A MODERN SANTA CLAUS.

LILLIAN'S AWAKENING.

"I've only spent ten dollars, Dad, and I haven't a present for Emily, mama, or Elsie. I must have some money to buy a present for Emily. She always needs me something. She gave me those lovely ear rings last year.

"No, Lillian," said Mr. Warner decidedly, "I told you that you could have only ten dollars. Why did you buy such expensive and practically useless presents anyway?"

"But, Dad," began Lillian, "That's enough don't say anything more." Then as if an idea struck him he took out his purse and handed Lillian some money saying, "Here is the money was going to give you for that

"I wish Dad wasn't so stingy and cross," began Lillian, "tomorrow is Christmas, too. He thinks I will give up that trip just to buy some invalid presents but I won't. Elsie and all the others are going. I wish I hadn't sent those presents today. I could take grandma's back and exchange it for one of for Emily." After thinking for a few minutes Lillian straightened in her chair. "What an idea, I will ask Emily how she liked her present and she will think it was lost in the mail." With this scheme in mind, Lillian was again in bright spirits.

The next morning the girls were up early watching for the mail man. "Oh, here he comes," explained Elsie at last running down to the door. "Come here quickly, Lillian. Here's your present from grandma." "Aren't there any others for me?" asked Lillian, taking the small package tied with twine.

"Yes, here are two others. Upon opening the boxes, Lillian called to her mother excitedly, "aren't these just lovely? This is from Emily and this from Aunt Mary." "Didn't you open your box from grandma, dear?" said Mrs. Warner disappointedly.

"Where is it? Where did I put it when you gave it to me, Elsie? Never mind, here it is under these things." In a few minutes the box was open and there before her astonished eyes was a diamond ring. "Oh! mother," was all that Lillian could say.

"Here's a letter too" said Elsie, "tell us what she says. "It was her engagement ring," began Lillian, "and because I am eighteen she is sending it to me. She says she doesn't need it any more. Lillian's other presents were now neglected. She went silently to her (Continued on Page 2.)
CHRISTMAS VACATION.

School will dismiss this coming Friday, December 15, for the Christmas vacation and will open again January 2nd, 1917.

It is expected that most of the students will spend this time enjoying a most happy Christmas with their parents and other relatives.

The Polygram staff wishes a most Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

It is hoped that everyone will be able to return for the next semester to continue their work and help to make Polytechnic known throughout the State.

The Polygram will also suggest and urge that all students while away on their vacation will attempt to find such jokes and stories as will help the Journal staff in making this year's Journal a success that we may well be proud of. The Journal staff will be appointed in time to begin work immediately after vacations begin, what assistance you are capable of doing.

GET OUT FOR TRACK.

Now that the football season is over, interest in athletics seems to have died out. The only indication of any shade of interest whatever is seen on the campus at noon when "Bud" tries out some new aspirants for the battery. The activities at present should lean more toward track as baseball season follows the track. As in previous years there are no men out for track before Christmas, the best time during the winter for practice, as the field is usually too wet after the New Year. Poly has been beaten three successive years by schools much inferior in number of students but have proven very superior in school pep. Let's get out there fellows and see what we can do; that means all of you who don't know and you who do know, what you can do. Those who do not know what they can do may turn out as well as those who are recognized as our best men, and these men may turn out to be better than ever before. It will not be a question of may if you will get out and train, yes, it depends on you. Does not practice make perfect in any game?

We have lost some of our best men, but we still have material for a winning track team, so let's develop it and win instead of losing. It is true this sounds like an appeal, it is, it is an appeal to the men of this school to make a winning track team in 1917.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

(From London Papers.)

"Wanted: - A room by two gentlemen, thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"Wanted: A boy, that can open doors with references."
LILLIAN'S AWAKENING.  
(Continued from Page 1.)

room. There she read and reread the shaky handwriting of her grandmother. "You are always think of me on Christmas and that I am such a good girl. But I am not; I am just a horrid old thing. You have made me see what a selfish, thoughtless, thing I have been. I am going to be what you think I am hereafter."

IMO'S CHRISTMAS.

"Today is the last day of school," said Miss Hamilton to her fourteen Indian pupils; "and many of you will be going home to stay until after Christmas. Christmas, you know, is a time for giving. Many people are giving money each year to maintain this school where you may go and learn. How I want every one of you to do or give something this Christmas to make some one happy. We want to be givers as well as receivers."

The next day all but one of the fourteen pupils went to their various homes. Imo's mother and father were dead so she lived at the Mission with Miss Hamilton.

That evening, Imo sat before the fireplace in deep thought. She was thinking about what Miss Hamilton had said and wondering what she would do. "I haven't any money," she thought, "but I have four eggs saved up and if my two hens lay eggs every day, I will have just twelve eggs the day before Christmas. I will take them to the store and sell them for twenty-five cents. I will then buy Miss Hamilton one of those boxes of handkerchiefs with the pretty hollyberries on the cover. I won't tell a soul about my plans. All that week Imo's chickens received the best of attention. She watered and fed them three times every day. Finally the day before Christmas came. How happy Imo was when she went out to the chicken yard about noon and found the last two eggs which just completed her dozen.

That afternoon Imo put the eggs in a basket and started to town. As she walked along the country roads she thought how happy Miss Hamilton would be to receive such a lovely gift. Just as she rounded the corner, a boy on horseback suddenly came up before her. She gave a sudden jump to get out of the way, the basket slipped and the eggs fell to the ground. Tears came to Imo's eyes as she looked at her broken treasure lying there in the dust. All her hopes were gone. She had no other means of making any money. As she picked up the basket, she noticed that two of the eggs were just slightly cracked, so she picked them up and started homeward. As she neared Mrs. Moore's house she noticed that the widow was carrying wood into the shed. An idea struck her, "I will ask Mrs. Moore if she knows how to make cake. If she does, I will tell her that I will carry in her whole pile of wood if she will give me all the ingredients excepting the eggs, for a cake, and also will tell her how to make it. I heard Miss Hamilton say just the other day that she would like to have some cake." Mrs. Moore was very glad to let Imo bring in her wood.

That evening a happy little girl slipped into the back door and up to her room without being seen. After everyone went to bed she went cautiously downstairs (Continued on page 4.)
Months before there was no more of famine. Two fine strong pigs and a loving mother helped run — the little farm. Paul, his crippled son had gone forth to earn a rabbit which would help keep starvation away for a short time.

The night had grown steadily colder and the snow was piling up around the hut. The fire had died down but fear and hunger had damped Henri's vitality and courage until he did not care, so he sat shivering half asleep before the dying fire. A bursting shell so close that it shook the little hut, startled him and his face, hobbled to the door, looked out and seeing nothing, came back. He stood for a moment before his chair thinking. He was uneasy because his son had not returned. Then he knelt by his chair and offered up a prayer, asking safety for his boy and himself.

Head down and stumbling forward through the drifts of snow came a man with two rabbits slung over his shoulder. Suddenly a shot rang out and a voice called, "Halt, who goes there?" Two soldiers stopped out from behind a tree.

"Only a peasant," replied Paul.

"What's your name?"

"Paul St. Clair."

"What have you there?"

"Two rabbits, sir."

"Give them to me. What are you doing here?"

Paul now realized that he had come too near the German trenches. "Hunger, sir, my father and I are starving."

"Poor boy," said the smallest soldier.

"He is a spy," said the other, "let us take him to camp.

"Let him go," said the small man, "it will soon be Christmas."

And, as he spoke the guns boomed out the midnight hour.

(Continued on Page 5.)
Vivian had heard people say that it was cold. But that was as far as she knew. Her winter wardrobe was very complete. When she met her friend and said, "Oh, isn't it cold," she gave a little shiver but she wasn't really cold. She had worn a warm bright lining quaint to ride in, and she was happy. She didn't know that there was another kind of cold not much more than a mile away from her. She didn't know that down there in the crowded tenements that there were people that did know real cold. She didn't know that these people were so cold that they could barely move. She could know that it pained, actually pained, them from one shop to another. She knew that there were poor people that suffered and that she always gave liberally of her allowance to the societies that helped them but she didn't realize how they suffered.

Just as the dawn was breaking Paul wearily stepped into the hut. Henri had fallen asleep. Putting the rabbits and gifts on the table, Paul went over to his father and gently shook him, saying as he awoke "Christ is born truly.

VIVIAN'S R.H. '19.

In was cold, miserably cold. Vivien had heard people say that it was cold. But that was as far as she knew. Her winter wardrobe was very complete. When she met her friend and said, "Oh, isn't it cold," she gave a little shiver but she wasn't really cold. She had worn a warm bright lining quaint to ride in, and she was happy. She didn't know that there was another kind of cold not much more than a mile away from her. She didn't know that down there in the crowded tenements that there were people that did know real cold. She didn't know that these people were so cold that they could barely move. She could know that it pained, actually pained, them from one shop to another. She knew that there were poor people that suffered and that she always gave liberally of her allowance to the societies that helped them but she didn't realize how they suffered.

The car struck him and he fell. Vivian screamed and jumped out. She kneeled down on the wet sidewalk and regardless of the muddy little figure, she gathered him into her arms. She told the chauffeur to drive to the doctor's and tried to comfort the trembling and frightened little boy. She could not express her thankfulness when Dr. Morse told her that no bones were broken. The boy clung to her as they went down stairs and stepped back into the car. "I am going to take you home," Vivien said.


"Aw, down on the East Side. I'll show you the house," he answered.

They passed the beautifully decorated stores and the beautiful homes which called out to the passers by the time of the year. Soon they left even the moderate homes and found themselves in the crowded part of the city where the streets were dirty and where the houses and people, dirtier. The youngster had lost most of his bright after the first few minutes and cried all the way home. He said his name was Mike Randall and they called him Mike because his hair was red. "What is your sister's name," Vivien asked, after Mike had told her that his mother and sister made paper flowers. "We call her Viv for short but her real name is Vivien," Mike told her.

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"Vihy exclaimed. "She ain't iruch like youse, no more," Mike said. "But she use to look like youse before you went drunk all the time and had ter go to jail like the rest." Vivien changed the subject. "What do you expect Santa Claus to bring you to-morr'tv?" "A w, say, cut it," said Mike, "there ain't no such guy." Finally he pointed to a ramshackle old tenement, "Dore's me house," he announced.

As Vivien helped the boy out of the car, then gave him a small gold something to give to his mother, she saw one of her mother's friends, Mrs. Burke. "Why Vivien," Mrs. Burke said, "what are you doing down here?" "I am taking little Mike home," she said.

"Wouldn't you like to come and see Mike's mother and sister with me?" Mrs. Burke asked. Vivien said yes and they climbed the long flight of stairs with Mike. As the visitors entered the room, the occupants looked up and smiled and went on with their work. Mrs. Randall was so thankful when she learned of Mike's escape, that she could not thank Vivien enough for her kindness. Vivien in turn, was surprised to learn that Mrs. Randall was a kindergarten teacher. "I cannot get a position," she concluded, "because I have no pull, and a pull seems necessary."

A very thoughtful Vivien left Mrs. Burke that after-noon. She had visited other homes and she knew of a colder cold and of a multitude of children who expected no Christmas present. "Father dear," she said that evening, "how much were you going to spend on my Christmas present?" "I have an idea you were going to get me a car all my own, weren't you?"

"That's telling," said her father as he pinched her cheek. She smiled and told him of her after-noon, and "Father," she concluded, "let's let my Christmas present be a real Christmas to the little East Siders."

Her father hugged her. "I am glad Vivien, that you have found the real Christmas spirit." I.K.'18.

KELVIN CLUB HIKE.

Last Saturday after-noon, the hikers among the faculty walked up to the steel bridge and up Stuino Canyon to School Canyon, where they were met by the rest of the members of the Kelvin Club. They built a large bonfire, roasted chops, and enjoyed a royal feed. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnston on the cuts committee certainly showed great ability and everyone thoroughly appreciated them.

AMAPOLA CLUB.

Out of the sixty members of the Amapola Club, thirty-two of them were present at the "Weenie Bake" last Friday night in School Canyon. The girls were accompanied by Misses Hartzell, Whitin, and Chase. They left the House Arts Building about four thirty. Two large bonfires were built and the weenies were roasted on sticks. After supper each class, including the faculty gave a yell and then everyone joined in telling a continuous story. A most delightful evening was spent in this way and about eight o'clock they left for the hike home.

Doleb: "I'm a big gun at Poly."
Father: "Then I should hear better reports."
AG CLUB REORGANIZED.

At the fifth period Monday, December 11, the Ag Club of the Polytechnic met in special session in the Creamery Building. Purpose of this meeting was to put before the club a new constitution, drawn up by a committee of club members and student advisors.

The constitution, after being read, was unanimously adopted. This new constitution provides for a process of elimination which the old constitution deplorably lacked. It also changed many bylaws and articles which the old constitution contained. After the constitution was adopted, Mr. Harr's resignation as president was accepted with regrets and as Mr. Boge, the secretary is leaving soon, the club decided to elect new officers.

The following members were elected: W. York, president; Guy Malvin, vice-president; W. Wilkins, secretary, and Ben Tognazinni, treasurer.

With the new constitution and this wide awake, energetic body of officers, the Agricultural Association of the Polytechnic School will undoubtedly fulfill the purpose for which it was formed much better than during the past.

DEBATING CLUB.

The second debate of the Triangular Club will be held January 16th. The question to be debated upon is: Resolved, That the President of the United States shall be elected for one term of six years and be not eligible for re-election.

The team was selected last Thursday and consists of Sarah Bushnell and E. McMillan for the affirmative and P. V. Petersen and H. Sebastian for the negative.

THE BULL FIGHT.

Machine shop and forge shop students suspended operations Friday for considerable length of time owing to the interest shown in the bull fight which was largely attended.

It seems that two prize bulls belonging to the school, escaped from their respective pens and locked horns. The fight was quite exciting, lasting for nearly half an hour and aroused much enthusiasm on the part of the spectators. It is a good thing that school isn't located near the Elana where bull fights abound.

SENSATIONAL BALL GAME.

Sunday morning saw the start of one of the most thrilling, sensational and fastest bull games ever played on Poly grounds. The game was between two teams of great renown, representing two great factors of the industrial world. These teams are widely advertised and known throughout the United States. The rooting and these two teams in action will give evidence that they uphold their reputations.

The day was an ideal one for two such teams as CHEM and STA to clash and the crowds were in fine shape.

The first inning ended with the score 5 to 5 and the players playing air tight ball along about the middle of the middle of the field.

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SENSATIONAL BALL GAME.
(Continued from Page 7.)
nie game, however, the STARK'S had trouble with their battery and changed pitchers several times. The CLIMAX'S roosters seemed to get their goat and the team went up in the air. The ninth inning ending with a score of 56 to 15 in favor of CLIMAX.

KELVIN CLUB MEETS.

Miss Whiting was hostess for the Kelvin Club Tuesday evening 1307 Mill St. Miss Hill gave an illustrated talk on the Great Northwest. Most beautiful music was furnished by Mrs. J. H. Johnston. A social hour was spent after the program and delicious refreshments were served.

GIRLS' BAND.

The Girls' Band is now organized. As the freshmen progress in their band work, they will have better opportunity of entering the club. Josephine Tomasini is president, Alta Trudell is secretary-treasurer. The girls practice behind closed doors because they believe they will be more able to concentrate their minds on their work.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Ryder is spending this week in Sacramento in the interest of the Polytechnic.

Mr. Brooks was absent from school for several days on account of illness.

Freshman President Tabor is improving rapidly from his illness and it is thought that he will be able to go home about the twenty-second.

Among those taking the teacher examinations this week, is Charlotte Forner. We wish her success.

Miss Clemen's Tanquary, a former student of Poly, and a graduate of Oakland High School, is now studying art in the school of Beaux Arts in Paris. She passed the strict entrance requirements with credit. Before entering the school she was a guest of Lady Newnes and visited other relatives.

The Miss Dorothy Gould, Lilabell Wade and Ida Quintana were Poly visitors Tuesday.

It is murmured that the late Lieutenant Tax may be dishonorably discharged from Company B, First Battalion of the C. P. S. Cadets. This is how it happened.

Tax was given command of Company B for a short drill, during which his "Great Weakness" was given a test. Tax's willpower failed him completely. Three fair alumni appeared on the Campus to the right of Lt. Tax's command. His heart fluttered, then fell. "Column right," March. "Double quick time," March. Tax led far in advance of his company. Observing the on coming division the fair ladies scurried to safety and Tax sadly disappointed ordered his command to the rear.

(Continued on Page 9.)
PROBABLE DISCHARGE.
(Continued from Page 8.)

The following day Tax was the cause of much alarm for he lay sick in bed. But when it was learned that it was heart ache and not scarlet fever that caused his illness, panic subsided.

WISE IN HIS GENERATION.

Hodges: "There's a girl at the High School who is anxious to meet you."
York: "What's the matter with her?"

DORMITORY FINANCER.

Scotty: "Say Capt'n, can you change a dime for me?"
Capt'n: "How do you want it changed?"
Scotty: "Into a quarter, please."

Sing a song of experience, a pocket full of air;
Four and Twenty hours ago he spent all that was there,
When his purse was open he could not find a thing,
Except that it was poor, as any European King.

Choosing a knife in life choosing a wife,
If the temper is right, you're fixed for life.

THINGS THAT MAKE US LAUGH.

Porky and the Spaghetti.

Senior girls are causing much excitement these days. The first to startle the general public was Siglin Guimini. The second surprise was when Alice Rhode appeared on the campus with a new ring. While Tuesday Helene Van Gordon --- well, for further information ask H. H. Hodger.

W. is For Windy

Who fights Ben without cause.
All the kids are his friends.
Because he played Santa Claus.
Drakespore.

Mr. Binns: "Mr. Andrews, what are logarithms?"
Magr: "Well, when you are on a ship they enable you to determine where you are."

Our Johnny fell into the well.
He dropped with quite a thump,
And as they left him where he fell,
We had to use the pump.

Marcella: "On your way to town, will you ask that girl at the store to go?"
Howard: "You mean that maiden with the blue eyes, blond hair, ruby lips, deep dimples, and graceful carriage?"
Marcella: "Oh, you needn't mind. I intended going down town myself, today."

The Goon Shark: "Are we parallel?"
She: "What do you mean?"
He: "Will we never get together?"

Perry: "Will Mercury run through my head?"
Mr. York: "Yes, if it isn't too dense."
WANTED TO KNOW:

Why Mabelle got home so late Fri-
day night?
Who was the girl Maggie and her
arm around when the lights sud-
only came on in the show Sunday
night?
Why Leonard goes down to the
clothing while thirty minutes early?
Why Perry doesn't get the poison
out?

Irish: "I've traced my ancestry
back to an Irish King."
Bett: "Sure that's easy, what chance
has a dead man to defend himself?"

ON THE ATASCADERO TRIP.

Mr. Talbot: "Look at all the saloons
we're passing. Isn't it a shame?"
Scotty: "It sure is."

Brown and Riley walking down
Higuera street, saw Santa Claus
sitting in a Ford in front of
Hall's Bazaar.
Riley: "That's Paul Russell dressed
up as Santa Claus."
Brown: "Don't look like Paul
Russell to me."
Riley: "I know who it is."
Brown: "Walking up and taking a
good look at Santa.) "Listen, that's
either Eddie Smith or Windy Greaves
now take it from me."
Settle the argument. Who is it?

OVERHEARD AT THE ZMOC.

Polygirl: "That girl is fine. She
reminds me of a mermaid. How I
wish I were one with a beautiful
face, and-
Polyfella: "Aw, forget it. You
couldn't keep your mouth shut
long enough to keep from drowning."

Miss Chase: "Why, Isla, why do
you look so sad?"
Isla: "Well, this morning I was-
I-I-
Miss Chase: "Yes, dear, go on."
Isla: "I was turning thru the
dictionary and, and I, I, came to
grief."

SANTA CLAUS OTHERWISE KNOWN
AS LLOYD BOWEN GREAVES.

Lloyd Bowen Greaves, other-
wise known as "Windy", has turned
philanthropist. Whatever do you
suppose possessed him to get
one of those Santa Claus suits;
hire a Ford, all bedecked with
Christmas flowers, and ride
through town giving candy and
tin horns to all the kids he met?
"Windy", we always knew you
had a big heart, and that it was
in the right place, but it is
bigger than we had any conception
of. We take off our hats to you.
You should be a model of the
school, and"Windy", in some of
your philanthropic works: rings
stop at the "Polygram" office.

Touching.

Miss Chase: "Why, Isla, why do
you look so sad?"
Isla: "Well, this morning I was-
I-I-
Miss Chase: "Yes, dear, go on."
Isla: "I was turning thru the
dictionary and, and I, I, came to
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