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The High School Advocate

VOL. I.

FAIR OAKS, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1902.

No. 3



FAIR OAKS SCHOOL HOUSE

A Tale of the Mines.

In early times, in the mining districts of California, it was the rule rather than the exception for men to "batch" in cabins on their claims, sometimes several living together, but oftener one man living alone with no companion save dog and possibly a cat or two. He did his own housework, and often saw no human being for weeks, and even months. There are a few of these old pioneers who, being disappointed in their search for gold, have lived on in this solitary manner, clinging to a forlorn hope, until they have grown old and grizzled and now see no escape from this sort of life except death.

In a cabin situated many miles from any other human abode, in one of the

most prominent mining counties of the State, lived one of these recluses in 1887, when the writer spent some time in the vicinity. He was wont to make periodical visits to the little town of W--- for his mail and whatever he needed of groceries, etc. On these occasions the writer often saw him. Dressed in a suit of ducking, with the miner's "jumper," greasy and worn, with long unkempt hair and beard, he was a typical representative of the dissipated, disappointed '49er, who had long aban-doned all hope of retrieving his shat-tered fortunes. He was always accompanied by his faithful dog and carried his trusty rifle on his shoulder. Mining, for him, was a thing of the past, and he earned the money he needed to buy groceries and whiskey by making "shakes" for the surrounding settlements. In the winter the snow often fell to a depth of ten feet in the vicinity of his cabin. How he lived then no one knew, but

he always came out with the disappearance of the snow and resumed his old routine. Like the hibernating animals, he was thin and emaciated, but his vitality seemed not to be impaired. It was hinted by those who knew him best that a shadow of some crime committed in the East darkened his life. Imagine the feelings of this solitary man, who must sit and brood the long days and nights through, with the snowy billows heaped around him and the knowledge of a dark crime gnawing at his vitals! He could tell his story only to his intelligent dog, who, while understanding him in a sort of dumb way, could never re-

peat the tale.

There came a time, however, when his visits to the village ceased. several days he was watched for until some anxiety was felt for him. Someone, more from idle curiosity and a lack of anything else to do than for any other reason, went to his cabin. He was met, upon approaching the cabin, by the dog, which was so poor and starved that he could scarcely walk. An examination of the cabin was made but poor John was not to be found. The dog, too weak to walk, was carried to the nearest house, which was on the stage road from W---- to N---. It was supposed that when he had regained his strength he would lead the way to his master if the search, in the meantime, should fail to find him. A party was formed and returning to the cabin made a thorough search for some clue by which it might be ascertained where the occupant had gone. The gun was not there, but that was no disappointment, as he always took it with him, even to his work. On the stove was a pot of beans and another of potatoes. The beans were sour, showing that they had been there several days. The lonely man had put his dinner on the stove to cook and had stepped out with his gun to shoot a squirrel to add to his meager diet. If this theory were correct, as seemed probable, he could not be far from the place. Was he crippled by a fall, and starving? Had he accidentally shot himself? Had he been stricken down by paralysis?-he was sometimes afflicted in the latter manner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Subscribe for the ADVOCATE.

Experiences of a Trained Nurse.

(BY A NINTH GRADE PUPIL)

I had been in training school only about a year, when the war occurred between Spain and the United States. I was transferred from the school to the Red Cross Corps, and with about fifty other trained nurses was sent to the

Philippines.

We started from San Francisco about 4 o'clock in the morning. It was very foggy all day, so I kept my berth most of the time. When I awoke the next morning the sun was shining, and no signs of fog were to be seen. I went up on the upper deck, and there I met a great many of the nurses with whom I was to serve. I sat down in one of the large reclining chairs, and as I had an interesting book, I read till nearly noon. Then I got up and walked around awhile, but there was a strong northeast wind blowing, so I went down to the social hall and stayed there till the bell rang for dinner. We had a lovely dinner, everything that one could imagine.

After dinner I went to my stateroom, as I was not feeling very well. The waters became very rough and the ship lunged from side to side. I was very sick, and did not leave my room for

about a week.

While I was sick one of the nurses, by the name of Miss Winthrop, was very kind to me, and waited upon me so nicely. She often read to me of an afternoon, and she told me that during her life she had had a great deal of trouble. She was, as I should judge, about 28 years old, and had black hair and dark brown eyes. She had a berth in the same stateroom that I did.

I was able to be up and around the last three days and spent the greater part of the time on the upper deck, reading and talking to the different nurses. Our head nurse was a middle aged woman and dark complected. She was so pleasant! and by the end of the voyage she made us feel as if we had known each other a long time, instead of the short two weeks.

I had a friend, whose name was Mrs. Wheeler who, in the last letter that she wrote me a short time before I left for the Philippines, had said that she had a boy about 20 years old, who had enlisted in the army and gone to the Philippines.

She said that if ever I came across him and he was sick to be sure to take very good care of him.

On Monday morning we arrived at Manilla, and our head nurse took us right to the hospital and gave us our rooms. It so happened that Miss Win-

throp and I had the same room.

We did not do any nursing till Thursday morning, when I was given the case of a young bugler who had one leg shattered so by a cannon ball that it had to be amputated. When he came out of the operation he was very delirious, but after careful nursing he came out all right, and in six weeks was allowed to sit on the veranda. I was in this hospital six months when I was transferred to the field, where I had some very sad experiences. I staid on the field three weeks, then went back to the hospital, where I was given the case of a young man who had been shot through the abdomen, and whom the physicians had given up. He was unconscious all night and the next day till about 3 o'clock, when he rallied a little and asked for a drink, then he dozed off and slept for about half an hour. When he awoke he asked me if I would write a letter to his mother and tell her that he would never see her again on earth, as he had received a mortal wound. He said to tell her that he had tought his best, and had been wounded when he was in the act of fastening the flag to a pole near where they were fighting. He then gave me a small locket that was fastened around his neck. He said his mother's address was in it. sigh his eyes closed, a shudder passed through his body, and I knew he had passed away. I opened the locket and was thunderstruck when I read the address and saw the picture, for it was none other than Mrs. Wheeler and her address. I could not realize that this was Carl Wheeler, the small boy of twelve, as I remembered him. I quickly wrote the letter as he had directed, and sent a telegram to his parents, for I knew what their sorrow would be. In a few hours I received an answer saying, "Send Carl home on the first vessel, and come with him if possible.

"Mr. C. T. WHEELER."

I went to the head nurse and told her the particulars. She said that I might come home, as there was not much fighting and comparatively little nursing. I started on the following afternoon, and reached home in two weeks. The parents met me and took the body to their home. I staid only an hour, as I was very tired and weary after my long voyage. I reached home the following Thursday, and in three weeks went to the Children's Hospital at San Francisco; but I will never forget my trip to the Philippines and my sad voyage home.

A Chance for Success.

One day as the writer was riding on a railroad train he overheard a young man say to a company of his elders, "I wish I had such a chance in life as came to the forty-niners, but there is no chance for a young man to succeed today." That is the pessimistic cry of all indolent men and is as false as any untruth that was ever coined. There never was a time in the world's history when there were better opportunities to rise than there are today. They touch us on every side and almost force us into the open door of success. They may not be great opportunities. They may be very commonplace ones, but should they be such, let us seize them and make them great.

Every life is full of opportunities. Every lesson in school or college, every examination, every composition, every example or problem in mathematics, every patient, every client, every business transaction, is an opportunity. Every responsibility thrust upon our strength and our honor is priceless.

There never was such an opportunity for leadership, for men to say the right word and render illustrious service.

Thrones always wait for true men, men of energy, concentration and enthusiasm. Look at Moses in the dawn of history; Savonarola in the brightening radiance of the Renaissance; Luther in the noontide of the Reformation; William of Orange in the Netherlands; Washington in the Revolution, Webster in the great debates; Grant in the Civil War; Dewey in Manila bay-pages of history are full of the names of men who have entered the open door of opportunity and risen to the seat of influence and power. How did they do it? By careful preparation, attention to details, and concentration of energy. Nothing great can be accomplished without these. Emerson says: "The

one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine. Everything is good which takes away one plaything and delusion more and sends us home to add one stroke of faithful work."

Francis Parkman says: "He who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity." Another writer says: "Not many things indifferently, but one thing supremely, is the demand of the hour. He who scatters his efforts in this intense, concentrated age cannot hope to succeed."

The world has begun to realize the truth of this principle, and so we find the age drifting toward specialization. There was a time when a college professor filled the chairs of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, English, etc., etc., but today no man is employed who is not a specialist in some one department. We have now specialists in law, in medicine, in mechanics and every other department of knowledge and work. This age crowns the man who knows one thing perfectly and who can do it better than any one else, even if it be the art of raising potatoes. If he raised the best potatoes by reason of concentrating all his energies to that end, he is a benefactor to the race and is recognized as such.

Carlyle says: "The weakest living creature can accomplish something by concentrating his powers on a single object; whereas, the strongest may fail to accomplish anything by dispersing his over many." The drops, by continual falling, force a passage through the hardest rock. The hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous roar.

No man can pursue a worthy object steadily and persistently with all the powers of his mind and yet make his life a failure. The successful men of today are men of one overmastering idea, one unwavering aim, men of single and intense purpose. If we want to get the intensest heat, we must focus the rays of the sun. If we want to get the most power, we must centralize all the steam on the piston rod of the engine. So it is with every well-balanced life, no matter how richly endowed,

how broad in culture, there must be one grand central purpose in which all the subordinate powers of the soul are brought to a focus and where they will find fit expression. The young man seeking a position today is asked one question, "What can you do well?"

I remember a young fellow going out to seek employment. He went from business house to business house, from office to office, always being asked the same question: "What can you do?" to which he replied, "anything." He was not wanted. He set his mind to work and discovered that possibly they wanted a man who could do one thing He started out again and found well. his way into an office where there were several persons addressing envelopes. To the question, "What can you do?" he answered, "I can address envelopes, and can do it well." He secured employment. Learn to do one thing well. By this we do not mean that one should neglect to get a well balanced education. We do not mean one must pursue one thing to the neglect of everything else. By no means. Seek to get a broad and liberal education, but make all departments of study the stepping stones to the one supreme object of your lives. Find out what you are going to follow as your life work, and make all lines of study or work minister to that end. If you are going to be a lawyer, a doctor, a professor, a merchant or a mechanic, select those studies that will best fit you for being the prince in your chosen profession, and then follow it as the North Star of your destiny. All along the path of life there will be beckoning hands that would lead you from your cherished aim, but let no influence turn you from your purpose, and life for you will be a success. I. W.

Quick Wit.

A teacher, desiring to illustrate the influence of the sun upon the earth and its vegetation, broke a small branch from a tree and carried it to school. When ready to begin the talk the switch was held before the class and the question: "What is the relation of the sun to this switch?" was asked. Several hands went up and a little girl whose eyes were beaming was given permission to answer, which came thus: "They both make things hot."

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The Advocate

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Vol. 1

FAIR OAKS, CAL., NOV., 1902.

No. 3

THE ADVOCATE is published monthly by the Fair Oaks High School.

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Advertising rates made known on application.

We will continue to send The Advocate to subscribers until a positive order to stop is received.

EDITORIAL

OUR POINT OF VIEW.

The conditions under which this paper is published are such that it, of necessity, differs from the ordinary school paper. Fair Oaks has no newspaper, hence it was the original intention to make the school paper serve as a medium for the transmission of news and matters of importance to the community at large. The "News Department" is the result of these conditions. This department will be maintained, and short articles on live matters of general interest are solicited.

In another particular the Advocate must differ from the ordinary high school paper. Conditions are such that it is desirable to invite the grammar school pupils to share the paper with us.

It will be the endeavor, at all times, to make the ADVOCATE serve the best interests of the conditions under which it is published, regardless of traditions in such matters.

Mr. S. E. Kieffer's history of Fair Oaks Colony, which is unavoidably omitted this month, will be continued in the December number.

NOTICE.

Any subscriber to the Fair Oaks school paper who does not receive this number of the "Advocate" will confer a favor by notifying the undersigned. If all who have paid for a school paper will send in their names, the paper will be mailed to them for the full term for which they have paid.

A. E. BAUGH.

GOOD NEWS.

At the recent Teachers' Institute the State Superintendent of Public Instruction announced that Constitutional Amendment No. 4 has been adopted. This has the effect of adding the high schools of the State to the school system, for the maintenance of which the State is as much responsible as for the grammar schools and the University.

This is as it should be.

It is now incumbent upon the legislature, which meets this winter, to enact such legislation as will carry the will of the voters into effect, and give proper support to high schools.

San Francisco was opposed to the amendment and will doubtless oppose any legislation in pursuance of its provisions; so it behooves the outside to organize and prepare for a campaign in the legislature. The adoption of the amendment is of no avail unless it is supplemented by proper legislation. If we secure proper State aid the problem of rural high schools is solved.

This measure is one of the many good things that have been secured for the schools through the State Teachers' Association and the County Superintendents' organization

CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSED.

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A labor organization recently adopted resolutions favoring such changes in the laws as will prevent payment of fines in lieu of punishment for crime. They are right.

A hundred years hence and our descendants will wonder why an enlightened nation endured such unjust practices for so long. The payment of a fine is no punishment to a man of wealth. He simply buys immunity, while the individual without means must go to jail or mortgage his future to secure the wherewithal to keep himself out. In either case justice has been cheated.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction Thomas J. Kirk, has been reelected to that office by a very large majority vote. Mr. Kirk is the only incumbent of that office who ever received his party's nomination for a second term, and the result of the election shows that the nomination, although not in conformity with former usage, was a popular one.

There seems to be no good reason why a Superintendent of Public Instruction should not be renominated if he is doing his duty faithfully. Perhaps the action in this instance will effectually dispose of the bad precedent and permit a good official to enjoy a second, or even a third

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There is probably no doubt that the lack of proper provision for the ventilation of school rooms is the cause of much ill health among school children. Ventilation by means of open windows and doors is not satisfactory nor safe. If a change of air is thus secured a draft is the inevitable result, with the many attendant dangers from colds. Proper ventilation is a problem which should receive the most enlightened attention.

The talk of an inaugural ball brings to mind the occasion of the inauguration of Governor Budd eight years ago.

In Mr. Budd's campaign he had laid particular stress upon the fact that he would, in case he were elected, be as accessible to the farmer with his cowhide boots, to the miner in his traditional red shirt (the miners do not wear red shirts), as he would to the better dressed city habitue-in short, the humblest citizen would be able to see him anywhere and at all times without formality. But the citizens of Sacramento, ever mindful of their duty on such occasions, determined to give an inaugural ball for Mr. Budd, and in pursuance of this determination appointed a committee of arrangements. So far all was in accord-

ance with traditions in such matters, but when the committee had formulated its "arrangements" they had provided for keeping out the rabble by an excessive charge for tickets, or something to that effect. Thus Governor Budd, on the very threshhold of his term of office. was placed where the cowhide boots echoing upon the pavement of the capitol grounds, could not reach him, and the red-shirted miner was unable to piroquette in the mighty presence without a full dress suit.

Thus is man ever the victim of circumstances. Thus do campaign promises take wings and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Local News.

Mrs. Spangle has moved to Sacramento.

Mr Hodge, of Chicago, is visiting his brother, Mr. A. T. Hodge.

Mrs. Frances Murphy is building a home at Long Beach, near Los Angeles.

Mr. Sloane has purchased the property formerly owned by Mr. London-

There was considerable frost on low ground on several nights of the current

The Ladies' Aid served dinner in the basement of the church on Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. Tongier, a lecturer for the W. C. T. U., spent a few days in Fair Oaks recently, occupying the pulpit at the M. E. Church on Sunday, the 23d inst.

Presbyterian Church services are held each Sunday in San Juan Hall. A Sunday School has also been organized.

Fair Oaks has sent samples of fruit, consisting of olives, oranges, persimmons, etc., to the Citrus Fair at San Francisco.

Mr. H. Levy, who hes been manager here for Mr. Murcell for several years, leaves soon to go into business at Placerville. The family remains here.

The recent rains have soaked the ground thoroughly, and the snowcapped Sierra loom in the distance to the eastward.

At a students' meeting on the 21st instant, Elmer Green was elected Secretary of the student body. Elmer is a member of the ninth grade, and expects to be in high school next year.

The Fair Oaks Fruit Company is busy working up olives at the present time—the larger ones into pickles and the smaller varieties into oil. The yield is light in most of the orchards, but the quality is good. The orange crop is good, and is being disposed of as the fruit ripens.

Influence of Heredity.

Every rational human being has within him the elements of success in the sphere which he was created to occupy. Why, then, so many failures? He who seeks for the answer to this question must look below the surface. He must search out the springs which govern voluntary actions—the ultimate source and origin of all our concepts. Early training, or lack of it, will not account for failures nor for successes. Many fail notwithstanding a proper bringing-up, while on the other hand many succeed in spite of a lack of it.

When a boy who comes from an environment which is all against him pushes on to ultimate success, we may have to look farther back than his immediate family for evidences of the traits of character which make for his weal. Sometimes the dominating traits exhibited by children have lain dormant for generations, only to reappear undiminished in intensity. In such cases, if but a superficial examination be made, there seems to be nothing to explain the seeming abnormal result, and we say that heredity has no part in it. But it is certain that heredity is always a large factor in the product. Why is the Chinaman so irrepressible? Because he has a longer heredity behind him than the people of any other nationality in the world. To understand him we must follow his history back through the ages. He feels the dignity of all those centuries through which he is able to trace his ancestry, unpolluted by any

foreign element. He is held to his course of life by maxims ingrained in him from the cradle. To him there is but one race of people and Confucius is its mentor. Heredity makes him what he is.

So does heredity influence our lives, but not to such an extent as it does that of the Chinese. Our lives do not follow a groove worn deep by the footmarks of centuries of time. Our individuality is strongly marked. It is characteristic of us that members of the same family show marked differences in personal traits and individual idiosyncracies. These things must be taken into consideration in any serious discussion of the causes of success and of failure. Many brilliant minds lack poise - judgment. Such are not suited for any sort of business career, though they may excel in all purely mental exercises. It is not always the boy who stands at the head of his class in school who is found in the lead later in life. He may lack the qualities of leadership among men, the judgment to guide him aright, decision of character, one or all.

In measuring the boy, then, we must look below the surface, often back to his ancestry of several generations ago. We must study him from all sides. He may be dull in school, yet possess traits of character that will compel success if he choose the right occupation. I mean here simply to call attention to the fact that, while many "bright" children succeed, some fail; and that many who do not attain distinction in scholastic lines do achieve success in other pursuits.

Failure may also be the result of attempting what nature has not fitted us for, or it may be the result of lack of application. In the one case the remedy is plain, while in the other, before there can be any reform, we must find and remove the cause of the failure to make use of the talents the individual possesses. This is the difficult case to handle, whether in school or in the affairs of after life. It is frequently met, however, and deserves patient and wise con deration. As a chord of the piano responds to the vibration of another chord in unison with it, so will this person respond if the right key can be struck. It is the duty of those in control of children to seek diligently for each child's vibrating number.

Lost at Sea.

On the 10th of September, 1895, a ship set out from New York harbor bound for London, England. When they were about half way across the Atlantic, one evening as they were out on the upper deck watching the sun set, there suddenly came into their line of view a big black cloud which seemed to roll over and over as it steadily advanced. Before long it was quite black, and the wind had increased till it was blowing a regular gale. The passengers went to bed feeling very uneasy. In the morning the waves were big, and they came as fast as the wind could blow them. The ship did not have time to ride them, and every wave washed her from head to stern. Every thing movable was swept from the deck. The captain could not steer it, and soon they struck a coral reef. The front of the ship was soon crushed. passengers and crew had to leave the ship as soon as they could. They got in boats, and soon the storm abated. They had with them four casks of water and some bread. They drifted for several days. Their food and water began to give out. The daily allowance was cut short. They began to get weak. Soon the food was all gone. The men got thirsty, and their tongues became swollen and stuck to the roofs of their Some of them drank sea That made them crazy, and water. they jumped into the water in spite of all that their companions could do. After many days they lost hope. They were so weak that they could not move. Several died, and the others were too weak to bury them. The next day they saw a sail. They were taken up by the ship and soon reached home.

C. S.

NOTICES.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Fair Oaks.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

Preaching services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Junior Endeavor Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Superintendent, Mrs. James Whitaker.

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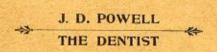
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