had an exceptionally good time, and our visitors left us the next day well pleased with the cordial hospitality which was given to them by all our students. We in turn are thankful of having had them in our midst.

The Debating Society, which has been organized in our school during the last term, is making considerable advancement along this line, and the first preliminary debate will come off Friday, the 7th. Mr. Joe McCandless, who was marked for his debating abilities, was made president of the society and he is being helped by a strong, enthusiastic body. In the series of preliminary debates, which are to follow in close succession, both local and national topics will be critically discussed. These debates will be an aid in determining where our good debating material lies and in selecting a team to compete in any inter-scholastic debate.

The administration of the society is left entirely in the hands of the students, who are helped and guided in the matter by a faculty member.

This organization is a farsighted movement on the part of the students and should receive the encouragement and approval of all those interested in our school. The school contains very good material and it is certain that in a few weeks we will have a debating team that we can well be proud of.

Drs. Stover and McGovern are giving a series of lectures on Hygiene. These lectures are given to the Freshmen class every Wednesday morning and counted as a recitation.

Mr. Meltzler, the principal of the San Luis Obispo High School, paid us a visit on the 7th of November and in the morning during the assembly hour he gave the students quite a talk on gen-

SCHOOL CALLENDAR.

September 12—Entrance examinations.
September 13—Registration.
September 14—Instruction began.
September 14—Reception given in honor of new students.
September 18—Musical given by Dr. Alexius Sigmoid.
September 22—Reception tendered faculty and students by the Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian Church.
September 26—Lecture by Hon. S. C. Smith.
October 5—Athletic Association initiated its new members.
October 8—Talks by Trustees R. M. Shackelford and Warren M. John.
October 10—Talk on Rugby football by Mr. E. L. Mitchell.
October 19—Lecture by Prof. Chas. Gayley, on education.
October 22—Challenge to debate received from Santa Maria High School.
October 24—Debating Society organized.
November 3—Football game, Salinas vs. Polytechnic.
November 3—Dance in honor of Salinas football team.
November 7—Course of hygiene lectures began.
November 8—Mr. Metzler, of San Luis High School, spoke to students.
November 22—Lecture by Rev. Hillard on Books.
November 24—Football game, Polytechnie vs. Paso Robles.
November 28—Thanksgiving vacation began.
November 29—Football game at Salinas, Polytechnic vs. Salinas High School.
Exchanges

We bin worrying 'bout them s'changes,
    Bin a comin' in so slow;
I tell yo' its quite ezasperatin',
    When yo' think that list won't grow.

But just to think that this month,
    When we're feelin' mighty fine;
Instead of only four of 'em
    Our lists run up to nine.

Wal now we'll shart out commenting,
    To see what we can find;
We'll take 'em alphabetically,
    An' go right down the line.

A's for Alameda's Acorn,
    Which Uncle Josh did read;
Then he wrote up them exchanges
    Tell you, he ain't no hay seed.

But B———, alas 'tis lacking,
    When we look our journals o'er;
Don't you know its kind of funny,
    Never noticed it before.

Cornell Countryman's cuts come often,
    Seems to me they're all the rage;
And when'er you read discriptions,
    Cuts are on the opposite page.

D. E. F. G. H. I.— Janus,
    Comes, alternately, you see;
We'll be lucky if we see it,
    Six times in the year, by Gee.

Kindness, Leniency and Mercy,
    In the Nugget next we find;
But while the heading shines immensely
    Ads mixed with reading, don't strike our mind.

"Oracle" of ominous propheecy,
    Darkened days for you we see;
But if you stand by the "Poly,"
    Friends indeed, we two shall be.

Although P. Q. and R. are lacking,
    Now, dear friends, we pray don't mind;
For when looking o'er our exchanges,
    Double S's do we find.

Student comes from Meridan high school,
    'Tis a new exchange you be;
But do tell us now we pray you,
    Who told your exchange page "23?"

Say Sacramento, your journal is a peach
    We think that your cartooning would be hard to beat;
Now with your swell new cover, and your reading matter great,
    You certainly are an honor to this, the Golden State.

Toesin, we now find you,
    Coming from Santa Clara high;
We think your journal
    Is too good to let slip by.

And now we'll end our commenting
    With Wilmerding, the best;
We pray you don't feel slighted,
    We read you with the rest.
PASO ROBLES vs. POLYTECHNIC

The California Polytechnic football team sojourned to Paso Robles on November 23, 1906, to be ready for a game on Saturday, November 24, at 9:30 a.m., to be played under the auspices of the San Luis Bay League.

Although our boys put up a good game we were out-classed in line bucks and trick plays. Trick plays were used by the Paso Robles team to a very good advantage.

A touch down was made in the first half, but the goal was missed.

In the second half our team took a brace and held their own for a while, but Paso Robles bucked for another touch down.

The longest run of the game was made by E. Rhyne, the Paso Robles left end, who played a fast and snappy game, and E. Steinbeck gained the greatest ground for the Polytechnic team.

SALINAS vs. POLYTECHNIC.

In a clean, snappy game of football, free from petty squabbles, etc., our team met a very decisive defeat at the hands of the Salinas High School team. Having defeated the Salinas boys on November 3, our boys boarded the 3:30 Southern Pacific on Wednesday, November 28, with full expectations of having a hard game to play, and expecting to pull out on top in the end. But Salinas had worked hard in hopes of retrieving their defeat and they were not in the least disappointed, for by the score of 33 to 0 they plainly showed their superiority over our team.

Our boys worked hard but to no avail. Polytechnic sent a strong team, but was simply beaten by a better one. The Salinas team played as one man, every man in every play. Their men went into the plays with a force from which some good was bound to come.

But eight minutes of play had passed when Salinas sent her first man over for a touch down. The try for goal failed. During the remainder of the half three more touch downs were made with two goals kicked. When time was called the score was 22 to 0 in favor of Salinas.

In the second half the playing was very similar to that of the first half. In this half, however, Salinas made two touch downs and kicked one goal. When time was called the score was 33 to 0.

The backs for the Salinas team made their gains mostly by bucking the line, but their ends made some very pretty runs.

One thing which we are glad of even in defeat is that there was no ill feeling between the teams. Everything went off pleasantly and to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

In the evening after the game a reception was tendered our boys, by the
students and faculty of the high school, that we might forget our defeat. A very pleasant evening was had by all.

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**POLYTECHNIC vs. S. L. O. H. S.**

Our football team met defeat at the hands of the local high school to the tune of 15 to 0. The conditions under which the game was played were not of the first class, as a rain had preceded. The field was of an adobe soil, and therefore very slippery.

The game was fiercely contested from start to finish, both teams earning all the ground they gained, but as could be easily seen our opponents were better trained and much faster.

In the first half we were driven back over our goal line for one touch down and at this time Lisk, our right half, was removed from the game on account of injuries, thereby weakening the team. At the close of the first half the score was 5 to 0 and the ball in our territory.

In the second half we lost one touch down, due to the blocking of a punt by the high school and then recovering the ball over our goal line. Then we were run back down the field for another touch down and the score then amounting to 15 to 0, which remained until the end of the game.

Of the individual players Lisk showed up as the bright particular star. Lewin and Steinbeck both played a good game for the Polytechnic. Buck, quarterback for the Poly, played a good defensive game, but has not had enough experience at quarter.

King, Worden and McHenry played excellent ball for the high school.

The line-up was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Polytechnic</th>
<th>High School</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>V. Drougard</td>
<td>C. R. Wayland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Pezzoni</td>
<td>R. G. L. C. Ingram</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Buck</td>
<td>R. T. L. W. McCaffrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Henry</td>
<td>R. E. L. W. O'Sullivan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Buck</td>
<td>Q. A. King (Capt.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Lisk</td>
<td>R. H. L. R. Worden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewin (Capt.)</td>
<td>L. N. R. A. McHenry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Steinbeck</td>
<td>F. A. Gregg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O. Boone</td>
<td>L. G. R. Lang</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Curtis</td>
<td>L. T. R. C. Stewart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. Osmun</td>
<td>L. E. R. D. Nolan</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Origin of the "Midnight Sonata."

One moonlight evening Beethoven and his friend went for a walk. As they were passing through a dark, narrow street, they heard the sound of music. "Listen," said Beethoven, "it is from my 'Sonata in F', and notice how well it is played.

It was a mean little house from which the music came, and the men stopped outside to listen. The music continued for some time, then suddenly stopped, and they heard a sobbing voice say, "It is so beautiful, I cannot do it justice. Oh, if I could only go to the concert at Cologne and hear some really good music for once."

"Dear sister," said another voice, "do not complain, for you know how hard it is for us to even pay the rent."

"Yes I know," said the girl. "But I should like to go, so much."

Beethoven standing outside, had heard it all. "I'm going in," he said. "I am going to play for her; she shall hear some good music," and before his companion was aware of what he intended to do, Beethoven had opened the door and entered.

A young man and girl were the only occupants of the room. The young man was sitting by a table making shoes, while the girl sat near him, with a sad, wistful expression on her face.

Beethoven was very much embarrassed when he realized what he had done, and did not know what to say, or do. However, he finally blurted out: "I heard—that is—I mean—shall I play for you?"

The situation seemed so comical that the spell was broken at once.

"Thank you," said the young man, "but our piano is old and out of tune, besides we have no music.

Beethoven seemed surprised. "But how does the young lady play if you have no music?" He looked down at the girl and saw what he had failed to see before; the girl was blind. "Par-
The History of The English Bible

(A study of "How We Got Our Bible," by J. P. Smith.)

In English, from very early times, attempts were often made to present the Scripture in the language of the people; and the stories of these translations form one of the most interesting portions of the history of the English Bible. King Alfred, the Great, himself, who began his famous Laws of England with the Ten Commandments, engaged in a translation. After these early Anglo-Saxon versions, however, there was a long pause for the Danish invasions gave the islanders little time for literary work, and, moreover, the fatal battle of Hastings, which soon followed, laid the people helpless at the feet of the Norman lords and priests, whose contempt for the language of the defeated and whose unwillingness for spreading the knowledge of the Scripture among the people, destroyed the impulse to English translation. Yet this inert period must not be considered altogether lost for the future language of the nation was being formed during these centuries through the gradual fusion of the two struggling languages. This epoch of the Norman supremacy was also the period of religious corruption and monopoly in England, which fact aroused John Wycliffe to reformation and to his famous Bible translation. His plain, vigorous, homely, yet solemn and dignified language was indeed a great inspiration to the plain people for whom the version was prepared, and the book was eagerly read in spite of terrible persecution.

After Wycliffe there came again a pause of a century, but during this interval occurred what, more than any other event, has affected the history of the English Bible. About 1450 the first printing press was invented in Germany, which freed the Scripture from the yoke of the old, slow, uneconomic, and untrustworthy copyism. Then again during this period the revival of Greek learning in Europe took place. Up to this time the ancient manuscripts remained practically untouched, the English Bibles being translated, not from the original Greek and Hebrew, but simply from the Latin Vulgate of St. Jerome, which itself was only a translation. Now, in 1484, a hundred years after the death of Wycliffe, William Lyndale was born. In his early age he went through Oxford and Cambridge, where he met with Erasmus and read his Greek Testament with everincreasing wonder toward the love of God, till he determined to make "the boy that drives the plow in England to know more of the Scripture than the Pope does." Seeing, however, no room in his native land, owing to the interference of his jealous antagonists, he left England in 1524 and came to Germany, where he at last produced for the first time in the history a complete printed English New Testament. It soon poured into England in spite of the most active opposition of his ecclesiastical enemies. The path of the Bible was now opened at last. Over England's long night of error, superstition, and despotism there came a light. But, alas, the light bearer did not see that glorious day, for his determined enemy seized, imprisoned, strangled, and then burned him on October sixth, 1536. In his translation, unlike all his predecessors, he went back to the original Hebrew and Greek manuscripts in search of the truth and so well he did it that even to the present day his version has been but little improved. The present authorized version itself owes much to him for ease and beauty of expression.
It was indeed a marked change that passed over England after Tyndale's death. The Reformation was gaining ground among clergy and laity, and there was seen no disposition anywhere to oppose the desire for a "people's Bible." Consequently translation after translation appeared, each hoping to meet the need of the age, although they were nothing more than imitations of Tyndale, until in 1604 King James gathered fifty-four learned men of the country in the royal palace to produce another version. Never before had such labor and care been expended on the English Bible. The revisors were divided into six companies, each of which took a special portion. They carefully studied the Greek and Hebrew; they examined the best commentaries of contemporaries; they referred to the previous versions and even to the foreign Bibles, and thus in 1611 after seven years of long, tireless work of the best scholars England had at that time, our present Authorized Version came in existence.

The whole history of the English Bible from Tyndale's days, therefore, is a history of growth and improvement by means of repeated revisions. In the present day, however, we have access to the newly discovered ancient manuscripts, versions, and quotations such as the scholars of King James' day had never dreamed of; the science of textual criticism has entirely sprung up since; the scholars of today are better acquainted with the sacred languages (Greek and Hebrew) and are able to distinguish the delicate shades of meaning, which were quite lost to their predecessors; and also, owing to the national growth of the English language itself, many words in the Authorized Version have become obsolete and in fact several have completely changed their meaning during the past three hundred years.

These were the causes for the remarkable gathering in Westminster Abbey in 1870. To assure the fairness of the new revision, different religious communities were represented and, moreover, in the same time a similar company was organized in America to cooperate. No previous revision has ever had such advantages as this one, not to speak of the valuable documents available; upon no previous revision have so many scholars been engaged; in no previous revision has the cooperation of those engaged been so equally diffused over all parts of the work; in no previous revision have those who took the lead shown so large a measure of confidence in those who were outside their own communion; in no previous revision have such effective precautions been created by the very composition of the body of revision against accidental oversight or any lurking bias that might arise from natural tendencies or ecclesiastical prepossessions. Thus the work went on month after month till more than ten years had passed and some of the most eminent of those who took its part were numbered among the dead, when in November, 1880, the New Testament Company announced the completion of its work. Four years afterward the Old Testament Company finished its part, and finally on May fifth, 1885, the complete Revised Bible was in the hands of the public.

E. K.
THE FOOTBALL SQUAD
Moore, Buck, Kennedy, Lisk, Boone, Walbridge, Gassoway (coach).  
Cook, Krudsen, Lewin (captain), G. Buck, Curtis.  
Seinbeck, Pezzi, Drougard, Driver.
"Now Harvey scrubs the kitchen clean
   And fumigates the food,
He germinicides the soup tureen
   And also boils the wood;
And ere he goes, all twilight cool,
   Home from the Poly school,
He boils his hands, the milking stool,
   And also boils the cow."

"He polishes the kitchen range
   With antiseptic black,
And fumigates the bit of range
   The huckster gives him back,
And ere the grocer's boy into
   The kitchen comes inside
He bids him step each septic shoe,
   In strong formaldehyde."

"He boils the cook book ere he takes
It from the pantry shelf,
He sterilizes what he bakes
   And fumigates himself.
And when he tests the pies and cakes
   His teeth, so clean and white,
He scrubs with stuff before he takes
   His antiseptic bite."

"Ask Walter K. how to set up baby
   carriages. It might come in handy boys."

Mr. Ewing—"What is the matter,
   Miss Miossi?"
Miss M.—"I haven't any arithmetic,
   and he won't let me see his."
Elmer M.—"I thought she was trying to kiss me."

"If Jennie says no!
   Which way will Dixon go?"

Extracts from the telephone booth.
Ding-a-ling, Ding-a-ling. "Hello, is this Mrs. Brown's residence? May I speak to Clara?" L. D.
Ringing again. "Hello; Is this you kid? Are you coming down tonight?" E. B.

"Private lessons in algebra three nights in a week."
"Apply to Miss Clara Brown."

"See those Freshies,
Aren't they fine?
They're the class of 1909."
"Nit."

"Hold your head up high
   And walk very straight
If you belong to the class
   Of nineteen naught eight."

"We are wise, as wise can be,
For we are Juniors—don't you see?"

Dr. T.—"William, here's where you fall down on the next question."
William—"No sir, I will sit down."

One freshman girl remarking to another:
"Well, I don't care whether I graduate or not. I want to get married before that time."

"Why do the girls pronounce Roy
Luchessa's name—Lukissor?"
"What is Dixon's greatest fault?"

* * *

Mr. Gassaway to mechanical drawing class—"None of you fellows could follow directions if you had a man with a shot gun behind you."

* * *

"Amo Amas"—"I met a lass who was tall and slender."

"Amo Amat"—"She threw me flat, woe to the feminine gender." Ex.

* * *

Teacher—"How would you punctuate this sentence: 'I saw a beautiful girl going down the street.'"

Student—"I would make a dash after the girl." Ex.

Van O. to a friend—"The girls don't have to learn jiu-jitsu to throw a fellow down."

* * *

"Green and white,
Green and white,
The Junior class,
Oh! It's all right."

* * *

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"Blushing, It's Cause and Effect"—Ella Tanner.

"I and Myself"—By Donald Cox.

"Motor Cycles"—By Kent Osmun.

"Automobiles"—By Thomas Skiles.

"Dates"—By Mr. Stebbins.

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