MA PETITE CHERE

It was a dark, cold night in February, 188—, when a baby boy first saw this world. Three months later his mother died, and at the age of 9 he lost his father in the wilds of Alaska, leaving him miles away from any one he knew and with only a bare possibility of getting back to civilization. But all his life he had been fighting alone, and he could do it now.

By the aid of new found friends he managed to work his way back to his home town, and after a few years was finally induced to go to school.

When he first went to school he was considerably older and taller than the rest, and they seemed to hate and ridicule him on this account. But being ambitious and filled with vitality, he resolved to get ahead, and paid no heed to the taunts of his schoolmates, but plodded on and mastered the grades of the grammar school as they came along. He was far from clever, but his determination and wonderful energy drove him on. After school he worked for his board, doing chores, which kept him up early and late, and in this way finished grammar school. He now had a taste of education and while at first he hated school, nothing now could keep him from it, so he went to the city and entered High School.

By dint of much work morning and evenings he kept himself at school, and during vacation saved enough to buy clothes and books. By constant cramming he passed in his examinations, and stood one evening on the platform, a graduate. All his classmates were too busy receiving the congratulations of friends and relatives to notice him, and while they received presents and flowers he passed on down the hall, with head erect and the light of victory in his eyes. In his hand he tightly clutched the diploma which he had struggled so hard to win, while in his heart was the joy of knowing he had accomplished an aim.

But he had not yet reached the goal. Filled with success, his ambition now was to enter college, but during the summer vacation while he worked to get a start for college, he met the girl. In all his life he had found nothing to love but success and money. Here was something else; something so very different. Almost from the first his heart went out to her, and the love he had never given to anyone seemed to be for her alone. But he spoke no word. His one ambition was to first finish his education. Day and night he labored to get enough money to enter college. His energy seemed to be inexhaustible. Every ounce of his power was used toward that end, but he never forgot the girl. Each time he saw her his love grew stronger, but he said nothing. She knew of his ambition, and they became great pals. They read, walked and rode together. They exchanged school pins and talked of personal things, of his career and her hopes, until he felt
that she, too, was waiting for the time when he would succeed and might speak.

It came sooner than he expected. A good position was given him and, although it would cause him to lose several years in finishing his education, he saw it was best. He could now tell her, and wherever he looked he saw her face, and his heart beat with the joy of it all. Now that he could speak, he would tell her.

One evening he called at her house and as they walked through the garden, hand in hand, he said, looking down under her big red hat: "Ma petite chere, I have come to ask you to be my wife."

"Oh," she gasped, "marry you. But I don’t love you enough for that, and your education. Would you spoil it all?"

His face turned white. He stared, open mouthed. He did not understand. "You—you—refuse me? After all these months that we have—have been—so much to each other. You must have known that I have worked—just for you. All this time I have loved you—you alone. I have said nothing, but you must have seen. O! you must! You must!" His jaw shut hard and his breath came fast. "Think," he continued, "think how I have worked; how each little success was for you. I never spoke of this before, but couldn’t you see?"

"Oh," she said, "If I had only known do you think I would have led you on intentionally?"

"But I want you—you—you, alone," he said. "I have never loved any one before, and you have come into my life as the most wonderful thing I have ever known. I can’t! Oh, you must! You must love me!"

The girl did not answer, for she was afraid of this big fellow who seemed so determined to make her love him, but it was a strange fear that was sweet and thrilling, and she cried: "Oh, I hate you!" and turning her back upon him buried her face in her hands.

Then he knew that he had won, and putting his arms around her, he said: "You may not now, but you are going to love me by and by. When you find that you do, let me know and I will come for you." Then he gently and quietly left her.

He stopped calling on her; he was very busy, and tried to console himself by writing. When she received and read his letters she tossed her head indifferently. He was nothing to her, so why should she care? Of course he was very nice, and so kind and entertaining, but she would do without him. So she read and rode and walked alone; but the books had lost their interest, the drives had no more charm, and the walks were so lonely. She missed him; yes, more than she cared to acknowledge even to herself. But pride stood in one way and kept her from sending for him.

One day she received a note from him. "Have been promoted," it said, and that was all. She wondered why he did not come himself instead of sending the note. All that morning she waited and watched, but he did not come, and at last love conquered pride and she sent him a note with the single word: "Come!"

That afternoon she dressed in her prettiest dress and waited. Every step that sounded on the walk made her heart bound, and every sound startled her. The afternoon waned, and the shades of evening fell, still she sat by the window and watched. When darkness fell upon the city she lost hope,
and, burying her head in a cushion, she cried as if her heart would break.

At last he came. He entered the house with a firm, quick step, but she did not hear him, and he advanced into the dark room where she sat, sobbing in her grief. His battle was won. His heart was full to overflowing, and for the first time since he could remember he was content. His battle was long and hard, but the reward was—was this.

He went close to the sobbing girl and gathered her up in his arms. "Little girl," he said, "Little girl, Ma Petite Chere." V. D., '08.

**Out of Date**

The old man was still standing on the depot platform of the little country station long after the last wagon had left. The wind was blowing through his white hair and his little blue eyes were looking wistfully down the winding road. He took out his large silver watch and exclaimed with surprise: "Why, it's 3 o'clock and they haven't come for me yet! That's queer. Guess Sam didn't get my letter. Well, maybe I can walk two miles before dark, although I'm not as spry as I used to be."

He started down the road with his large grip, stopping now and then to look at some change. "Why, Jones' house used to be here, and now there ain't nothing but the old willow tree. It must have burned down. Ten years can make a mighty change in a place. Around the next turn is 'Squire Johnson's big barn. Ah! I remember this road as though it were yesterday. Well, I declare if there ain't a fine house! Some tony people must live there. The barn is gone, too. He must have moved away. I wonder if Neighbor Long has left too. All the old things are gone. No, sure enough, there it is. There's the chimney just over the hill. Why, if they ain't chopped down all those maple trees in the pasture, but the house is as natural as when I left. And there's the pond, just the same; and the old stone bank the boys fished from. Well, you old waterwheel, you look kind of lonely now. Hello! who is this coming? Think I'll wait and ride."

"Why, Abner Wane, good evening. You're the first old timer I've seen since I got back. Guess I'll ride a piece with you." Abner was puzzled.

"Good day; but I don't quite recognize you."

"Don't you know John Barney, who left here ten years ago?"

"John Barney!" exclaimed Abner. "John Barney's dead."

"What! Me dead? Who told you?"

"Well, you do look natural," said Wane. "Sam stopped last night and said: 'Uncle John is dead. He died last Wednesday. It's a blessing, though, for uncle was nigh 80 years old and was getting pretty feeble.' There's a mistake somewhere, though. Say, John, you better stay with us tonight. Sam said they were going to the mountains for a couple of days. I'll drive you over tomorrow."

Abner did not notice John Barney's pallid, white face and bowed head, but talked on. "Sam's got pretty rich these last few years. He built a new house and cleared up the woodland. Why, what's the matter, John?"

"I see it all now," said John Barney. "Sam's got rich and didn't want to see me, so he said I was dead and went off to the mountains. I'll go back home tomorrow."

G. W., '09.
It was old Bill Johnson that held the reins that morning as the stage coach swung around the curve in the road.

There were several passengers in the stage on their way to the city; one an Irishman and another an Englishman, both fresh from the old country. Besides these there was one married couple and a young lady.

The crack of a rifle rang out clearly and the off leader fell dead. Almost instantly the coach came to a standstill, and a gruff, broken voice called out:

"Hold up yer hands there, young man!"

The passengers raised up and looked out.

"Will—will he sh-shoot us all?" asked the Englishman in a questioning voice.

It was the girl who answered him, for she had been in a similar fix once before.

"Not if you do what he wants you to," she replied.

The highwayman, with leveled rifle, was masked and well armed, and had his feet bundled up in sacks.

"Git down off that seat there, feller, and be in a hurry about it, too; hear?"

There was nothing to do but mind, so old Bill jumped to the ground.

"Got any gun on yer?"

"No."

"Turn your pockets inside out and throw that 'ere coat o' yours back under the wagon and don't waste any time, either."

Bill reluctantly obeyed, throwing the contents of his pockets in a pile on the ground.

"Now, then, go and git that there box out of the wagon and set it down here."

"It's bolted and locked down fast."

"All right; you go over against that bank out of the way and stay until I let yer know I want yer again. As to the box, I'll tend to that. Now you people in there, just jump out an' we'll see if you have any guns about you. Now then, young man, take that pistol out o' yer pocket and hand it to me; handle first, if yer please. Don't make any funny motions there or you're a goner!"

The Irishman silently obeyed orders.

After seeing that none of the other men had weapons the bandit called for the driver, whom he had kept constant watch on all the time he had been talking to the others.

"Here, young feller, pass that hat o' yourn around and we'll take up a collection for the poor."

The Englishman was the first man to put his offerings in the hat. He took from his pockets a wad of neatly folded bills and threw it in the hat.

"You might put that electric light in also. Diamonds are selling at a pretty good price nowadays."

The Englishman reluctantly took the ring from his finger and dropped it in.

The hat was now passed on to the girl, who took off a watch and tossed it in.

"That ain't all there, Miss," said the highwayman. "Take that diamond off that pretty little finger o' yours."

She obeyed; but her cheeks burned as she did so. Thus the hat was passed, each giving what he had.
“Now, Mister, just lay that hat down here and don’t be poky, either; hear?”

Bill obeyed and after putting down the hat walked back to where the others were standing.

As the masked figure was stooping to pick up the contents of the hat his Winchester, which had heretofore been pointing towards the little group, turned a little and lay on his knees.

The girl, seeing her opportunity, quickly drew something from her dress. There was a sharp, whip-like report, the rifle fell to the ground and the man’s right arm fell limp.

“D— you; I’ll kill every d— one of you for that!”

He did not have time to reach for his pistol, however, for old Bill Johnson was on him with one spring and in a few seconds the man was bound, hand and foot, in a senseless condition.

“Brave girl! How did you do it?” asked the wife of one of the men.

“I had to; it was my engagement ring, and I—I am to be married tomorrow.”

I. F. D., ’09.

VIGNETTE

The little stream comes twining down the hillside like a silver thread woven into a green rug. Where it flows behind the old barn it murmurs, ripples and foams in anger, for directly in its course is a ledge of rock, holding it back and forming a large, clear pool. By the side of the pool is a large, branching sycamore, and from among the leaves the little chipmunk is peeking out or is running nimbly about the branches.

From one of the out-reaching branches a swing is hung, which the small boys use for a diving trapeze when they come on a hot summer afternoon for a swim in the old swimming hole.

Lying across a large flat rock, with the end wedged under a projecting rock, is the old weathered spring-board.

Scattered groups of initials are carved around the trunk of the tree, and here and there a date is carved in remembrance of some happy day.

E. H. M., ’09.

The Lost Child

The wind howled dismally around the office, and the rain beat heavily on the windows. Above the uproar of the storm the town clock struck the hour of 10, and the only occupant of the office, John Baker, rose, locked the window, turned out the lights, and stood for a moment beneath the shelter of the dripping awning outside and surveyed the dismal street. Then, turning his coat collar up about his ears and thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, he strode rapidly off down the wet sidewalk, shining here and there with the light of the shops and store windows.

John, in the true sense of the word, was a man of the world, forever buried in business affairs. But tonight, strange to say, his mind, instead of being bent on the business of the day, was thinking of a sister with whom he had parted in anger ten years before. Perhaps tonight she was wandering homeless and friendless in the world that had used her so hard. Mr. Baker stopped and brushed a tear from his eyes with the back of his
hand, and for the first time in all those years his hardened heart relented toward her.

A weak little voice at his side startled him. "Please, Mr. Man," it said, "I'm lost. Can't you find me?" He glanced down and perceived a little girl of about four years, dressed in tattered clothes and with a torn shawl drawn over her head, concealing her features.

"I got lost," she continued, slipping her little, cold hand into his warm palm with a confiding little movement. "I got lost because I tried to find my Uncle John. My mamma was buried way out in the graveyard today and the lady wouldn't let me stay at the house any more. Do you know my Uncle John? Here's his picture. Mamma tied it 'round my neck before she died." She looked up to him and held the picture in her hand.

"Come over to the light, my little girl," he answered, drawing her into the light of a window. "Now let me see the picture." She held the picture in front of him. He gazed at it for a moment. A low exclamation left his lips and he turned to the child.

"Come here," he said. "Come here."

"Are you mad at me?" she asked, coming forward and looking up at him with large, frightened eyes.

"No. What is your name?"

"Lady."

"Oh, that is a pet name. Come, what is your name?"

"Lady-y-y."

"No other?"

"No; jus' Lady."

Here was a puzzle. How was he to find out this child's name when she persisted in calling herself "Lady?"

"Let me see your face, Lady," he asked, drawing her toward the window and pushing the shawl from her head. Yes, there could be no doubt about it; those eyes, the hair and even the little chin were the very features of his long-lost sister.

He turned the picture in his fingers. Suddenly a few lines in pencil across the back of the picture caught his eye.

"Grace Baker Lyle; aged four years.

To John Baker, Chicago," and down in the corner, in very small letters, were the words: "I confess it was my fault—forgive me. Take care of my baby. She is all I have. Grace." John stooped down and took the baby into his arms. Lady leaned over and looked into his face.

"Where are you going to take me? Do you know my Uncle John?"

"We are going home," he said dryly. "Yes, I know your Uncle John."

W. R. E., '09.

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Instructor in Animal Husbandry: "Pearce, why is a cow a better milker if she has a long tall bone?"

Pearce: "She can keep the flies off better."

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Miss Fordyce (passing through the San Fernando valley on the way to Los Angeles): "Mr. Ewing, is that brick building over there a lemon-curing house?"

Mr. Ewing: "Where would they get their lemons?"

Miss Fordyce: "Well, what is it, anyway?"

Mr. Ewing: "I guess it must be a crematory."

Miss Fordyce: "Well, where do they get the cream?"
The Polytechnic Agricultural Club was formed during the latter part of last term, and the following were elected as officers: Mr. C. W. Rubel, President; E. E. Campbell, Vice-President; A. C. Dixon, Secretary, and Edward Curl, Treasurer. This club should take the place of a literary society to a certain extent, besides being a place where subjects of agricultural interest may be discussed in an informal way. The members can also find out the different modes of agricultural life in different sections of our country.

On April 6th school opened for the third and last term of the year 1907-08. This is the home stretch of the year for all, and for the seniors is the finish of their race. During the past two terms of school many who started out strong have fallen by the wayside, the pace being too much for them. Some have gained and are coming into the finish with flying colors and many lengths ahead. There are only a few short weeks of school left and such a lot to be accomplished. Let everyone get in and do their best and finish with a good strong sprint.

The Journal is planning to give the play, "Merchant of Venice Up to Date," about May 15 or 22.
March 21, '08, a "Hard Times" party was given by the Freshie Class of this school to the student body. Every one turned out in full number. Those who came, other than in hard times clothes, were given various fines and sentences by the court of the class. Mr. Edwards presided as Judge and was assisted in getting the culprits by McDonald and Mr. Berringer, who served as police. The costumes were fearful and awful to behold. Lee McDowell nearly drove every one out of the house with his pipe. Joplin carried off the prize for the best costume, with Alma Miossi as second. After the court closed, dancing and games were indulged in until 10 o'clock, when every one joined in the grand march for supper, which was given out in paper sacks. The party broke up at 11 o'clock and every one went home declaring that the freshies were royal entertainers.

Friday night, April 11, the C. P. S. A.A. gave a dance to the entire school. Not a very large crowd turned out, but those who came had a good time. Harvey Hall furnished the music for dancing. The Senior girls' punch was relished by the thirsty dancers.
BASE BALL

The last game of the schedule was played March 21, on our diamond, with the Santa Maria Union High School.

The game was called about 2 p. m. and Santa Maria started off with a run in the first inning. Both teams then settled down for business.

In the fourth inning McDowell started out with a single, and Methvin followed. With two men on bases Buck came to the bat. He got both men on a base farther along. Curtis knocked a fly. It was caught, and then McDowell stole home and Methvin went on to third and then home on a wild throw.

The score was now 2 to 1 in our favor, but Santa Maria tied us in the sixth inning and scored another in the ninth, which lost the game for us.

The playing was all first-class, with only three errors to our credit, against five for Santa Maria.

TRACK

During the time school has been going on since the spring vacation great interest has been taken in track. This was demonstrated Saturday, April 18, when the interclass meet was held.

The first event was started at 2 p. m. sharp. The other events followed along smoothly as though it was some interscholastic meet. The Freshmen displayed a large purple and white silk banner in honor of the victory which they expected to win.

All of the men did good work and records were broken in pole vaulting, half mile and 220-yard dash.

Following are records and the men and classes making them:

- 50-yard Dash—5 4-5 sec.; Cox (F.), first; Reilly (F.), second; Tilton (J.), third.
- Shot Put—37 ft. 5 in.; Curtis (S.), first; Willoughby (F.), second; Pezoni (J.), third.
- 100-yard Dash—10 4-5 sec.; Cox (F.), first; Beck (F.), second; McDowell (J.), third.
- 880-yard Run—2 min., 23 2-5 sec.; Smith (J.), first; Davis (J.), second; Drougard (S.), third.
- High Jump—4 ft. 11 in.—Curtis (S.), first; Kennedy (S.), second; McDowell (J.), third.
- 220-yard Dash—25 2-5 sec.; Cox (F.), first; Beck (F.), second; Tilton (J.), third.
- S. B. Jump—9 ft. 1½ in.; Methvin (J.), first; Curtis (S.), second; Hanby (J.), third.
- Mile Run—5 min. 45 sec.; Smith (J.), first; Kennedy (S.), second; Drougard (S.), third.
Pole Vault—9 ft. 8 in.; Hopkins (J.), first; Tilton and Reilly, tied for second and third places.

440-yard Run—62 2-5 sec.; Beck (F.), first; Curtis (S.), second; Davis (J.), third.

Hammer Throw—97 ft.; Curtis (S.), first; Murphy (J.), second; Matasci (F.), third.

220-yard Hurdles—32 4-5 sec.; McDowell (J.), first; Tilton (F.), second; Dixon (S.), third.

Running Broad Jump—19 ft. 4 in.; Curtis (S.), first; Methvin (J.), second; Reilly (F.), third.

Relay, 5 Men—3 min. 53 sec.; Juniors, first; Freshmen, second; Seniors, third.

The total for the classes is: Juniors, 51 points; Freshmen, 39 points, and Seniors, 36 points.

The Juniors took 6 first places, 5 second, and 7 third places.

The Freshmen took 4 first places, 7 seconds, and 2 third places.

The Seniors took 4 first places, 4 seconds, and 5 third places.

On April 27 the track team goes to Santa Barbara to participate in the field meet given in connection with the entertainment of the fleet while there.

On May 9 Santa Maria will journey to our track, where the annual meet is to be held this year. We expect a warm meet, as Santa Maria defeated us last year and our team has showed great improvement in that nearly all of last year’s records are broken already.

Levia S.: “I made a broomholder yesterday.”

Hop: “Do you think you will ever have a broom to put it in?”

Livia: “Yes, and I’ll use it on you.”

Mr. Edwards: “Miss Missol, what happens when water is added to sulphuric acid?”

Miss M.: “Dilute sulphuric acid is formed.”

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