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." Thon 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..."

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 opened 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..."
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 every one 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 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 vacation. Beyond what assistance you are capable of doing.
LILLIAN'S AWAKENING.
(Continued from Page 1.)

room. There she read and reread the shaky handwriting of her grandmother. "She says I always think of her on Christmas and that I am such a good girl. But I am not! I am just a horrid old thing! I would even have exchanged her present so I could get one for Emily. I am always cross and sulky at home. I was even going to write that awful letter to Emily to deceive her so I could keep my money for that trip. I can't do it. I will just take the money and buy Dad, Mother, Elsie and Emily each a present for New Year's." Lillian was crying.

"Grandma," she said aloud, "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 come and learn. I want every one of you to do or give something this Christmas to make someone 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 me 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 down stairs (Continued on page 4.)
IMOS CHRISTMAS.
(Continued from Page 3.)
In the kitchen, after about an hour a lovely brown cake was taken from the oven, neatly wrapped and put at Miss Hamilton's place at the table.

The next morning Miss Hamilton said to Ito, "I found your lovely present." "Where did you ever learn to make cake?" that then told of her experience. Miss Hamilton replied, "Well, Ito, you have indeed made someone happy."

ONE CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

Kronstadt, once a thriving village full of life and prosperity, lies a broken, crushed mess. Over all lies a blanket of snow which partially hides from our eyes the death and awfulness of what is beneath. In the day light one sees on the edge of the town the broken, twisted trees of the forest which have been shattered by shells. At the edge of the forest stands a little hut and the glow of the fire within shines out through the window coloring the snow for a short distance. Far to the right are long gray scars on the face of the whirled earth, silent and forbidding as is all the rest. These are the German trenches. Nearer to the left are similar scars full of thousands of men waiting to give and receive death. These are the Allies' trenches. Over all is deep silence broken only now and then by the crash of an exploding shell.

Within the hut sits an old man. By the light of the fire we see his face. It is pinched and drawn from starvation. Hourly he hears the whining, shrieking shells pass over his house. So far he has escaped these. He might leave the country, but where would he go? Henri was an old man entirely dependent upon his crippled son.

Months before there was no way out, famine. Two fine struggling sons and a loving mother helped run the small farm. Paul, his crippled son, had gone forth to feed 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 sapped 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 he rose, hobbled to the door, looked out and seeing nothing, he 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 stepped 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. "Hungry, 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.)
Vivien's R.H.
May 31st.

It 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 to ride in, and she was happy. She didn't know that there was another kind of cold not much over 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 to go from one room 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.

LOVE CHRISTMAS IN GERILLY.

(Continued from Page 4.)

One Christmas in Gerilly.

It was too, as he spoke a song started up and was soon carried to every part of the trenches. It was a song of Christmas, and was sung with the feeling and fervor that only the men away from home knows about. When it was finished the tall soldier gave back the rabbits. The other gave Paul a piece of bread and some tobacco with the words, "Christ is born."

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."

R.H.'19.

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(Continued on Page 6.)

THEIR WELCOME GIFT. She and her mother were home in her beautiful room. All except mother's, she knew that she wanted to get mother a beautiful lavander but so far she had not found the bright one. She called to her chauffeur and told him to stop at Gerilly's. As he slowed down to the curb, a little newsboy stepped off the sidewalk. The car struck him and he fell. Vivien screamed and jumped out. She kneled 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.

He sat down on the soft cushions and looked at the little vase of hothouse violts. "Gee," he ventured, "it's swell."

Vivien laughed. "Where do you live?" she asked.

"Oh, 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 youngester had lost most of his fight 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.

(Continued on Page 6.)
"That's telling," said her father as he pinched her cheek.

"She ain't iruch like youse, no more," Mike said. "But she ute look like youse before pe got drunk all the time and had ter go ter jail like the rest."

Vivien changed the subject.

"What do you expect Santa Claus to bring you to-morr'tv?"' 'said Mike. •

"Aw, say, cut it," said Mike, "there ain't no such guy."

Finally he pointed to a ram-shackle 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 afternoon. She had visited other homes and she knew of a colder cold and of a multitude of children who expected no Christmas? "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?"

**Continued from Page 5.)**

"Why that is my name," Vivien exclaimed.

"She ain't much like youse, no more," Mike said. "But she u3te look like youse before pe got drunk all the time and had ter go ter jail like the rest."

Vivien changed the subject.

"What do you expect Santa Claus to bring you to-morrow?"

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"I have an idea you were going to get me a car all my own, weren't you?"
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. Begger, the secretary is leaving soon, the club decided to elect new officers.

The following members were elected: W. York, president; Guy Baldwin, vice-president; W. Wilkins, secretary, and Don 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 18th. The question to be debated upon is: Resolved, That the President of the United States shall be elected for the term of six years and be not eligible for re-election.

The team was selected last Thursday and consists of Sarah Bushnell and D. McMillan for the affirmative and P. V. Peterson 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 Tiajuana where bull fights abound.

SENSATIONAL BALL GAME.

Sunday morning saw the start of one of the most thrilling, sensational and fastest ball games ever played on Poly grounds. The game was between two teams of great renown, representing two great factors of the industrial world.

These two teams are widely advertised and known throughout the United States. The roosters who saw those two teams in action will give evidence that they proved their reputations.

The game was an ideal one for two such teams as CM&IX and STAR to clash and the scores were in fine shape.

The first inning child with the score 5 to 5 and the players playing air tight ball along about the middle of the middle of... (Continued on Page 8.)
SENSATIONAL BALL GAME.
(Continued from Page 7.)

...the game, however, the START'S had trouble with their battery and changed pitchers several times. The CLIMAX'S rooters seemed to get their goat and the team went up in the air. The ninth inning ending with a score of 55 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. R. 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 Trucello 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 interests 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, in Charlotte Porner. We wish her success.

Miss Cleobear'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, Lilalbell Wade and Ida Quintana were Poly visitors Tuesday.

It is murmured that the late Lieutenant Tax may be dishonestly discharged from Company B, First Battalion of the C. F. 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 will-power failed him completely. Three fair alumni appeared on the campus to the right of 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 Tux was the
subject of much alarm for he lay sick
all day. But when it was learned
that it was heart ache and not scar-
fear that caused his illness,
rest reigned, again.

WISE IN HIS GENERATION.

Hedges: "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 Captain can you change
a dime for me?"
Scotty: "How do you want it
changed?"
Scotty: "Into a quarter, please."

Sing a song of expenses, a pocket
full of air;
Four and twenty hours ago he spent
all that was there.
When his purse was seen he could
not find a thing,
Except that he was poor, as any
European king.

Choosing a knife is 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 Rhine appeared on the
campus with a new ring. While Tuesday
Helene Van Corden --- well for
further information ask H. H. Hodges.

W. is Tor Windy
Who fights Ben without cause.
All the kids are his friends
Because he played Santa Claus.
Drakspore.

Mr. Binns: "Mr. Andrews, what are
logarithms?"
Mag: "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 have to use the pump.

Marcella: "On your way to town, will
you ask that girl at the store?
York: "Yes, if it isn't too
dense."
WANTED TO KNOW.

Why Mabelle got home so late Friday night?
Who was the girl Maggie had his arms around when the lights suddenly came on in the show Sunday night?
Why Leonard goes down to the dining hall thirty minutes early?
Why Perry doesn't get the poison oak?

Irish: "I've traced my ancestry back to an Irish King."
Bott: "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 Hill'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 Grooves now take it from me."

Settle the argument. Who is it?

OVERHEARD AT THE BINGO.

Polygirl: "That girl is fine. She reminds me of a mermaid. Now 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."

DDI SHE MEAN JUST THAT?

H. Stewart: "Why that thing doesn't look any more like a frog than I do."
Helen Shipsey: (Agreeably) "No, not so much."

SANTA CLAUS OTHERWISE KNOWN
AS LLOYD BOWEN GREAVES.

Lloyd Bowen Grooves, otherwise 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 Kiddies 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 wonders stop at the "Polygram" office.

Touching.

Miss Chase: "Why, Islay, 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."