STRONG'S

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CLEANING, DYEING, PRESSING and REPAIRING

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A SPECIALTY

Office and Works,
660 Higuera Street,
San Luis Obispo.

H. GILBERT

MODERN SHOE REPAIRING
ELECTRIC MACHINERY QUICK WORK
GOOD WORK
1025 Court Street

Washington Restaurant

San Luis Transfer Co.
WE TREAT STUDENTS RIGHT
Phone 637

Child's Bazaar

Toys AND Xmas Stationery
Also Fine Candies
What's the Use

If you know what you want there's one store where you can get it; if you don't know what you want go to the

San Luis Variety Store

Want some postcards to send to the folks at home or to some other girl's sister or brother? We have them from lot up, embracing the finest creations of the manufacturer's art and including real photographs of local views.

Cut glass, china

You don't have to go to some large city to get what you want in that line. Cut glass in unique and handsome designs; hand painted china, exquisite pottery, both massive and dainty, souvenir dishes and everything that goes to make up the line.

Tin, granite woodenware.

The thousand and one little articles in daily and hourly use in every home, their cost is trifling but they are indispensable. You'll find them here made of tin, graniteware, wood, steel and other materials.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Don't worry about that Christmas present for here will be found the largest, finest and best assortment of Holiday Goods ever brought to San Luis Obispo. Presents for everybody from baby to grandma and — "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH FATHER?" We've got something for him, too.

There are a lot of things we haven't mentioned but the largest stock of any one thing we carry is BARGAINS and they can be found in every department and in every part of the store. Don't forget the stationery books, school supplies, pens, inks, pencils, tablets, etc. They're all here.

SAN LUIS VARIETY STORE

Main Store 758 Higuera St. Branch 889 Monterey St.
Open Day and Evening
SEASONS.

Which season do you like the best?
Well that is hard to say;
For if I stop and name just one
I'm sure that you'd say nay.

First of all comes merry Spring
With her jolly laughing brooks,
And her birds and many flowers
And her decorated nooks.

Next follows idle Summer
When the days grow longer still
And we love the shady sycamore
Down by the silent mill.

Slowly follows autumn,
When to the woods we steal
While creeping o'er the country
Is silence at her heels.

Then suddenly comes Winter
With the rain and snowy days,
Yet we love it as it comes along
In it's jolly noisy way.

Thus, my dearie, can you tell me
Which season we love best?
I'm sure 'twill keep you guessing
If you undertake the test.
A CHRISTMAS JOURNEY.

It was the day before Christmas. A soft, thick blanket of snow covered the earth. The snow still fell; had been falling for over a week. Traffic was hindered to a great extent by the accumulation of snow. Trains were unable to make their schedules. Throgs of people clamored for passage on each outgoing train.

On one of the trains that left a large Eastern city that afternoon, was a gentleman, apparently old, who seemed to be one of the wealthy. He was one of the many in this Christmas throng but he had none of the symptoms of a gay-hearted pleasure seeker, as did the others. He seemed to be entirely alone. As I remarked before, he appeared to be wealthy, but his wealth seemed to have soured and hardened his features.

The jostling crowds seemed to irritate him strangely. He most certainly was not in an appreciative Christmas mood.

Had the persons who knew him best been asked, they might have told a reason for his condition, for they had known him five years before, to be a very happy, pleasant man. Then he had a wife and fine baby boy, a nice home and all a man could wish.

One year later, on Christmas day, both his wife and son had been suddenly taken from him by a cruel accident; had been taken from him Christmas, of all days.

"I bring you good tidings of great joy."

How could he appreciate this Christmas message? Why should it mean anything to him? Had not everything he held dear been taken from him on a Christmas day?

After the death of his loved ones, he devoted all his energy to the accumulation of money. The effort required helped to deaden the pain; helped to keep his mind from dwelling too much on his one great sorrow.

But in these four years the strain of business had become too great for the strength of his mind and nerves. He had paid the doctors a large sum of money for advice, only to be told that he must rest; must quit his business life if he wished to live.

If he wished—to live! It had never come to him in that light before. He had never thought of dying. He hardly knew whether he cared much, one way or the other. Eventually the balance tipped in favor of life—so he must quit. He hated the thought. His business had been the mainspring of his life.

He decided to leave the city for a few months. He would go back to his former country home. All he wished was to escape from the life of the city, now that he was no longer part of it. He wanted to escape from the gay holiday festivities, in which he had no part. He had not kept Christmas since his wife died. He had given no gifts; received none.

Now he was on the train leaving the city.

Before leaving, he had purchased a magazine or two, one of which now lay on his knee.

As the train clattered along, he began to let his mind dwell on what that day might have meant to him had his wife and boy been living. He pictured to himself the Christmas day as it might have been. He thought with bitterness of the stroke fate had dealt him. Why should it have happened to him? He picked up the magazine and opened it at random.
He opened on a page on which only a four line verse appeared. He read once, and then again—

"When God afflicts thee, think He hews
A rugged stone,
Which must be shaped, or else aside
As useless thrown."

He wondered in his mind, if in his affliction, he might compare with the ‘rugged stone’ and wondered at himself for wondering.

He pondered then on his life of the last four years, of his money’s inability to buy him happiness. He knew his life had been a failure, of no account to himself or others.

He reverted to his magazine and attempted to read a story. His eyes wandered, and were attracted by an introductory quotation—

"Do good with what thou hast,
Or it will do thee no good."

He wondered if that were true, and as he wondered his head drooped, his eyes closed and he slept.

And in his sleep he had a dream, and in his dream he dreamt he saw his wife. She asked him for money—more money—and he freely gave it to her. He heard her call and at her call came trooping hundreds of the poor and sick. To these she gave the money. Happiness spread through this throng of poor. All the money was used, and still the needy came. More money was needed, and to him his wife appealed. He went in search of money and secured all he possessed, and in this labor he took a strange delight; a pleasure he had never before experienced. The happiness his money gave was returned to him. He felt a great peace. He knew the joy of giving to others, of giving happiness; the joy of Christmas.

The happy throng faded. His wife vanished from before his eyes. He awoke. The strange warmth and happiness he had felt in the dream still remained. He made a resolution then; a resolution to repeat in reality the experience he had in the dream. Of course his wife would not be there, but he fully believed that she would see and understand.

At that moment his new life of usefulness began. It was a Christmas gift from heaven.

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THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

John Allen, an ex-convict, was walking home one night after work, trying not to think of what a cold night it was, and that he had just been discharged an hour before, because there were too many men on the job. It was hard to be honest.

Here he was, poor, without a job, work scarce. Not enough clothes, the board bill due in a few days, and only two dollars left from his week’s wages. Before he had been sent to prison he had had plenty of money, plenty of clothes, plenty to eat and very little hard work at that.

Indeed it was not an honorable calling he had been following, at the time he was caught,—burglarizing houses; but nevertheless it was profitable.
Suddenly he remembered it was but one day until Christmas and he had only two dollars. He wanted to get the little girl who lived next door a Christmas present, and also keep body and soul together until he could find work.

"O, why didn't they keep me in the pen! What chance has a jail bird of getting work? It seems as though I'm a marked man," he mumbled to himself as he passed by a large house, which showed some signs of being a wealthy home.

In a few minutes he had reached his lodging house and entered his room. He sat down on the bed and opened a small canvas bag which he kept stowed away in his mattress. This contained his kit of burglar's tools. He lifted out a small jimmy, a very persuasive implement in opening stubborn windows; next came a bunch of pass keys, which he had spent a lot of time in making, also several other articles, "I can pawn these and get enough to keep me for a while," he said to himself, as he felt of the tools he had a desire to try them again. "Once more wouldn't hurt," he muttered.

With this thought uppermost in his mind he dropped the keys and a few other things in his coat pocket, and laid the jimmy on the table. He sat down and waited until everything was quiet in the house, took off his light coat and put on a darker and heavier one, put the jimmy in his pocket and started out to break open the house he had just passed by.

He had to pass through a small park to get to the back of the house. When about half way through he stumbled against some soft, dark object. Instantly forgetting his former mission he dropped on his knees beside the child he had stumbled against, and proceeded to feel of its hands and face. These he found very cold. He carried the child to the corner where there was a street lamp, so that he might see her better. He noticed that her forehead had been cut as though she had fallen against a rock. As he opened her coat a letter fell out on the ground. He picked it up and looked for some marks to identify her by. He noticed the address of the sender in the upper left hand corner. This is what he saw—

"Jack Mason, 251 Maple Ave., N. Y."

"Jack Mason, Jack Mason! Well, I'll be hanged, but if this isn't great, my old partner!" he said in an undertone, "251 Maple Ave., so this is is the little girl Jack used to tell me about in prison."

He looked at the number of the large house he had started out to rob, 251 he read on the plate above the door. "This must be Jack's place because I'm on Maple Ave. Jack must have some money from the way his little girl is dressed," he finished. He remembered that Jack had just been sent up on general principles. The authorities had had no evidence against him, only that he was seen with Allen near the burglarized house a short time before the robbery.

John Allen hurried up the steps of the house and rang the bell. Jack, answering the bell, was much surprised to find a man with a little girl, and his little girl at that. She had started out a short time before to mail the letter and here she was, unconscious, and in the arms of a strange man. When Allen laid the little girl on the sofa, Mason recognized him. After the first greetings were over, Allen asked Mason how it was he was living in such a large and well furnished house. He was told by Mason that he had invested what money he had left after he got out of prison, and his investment brought him a fortune.
“John, it looks as though you are having a hard time of it,” said Mason.
“I am, Jack,” he faltered. “I’m out of a job and cannot find work.”
“Never mind, I am a contractor and can give you a job on my force. You see since I’ve got a nest egg I’m working as a contractor so as to keep the nest egg.”

John Allen had a job. Best of all he was free from any guilt. This, he thankfully said to himself, was a happy Christmas.

A CHRISTMAS THANKSGIVING.

Mandy Runkels sat by her old cook stove fire thinking of her sorrows and joys. Her sorrows so outnumbered her joys that she wondered if she had anything to be joyful and happy about (for the next day was Christmas.) As the fire sputtered and snapped she muttered aloud these words. “First came little Sammie, poor little feller, he died with the cholera infantum; next came Tillie and Billie, bless their little twin hearts, they caught the measles when it was going the rounds; last of all was poor Silas who fell in the river and was drowned when cutting our winter store of ice. Here I sit, poor Mandy, no husband, no children, not a livin’ thing to be happy over and tomorrow is Christmas. O, Lord, how kin I be merry tomorrow and be so lonely with them all gone!”

Across the street was a pretty, neat little cottage where lived a minister, his wife and their little two month’s old baby. As ministers usually have a great many pastoral calls to make, so did Mr. Elrod.

“I really must go this evening and see old Mr. Bates. I will not stay long for I think he was a little better today,” he replied to his wife’s inquiry. “But Warren, I wish you would stay home with baby and me tonight. Come, see how babe is breathing! I think something must be wrong, see how flushed her face is.”

“Why, little woman, she is just taking in some fresh air and the flush is the natural color of the little mite,” said Warren.

“O how can you talk that way! Please stay home tonight. If Mr. Bates is better why need you go?”

“Duty is Duty. I won’t be gone long.”

Warren kissed his wife good bye and left the house. The little woman sat down by little Alice and cried softly. “I think his duty is home with his wife and baby, especially on Christmas eve.”

Seven o’clock, eight o’clock, nine o’clock and no Warren. “Mr Bates must be very ill or Warren would come back. O! and baby is getting worse and worse. I do wish he were here.” A rasping sound came from the crib, then a gurgle and struggle. “What shall I do? Baby will die. O, I wish he were here.”

Instinctively the baby was grabbed up, wrapped in thick blankets and Mrs. Elrod rushed over to Mandy Runkels. “O Mrs. Runkels, help me quick, baby is dying!” Mandy jumped up from her chair by the fire, took the baby in her arms and removed the blankets and gown from its chest. For Mandy knew the minute she heard the little cough and the choking that it was croup the baby had. “In the buttery on the left hand side, the second shelf, on the other end, in the large bottle is the goose oil. Bring it quick!” said Mandy. She rubbed the heaving chest with the oil and had Mrs. Elrod heat some over the lamp for the baby to take. She gave it a teaspoonful. Soon the rasping, choking ceased, and little Alice fell asleep.
“Mrs. Runkels, if it hadn’t been for you Alice would have died. I will never be able to repay you.”

“Don’t mention a little thing like that. Many is the time I’ve cured my little ones of the croup. Just go in and go to bed in that spare room. You can’t take this little away tonight for it might get the croup again.”

The little woman went to bed thanking heaven for having such a kind neighbor. Mandy sat with the baby in her arms and said, “O Lord, I have got something to live an’ be happy for after all. I saved that little child.”

ONE MAN’S EXPERIENCE.

“No sir, not a cent will I give to any such thing as a Christmas charity dinner.”

“But, sir, think of all the homeless children, all the starving men, to whom this Christmas dinner will give new life and courage.”

The speaker, an earnest benevolent looking man, leaned forward. “Place yourself in their position, suppose you were hungry, cold and discouraged, what would put more new life into you than a good warm dinner?”

“Before I’d go to a public table to eat I’d shoot myself, and I will not encourage others in what I would not do.”

“Then good day sir, sometime you may look at it in a different light.” The speaker arose and departed.

The business man watched the door for a time as though in fear of his returning, then turned to the papers which littered his desk. He was heavily involved in a money-making scheme whose outlook was decidedly doubtful, just then.

One week after this interview, and two weeks from Christmas, he turned impatiently around to receive his mail from a clerk. Glancing over it he beheld a letter stamped “Private.”

Tearing it open he read the following:

Dec. 10, 19—

Mr. Hiram Brown.

Dear Sir,—The Placer Coal Mining Co. passed into the hands of the Receivers this morning. You are called upon for the amount of five hundred thousand. Respectfully,

R. M.

He glanced over it first then frantically scanned every word; rose in his chair then sat down in a heap. His shoulders dropped and his head bent. He was ruined, his business gone, his house mortgaged and his money wasted.

Anyone who happened to be in Central Park early Christmas morning would have been sure to notice a rather well dressed man huddled on a bench with a pinched look on his face which hunger always brings. It was none other than the man who had refused to contribute to that Christmas dinner. His money was gone and he, left penniless and starving.

At half past twelve o’clock on this cold Christmas day, he was walking down 23rd street. He came to a house around which there was a great stir. Looking up he beheld a sign stating that a free dinner would be given to every man who asked for it.

He paused, then resolutely walked on, knowing full well he would soon turn. Twenty minutes later Brown, late of the financial world, could be seen finishing the fourth piece of rich custard pie of a free Christmas dinner to which he had refused to contribute. D. K.
The Debating Club met for a meeting on Oct. 27 at 12:30 and decided to take the affirmative side of the following question: "Resolved, That our laws should provide for boards of arbitration with power to compel parties in labor disputes to submit their disputes to arbitration and to abide by the boards' decision."

Mr. Frank Walbridge, a graduate of the Class of '09, was here on Oct. 27 from Ventura for a short visit. He reports everything in fine shape in the south.

Mr. Link Luchessa made a trip by auto to Antelope Station Oct. 27, and returned Oct. 28.

Nedom Paul visited his home near Morro Oct. 29 and went duck hunting. He made the Editor-in-Chief and the News Editor a present of five ducks.

Miss Mirian Stevens returned to school on Oct. 29 after recuperating at her home in Paso Robles for two weeks.

Congressman S. C. Smith gave us a very interesting talk on industrial education Oct. 31 during our assembly period.

Mr. Link Luchessa autoed to Pizmo Oct. 29.

Dr. W. H. Leslie gave us a very interesting talk Nov. 1 during our assembly period on Explorations in South Africa.

Mr. Chester Freeman visited his home in Santa Maria on Oct. 30 and 31.

Mr. Shackelford, the President of the Board of Trustees, visited the school on Nov. 3.

Mr. Link Luchessa and Mr. Donald Cox motored to Morro on Nov. 5.

The boys of the Dormitory gave a dance in the dining hall Monday evening, Nov. 7.

The Board of Trustees held their meeting in the Household Arts Building Nov. 12.

The Boys' Basket Ball Team, Messrs. Shipsey, Bush, Weymouth, Snyder, Roberts, (Capt.), subs. Ward, Markloff and Baumgartner, went
against San Luis Obispo High School on their court on Saturday, Nov. 5.

The Girls’ Basket Ball Team, Misses Mendenhall, (Capt.), Loring, McMillan, Schulze, Hutching, Ridle, King, Zanolli, played against San Luis Obispo High School on their court Nov. 5.

Mr. Peter Knudsen, a graduate of the Class of '09, is now taking a course in Healds’ Electrical School in San Francisco.

Mr. Eugene Fiedler, a graduate of the Class of '09, is now working for the Sacramento Valley Irrigation Co. near Woodland.

Prof. Waters and family and Mrs. Waters Sr., visited Avila Tuesday, Nov. 8, for a little outing.

A practice game of basket ball with the girls of the San Luis Obispo High School was held on our court Nov. 10.

Nedon Paul visited his home near Morro Saturday, Nov. 2.

Mr. Link Luchessa took a party sightseeing to Pizmo by auto on Nov. 12.

The Freshmen and Senior Classes played a game of Rugby against the Juniors on Saturday, Nov. 12.

Mr. William Knox left here Friday, Nov. 11, to take in the game between Stanford and California at Berkeley. He returned Nov. 13.

The Paso Robles High School Girls’ Basket Ball Team played against our girls on our court on Nov. 12.

Mr. George Herring visited Morro Saturday, Nov. 12 and returned with a half dozen ducks.

J. Harvey Strowbridge and Si Perkins visited Oceano Sunday Nov. 12 on a motorcycle and returned in time for dinner.

Mr. Roy Luchessa, a former graduate, returned Sunday Nov. 13 from attending the big game at Berkeley. He left for his ranch in Cambria by auto accompanied by Mr. Link Luchessa, who returned later to San Luis Obispo.

Mr. W. Pixley and Dorsey Clayton went to Berkeley to take in the big game and returned Nov. 14.

We are all very glad to have back among us “Greelo” the celebrated pianist. He has returned to school after recuperating at his home for a short time.

A special meeting of the Student Body was held at 12:30 on Nov. 15, and T. W. King was elected President.

Mr. Percy Arnold registered in the Freshman Class Nov. 14, from Santa Ana.

The Misses May and Ivey Brumley and Mrs. Brumley, Miss Hutchings and Messrs. Edward Curl and “Carrie” Carranza, visited Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Yates at Betteravia on Sunday Nov. 13.

Mr. Henry Berkemeyer, a graduate of the Class of 1910, is in San Luis Obispo now after an extended visit in Santa Maria.

Mr. Arthur McHenry, a graduate of Santa Clara College, has been coaching our Rugby foot ball squad for the game with Santa Barbara High School Thanksgiving Day in Santa Barbara.
Mr. Attilio Pezzoni, a graduate of the Class of '09, came to San Luis Obispo from Guadalupe to join the Elks on Nov. 15.

The Boys' Basket Ball Team went to Paso Robles Saturday Nov. 19 to play there, Messrs. Snyder, Shipsey, Bush, Roberts (Capt.), Anderson. Subs. Weymouth, Ward. Accompanying the team were Prof. I. J. Condit, Miss Chase, J. B. Thompson, Walter Malloy, Misses Stevens, Haskins, McMillan and Auble George.

Miss Emma Sommers was here visiting her brother, Mr. Fred Sommers. She remained from Nov. 17 to 21.

Our Thanksgiving recess lasted from Wednesday Nov. 23 to the following Monday Nov. 28. A number of students took advantage of this to visit their homes and help eat the turkey.

Prof. F. E. Edwards, Prof. C. W. Robel and wife, Prof. I. J. Condit and Miss Palmer went to Paso Robles to take part in the Farmers' Institute which was held in that city on Nov. 18 and 19.

Mr. Link Luchessa, Mr. J. R. Thompson and Mr. Donald Cox motored to Shandon and back on Saturday Nov. 19.

Manuel Herrera visited his home near Morro Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 19 and 20 and went duck hunting.

Mr. Pearson's Classes are delighted that their Instructor in Forging has a new stock of Norway Iron, which is the best iron money can buy.

Mr. Walter Roselip visited his home near Edna Saturday Nov. 19. He went quail hunting and bagged a dozen birds.

Mr. Walter Roselip, Frank Riely, Robert Shaw and Ivo Sandercock went to Morro Sunday Nov. 29. They returned with a fine lot of birds.

The students met in the Assembly Hall at 4 p.m. on Tuesday Nov. 29 and listened to short, interesting talks by Mr. Weist of Stanford University and Mr. Hagerman of University of Kansas.

Professor I. P. Roberts, formerly Director of the College of Agriculture at Cornell University and now resident of Palo Alto, delivered a course of lectures to the students in Agriculture the week of November 28th. Wednesday morning, November 30th, Professor Roberts addressed the student body on the subject of "Stored Knowledge." He is a man of pleasing personality, depth of knowledge and experience, and lectures most acceptably before the school.
Social affairs were few this month, but were enjoyed by all who attended.

Monday, November seventh, the dining hall was beautifully decorated. In the evening a crowd of young people gathered and enjoyed the punch as well as dancing until the lights blinked at ten forty-five. All present voted the evening a complete success.

November twelfth, the Trustees of the Polytechnic School were entertained by the Senior girls, who gave them a luncheon in the dining room of the Household Arts building.

On the evening of November twelfth, the Polytechnic girls of the basketball team entertained the Paso Robles basketball girls at dinner. A large table was set for twelve, where they talked and laughed and at the same time heartily enjoyed the dinner set before them. After dinner the tables were pushed aside and the Polytechnic students, as well as the visitors, enjoyed dancing until it was time for the Paso Robles people to start for the depot. They carried home with them the thought of another victory won and a good time spent with us.

Last Friday evening, Mrs. Smith gave a Buster Brown party in honor of the Dormitory girls. Each girl invited a friend who was to come and judge the fifteen dolls which had been beautifully dressed by the young ladies. The dolls were numbered and then voted upon; the girl's doll receiving the most votes was awarded a prize. Number thirteen being the lucky number was dressed by Miss Maye Haskins, who received a beautiful vase as a prize.

The remainder of the evening was spent in singing and playing and watching the young men dress clothes pins in which some succeeded very well. Charlie Schwartz, having the best dressed clothes pin, received the prize.

Later in the evening dainty little baskets were passed, which contained a delicious luncheon that was enjoyed by all.

As the lights grew dim all joined in a chorus singing "Good Night."
The first term is over; everybody is filled with the delight of Christmas vacation. As a whole our social and athletic career has been a success. The girls, in basket ball, have lost three games, but have worked hard and deserve credit, since they are new at the game.

The boys have made a good showing in basket ball, although not quite strong enough to win the championship.

In foot ball there is no question about the championship. The schools of the league did not even attempt to play us. Outside games were secured; in these we proved victorious at the end.
EL GABILAN—Salinas, Cal.
Hello you Eagle! You have a neat journal: one which shows that you take interest in school affairs. Your "contents page" is very attractive.

THE ORIOLE—Campbell, Cal.
Your story "Neckties and Hair Ribbons" is fine. Your whole journal is interesting but why the advertisements in the middle of the book? Wouldn't they look much better in the back?

THE TRIDENT—Santa Cruz, Cal.
Your journal, though small, is interesting. The story, "The Night the Forum Met," is very good. We like the plan of having some of het joshes in the ad. department.

THE ACORN.
What a neat, attractive cover you have. Your jokes and cuts are all very good and you certainly have a neat journal.

THE MADRONO—Palo Alto, Cal.
We are glad, indeed, to see you. Your cover design in two tones is very cleverly done. We thought you a first class paper.

THE ORACLE—Jacksonville, Fla.
You have splendid material in your journal, but why not put it in better form? We think a separate josh column would improve your journal.
On Oct 29 the Arroyo Grande boys played our boys a game of basket ball on our field. The game was very close until right at the last when our boys scored more points than Arroyo. Many times during the game Arroyo was ahead, but our team being better trained and having better team work, would soon be ahead again. The final score was 28 to 17 in favor of Polytechnic.

On Nov. 5 a basket ball game was played between the San Luis High and the Poly girls. The San Luis High won the game by the score of 8 to 4.

On Saturday, Nov. 5, the boys' basketball team was defeated by the San Luis High team. The game was played on the high school grounds. The game started fast and we scored the first point. The first half was very fast and well played by both teams, the half ending with Poly in the lead, 7 to 6.

In the second half the Poly team went to pieces and played very poor. The High School made 16 points to Poly's 7; this leaving San Luis High the winning team, 22 to 14.

Those who played for Poly were: Forwards, Shipsey and Weymouth; Center, Roberts; Guards, Snyder and Bush.

In the second half, Ward took Snyder's place.

On Nov. 19, the boys' basketball team went to Paso Robles to play the High School team at that place. The game was very fast and was played hard up to the last. Paso Robles outplayed our team from the first and succeeded in winning the game by the score of 31 to 19. This was our last basket ball game of the season.

On Nov. 12 the Poly girls played the Paso Robles girls' basket ball team on our grounds. The game was very exciting throughout. The score was very close, Paso Robles winning by the score of 12 to 11.

On Wednesday, the 23rd of Nov., the girls' basket ball team went to Santa Barbara to play the Santa Barbara High School girls.

The game was called at 10:30, the following morning. The game was very well played, the Poly girls playing the best game of the season. The game was won by Santa Barbara by the score of 22 to 9.

This does not indicate the real showing our girls made. Most of Santa Barbara's score was made in the second half after some new players had been put on. Those who played for Poly were: Misses Annie Va-
noli, Ruth Loring, Annie Mendenhall, Vera McMillan, Sophia Huchting, Vera Achley and Cora Schulze.

The Santa Barbara team was composed of the Misses Anna Buck, Lilius Smith, Hilda Weston, Madeline Riley, Martha Graham and Eva Stewart.

On Thanksgiving day the final game of basket ball was played between the Paso Robles and San Luis High boys. The game was played on Polytechnic grounds and was won by Paso Robles, who now has the championship of the league.

On Nov. 12 a Rugby game was played between the Juniors and the rest of the school.

The Juniors won by a score of 16 to 3. While the score was exceedingly large, the game was very exciting.

In the first half two tries were made by the Juniors, leaving the score 6 to 0 at the end.

During the second half two more tries were made by the Juniors and one by the other team. Wright, for the Juniors, kicked both goals in the second half. This left the score 16 to 0 in favor of the Juniors.

Some fine kicking and playing was exhibited by Murray, Shipsey, Willoughby, Wright and White.

On Thanksgiving day Santa Barbara High and Poly played the fastest game of Rugby that has been played this season, Poly winning by the close score of 5 to 4. The game started at 3 o'clock. Poly chose the kick off and the ball was kicked deep into Santa Barbara territory. Santa Barbara gradually forced the Poly team down the field until about the middle of the first half when Hunt of Santa Barbara kicked a drop over the Poly scoring 4 points. The Santa Barbara team drove the ball across the Poly time and again but a Poly man was always on the ball. The first half ended with Santa Barbara in the lead 4 to 0.

The second half started off faster than the first, but the Santa Barbara team began to weaken after about twenty minutes of playing. The Poly team were then gradually forcing Santa Barbara over the line.

Santa Barbara on the goal line tried to kick up the field but, by a poor kick, the ball fell into Willoughby's hands. He had a clear field and crossed the line for a touch down. Wright then kicked the goal, making the score 5 to 4 in Poly's favor. With only 5 minutes left to play, neither team could score again. The teams lined up as follows:

Polytechnic
G. Mendenhall  
J. Fitzgerald  
C. Freeman  
J. Flint  
L. Swerdfeger  
J. McArthur  
Evan Harris  
Bernard Murray  
W. Shipsey  
G. Wright  
J. B. Thompson  
Jas. Willoughby  
H. Reilly  
T. Illes  
Paul Welch  
Ralph Pease, H. George, R. Case

Santa Barbara
G. Mendenhall  
J. Fitzgerald  
C. Freeman  
J. Flint  
L. Swerdfeger  
J. McArthur  
Evan Harris  
Bernard Murray  
W. Shipsey  
G. Wright  
J. B. Thompson  
Jas. Willoughby  
H. Reilly  
T. Illes  
Paul Welch  
Ralph Pease, H. George, R. Case

Front Rank
C. Freeman
Middle Rank
C. Freeman
Rear Rank
C. Freeman
Half Back
C. Freeman
First Five
C. Freeman
Second Five
C. Freeman
Center Three Quarters
C. Freeman
Right Wing
C. Freeman
Left Wing
C. Freeman
Full Back
C. Freeman
Wing Forward
C. Freeman
Subs
C. Freeman

M. Nelson
H. Nelson
E. Freeman
A. Cartny
L. Gates
R. Shishido
E. Edwards
C. Scott
H. Nelson
E. Freeman
A. Cartny
L. Gates
R. Shishido
E. Edwards
Norton
Janney
Hunt
Smith
Butts
D. Gidney
E. Edwards
Morris, Jones, Cooley
For latest styles in hairdressing apply to Miss Mendenhall. She invented the famous pompadour which is all the rage among the young men.

Cayucos: What is your name?
Cayucos: My name is Cayucos.
What is your last name?
My last name is Cayucos.

Bill Roberts says it's all a joke about Maye getting married. (Bill knows.)

The newest addition we have with us, in the Professor line, is Van Couvering the new Trigonometry teacher.

Barney Murphy, to a classmate: If you don’t quit teasing me about Grace and Hazel I will tell the fast ball coach you smoke those nasty cigarettes.

OVERHEARD.
Leona sitting on Girls’ Dorm, steps to George M. passing:
Here’s a letter (imitation) for you.
J. T.—Why did you look around so quick, Leona?
Brick—You seem to be rather excited, Sport.
Leona blushes.
McMillan—Well, you’re surely not ashamed.
Leona—(Seen later.)
Mc—Say, Sport, what did you run for?
L. F.—Well, I don’t care now. I just felt like L-O-V-I-N-G him when they teased me.

Wanted to know why Sport will bawl if Judge doesn’t go to the Buster Brown Party.

May H.—Gee, Lester! this is a fine night to go buggy riding.
Lester—You don’t need to think I am a Bill Nocks.

Wanted to know—Why are belts popular at the Girls’ Dorm?

Snyder and Swartz running for first place on girls’ dormitory steps. We hope the best man wins.

Sophia to the girls— I was sitting up straight as a good girl should.

Carol (carefully feeling of her neck:)
Somebody must have bit me—(very embarrassed.)

Twenty three found a cherry tree
Growing on the foot ball field.
Wanted by Sophia—A new cozy corner.

Wanted by John Snyder — A rocking chair in front of girls' dormitory steps.

Heard on foot ball field—(She to Him)—I don't see why they call McArthur forward. I think he is awfully shy.

Eva H—Coming in from a walk, very much excited: “Oh! girls, is my bow on straight?”

Notice—Girls' Dormitory is locked at 10. All stragglers will find laundry windows convenient.

In History—Wheeler: What is twilight, Mr. Smith?
Mr. S.—It is the time to go for a stroll.

THE DORM. GIRLS' PET NAMES.

Sophia and Carol's middle name is Strong.
Ruth's middle name is Sleepy.
Effie's " " " Angel.
Eva F. " " " Polk.
Eva H. " " " Queener.
Annie " " " Sponey.
Vera " " " Snyd.
Mirian " " " (Bum Joke.)
Maye " " " Moe.
Leona " " " Judge.
Signa " " " Bats.
Juliet " " " Pet.

Strayed from the fold—Four lambs. Finder please return to Shepardess Chase and receive reward.

The wind may blow
The ship may rock;
But through it all
Shines forth Mike's socks.

QUESTION IN CHEMISTRY CLASS.

Student—Mr. Edwards, what is chewing gum made of?
Mr. Edwards—Oh! I guess it is made of a few gums such as dextem, etc., and old shoes and hose (that is garden hose).

Ask Swartz why sewing aprons are handy at fairs.

Why did Riley come back to Poly?
He didn't come back to Poly; it was Jimmie he came back to.

Why are pompadours so popular?
Why! Just look at Mike.

Wright saying a few loving words to Alma—Do you tell everyone you go with that?
Jimmie speaking to one of her numerous friends—I am going back to Colorado where women can vote. (But as Riley is going back home I guess voting is not the only reason.)

Barney says he can't see the joke about Hazel and Grace.

Hazel's father can't see the reason why the light bills are so high. I wonder if Barney knows anything about it.

According to the saying "A bad vessel is seldom broken." All the Poly kids are very good.

Some Paso Robles girls say H. George is easy.

Why did Freddie Markloff stay at Paso Robles till Sunday night?

Why did Harvey Strobridge have wine sauce on Indian pudding?

Hist. Teacher—Mr. Swerdferger, Who was Baron Steuber?

Swerdferger—Er-r-r he was a man.

Mr. Smith in history, wishing the window raised:

Mr. Willoughby, will you please run up the window?

Wanted to know who runs the Trig. class. From all appearances Flint and Van would very much like to become teacher’s pets and when he wasn’t looking take his job.

Annie Mendenhall (reading her composition)—‘‘It was a long ladies’ stocking, so it took a lot to fill it.’’

For further information about the divorce proceedings in San Jose between Maye and McIntire ask Bill Roberts.

TO THE JOURNAL.

One day the great Count Osborn II, (‘‘Mushy’’ among all who knew him), was out riding his eighteen hand horse when he came up behind Pat, who was riding along on his only mule.

From his towering height the Count thundered, ‘‘Hey, you, get out of the road! My horse don’t like donkeys.’’ The indignant Pat looked up and slowly made answer ‘‘Thin w’y in the divil don’t he kick yez orf?’’

Yocum—(Getting pompadour hair cut). Barber swings chair towards glass. Most all of hair is gone. Yocum looks in glass. ‘‘Say, when did that fellow leave the shop?’’

Barber—‘‘What fellow?’’

Yocum—Why, Yocum. I saw him in here a while ago and wanted to speak to him before he left.’’

HEARD IN MATH. II.

Teacher—Mr. Van Couvering, bisect that line.

Van—‘‘Into how many parts?’’

Chuck Anderson:—‘‘O, I’ve got to shave.’’

‘‘Naw, let ’em grow and hide that face.’’
History Teacher—"National elections occur on the first day after the first Monday in November."
Bill Shipsey—(Innocently) Now what if that day comes on Sunday?"

QUEERED.
Ignorant Freshman—"Who is that guy?"
Bright Senior—"O, that's Clayton, the great inventor."
Freshie—"What does he invent?"
Senior—"Excuses."

FISH STORIES.
Harms—Well, now, this is the sure thing. Up north I drove across a small stream and the fish were so thick that the wagon wheels killed twenty-three.
Cook—Aw, that's nothing. Where I came from in the busy season the streams were so crowded that the fish had to swim on end.
Van—Do you know I would like to be a fine artist?
Curl—I wish I had a $1000.

It seems that trying to get off from the afternoon of surveying by breaking the transit rod was a complete failure. Ask Jack Leonard.

Who is the slickest Freshman?
Why! Eells, of course.

OVERHEARD.
Flint speaking to one of the football team, — That's all right Kid, I have her where I want her. There is no show for you.
I wonder what Eva has to say.
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