THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

When Roger Shelby, of Kentucky, died in London, his son, little Roger, was two-and-a-half years old. It amused the young man mightily to hear his American baby use his words, English fashion, chattering to his British nurse, about the "lift" and the "luggage." The shock of the alien accent never failed to provoke him to laughter; soon they would all go home, and little Roger would grow up in God's country, an American citizen. Such was his sure belief.

And then, in two days, the young man and strength of him were mowed down, and he lay dead in London. He had to be buried in old manor-house by Lynton, near the place where a gray stone cross bears the name, among other Sholbys of this American one; for she had had the thought of laying him with his ancient kindred. And little Roger, in the west country, continued to talk like an Englishman, and his mother, remembering the big young laughter of the child's father, liked it.

Years sped on, till the child was fifteen. Then one day when the house was full of boys, from the next room she heard them chattering over their game of billiards.

"It's your giddy-shot, you American bargee," said Tom Cecil.

"Chuck it," Roger responded in kind. "I'm no more American than you," This to the grandson of a British earl.

"You jolly well are," retorted young Cecil. "Wouldn't he own to his giddy country, then? Oh, shame!" and the others joined in the chorus - "Oh, shame!"

The big, fresh young voice which she knew best flung back an answer: "By gum, I'm as English as you are. My people simply lived a few generations across the ocean — that's all. Why the churchyard up there is full of my name. My hat! I'm an Englishman," he concluded defiantly.

The boy's mother stood for an instant in the shadows. Then she turned quickly and ran upstairs and locked her door and sat down, staring from the window. She well remembered a hot Fourth of July when her father had taught her to repeat Lincoln's Gettysburg speech; she remembered her husband's upward shining look as they had thought sight, one day, of the Stars and Stripes over an embassy flooded her. She had thrown away all that. She had done what an obscure woman could to betray her country. She had brought up her son to deny his flag.

(Continued on Page 4.)

OUR BEST SERVICE.

Today we are in the midst of war preparations and we are all wondering what our service will be. We hear constantly recurring remarks such as: "Have you enlisted?" "I think I'll enlist in the navy;" "Nothing doing, the aviation corps for me;" or "I am a good rider, I think I'll join the cavalry forces." So the remarks keep coming and we are in a restless mood for little do we know when our service may be needed.

In the rush and excitement of expected war, we forget that our best service may not be rendered where bullets are thickest, where death dealing gases steal upon us, where the treacherous underground mines explode tearing our bodies asunder. But our service, our very best service may be rendered in some quiet place far from all sound of battle.

(Continued on Page 5.)
THE EFFECT OF WAR ON THE SCHOOLS

America is on the brink of a great world war which she has tried to avert for a long time. Her statesmen, particularly her president, have tried every way possible to avoid the break and as yet it has not come. The matter presents a very serious aspect to the people of this great neutral nation and probably a more serious one for Germany. What a powerful effect a serious break would have on the nation as a whole is realized by all. It would throw this country back in culture, and would influence coming generations for years.

All this is known, but has it been realized what war would mean to the high schools and colleges? That phase presents itself in a much smaller, narrower range, and every high school student has wondered just what change would come about in the schools. There would probably be no schools closed. They would continue because a large number of boys would not be called upon because of their age. Then wherein would the difference be? It would be in the fact that the boys and girls, too, would be called upon to fill the places of their fathers and older brothers. In many cases they would become the support of the family, while in others they would take their places in the industries as the European women have done.

(Continued on Page 3.)
ATHLETIC EDITOR ENLISTS.

Bartlett Russell the Athletic editor in company with Loyd Nix, Gregory Rossi and Edward Olander, have joined Uncle Sam's Army. They have enlisted in the aviation corps and will leave Thursday. Mr. Russell has been so busy making arrangements for leaving, that we are without a report of the Santa Maria track meet. We took first honors however.

L. Rogers was the only track man that won points for Ventura in the Pasadena track meet, Sat. March 31. He captured first place in the broad jump, 22.2 feet; first place in the low hurdles, 22 seconds; second place in the high jump, 5.8 feet and third in the high hurdles. He is the man that went home with three gold medals from our meet.

The Effect of War on the Schools.

(Continued from Page 2.)

The remaining students would be left without the advantage of having the opinions, influence, and participation in school activities of some of the best students.

Many teachers would be called upon to defend Old Glory and we would be deprived of their influence. The farm would be greatly diminished and the improvements few as has been shown by the action of the state in revising appropriation requests. There would also be a demand for subjects especially in line and having a direct influence on the changed and troubled conditions.

A war would mean this to all of us and far more to the present day students upon whose shoulders would fall the burden of upbuilding and reorganizing the nation at the close of the war.

R. E. Herr.

BIG MEETING OF THE AGRICULTURE CLUB FRIDAY EVENING.

All persons interested in agriculture and the improvement of agricultural conditions in this county are cordially invited to attend the meeting of the Polytechnic Agriculture Club to be held in the assembly hall, Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Scantlon, who is in charge of the horticulture at Atascadero is the first speaker of the evening, Mr. Christerson, our own county horticulturist will talk on the improvement of fruit and bean conditions in San Luis county and last but not the least on the program will be a talk by Mr. Nelson.

Remember, all interested in agriculture are most cordially invited.

A NEW POLYTEC.

Mr. and Mrs. Westover are the proud parents of a son born Saturday, April 7th at the San Luis Sanitarium. Mother and son are reported to be doing nicely.

Major K. is about again. He underwent an operation recently when both feet were operated upon. He submitted to the use of the knife without taking an anesthetic.

Word reaches us this morning that another junior has severed his connection with Poly to enlist in the aviation service of the army. John Brown, our former editor, will leave within a few days for training at Angel Island.

The baseball diamond is in fine condition. Now let's see if some of you fellows show some "pop" and get out for practice. The first game is not far off.
Suddenly she laughed. "Why, he's a baby," she said. "There's plenty of time. When he gets to New York, when he breathes the air of the States, when he sails up the Hudson, sees the autumn colors and with that she was homesick. For the first time in thirty years, homesick. But she said nothing, and the perfectly oiled life she went on while she made and remade plans.

And all the time Fate, with a psychological moment in her fingers, was streaming across the Atlantic, and on a day in the fulness of time Evelyn Shelby, still young and a pleasant thing to look at in Paris clothes, went to a dinner and met an American army officer. Fate smiled, and let the psychological moment fly.

Colonel Barron had to go home in two months. Over this Roger was rebellious, and because of his passionate protest Whole was not sold but leased.

"I'm coming back," he defied the powers. "I may be young now, but I'll grow up, and I'm not going to stay where I don't belong. I'm an Englishman." His mother, thinking that the boy was going to stronger influence than he knew, smiled and did not speak. But the colonel, so talk to Roger, with a sunny-shiny laugh which seemed to win all the world, made answer:

"All right, old chap. If your mother tried to bully you the way she does me, we'll unite against her, won't we?" Yet he winced sometimes when Roger made that too frequent statement that he was an Englishman. It was not in boy-nature to enjoy the post. It was a very desirable post, with mountain roads to gallop over and the great lake to swim in and sail on.

The boy wasted none of his out-of-door opportunities, but continued as objectionable as a lad strong and manly and sound at core might be to a military stepfather. His attitude about parade of an afternoon was typical. He would not uncover when the flag was lowered, and when admonished that he had better stay away, lurked in the background, grinning and hatching and conscious. His stepfather, eager to love the boy, felt the effort to do so more of a strain every day.

"My sufferin' aunt," Roger made oration at luncheon. It was a warm day at the end of February, and the boy had been out for a ride over the snowy hills. "My sufferin' aunt," he began in his British tone and diction; "old Wilkins, that first serjeant, is an amazin' old pig-head, isn't he?"

"Is he?" Colonel Barron caught his wife's nervous glance, and smiled. "He's valuable, you know, Roger. Been in the army forty years. What's he pig-headed about?"

"Ridin', sir," said Roger. "I was at the stables to-day after I came in, and—"

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over waters said to be sown with he didn't know what of torpedoes and mines? The American army - nay- a thing for a child to laugh at-

The colonel stopped suddenly, turned his head and kissed his wife’s hand, which he still held on his shoulder, and smiled his sunny smile. "Now, that’s just it," he said, "He’s a child. He’s trying to throw away his birthright. But I think he’s too fine a fellow to be a renegade. We’ll get him to understand sometime. We want big, strong, fighting men for Americans. We want you, Roger - and you’re ours.

The boy, flushed to his fair hair, dumb, turned without a word and stumbled from the room.

As the days passed after that, Roger went about work and play with a noticeable lack of words, and his mother, pondering his peculiarities knew it was best to let the deeps work and not stir them. So she asked no questions, even when she wondered where the boy spent hours unaccounted for afternoons. And one day she found out. She went into town to the library, and across the room by a window she caught sight of a well-known yellow head over a table littered with books.

The librarian smiled. "He’s here every day," she said. "He’s eating up American history. He’ll hardly grow up an Englishman at this rate, Mrs. Barron." And Evelyn Barron fled, anxious not to know her son’s secrets till he should tell them to her.

The evenings and the mornings continued to come and go till it was the middle of March and, at this northern post, still winter. And then on a day after mild and windy weather, a snap of sharp cold came, and the half-thawed lake was frozen smoothly and the skating perfect.

Continued on Page 7.
Our Best Service.

(Continued from Page 1.)

One of our great statesmen stated a few days ago, "That the army and navy are not alone considered. Modern warfare is about one part army, one part navy, two parts economics, one or two parts moral force, and one part finance.

Seniors and graduates of all the big universities and colleges are being requested to fill out blanks stating their special qualifications. There are many phases to warfare where men and women of capable, well-trained minds are needed such as problems of chemical control of food supplies, manufacturing, Red Cross work, military roads, health conservation, and many other phases of warfare. We should proudly claim that California and the class of '95 of Stanford will probably furnish F. C. Hoover as head of the Food Supply of the Nation.

The Independent for March 19, gives the following article on, "Herbert Hoover, Master of Efficiency."

"If there was ever an efficient job done, in a field of carrying relief to the starved millions of Belgium, Herbert C. Hoover, the young American engineer who handled the job, has established beyond a peradventure his right to the title of Master of Efficiency. The ultimate test of efficiency is getting things done. Hoover has not the test by day for two years and a half and passed it with high honors.

Two stories of his way of getting things seem well authenticated. They are certainly significant.

The first story was told by Edward Hyre Hunt, one of Mr. Hoover's associates:

On April 10, 1915, a submarine torpedoed one of the food ships chartered by the Commission; a week later a German hydroaeroplane tried to drop bombs on the deck of another Commission ship, so Hoover paid a flying visit to Berlin. He was at once assured that no more incidents of the sort would occur.

"Thanks," said Hoover, "Your excellency, have you heard the story of the man who was nipped by a bad-tempered dog? He went to the owner to have the dog muzzled."

"But the dog won't bite you," insisted the owner.

"You know he won't bite me, and I know he won't bite me," said the injured party doubtfully, "but the question is, does the dog know?"

"Herr Hoover," said the high official, "perdon me if I leave you for a minute. I'll go and make sure he knows."

The second concerning a visit to London, was told by Lewis R. Freeman:

Before his organization was fairly on its feet there came a moment when a huge quantity of food was needed immediately to prevent the actual starvation of many thousands of Belgians. The Commission had the food on hand in England, and the 'proper' procedure would have been the orthodox one of requesting the Government, via the usual cabled channels, for permission to move it, a course, however, which Hoover knew only too well would result in a serious delay that would prove absolutely fatal to the success of his plans. The necessary cars were secured by direct application to the Minister of War, and in record time the supplies were transported to the seaport and put aboard steamers which had been provided in an equally "high-hatted" manner. When the last bag was stowed and the hatches bolted down, Hoover went in person to the one Cabinet Minister able to arrange for the only thing he could not provide himself - clearance papers.

(Continued on Page 7.)
"If I do not get four cargoes of food to Belgium by the end of the week," he said, bluntly, "thousands are going to die from starvation, and many more may be shot in food riots."

"Out of the question," said the distinguished Minister. "There is no time, in the first place, and if there was there are no goods wagons to be spared by the railways, no dock hands, and no steamers; moreover, the Channel is closed for a week, so merchant vessels, while troops are transported."

"I have managed to get all of these things," Hoover replied, quietly; and I now through with them all except the steamers. This wire tells me that these are now loaded and I have come to have you arrange for their clearance."

The great man gasped. "there have been — there are even now men in the Tower for less than you have done," he ejaculated. "If it was anything but Belgian Relief, I should hate to think of what might happen. Was it ever supposed there is nothing to do but congratulate you on a jolly coup. I'll see about the clearance at once."

Well may America be proud of his true American with the full aim of manhood used so efficiently for the welfare of humanity. We may be unable to render to our country such wide-spread service as Mr. Hoover does, but let us hesitate long enough to consider carefully what our best service may be.

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart: Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that unless you feel it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it. — Henry Van Dyke.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

Continued from Page 6.

"I'm going up to Pontiac this afternoon to get real Indian moccasins for my snowshoes," Roger announced. "They're beastly things down here."

They saw him, with skate-sails spread, float out on the shining lake. An hour later it began to snow, and when Roger's mother came in at seven the air was thickly white. But she did not think of the boy till she came down to dinner.

"Where's Roger?" she demanded of her husband.

"You don't mean he isn't home from Pontiac yet?"

(Continued in Next Week's Issue...)

YELLS FALL WIND.

The standing of the subscribers for Journals will be published next week. See that your class manager gets your 50 cents before Monday of next week, so your class will have the highest standing.

Seniors see Ed. Rodriguez and give him your support. Juniors hunt up L. Davie that he may able to keep your class in the lead. Sophomores show the Freshmen how to do by giving Bovée 50 cents a piece. Freshmen, Clif Holstead needs you to help show the upper classes what real financing means.

Holiday Doings.

Lloyd Mix, John Leonard, Graham Bott, and 'lud' Ezio formed a party that camped a few days last week at The Springs. They report a most interesting experience fishing for smelt. The cooks furnished excellent meals, the breakfast was by the 'light o' the moon'.
The men marrying to escape war service will find there is a vast advantage in going to war as there's eventually peace. Matrimony — never.

"Young man, did you kiss my daughter in the hall last night?" said her mother sternly.
"I thought I did," said the impudent young man. "But really you look so young that I can't always tell you and your daughter apart. The impending storm did not burst.

Mr. Myaska: "Who can describe a caterpillar?"
Tax: "An upholstered worm.

Ellen and Helene were chatting one noon about a young man of their acquaintance.
Ellen: "I can't make anything of young ________, he's so stupid." Helene: "Oh, I don't think so. He has a lot in him when you once know him."
Ellen: "Has he? Well, then, it must be a vacant lot.

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone:
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

There are letters of accent,
There are letters of tone:
But the best of all letters
Is to let her alone.