If you just want to take the trouble,
   To reason now and then;
Your respect for Poly will double
Nine times out of ten.

We sometimes think our teachers are unfair;
   This too can be explained
For if in work we take more care
Loss often we'll be pained.  H.VG.
WRESTLING DEVELOPES QUICK THINKING, QUICKNESS OF ACTION, AND STRENGTH IN EVERY MUSCLE OF THE BODY. ONE MUST THINK FAST IN ORDER TO CATCH AN OPPONENT OFF HIS GUARD OR TO GET A HOLD WITH WHICH AN OPPONENT CAN BE PINNED. OFTEN QUICKNESS OF ACTION IS THE ONLY THING THAT WILL FREE A WRESTLER FROM A PERILOUS POSITION OR THAT WILL GAIN A HOLD FOR HIM UPON HIS ANTAGONIST.

SUMMING THE WHOLE THING UP, WRESTLING IS ONE OF THE BEST EXERCISES, AND ONE OF THE CLEANEST EXERCISES THAT CAN BE PARTICIPATED IN. THERE IS NO REASON WHY THIS SPORT SHOULD NOT RECEIVE AS MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT FROM THE FACULTY AND STUDENTBODY AS ANY SPORT THAT THE SCHOOL PROMOTES.

THE MAN WHO QUITS.

THE MAN WHO QUITS HAS A BRAIN AND HAND AS GOOD AS THE NEXT; BUT HE LACKS THE SAND THAT WOULD MAKE HIM STICK, WITH COURAGE STOUT, TO WHATEVER HE TACKLES, AND FIGHT IT OUT.

IT'S UP TO EACH MAN WHAT BECOMES OF HIM; HE MUST FIND IN HIMSELF THE Grit AND WIM THAT BRINGS SUCCESS; HE CAN GET THE SKILL IF HE BRINGS TO THE TASK A STEADFAST WILL.

HE STARTS WITH A RUSH AND SOLEMN THAT'LL HE SOON BE SHOWING THE OTHERS HOW; THEN SOMETHING NEW STRIKES HIS ROVING EYE, AND HIS TASK IS LEFT FOR THE BYE AND BYE.

NO MAN IS BEaten TILL HE GIVES IN; HARD LUCK CAN'T STAND FOR A CHEERFUL GYAN;

(continued on page 3.)
THE MAN WHO QUILTS.
(Continued from Page 2.)

The man who fails needs a better excuse Than the quitter's whining, "What's the use?"

For the man who quits lets his chances slip, Just because he's too lazy to keep his grip.
The man who sticks goes ahead with a shout,
While the man who quits joins the down and out.

THE PRISONER'S FRIENDS.

Second Installment.

Just as the life in the world is full of incidents and change, so also in prison there were events of more or less importance. Sometimes a prisoner died or was released, and within a few hours the news was telegraphed from cell to cell by a certain code of the prisoners, who conversed by tapping on the walls. Then there were the new arrivals who brought the news of the world, but even more interesting than these were the stories of the lives of the prisoners with which we made lighter many a heavy hour, and my correspondence, through the dove, with Miss Liberty was almost always concerning these subjects.

One morning the dove brought me a beautiful flower, a lily, and to this was attached a card, on which was written:

"Today is your mother's birthday. I send you this flower. Try to look beyond your present suffering. This discipline will make you strong. Good-bye."

"How strange," I thought, "that she knows so much about my life. I must find out who she is." I wrote her a letter, in my new address, or something to identify my person. The next request she could reply:

"You know the dove, you taught her facts about my affair."

"Same. We both love her and she loves us. Is not that sufficient? She is the medium between you and me. Her eyes bring me your greetings and the story of your emotions and I ask her to bring you mine. I love her."

It is a peculiarity of solitary confinement that one inevitably invests even the most material objects with personality. One ceases to meditate on animals and inanimate things are endowed with human attributes, so that one converses with them as if they were friends and comrades. The dove and a mouse had become my sisters. They seemed like other selves, to be conscious of my sufferings, to know my thoughts and to sympathize with me.

How I learned to love them, and how in return they loved me, cannot be appreciated by anyone who has not had a similar experience. It was a simple and innocent love, a thing most incredible in this world of strife and bitterness, where the strong survive at the sacrifice of the weak.

While the eyes of the dove gave me the impression that she was a pessimist, those of the mouse suggested the optimist. In the beginning of our acquaintance the mouse was very timid and would not take the food I had placed on the floor until I was some distance away. In a few weeks however, she was so tame that she would take the food from my fingers.

In a month or two she lost all her fear and would play with me, dancing (Continued on Page 4.)
THE PRISONER'S FRIENDS.
(Continued from Page 3.)

around me like a tiny dog. She was fond of being petted and scratched on the back, and I would stroke her fur as one strokes a cat.

Early in the morning she would come from a small hole under the water pipe. After listening a moment, she would run up the leg of the table and, reaching the top, would dash at the crumbs or the pieces of fat which I had placed there. Having finished her breakfast, she would jump down upon the bed and crawl under the blankets.

At first I resented this intrusion. It did not impress me as particularly pleasant, for, as with most people the touch of a rodent had always made me feel creepy. But when I understood the intimate affection of the little animal, I could no longer repulse her. Sometimes when I would awaken earlier than usual, I would wonder if she would come. I named her "Tsakki."

"Tsakki, how old are you." I would say to her. Then she would close her eyes and nod her little head, seeming to say: "I don't remember; for we don't measure time as you do. We are not so stupid. It is enough that we live and are happy." Then I would ask her further questions which she seemed to answer with a wag of her tail or a tilt of her head and I interpreted her look and attitude to say, "I have my beloved, my children and we live, love and are happy."

Thus I would talk with her for hours. She understood only the speech of my eyes. The desire to speak became almost a mania with prisoners in solitary confinement. They have desire to communicate with everything; with the clouds, the stars, the moon, the birds and also with their own hallucinations.

Once Tsakki's eyes were sad, like those of a weeping child.

"Tsakki what is the matter, have you lost one of your little ones or your mate?"

"Everything," she seemed to say, "but I shall learn to forget and soon shall be happy again."

And happiness was indeed her normal condition.

She was fond of music. Often I would hum some tune, or play on a string held taut between my fingers, and to this she would listen for hours. She seemed to appreciate the music of very high notes, while to the lower notes she remained entirely indifferent. Tsakki was indeed a paragon of virtue in every way, except when she was jealous of my other friend, the dove.

She did not like it when I stroked the dove and fed her from my hand, and often she would bristle as if she would attack the dove with her sharp teeth. The dove was very generous and willingly left her food for the mouse.

One evening, after several days of absence, Tsakki came again very shyly. I was just about to say a word when I heard her tiny voice. Slowly emerged from the hole beneath the water pipe and scammed forward and backward several times as if to attract my attention. Presently another and smaller head appeared, and I realized that the mouse had come with her little one of which to judge by her actions and sparkling eyes, she was exceedingly proud.

She was not able, however, to persuade the youngster to venture in my directions. It was very shy and timid, and kept a safe distance. I gave the mother a small piece of fat, which she carried to her infant; (Continued on Page 5.)
WANTED TO KNOW.

What's the matter with Hoffman's hair?

Where was Irish Sunday night?

Why the boys did not take bag lunches Sunday night?

Why Ted looks so blue lately?

Why does Mabel have to scrub the porch every morning?

If Duke's disappearance was connected with the wrestling match in any way?

A S K

Miss Williams why she has taken a new interest in life.

Miss Smith what her pet hobby is.

Rush Taber who's the wisest person he/ she knows.

Stewart: "Why is it dangerous for a girl to smile?"
Thelma: "I don't know, why is it?"
Stewart: "Because when she smiles lights up her face, it might set off the powder."

Bott: "You are the breath of my life."
Helen: "Did you ever try holding your breath?"

"It's the little things in life that tell," said the girl as she pulled her young brother out from under the couch.

There's a poor boob on the staff
whose job is to make you all laugh, but to reel off the jokes to please some of you folks, is enough to drive anyone daft.

Mrs. Barnes: "How is Henry getting along with his studies?"
Prof. Brown: "Very good. You see he never bothers them."

Freshman: "You always sit on every joke I give you."
Editor: "You can rest assured if they had any point to them, I wouldn't."

Employer: "I want a man that does not smoke, nor drink."
Boy: "What are the wages?"
Employer: "Six dollars per week."
Boy: "I guess you want a man that doesn't eat either."

QUEENERS.

GRAND MASTER.
Dolch and Taber.

PAST GRAND MASTER.
Scarlett.

MARRIED MEN'S SOCIETY.

GRAND MASTER.
Stewart.

MEMBERS.
Crawford, Bott, Martinson, and Nix.
HEEDLESS.
The notice in last week's Polygram, requesting everyone to keep away from the track during the wet weather was evidently overlooked having been lifted from his home.

By some, Speed Taber, Henry Barnes, and Jennie Crawford were seen wandering around the track with their bathing suits on. If a mud bath is what they are looking for, they had better go to Paso Robles and get a real one.

WRESTLING MATCH.

A wrestling match was staged at the High School grounds Monday afternoon after school. Phleghaar of the San Luis High School and Olander of Polytechnic were the contestants for the honors. Ole won, the first fall taking but two minutes and ten seconds, while the second fall took a little more than ten minutes.

Several weeks ago Tanner of San Luis High and Donald MacMillan of Poly had a similar tussle. Mac had an easy time of it, getting the first fall in one minute and ten seconds, while the second fall in five minutes.

The High School has yet to get their first fall from our Poly Star Wrestlers.

AG CLUB MEETS.

The Ag Club met last Thursday and held a very enthusiastic meeting. Among the reports given was that of the Pig Contest Club. Twelve of the boys are working strenuously hoping to win.

Arrangements were made for an evening meeting when Mr. Staunton of Atascadero and Mr. Christersson, County Horticulturist will speak.

PERSONALS.

Director Ryder was able to return home today, the quarantine having been lifted from his home.

State Auditor Wilkin has moved into the Dormitory to live during the balance of his stay in San Luis.

Melvin Stringfield has returned to school after an absence of several weeks owing to having had a spell of typhoid fever.

Another member has been added to the faculty family roll. Major and Mrs. Schlosser welcomed to their home the past week, a baby girl.

Faculty and students were very sorry to learn of the serious illness of Mrs. Williams. She is in the San Luis Sanitarium having undergone an operation for appendicitis. All join in sincere wishes for a speedy recovery.

RECEIVERS OF DEMERITS.

Much excitement reigned in the dining hall Tuesday evening when Major Ray read to all assembled the bursts of inspiration on "Ancient Order of Bag Lunches" by Graham Beth and "Pickled Hyena" by Harold Stewer. They were rewarded with 5 demerits each. Same to be worked off Saturday morning. Dana Long spoke on his favorite topic "Pig Clubs," (10 demerits) and Alden Willet received five.
and the prodigy, as if to show what it could do, at once began to eat it. Then there was heard the sound of feet passing through the corridor, and mother and child scampered fearfully away.

For several weeks the little one accompanied its mother, who seemed very anxious that we should become friends. I exhausted all my arts and hours of patience to attract the timid creature; but it would not become my friend. It was entirely different from its mother. Finally it ceased to come and I did not see it any more.

I wondered often at Taekki's keen understanding of my psychology. I was not always disposed to pet her and she understood my mood immediately and did not bother me at all, but after getting her meal soon disappeared. She knew when I was in a talkative or in a quiet humor and accommodated herself to my feelings. When I was sad she looked at me with her beaming eyes, wagged her tail and went away. When I was merry she jumped around and expressed her good humor.

She was however, a thief and lacked a sense of honor, as men recognize it. I could leave neither meat nor sugar on the table or on the shelves, for Taekki would return at to several of the Junior and Senior girls and those that passed steal it all.

I used to tease her by filling the meat with salt. Not suspecting any wrong she would grasp it, but when she began to eat she became very angry. When I offered it again she would refuse to take it, or would bite my finger furiously.

Food was the sole concern of her life. Continued Next Week.

The Senior class having resolved to win the athletic championship of C. F. S. as in former years, met on the lawn and elected Rodolfo Rodriguez, a most worthy warrior, as track captain.

Since they were Freshmen, the might class of Seventeen have carried away the athletic honor of the school. They have legally, rightfully, and most ably won and defended title of the school's athletic class trophy. That trophy is to be made famous by having the name of the seventeen class engraved upon it.

In order that they might not be entirely forgotten, the Juniors have elected H. Hodge class track captain, the Sophs, Jenny Lind and the Freshmen, Holstead.

The Senior's success.

The squad is rapidly becoming more efficient in drill, under the able leadership of Major Beaty.

Professor Fletcher gave the corporal's examination last week to several of the Junior and Senior girls and those that passed were Ada Forbes, Helene Van Gorden, and Ellen Hughes.

There is to be rapid advancement in the ranks until all the offices are filled and on Wednesday another examination will be held for new corporals; the present ones taking the Sergeant's exam.
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NOTICE.

ALAPOLLA CLUB MEMBERS.

Watch the bulletin Board for further notices about a week from Friday Night, March 9, and begin to plan your costume immediately.

KELVIN CLUB.

The Kelvin Club met last Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parker Talbot on Buchon St. Miss Williams gave a very interesting paper on suffrage. She gave some of the history of the suffrage movement and what it has accomplished in the United States and other lands, followed by a history of Women's Clubs and other organizations which have worked in the interests of child welfare and civic improvement, showing how this work has led to a growing sentiment in favor of woman's suffrage.

Dainty refreshments were served and Mr. and Mrs. Talbot proved themselves to be genial hosts.

LAST WEEK'S ASSEMBLY.

Last week's assembly was an impromptu affair. The program which had been planned for the occasion was postponed indefinitely owing to the rain. The program which was given, was very appropriate, as it consisted of slides illustrating historical events and so reminding us of George Washington for whose honor, the day was celebrated.

SENIOR GIRL HAS ACCIDENT.

A serious accident happened last Thursday afternoon when Bara Marquart while heating some metal caught the thumb of her right hand in the cogs of the rapidly revolving wheel of the heating apparatus. The thumb was badly mutilated and it was necessary for her to be hurried to doctor. It will be sometime before the injured member can be used again.

EXTENSION WORKER FOR PIG CLUBS HERE YESTERDAY.

Mr. I. F. Davis, extension worker from the University of California was a visitor at the Poly yesterday. He has charge of the organizing of Pig Clubs all over the state.

We were pleased to learn that Mr. Davis was another Polyite who has made good. He is a graduate of this institution.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLY.

A special assembly was called today when it was learned that Mr. Luther Whiteman was in town and could give us an illustrated lecture on general information pertaining to the Government Forestry Service. It was both instructive and enjoyable.
An optimist fell ten stories
And at each window bar
He shouted to his friends
All's well so far.

TWO GOOD ONES.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind, the other that they haven't any business.

A nickel's all right to have, of course; but it's dimes I'm wanting today; For a nickel is only a nickel; But a dime is a photoplay.

"Papa, did Edison make the first talking machine?"
"No, son, the Lord made the first talking machine, but Edison made the first talking machine that could be shut off at will."

Scotty: "Something is gnawing on the my brain."
Tax: "Don't worry, it will soon starve."

What do you mean—Agony Club?

Holman: "That fellow used to beat the base drum in the Salvation Army."
Winnie: "That so? How many souls did he save, I wonder?"!
Holman: "I don't know, leather was cheap."

HEARD WHILE DOWN ON THE TRACK.

Hilliard: "Barnes, have you a calendar in your room?"
Barnes: "Yes."
Hilliard: "Hurry and get it, I want to time those men."

Senior: "Isn't that a funny little piece of music?"
Freshman: "Yes, it must be the Humoreske."

Bello: "I hear Wallie Centipede is very sick."
Rossi: "Yes, poor fellow, he's on his last legs."

Hazel: True, "I haven't noticed Alice Rhyme in the band lately."
Isla: "No, she slipped on the slippery pavement last week and broke her clavicle."
Hazel: "Well, couldn't she get another from the musical instrument dealer."

EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

The sympathetic prison visitor went from cell to cell interviewing the inmates. To one penitent-looking individual she put the usual question: "What brought you here?"

"Borrowing money, lady."
"But, good gracious! she exclaimed "they don't put people in prison for borrowing money?"
"Not ordinarily, said the man, "But I had to knock a man down three or four times before he would lend it to me."
MY TRIP INTO SONGLAND

I saw "Annie Laurie" cuddling up a little closer to "Old Black Joe" "Down among the Sheltering Palms. It was a funny thing when "Jane, Dear" got in trouble and asked the "Yama Yama Man" for "Sympathy".

The other evening when it was "Moonlight in May" I saw the "Moon Man" making love to "September Morn". "Peg O' Mine" went to "Chinatown" and fell in love with "The Chocolate Soldier".

"The Merry Widow" played "Desir" while "Blueboll" danced "Everybody's Two-Tap" with "Casey Jones".

"Tip Top Tipperary Mary" went to "Dublin Bay" with "Rings on her Fingers" and Belle on Her Toes" to meet "Darling Nellie Gray", and said to her, "When its Tulip Time in Holland" meet me "Down By the Old Mill Stream", and if you can't then "Call up some rainy afternoon and we will go "Down in Jungle Town", and come back to stay "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia."

I went over the waves to see "My Honolulu" "Tomboy" down on "The Beach at Waikiki". She sang "Aloha" and asked for "Just a little Love, a little kiss."

"Away Down Upon the Swannee River" I went to see "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and had a drink out of "The Old Oakon Bucket".

From there I went "Across the Great Divide" to see "My Maryriche Make the Huchimauch Down on Coney Isle. Someone said "Come away with me, Lucile, in my merry oldsmobile" and we shall take a trip to drink tea "Underneath the Japanese Moons" "My Honey Boy" said to "My Rose of Honolulu" "You Just suit me", "Oh you Beautiful Doll!" And she replied, "Put your arms around me Honey" and we will do "That Cubana-ola Glide" "By the Beautiful Sea"

On my way home from "Dixie Land I visited "My Old Kentucky Home" and as I was "Comin Thro' the Rye" I received a message that sent me "Home, Sweet Home".

"Meet me tonight in Dreamland" and I will take you into the "Land of Bohemia" if not "For-Gox-Me-Now."

A PIPE DREAM

A freshman was sitting alone one day. His face was looking far from gay; he saw at last that his real worth would not make a simple on earth.

The Sophomores were his deadly foe, And Junior he was far below. The Seniors passed with open sneer So the lonely Freshman chopped the floor.

He suddenly was no more alone, But sat upon a golden throne, And lined around against the wall, Were Seniors, Sophs and Juniors all.

A voice declared with solemn ring, "Here are your prisoners, Oh King," And then the mighty words rang, "Bow down before him! Kiss the ground!"

Now at his feet the Seniors kneel And spurn them with disdainful heel, Before his throne the Sophomores He orders them all shot at dawn/now.

The Juniors advance with solemn trot To the dungeons with them", the great-King said. When suddenly the palace shook--! ! !

The dreamer had dropped his latin book.

As along the hall he wended his way, He could hear the upper classmen say "Look at that green little ignorant scrub!" "Twas only a dream. Aye! there's the rub!"

Time - 2:00  Place - Editorial Rooms - Present - El Scottius Paul