



The Tattler

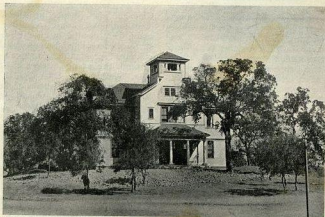


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VOL. I.

FAIR OAKS, CAL., OCTOBER, 1902.

No. 2



FAIR OAKS SCHOOL HOUSE

FAIR OAKS

A Factor in a New Empire.

BY S. E. KIEFFER, C. E.

At that time (Fall of 1895) the Howard & Wilson Publishing Company of Chicago, who were looking for California lands to colonize, after a careful examination by land experts of various bodies of land in Central California, selected the San Juan grant as the best suited for the purpose, and decided to open it to settlement. The owners of the grant were Clarke & Cox, of Sacramento, and under an arrangement with

them the Howard & Wilson Publishing Company subdivided about 4,000 acres of the land into 5, 10 and 20-acre tracts and placed them on the market.

The original name given to the subdivision as a whole was the "Sunset Colonies," comprising three separate subdivisions called the "Fair Oaks Tract," "Fair Oaks Addition" and "Fair Oaks City," the distinctive name of "Fair Oaks" being derived from the beautiful oak trees with which the country was forested. Subsequently, however, common usage established the very appropriate name of Fair Oaks as the only name by which the community as a whole was known, regardless of legal subdivisions, and by this title the colony is known to the general public.

On the 24th day of December, 1895, the original maps of the various subdivisions, which gave Fair Oaks, as it is known today, its legal existence, were placed on file in the Recorder's office of Sacramento county. It is interesting to note that the date which brought Fair Oaks into existence, to take its place as a factor in the new west, was just fifty-one years to a day from the date of the original grant of the land by the Mexican government at the hands of Mitcheltorena.

As the result of wide advertising a large number of people were brought to Fair Oaks on the initial "Homeseekers' Excursion," which reached California about the middle of November, 1895.

As this first excursion was a matter of more than local interest to Central California at the time, and was virtually the pioneer of its kind and the forerunner of the system of colonization, since largely developed, which is destined to revolutionize the methods of land settlement and its system of development, it will not be out of place to devote a few words to a general notice of the excursion itself.

The Sacramento Record-Union and the Bee of November 19, 1895, devoted lengthy articles to a description of the party and its entertainment.

Occupying a train of five sleeping cars the party, to the number of 113, and representing fifteen states east of the Rockies, arrived in Sacramento on the evening of Monday, November 18th.

On the way down from the summit delegations of citizens met the train at Auburn and Newcastle and gave to each person fruit and flowers of every description. A delegation of prominent citizens from Sacramento went up the line to meet the excursionists at Auburn.

On the evening of arrival in Sacramento the citizens of that city tendered a reception to the excursionists at the Crocker Art Gallery. The visitors were welcomed in an address by the Mayor of the city, and a letter of regret at his inability to be present was read from the Governor of the State.

On Tuesday, November 19th, the trip was made by special train to Folsom, stopping at several points along the line to inspect orchards and vineyards. After an inspection of the Folsom

power house and dam, carriages were taken and the drive made through Orangevale to the present Fair Oaks townsite. Of the ushering in of Fair Oaks' first settlers we will quote extracts from the press notices of the day. The Bee of November 20th said: "The woods and vales of San Juan grant have been taken possession of by as jolly a party of excursionists as ever threw off temporarily the trammels of urban civilization.

"The Howard & Wilson party, from Chicago, after inspecting the Folsom dam and power-house yesterday afternoon, were carried in coaches, wagons, surreys, carryalls and an assorted lot of vehicles across the American river, through the orange groves of Orangevale, heavy with their golden fruit; through the virgin woods of the San Juan grant to the townsite of Fair Oaks, situated on the high bluffs of the American river, opposite Natoma.

"The party included 106 excursionists and seekers for homes in California's wonderful climate, 18 of them women. The party was swelled by Sacramentans and guests to nearly 130.

"After eating supper in the temporary hotel building at Fair Oaks the delighted excursionists amused themselves in various ways. Five hundred feet in front of the hotel, on the brow of the bluff, 125 feet above the American river, a magnificent bonfire of several huge oak trees illumined the woods and lighted up the river and the orchards on the bottom beyond it for miles. About the fire sat a number of the party enjoying the night panorama spread before them and glorying in the realization of climate yarns which had beguiled them westward. Men in their shirtsleeves were busy erecting tents and arranging sleeping accommodations and the tired excursionists retired early to rest.

"Today after breakfast the party started to thoroughly 'do' Orangevale. * * * They will also examine the Fair Oaks lands."

Here we have the beginning of things in Fair Oaks. Similar excursions to the one described were brought out during the following months, until by the month of April, 1896, about 2,000 acres of land had been sold to prospective settlers. A number of the first pur-

chasers remained on the ground and began to establish homes at once. The temporary hotel already referred to was the first building erected on the colony.

The pioneer residence and store was built by Mr. L. M. Shelton and the second residence was built by Mr. J. E. Holst.

Following these came others in rapid succession, although building was hindered by heavy winter rains, until by the spring of 1896 about a dozen houses were scattered among the timber over an area of four square miles.

Those were truly the pioneer days of the colony. As yet there were no laid-out roads, no water pipes, no schools or churches, and no postal facilities. The only roads were tracks marked by the will or fancy of the first traveler, to be afterward followed as a matter of course, and wound over hills and through dale, among the timber. It was easy to get lost, as more than one person found out to his inconvenience.

During the first winter the source of water supply was the nearest water course, from which water was hauled in barrels and tubs for domestic use. Those living near the hotel in the townsite pumped by hand from a well 175 feet deep all the water they used for domestic purposes. Some invented a yoke which fitted over the shoulders and to each end of which a bucket was hung, and in this manner water was carried a quarter of a mile and more.

For a short time a daily stage carried passengers, freight and mail between Sacramento and Fair Oaks. All mail was addressed to Sacramento and then forwarded unofficially by stage or the first convenient conveyance to the hotel, where it was distributed, or, rather, people helped themselves to it.

Materials for building were hauled by team from either Sacramento or Roseville, distant 15 and 9 miles, respectively.

Everywhere the sound of saw and ax during the day and the light of brush fires at night told of the efforts being made to subdue the forest and prepare the land for the planting of orchards. In this labor of clearing the land alone as high as 600 Chinese, Japanese and white laborers were employed at one time.

Between November, 1895, and June,

1896, fully 600 acres of land were cleared of a dense forest of oak trees, and planted to orchards of citrus and deciduous fruit trees. This indicates a marvelous activity. All of this life and activity was dependent upon the construction of a water system for the supply of irrigation and domestic water. The source of supply was the North Fork ditch, the nearest point of which was eight miles from the center of the colony, and owing to the rolling topography of the country it was necessary that this water should be conveyed by pipes under pressure to each tract.

The construction of this pipe system was commenced by the Howard & Wilson Publishing Company on April 11, 1896, and was pushed rapidly to completion. In all 19.3 miles of main and lateral pipes were laid by the company, and it is probable that private owners laid at least twenty miles of service pipes for the distribution of the water to the various tracts. Water was turned into the pipes on June 30, 1896, marking a new era in the development of the colony.

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Their First Vacation Away From Home.

(BY EIGHTH GRADE PUPIL.)

Away up in the woodland was their home, two little girls and a boy, whose eyes sparkled with anticipation of the pleasure they were to have when on the next day they and their uncle and aunt, who had come only yesterday, were going to San Francisco for their vacation. Their father took them to the railroad station, only twenty miles away.

When they were once well on the road they could not refrain from remarking that they had never seen so many people in all their life. After riding a long way on the cars and changing a great many times they came to their destination; and that night, when they were safely lodged in nice, large rooms, the children were no trouble to their elders, for they were very sleepy and soon went to bed.

The next day they went down to a large dining-room, which was full of people, and I am afraid they did more

looking around than anything else. They really didn't know what to eat first. Bessie cried for some milk, which she got by a waiter, who brought them everything.

After breakfast they boarded some cars without any engines attached to them and rode to a place where there were lots of trees and grass and now and then a house. Uncle Jack said they had better go into one of the houses, called a greenhouse. So they went from one pretty place filled with flowers to another until at last they came to a place that Aunt Ella said was a pond and Ned wanted to get a fishing rod to catch the fish that were swimming around like gold pieces with fins. Uncle said he was afraid he would catch his line on the lilies and couldn't get it out, and, anyway, that kind of fish would not bite. But Ned could not see why, for the ones at home did.

From there they went to a nice cozy place and ate their lunch. From where they sat they could see vast flower-beds and grassy knolls. They then went to the children's play-ground, where they all rode on the donkeys and swung in the swings and played on the grass. From there they went on to the ocean, where all went in bathing except Aunt Ella and Bessie, but it took a long time for the rest of them to decide to go in. Next they went to the Cliff House, where the seals made a terrible noise and crawled over the rocks, knocking against one another until some fell off and splashed into the water, disturbing the seagulls. The latter would go wheeling around and around until only their dark backs were visible, and at the same time you could see the light breasts of dozens of others as they circled around, and at last came back to the place they started from. Presently a great lumbering seal would thrust his hideous head above the water and swing his great body upon the rock, covered white with the salt from the water. The lashing of the waves against the rocks and shore added to the commotion.

They then took the steam cars back to the hotel, skirting the ocean in full view of the Golden Gate. It was a grand picture, as the sun was just sinking in the west, giving the water different colors. The foam coming around the rocks receded just in time for some more

to come.

The next day they all went to the Chutes, where they rode on the merry-go-round. They visited the theater, and saw the monkeys, too, and gave them some peanuts, which one ate while the others were trying to snatch them. They would jump off spring-boards, chase each other up the cage, and when the man came in to feed them they made a very loud noise.

The next day they went home, where they were joyfully received by their father and mother.

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The Adventures of an Umbrella.

(BY A SEVENTH YEAR PUPIL.)

The old apple woman had been sitting in the sun all day. "Ah!" she sighed, "if only I had a nice umbrella to shade me from the sun! There hain't many happles now and I hain't hany money to spend recklessly. If only I could 'ave the red and yellow one with green ruffles, that Jemima was tellin' about, I would be 'appy!"

As she was walking along the street she stopped to admire it. "I'll jest go and inquire the price." The man came forward. "Only seventy-five cents, madame—a great bargain, I assure you!" She looked a long while. "I'll take it, sir," she said.

The umbrella went to the corner every morning and came back every evening with her as long as the old apple woman lived.

Then it was given to its greatest admirer, Jemima Jones. Jemima was told by a friend that it did not look just right for mourning, so she gave it to little Topsy Pollard, who was delighted. On Sunday she marched up the church aisle and kept the precious old umbrella up all through the service.

At last little Topsy moved away and presented it to her mother's mistress, Miss Montfort. Miss Montfort could not keep back a smile, but she thanked the little negro warmly. The old umbrella now rests in the rags in the attic of Miss Montfort's house.

THE TATTLER

Vol. I. FAIR OAKS, CAL., OCT., 1902. No. 2

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We will continue to send THE TATTLER to subscribers until a positive order to stop is received.

EDITORIAL

A DISJOINTED SYSTEM

Can one good argument be adduced against the levy of a State tax in aid of high schools?

What would you think if you should see a bridge with a span over the middle of the stream wanting? Would you not doubt the sanity of the builders? That is the present condition of our public school system.

The high school, which is the connecting link between the grammar school and the university, has been omitted in so far as any provision for its maintenance by the State is concerned.

The university is maintained at great expense, and the boys and girls are invited to enter it if, by hook or by crook, they shall be able to secure the requisite academic training.

But, alas! this is often impossible.

How to secure a high school training for their children is a problem of far more serious import to many parents than how to get them through the university. If the child must be sent away for the four years, the former is more expensive than the latter, since there will be tuition to pay in addition to other expenses.

But this is not the most serious aspect in which the problem presents itself to the thoughtful parent. When children are ready to enter the high school they are too young to be sent away from home. They need home influences in this plastic stage of development. It is a cruel necessity that forces them out into the world. It is also a needless one, except in extreme cases.

Look at the matter from whatever standpoint you will, the need of better facilities for high school training is apparent. They must be had at whatever cost, and the State should bear its share of the burden.

If the State refuses to do this, she must be branded as inconsistent. She must bear the stigma of an incomplete school system.

But suppose the State does refuse to aid the high schools! What then? We must take up the burden ourselves until such time as a majority of the people see fit to do justice by the "people's colleges."

If justice does not come this year, it may the next, or the *next*. Come it will before long.

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WE desire to call attention to the fact that this number of the TATTLER, contains twelve pages. The paper will be continued with twelve pages just so long as it receives proper support from the people of Fair Oaks. For school purposes we can get along with fewer pages, but we shall give as much as the patronage justifies. If you like the TATTLER, subscribe for it. It is not the purpose of the paper to make money, but we assure all that if there be a surplus it shall be used for proper purposes.

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IF God helps those that help themselves, a goodly share of his blessings should come our way.

CHANGE OF NAME.

THERE will no doubt be many curious conjectures as to the reason for our changing, in the second issue, the name of this paper from the *ADVOCATE* to *THE TATTLER*. We could go into details and give eight or ten lengthy "whys and wherefores" for the change, but out of consideration for our readers, and also our own feelings, we will not transgress. However, the change was mainly due to the fact that the name *Advocate* does not seem appropriate for a high school paper.

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VOTE YES.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 4 should be carried by a unanimous vote. If this amendment carries and the Legislature acts in accordance with the authority it is thus given, our public school system will be complete from the primary schools through the University. The University is maintained by the State, and the primary and grammar schools are to a great extent; but the link connecting these latter with the former is left to take care of itself. If it is right to support the University by a State tax, then is it much more so to support the high schools, which the people make much larger use of than of the State institution and which are necessary as a preparation for the latter.

The amendment adds the following to Section 6 of Article 9:

"But the Legislature may authorize and cause to be levied a special State school tax for the support of high schools and technical schools, or either of such schools, included in the public school system, and all the revenue derived from such special tax shall be applied exclusively to the support of the schools for which such special tax shall be levied."

WELL RECEIVED.

The first edition of the *HIGH SCHOOL TATTLER*, which was issued October 13th, has, we believe, given satisfaction, but we hope to improve on it each month. It is always more difficult to get material for the first edition, but that difficulty is in the past, and if all will do their duty we will soon have a paper twice as large as the first number, and a paper that will be a pleasure to all. It is hoped that every pupil of the school will subscribe for the paper, without exception, and while that is a help, it is not sufficient: we want articles from every one. The high school department is small, so we must depend upon the pupils of the lower grades for help.

Some may say, "It is not our paper, and we don't intend to take our time by writing for it." That is all right to say now, but wait until you are getting up a high school paper, for your time will come. Then you will see how hard it is for a few to run a paper and you will wish you had had some previous experience.

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A LECTURE course for the winter has been suggested. The successful course of last winter is pointed to as evidence that a second series would be successful. Under the auspices of the public schools such a series ought to prove remunerative.

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"*PLUTARCH'S LIVES*," in five volumes, is a welcome addition to the list of high school reference books. The classes in Shakespeare have also been made happy by the arrival of some literature bearing upon the great dramatist and his work.

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WE are not only *studying* history, but we are also *making* it—of a first-class variety, too.

FAIR OAKS will ask the County Board of Education to hold a grammar school examination here next summer, and it is desirable that there be a large class ready to try for diplomas. If pupils wish to pass this examination, it is imperative that they begin preparation for it now. It will require earnest work the entire year to get yourselves in condition to pass a creditable examination. These diplomas are your passports to the high school—a sort of certificate of character, as it were.

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MIGHT it not be well for some of our vaunting athletes to try their muscles on the stones and debris about the school yard? Some grading and cleaning up is badly needed. A lawn on the south side of the building would add much to the looks and comfort of the campus, but much work must be done before it is possible to have one. It is not the custom to have it so, but there is no reason why school grounds should not be made attractive instead of the barren waste they usually are. This reform will doubtless come in time, but will it be in *our* time? Let us have a lawn and cement walks as soon as possible.

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AND now it is asserted that reading and language are receiving undue attention in some of the schools to the detriment of every other study. Such a course will inevitably react against the just claims of the former subjects, and should be avoided.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The arrangement and tone of *The Russ* is very good. We enjoy reading it.

The first paper we received was *The Owl*. It opened our eyes to what some high school paper are like.

Say, —, there is no use trying any more. Watson is a misogynist.

The *Comet* of Reno is very interesting, but we can't quite see through "The Fatal Circle."

Our exchanges are few this month, but hope to receive many more before the November number, as of course it is on account of the short

time between the first and second issues. The practice of exchanging school papers is certainly an innovation, and one that all should get next to.

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PERSONALS.

Mr. B.—Miss Shelton, what is the Latin for profitable? Ans. Miss Shelton—O-re-ap-in—O, I don't know anything. Mr. B.—Perfectly correct, so far.

W. Bailey went to Sacramento on Sunday evening to get his horse shod (?), and returned Monday. He forgot about his horse.

"Oh! we forgot the smoked glass," said Miss H. — during the eclipse on October 17th.

Miss F.—makes very good time in a hundred yard dash, even though slightly impeded.

D. B. Has a new pair of corduroys.

MISS JEANETTE—KALE?

Where did the boys find D. Rice between seven and eight on the evening of the eclipse?

Miss Maud Kale does not like to bother with hairpins.

Some said Clarence Smith's cheeks glowed from anger, when he got tangled up in the line. It is all a mistake. It was only the reflection from his socks.

The late rain just saved W. B.'s MUSTACHE from vanishing under the heat of the sun.

Mr. B.—What are the factors, Johns, of $x^2 - 1$? Ans. Johns — (awakening from a dream). Yes, sir—a—I think they are.

Slocum, keep your feet on the floor after this, they might get hurt.

Quail shooting for this season is ended around Fair Oaks, as Gore, Bramhall and Hauser have been after them *three* times.

Every one seems to appreciate the "efforts" of the Bishop Band. Dan is a good fellow, Maud, so don't you care.

"They say that history repeats itself," said D. S., "but it wouldn't do so for me."

Who is the whistling hack driver?

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.

Christian Endeavor Service at 6:30 Sunday evening.

Regular prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30.

Regular official meeting first Monday in every month at 7:30 P. M.

JAMES WHITAKER, Pastor.

 ATHLETICS

Our gymnasium is coming along nicely. The boys have taken up marbles, though the floor is awfully hard. Next comes bean-bags, and so by easy stages, to indoor baseball about March. And as for baseball, that is too far in the future to say anything definite.

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"Pump, pump, pull away," or "black-man," seems to be a standard game, delighting the grammar students, and it is possible that the teachers cast longing eyes toward that corner of the campus now and then. While not a regulation athletic game, it is, nevertheless, a splendid one for exercise, and can be taken in doses to suit

the patient. It will also accommodate a few or many players and all sizes and conditions of individuals. So it is perhaps well that the athletic sports have not entirely superseded the old-fashioned ones.

It did look for about three days as if Fair Oaks was going to have a football team. From the way the boys turned out for a few nights and promised their best efforts, we had some hopes. But all seems to be off, as it is impossible to get a sufficient number out to practice regularly. A few of the boys in school are dreadfully afraid of getting their feet wet. This does not apply, however, to the four or five that did come out.

 To the Critics.

When I was seventeen, I heard
From each censorious tongue,
"I'd not do that, if I were you.
You see you're rather young."

Now, that I number forty years,
I'm quite as often told
Of this or that I shouldn't do,
Because I'm quite too old.

O, testy world! If there's an age
Where youth and manhood keep
An equal balance, alas! I must
Have passed it in my sleep.

 Running Against Time.

"All right, Ben, let her go," said Davids, the conductor of the special, as he snapped his watch shut, and the little train slowly moved out of the depot for its run of four hundred miles against time and a rival road.

There were two baggage cars attached to the engine, which was a powerful Baldwin of the latest type, built for hard grades and fast running, and we were carrying the New Year's edition of the *Denver Times* and running against the *Post*. We had made small bets with the *Post's* men on reaching Gd. Junction first.

The coaches were filled with bundles of the *Times* ready to be thrown out the door as we passed the stations.

The track for seventy miles ahead of us was in good shape, with a slight up-hill grade, and we could expect to be in Colorado Springs in eighty minutes.

We are running over the frogs in the yards at a good rate, as we have the right of way, and soon hear the whistle for the first station. The papers are tossed onto the platform as we dash by.

It is a clear, cold night, with the mercury so low it is almost out of sight. We sit in the door and look out over the snow, dotted here and there with farm buildings, and made beautiful by the moon. We listen to the click of the wheels, hoping that nothing will be so foolish as to get in our way, as at times we are running as high as seventy miles an hour, and holding on with both hands.

Now we dash through a cut with a roar almost deafening, but so quickly it seems but a flash of dark. Now stations are flying by so fast it keeps the messengers busy, and it seems but a short seventy-two minutes when we reach the Springs, where the engine is oiled and all the axles inspected for hot boxes. On we go with the Rio Grande but fifteen minutes ahead of us, but the hard grade begins now, and up we go along the side of the mountain, over trestles, in and out of tunnels, and a stream of sparks pouring out of the

engine. The track has been on the very side of a canyon, and we can look down several hundred feet to the little creek shining below us. It makes one think of the wonderful power of man over matter to change and cut up the face of nature in this way, over ten feet of hard rock being blasted away, and a railroad made possible.

But this does not last long. Presently we come into a beautiful, narrow valley, with small lakes every few miles and heavy groves of pine trees. This is one of the finest summer resorts in the world, and around these lakes little towns have grown up with large summer hotels; but these are all deserted now and need but a few copies of the paper.

It is now 12 o'clock, and we wish each other many happy New Years to come and make New Year resolutions to be broken to-morrow. The engineer gives an extra loud toot of the whistle and the echoes bid us "good luck." Many stories are told as we sit around the steam pipes and smoke, and about 4 o'clock we pull into Glenwood and take water and coal, and are very thankful for the bucket of hot coffee and lunch from the "Eating House." We leave there at the same time as the Rio Grande. The tracks run on opposite sides of the Grand River, and we run along for a time side by side. Now they gradually pull by us. Ninety-five miles of fairly good track are ahead of us, leading into Grand Junction, with but one stop, at New Castle. When we reach there we hear, to our surprise, that the Rio Grande has been ditched a few miles back by a cow lying asleep in the track, but that no one was killed, though the cow was very thoroughly knocked out. In spite of the early hour, we are given a warm reception when we pull into Grand Junction eighty-five minutes later, having made the fastest run in the record of the Midland railroad.

Several hours later the Rio Grande comes in on three legs and a can tied on the end of the train. They feel rather bad and haven't many explanations.

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Our Principal.

The Trustees of the Fair Oaks School, having received high recommendations in regard to Mr. Baugh's qualifications as a teacher, engaged him as principal of the Fair Oaks School. He arrived in Fair Oaks in July, and after becoming acquainted with the place and people, he decided to do what he could toward a high school. The trustees were in favor of this, and undertook to raise money by subscriptions. The people subscribed freely, and by September 15th everything was arranged for a high school. Of course this required another teacher, leaving the high school department in the hands of Mr. Baugh. Every one knows it is a very difficult task for a high school teacher to teach several branches, but he has proven to every one during the past month that he is equal to the task undertaken, and there is no doubt but what he will do every study justice. But this is not all, he is doing his best to draw the pupils and teacher together, and show to them that they must work together as friends, and not enemies. We believe that by the end of the term, Mr. Baugh will have a well organized school, making it much easier for him the year following.

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A Cemetery Association.

Now that we have two M. D.'s, the people have concluded that we need a cemetery. So at a meeting on Tuesday evening, October 21st, an organization was effected and the following Board of Directors elected: H. H. Pierce, T. H. Watson, H. Rice, F. W. Johns and C. H. Slocum. The last-named was chosen President of the Association and T. H. Watson Secretary.

The Association holds an option on a fine piece of land in the west end of the colony, which will be put into proper condition and used as a cemetery. Steps have been taken to incorporate. Thirty-five lots have been subscribed for, and it is expected that the sale of lots in the future will produce a sufficient income to keep the cemetery in good condition.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Mack is building a house on the tract north of J. E. Holst.

The Academy opened Tuesday, October 14, 1902.

Joseph Bradley has just finished building a house for Mr. Bluhin.

John Donahue is erecting a beautiful residence on his ranch just north of the colony.

Mrs. Elmore Chase has returned to home from a two months' visit in Vermont.

Fair Oaks, 'wake up! We want something doing. The town has been dead for the past three months.

C. E. Meader and family, friends of S. I. Osgood, have chosen Fair Oaks for a home. They come from Minnesota.

On Wednesday evening, October 22, 1902, Miss Mabel McKibbin was united in marriage to Mr. Ed. Nuttall at the home of the bride's parents, in Fair Oaks.

Lee Kale, who is running a wood-yard in Sacramento, will soon bring Fair Oaks into as bad a condition as the coal strikers have left the people of the east, if he continues to haul away the wood to supply his Sacramento customers.

Thanksgiving Dinner.

Every one expects to take Thanksgiving dinner with everybody else this year. An invitation is extended to all Fair Oaks and surrounding country by the Ladies' Aid Society of Fair Oaks to be its guests for Thanksgiving day in the church basement. It is proposed to make an annual feast of this day, and all the Society's energies will be bent towards making every one happy.

The proceeds will be used for the benefit of the church. Dinner, 25 cents.

New Fruit Company.

The Fair Oaks Fruit Association has been dissolved and the Fair Oaks Stock Company organized in its stead. The latter company has absorbed the old company, which was found not to have been organized upon a proper basis.

The new company is a stock company, and has taken steps to incorpor-

ate. It has a sufficient paid-up capital stock to carry on the business successfully, and will begin to handle the present crop at once, as some varieties of olives are ripening.

At a meeting of the stockholders on the 21st inst. the board of directors of the old association was elected to serve for the new, and the latter elected the following officers: President, J. H. Cunningham; Vice-President, W. R. Gore; Secretary, W. W. Hinsey; Treasurer, D. Houser.

W. W. Hinsey is Superintendent of the company's business, and will doubtless be able to put it upon a paying basis.

The people of this colony are taking a great deal of interest in the Athletic Association. Some have contributed to the gymnasium fund.

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Latin.

All the people dead who spoke it,
All the people dead who wrote it—
All the people die who learn it,
Blessed death! They all do earn it.—Ex.

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NOMINEE FOR—
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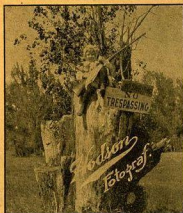
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