While President Lincoln was watching a volunteer company practicing musket drill one day, he heard the drill master say, "Now I will teach you how to surrender arms. Then if you ever have to do so, you can do so gracefully."

"Hold on, Lieutenant," cried President Lincoln, coming forward, "I'll teach them that."

He seized a musket from a soldier near by, and raising it to his shoulder, stood for a moment as if firing at an enemy. Then letting it drop from his hands, he staggered like a man shot through the heart, and fell forward across the gun. In another moment he sprang to his feet.

"There, boys," he cried, "there is the only way to surrender arms. Surrender and die."

BIG DEBATE, FRIDAY NIGHT.

Every loyal Poly student is expected to be at Guild Hall Friday evening and give a demonstration of real school spirit by encouraging our debaters, Miss Ada Forbes, and Rollo Beaty.
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GIRL RECORD BREAKER.

Not Meant For a Slam this Time, Girls. This means a real Record Breaker.

An article by Paul Putnam, printed in the Daily Telegram, gives an account of a girl's track meet at Northwestern University in which Miss Mabel McConnell broke the world's hurdling record for 50 yards, making the run in .08-1/5. The previous record was .08-2/5.

The coming track meet to be held by the girls of Poly furnishes an excellent opportunity for some of our girls to break some of the world's records.

Girls, any track man will tell you, you cannot tell just how much speed you really have until you have been thoroughly tried out. Who knows but that your 'Pep' will beat the fellows. However, we will all stand back of you in your efforts.

HABITS.

Yes, often times we're tempted sore
To do and say the wrong,
But if these things we can resist
We're bound to grow more strong.

Now when we take a test in school
We know 'tis with great ease
We let our eyes go wandering
On other's work to gaze.

Then, too, we say we don't like track
There is no use to try,
The other fellows won't get out
So why, in Sam Hill, should I!

The when the Polygram comes out
And we don't find our name
We hit at this and knock at that
Of course the staff is to blame.

If habits, such, you have acquired
Just do your part awhile
And you will find that very soon
Your face will wear a smile.

Samm Bushnell, '17.

Yesterday is a memory;
To-morrow is an imagination,
To-day is eternity.
Live today and live forever.
Cut our two days from your life—Yesterday, with its mistakes and follies.
To-morrow, with its fears and dreads
And live only today.

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May expect to achieve it before life is done;
But he who seeks all things wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows.
A harvest of barren regrets.
We quarreled with each other, we understood each other and we loved each other. For two years Tsakki shared all my joys and sufferings. I loved her companionship, especially when in my loneliness I felt that I was forsaken by my friends and by all those who once had loved me. I loved her because she was so gentle, so sincere and simple, while men seemed to me to be almost artificial. When I thought of their hypocrisy I looked upon my little friend as a being far superior to man. When I felt lonely and when I could endure the everlasting silence no longer, I found consolation in my conversation with Tsakki, in playing with her or in looking silently into her smiling eyes. She had become like my own child to me.

Once, on a rainy autumn evening, when the wind howled and roared around the towers, and the chimneys of the gloomy prison, I was lying mournfully on my hard bed thinking. A prisoner next to my cell had just told me through the language of the walls the tragedy of his life, and another, above me, had informed me of the suicide of his neighbor who had hanged himself to the wall. Their talk had made me sorrowful and the world seemed like a desert where joy could never come.

Being thus in a mood of deep melancholy and of sad reflections I was surprised by a very unusual noise, as if someone were beating against the wall in the next cell. I jumped out of my bed and listened, but I could hear nothing but the steps of the walking sentinel in the corridor as he passed my door. After a while I heard again the same fluttering noise.
The Prisoner's Friends
(Continued from Page 3)

"Your love is all I ask," she seemed to reply, for so I interpreted her look. "I am hungry for it. Let me be with you. It is so dreadful there in the dark. How easy it is to be with a beloved companion."

I could not send her away, although according to the prison rules I was not allowed to keep her in the cell. However, I intended to have her over night with me. I put her on the edge of my iron bed, but she was so frightened that she refused to be a moment along. The keeper put out the fire and the room became pitch dark. He did not notice the dove in the cell when he looked through a hole in the door. I was glad and went to bed, keeping my hand on her wings, which made her calm and quiet. And then I fell asleep.

After some hours, while we were asleep, Tsakki came to examine the table and the shelves to steal some food for her children. Seeing the dove slumbering on my bed she ran up to her angrily. I was awakened by the rustle of my excited friend flying frightened around in the darkness. Recognizing the seriousness of the situation I called to the dove, comforting her while I scolded Tsakki and ordered her to leave us alone, which she did only after a long scolding. After a time of quietness I again fell asleep and thus we remained until dawn.

The dove, now awakening, flew up on the table and picked up some crumbs for her breakfast. I got up also, wrote a letter to Miss Liberty about the curious excitement of our messenger, bound it around her neck and opened the window. She looked timidly back at me and at the flying clouds and disappeared.

Weeks passed and the dove did not come. I waited and waited. Many presentiments and sad thoughts began to depress me and I felt in agony, as one feels when he awaits his sweetheart and she never comes, for it seemed to me that I had once lost my two best friends. "Yet, such is life!" I said to myself and I tried to forget. But do what I could, it was impossible to shake off the memory of my lost companion. Always the dove was before my eyes as I almost saw visions of her.

One Sunday morning on a cold winter day, the dove again appeared at the window and gazed into the cell as if to find out if I, the old friend, were still there. It was as if I had found my lost bride. I opened the window and put out my hand and cried:

"Come in. How do you do? Tell me what has been the matter."

She recognized me, came timidly in and looked at me curiously, with her usual melancholy expression. Her appearance was so impressive that I felt almost as if she were a lost child that was found. I took her in my hand, pressed her head to my face and caressed her with tender words. She seemed very happy and walked around the cell, perched upon the table, and pecked tenderly at my cheeks. After the first moments of greeting were over, I noticed a small bag around her neck which I untied immediately. It was a note from my mysterious friend. This is what she wrote:

"The interruption of our correspondence was apparently due to an accident to our messenger. Did you get that souviner I sent thru her five weeks ago? It was a stormy day and I felt also a tempest in my emotions. The dove returned frightened and depressed after several weeks of absence. There was she those many cold days (Continued on Page Five)"
and what did she do? She seems to
tell me with her mournful "hu, hu,
hu," but I am unable to understand.
Please write me how you are and
what you know about her absence.
I hope she will find you safe and
well. Your friend, Miss Liberty".

I read and reread the note and
tried to get from its carrier some
explanation. To all my questions
she was dumb. Yet she was in her
usual disposition and ate the
breakfast I had prepared for her
from my daily allowance. Now and
then she shook her wings, glanced
at me and at the blue sky through
the trellised window and muttered
her "hu, hu, hu." I then wrote
Miss Liberty that I had never re-
ceived her souvénir and that I did
not know what had occasioned the
absence of the dove. I asked my
friend also what she meant by "the
tempest in her emotions," but to
this she never replied.

Thus the dove became again my
benefactor and like a messenger of
freedom brought healing from my
sorrow and sufferings in that lone-
ly world. I awaited her arrival
with eagerness and I felt depressed
when she failed to come. I was
happy when she brought me news
from that world without, which to
me had become almost a dream.

A few days later I received a
note from my unknown friend, in-
forming me that I would be free.
I told some of my fellow prisoners
though they refused to believe it
could be anything but a joke of the
keepers. But all the same the
dove proved a true prophet. At
eleven o'clock the same night the
keeper entered my cell and told me
I was free.

And then I had to leave the cell
where I had spent those terrible
years. Words cannot describe my
gladness, yet my joy was not un-
mixed with sorrow. It was with a
keen pang that I caressed my little
Tsakki for the last time and left
my cell for the wide world.

As soon as I reached the street
I found a carriage waiting for me
and in the carriage a lady. It
was Miss Liberty. She spoke only
in monosyllables and would not re-
veal her identity, yet through the
heavy veil that covered her face I
could see that she was a young and
very beautiful girl. She drove me
to a church, then to the railway
station, and there she gave me a
ticket to my home. The train start-
ed, she waved her hand and I saw her
no more.

She probably was an ardent sym-
pathizer with the cause, one whose
influential connections and wealth
enabled her to accomplish what
otherwise would have been impossible.
Whether through some plea or thru
bribery she secured my release I
cannot say. Yet she was an angel
of deliverance, whom I can never for
get. The dove was probably a
carrier pigeon that she had trained
to do her errands of mercy.

Years have passed since I left
my cell and my little friends, the
dove and the mouse. The realiza-
tion that I should see them no
more and that my talks with them
would be soon only a memory—laid
then a heaviness upon my heart.
I hardly thought that this would be
so; but when all, even the familiar
silence, seemed to bid me an eternal
farewell, I could hardly keep back
my tears.

And now in my freedom I often
think: "Oh, if I could meet once
more my sympathetic prison compan-
ions."

And the mouse and the dove—Their
friendship was true, so true that
I rarely find much in this world of
men, and I can never forget them.
MILITARY RECEPTION

A reception was given last Friday evening by the commissioned officers of the school Battalion for Major and Mrs. Ray. The Assembly Hall was very well decorated in American flags and potted ferns and palms. Short talks were given by Major Ray, Major Schlosser and Colonel Ryder, following this the commanding officers each gave a short toast. Interesting games were played and ice cream and cake were served as refreshments.

C. E. SOCIAL

A most enjoyable social was given in Hersman Hall last Friday night and Poly was very well represented. Games and music were enjoyed and refreshments served.

Private Kruse of Company A sustained a severe wound on the knee during an imaginary skirmish of Company A. Kruse fell, striking his knee on a rock and cutting it quite badly. Mr. Johnson hurried him to Dr. Stover who sewed up the wound which required eight stitches. It is sincerely hoped that Private Kruse will speedily recover from his injuries.

Last Tuesday W. York and G. Baldwin accompanied L. C. Davis of U. C. to Arroyo Grande where Mr. Davis was successful in forming two clubs; a potato and a pig contest club.

Major and Mrs. Ray entertained the Kelvin Club last evening at 1207 Mill Street. Mr. Greeneaver was the speaker and Col. Johnston preceded the guests by singing several selections. Everyone voted, Major and Mrs. Ray royal entertainers.

Assembly today was a little out of the ordinary. Col. Ryder gave a talk on the vital necessity of a true man. He cited the fact that if you did not possess this quality then all training and education are in vain. The students were pleased to have an opportunity of singing several selections.

Miss Chase will accompany the Poly debaters, W. Williams, and P. Y. Peterson, to Santa Cruz Friday.

Oh! Columb's the gem of Cayucos, She's the girl who's so brave and so true, Oh! Columbia's the shrine of my devotion, Oh! Columbia's the girl for me. She once knew Ben Tognazzini, But they parted now long, long ago, Her full name is Columbia Canevascini Three cheers for the best girl I know.

Three cheers for the best girl I know Three cheers for the best girl I know Her full name is Columbia Canevascini Three cheers for the best girl I know

There is great rejoicing in the Dormitory for Duke has returned.
Everybody should be ready with their fifty-cents deposit for the 1917 Journal. The four class managers are on duty already and are ready for the contest to start. The contest is run on the percentage basis of each class. That is, the class subscribing for the largest per cent of Journals according to the enrollment of their class wins. Each week the percentages of the four classes will be printed in the Polygram. Watch next week's issue for the report.

ANECDOOITE.

A distinguished surgeon, Abernathy by name, famed for his laconic speech as well as for his professional skill, met one day his equal in a woman of a few words, who came to him with a hand badly swollen and inflamed. "Burned?" asked the doctor.

"Bruised."

"Poultice."

The next day the patient returned and the dialogue was resumed.

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More poultice."

Two days later the woman called again, and this was the conversation.

"Better?"

"Well."

"Fee?"

"Nothing," exclaimed the doctor.

"Most sensible woman I ever met."

Wife: "John, there is a burglar down stairs."

Husband: "Ever since I got my life insurance, you have been trying to push me to the front."

Ruda: "If you put Jack Johnson, Charlie Chaplin and Billy Sunday all in a bottle and shake them up, what would you have?"

Lieb: "I don't know. What?"

Ruda: "A chocolate nut sundae."

Junior: "I wish I had that history in my head."

Freshman: "Copy it on paper to put in your head."

Junior: "I think I will eat the whole book, then I'll have it in my head."

Freshman: "No you wouldn't either. At least the physiology teaches that it would go to your stomach."

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady; but fair lady has occasionally won faint heart.

Those European names are a jaw-breaking lot;

We pronounce them according to fancy;

So rarely an easy one breaks into print;

We've a fine, hearty welcome for Nancy.

Ruth rode in my new cycle-car

In the seat in back of me;

I took a bump at fifty-five—

And drove on Ruthlessly.

Stewart: "It takes me fifteen minutes to dress in the morning."

Tax: "It only takes me ten."

Stewart: "But I shave."

Major Schlosser: "Is there any soup on this bill of fare?"

Waiter: "There was, sir, but I wiped it off."
Mabel wanted to ride Rossi's horse and Rossi told her the horse was too hard to hold.

Mabel: "Oh, I am not afraid of him, he don't look mean. He doesn't bite or anything."

Rossi: "What do you think he is, a dog?"

The teacher lammed him on the head, which was against the rules. It made the children laugh and play to see a 'lam' at school.

Mr. Greenamyer: "What are some of the things of importance that exist today that did not exist a hundred years ago?"

Maggie: "Me."

Chandler: "Did you ever take paragoric?"

Hulstead: "No, who teaches it?"

Scotty: "My girl's folks kick about everything that relates to me, there's only one thing that they approve."

Perry: "What's that?"

Scotty: "My choice of a girl."

There is this much to be said about Universal Military training. After a man has been trained to obedience in the army, he has learned the prime requisite for success as a married man.

Stewart: "How does the war affect the cost of eggs?"

Cook: "Why you see, they need so many shells."

Barnes: "How are you feeling this morning?"

Hillard: "With my fingers."