Unbidden Guests.

The verdant Freshie boys were to have a party Friday evening. They had been having "strictly private" meetings during the week, and always made believe they were talking about a picnic which they were to give at the end of the month. Every Freshie had pledged himself not to breathe a word of the coming function to either Seniors or Juniors. At first the boys had contemplated inviting the girls of their class, but had decided that if the girls knew they would tell others, so the boys were going to leave them out.

All day Friday the Freshies went about with mysterious looks and manners, and the Seniors and Juniors seemed unusually stupid about "catching on" and blind and deaf to everything the Freshmen did or said.

About seven o'clock Friday evening boys might have been seen making their way towards Reynolds Hall with bundles of all descriptions and sizes. Soon the fun began inside. Games were played and stories told. At half past eight it was decided to have their spread, and the boys began untying their packages and producing sandwiches, pickles, cookies, crackers, cheese, fruit, and in one or two instances a cake. But the greatest treat was when one boy opened a box and began laying out fried chicken.

Just as they were sitting down, they heard a loud knock at the door but they only laughed at those outside. Still the knocking continued until the boys got up and went over to the door and asked what was wanted. No answer, except more knocking, came to their enquiries and looking down on the floor they saw a slip of paper that had been slipped in under the door.

On opening the note they found, in what one boy declared was his sister's writing, a note signed "Your Classmates." One boy read aloud the following: "We the girls of your class feel slighted because you did not invite us to your party this evening, so have ventured to come uninvited. If you will be so kind as to let us in now we will be very quite and
start no disturbance. To provide some entertainment for you we have all come masked, and expect you to guess who each one is. Trusting to be invited into your presence very soon, we are

"Your Classmates."

At first some of the boys were disposed to refuse the request, but the majority of them were for asking them in. The majority ruling, the door was opened and those outside received a hearty invitation to enter and join in the feast. The masked ones filed silently in, and took their places around the table. Not a word did the guests speak but seemed to be doing full justice to the things spread before them. It was rather dampening to the boys spirits to have twenty blank staring faces ranged silently before them, but they did their best to keep the fun going and succeeded very well indeed.

After they were through eating, the toast master began calling for toasts from certain ones, which were all responded to until he called upon those masked. Each one in that case simply rose and bowed still refusing to talk. It was with great effort, on the part of the hosts, that the whole party did not become as silent as the guests. About ten o'clock the boys gave up the effort to get them to talk. The class-president stood up and made a pleasant speech to the visitors, and stretched his imagination somewhat and told them how much all the boys had enjoyed their presence. Now if their fair guests would kindly remove their masks so they would know who was who, they would take them home. At first there seemed slight inclination on the part of the guests to remove the masks, but at a sign from one, the masks were all taken off.

Great was the surprise of the little Freshies when instead of their girl classmates, the faces of Seniors and Juniors were seen. So surprised were the Infants that they stood with open mouths gazing at the laughing upper-classmen, until someone cried, "rush 'em!"

The valiant Freshmen would probably have won out in the pitched battle that followed, if there had not been help near at hand, that came at a shrill whistle from the Senior president. There were about thirty-five Freshmen and forty or more of the upper-classmen in the struggle for supremacy. The thirty-five were soon overpowered, tied with quickly provided ropes, and led resisting from the building and down the street.

There were not many people on the streets at this hour, but the few who were could not help laughing at the captors and their ruffled captives. The ones who
had been masked certainly were ridiculous specimens now. Some of them had only parts of their borrowed shirt waists left, some had parts of their skirts, and some still had on their sister's hats. In their excitement they had forgotten their unusual costumes.

To this day those Freshmen are wondering how the Seniors and Juniors found out such a carefully guarded secret, never dreaming that there might be open transoms, and willing listeners in the adjoining rooms, while plans for the feed were being discussed.

An Interview With George Washington

I was riding along, bundled up with all of the spare wraps I could find around camp. The ground was white with snow, and a cold wind made the ends of my fingers tingle in spite of the heavy mittens I wore.

General Green had sent me to report to General Washington at Loganville and I was looking forward to my interview with the greatest man that ever lived.

While I was dreaming of my talk with him, I was stopped short with the word "Halt." I gave the password and was told this was Camp Loganville.

I rode into the camp, in the middle of which there was a large fire. The men were gathered around this trying to keep warm. I told a captain my business in camp and settled down near the fire while waiting for the Captain to return.

I noticed that the men were very shabbily dressed. Some of them wearing rags around their feet, their shoes having worn out from the continuous marching. They began anxiously asking me questions, only a few of which I could answer, as the General gave me orders to repeat what he had told me, to no one but General Washington.

The Captain who had reported my presence in Camp to the General soon tapped me on the shoulder and gruffly told me to follow him. He showed me into an unoccupied room. The only furniture was a broken down desk and two or three chairs which matched the desk.

I sat down on one of the chairs to await the arrival of the General, whom the captain had informed me would be in soon.
I was looking out of the window when I heard a footstep and turning, saw before me a tall square shouldered man about forty years old. From descriptions I had heard of General Washington I judged that this must be he.

He was dressed neatly, and looked every inch a man. His eyes were bright and his mouth was straight. I noticed his arms were unusually long and that he had very large hands.

After I came to my senses I hurriedly arose to my feet and saluted, in a soft kind voice, but one that could command as I well knew. He bade me sit down.

All the while I was telling him what General Greene had had me memorize he walked slowly from one end of the room to the other with a long easy stride. When I had finished he stopped his cage like walk and stood with his head down, as if trying to solve some difficult proposition. Then he sat down to his desk and began writing. I watched every move of his quill. When he had finished his letter I was on my feet waiting for it.

He came up to me, laid his large hands on my shoulders, and looked me right in the eye. The only words he said were, “Be as successful getting back as you were coming and God bless you.” Tears arose in my eyes and I was utterly speechless. He led me to the door and with a hearty handshake bade me farewell.

I vaulted into the saddle, and was soon riding on my way back to camp feeling very proud of having met and talked with General George Washington.

The Trials of a Ring

I am a beautiful diamond ring. I was bought at McManus’ Jewelry store two years ago.

A young man bought me and he did a terrible lot of fidgeting. He looked at all of the rings and kept telling the man behind the counter that he was only buying a present for his sister, much to the amusement of the other customers. I was glad he chose me, for I liked his looks. He was tall, broad-shouldered and well proportioned, with fine dark eyes and a firm chin. His chin was almost too firm.

He put me carefully in his pocket and walked down the street. I don’t know where he went, but at last he stopped.
I found myself in a large, quietly, but elegantly furnished room.

He took me out and carried me over to a large chandelier in the middle of the room and examined me. He turned me first one way and then another. He seemed to be pleased with me for at last he said, in a sort of happy way, "It'll do."

He soon put me back in my box and when he took me out again it was in an entirely different place. A young lady was standing by my young man's side and when he took me out she exclaimed, "Oh, Roy, what a perfect beauty," and he slipped me on her finger.

She was of medium height, with great soft blue eyes, wavy chestnut hair and a beautiful complexion. I liked her, too.

I stayed on her finger a long time and she often looked at me and kissed me.

One day something dreadful happened. She cried, my nice man stormed around and looked very stern. I never did understand why they quarreled, but I think it was because he was jealous of her, although he had no cause to be.

She took me off and he put me back in his pocket. Then he left and when he got me to his room he threw me clear across the room. I stayed there on the floor for two or three days, then he came and picked me up and put me in a dark drawer. He looked very stern and sad.

I stayed in that drawer for a long, long time and I was beginning to fear that I should have to stay there always, when he came and took me away. When he took me out of his pocket I was in the same room where he had met the nice girl before.

She was there and he took me and slipped me on her finger again. She was crying, but looked very happy.

One day there was a great deal of bustling and hurrying and my nice man and lady stood up together and a plain band ring was slipped on her finger beside me.

The wedding ring and I are very happy and our nice people seem very happy too.

Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder

When Guy Pierce called on Lucy Darly, the only daughter of the clothes pin magnate, at eight that evening, his intentions were to ask Lucy to be his wife.

Guy was a well to do stockbroker who had worked his way from messenger boy to sole proprietor of the Munyon Broking Company whose name was not changed even after he became the sole owner. He was a member of all the popular clubs and a great ladies' man.

On arriving at his sweethearts home he found his most hateful friend, Jim Callings, occupying his favorite Morris chair. He decid-
ed to freeze his enemy out, at any cost, much to Miss Lucy’s dislike. He finally won out but found Miss Lucy in a very bad humor but he nevertheless proposed.

She refused him point blank and he soon left heart broken. He contemplated suicide, as now he did not think life worth living, but while thinking over which way to do it he remembered that he had promised his aged mother in Idaho to visit her that year. He had not been home for ten years. It was then he decided to go.

He called his private secretary and told him his plans, telling him to run his business, to move into his bachelor apartments and to give his address to none.

Guy caught the Big Four Limited at 1 A. M. that night and was soon speeding towards his home while Miss Lucy was spending a very sleepless night in bed grieving at the way she sent Guy away. He arrived home by four o’clock the next afternoon and gave a grand surprise to his mother who did not recognize him when she found him sitting in front of the fire place.

Guy soon fell into the ways of the cowboys and became an expert cowboy, being able to ride and rope as well as any man on the ranch. All the cowboys were practicing for the big tournament of the cowboys three months later, in which all would enter.

Three months later the private car of T. N. Darling, bearing a broken hearted daughter, was sidetracked at Butte and all the occupants went to take in the sights. On walking up the street the Pierce Ranch cowboys, thirty strong, rode into town with Guy at their head.

Lucy, on recognizing Guy, unmindful of where she was, cried, “Guy, Guy!” and then stood like a statue.

Guy hastened to her and after a moment they quietly stole away from their companions.
One of the most delightful events of the season was the first dance of the series given by the Student Body. It was held in the new dining hall. A large crowd was there to enjoy the dancing on the fine new floor. The music was furnished by St. Clair's orchestra. The committee in charge deserve great credit for the success of the evening.

The second dance of the series was given Friday, February 18, in the dining hall, and it proved to be as equally enjoyable as the former one.

Valentine evening a guest's dinner was given at the new dining hall, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the regular boarders and the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Hillard, Mr. and Mrs. Kemper, Mr. and Mrs. Pinnell, Mrs. Kelly, Miss Helen Allen, Mr. Muma and Mr. and Mrs. Tavenner. The decorations were red hearts, red geraniums and asparagus ferns. Mr. and Mrs. Tavenner and Mr. Condit favored us with music between courses.

A second guests dinner was given on the evening of Washington's birthday. The decorations were American flags and the place cards were tiny hatchets, decorated with minature flags. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Rubel, Mrs. Rubel, Sr., Mrs. Lind and daughter, Miss Jean Lind, Mrs. Kelly and Mrs. Feidler. Mr. Rubel favored us during the course of the dinner with his favorite song, "The Little Robin." After both dinners the floor was cleared and dancing was indulged in.
NEwS NOTES

Paul Condit has been called home and all of the students regret his leaving.

Auillio Piezzoni of class '09 was in town for a couple of days.

Mr. Crom of New York has taken over the Commissary department of the Dining Hall, thus relieving Miss Gillet, who, for the past few weeks, has filled the place so efficiently.

A new chef has been obtained for the Dining Hall, is filling his position well.

Miss Chase went to Los Angeles Friday night Feb. 18 to visit relatives, returning Tuesday afternoon Feb. 22.

Mr. Talmadge surprised us by appearing in his old "chug wagon" dressed in a new suit of gray paint.

Mr. Coleman of the poultry department surprised his friends last week when he was married to Mrs. Kelly. The Journal joins in congratulating Mr. Coleman.
Jeffers' Improved Method of Moving to Town from the Dorm. Patented.
Margaret.—That kid has about two grains of sense.

Hazel.—Perhaps he's a relation of yours.

Prof. Rubel.—In what State are Ayrshire cattle most popular?
Bumgardner.—Philadelphia.

She threw him down
The saucy kid,
Because he said,
"AW get a lid."

Bessie describing the roast pigs.
—"Oh they looked so cute.
Hertha.—Well, how did they sit?
Bessie.—They didn't sit at all, they laid.

Girl's, don't be discouraged if Carl H. should ever talk mean to you. Carl says the meaner he talks to a girl the more he loves her.

H. S.—Margret why don't you try out for the Farce you ought to make a good actress? You know actresses don't need much sense.

After a Dance.

Fred Thompson.—"Gee! What's the use of me writing my name down on a girl's programme, when some one else writes theirs over it."

Margaret C.—Why did they call Raymond McCabe "Toby"?
The other girl.—Because he was so foolish.
M. C.—Well they never called
In History.

Mr. Berringer—Velma P., explain the executive department.

Velma, after thinking deeply—"Well, what is the executive department?"

Mr. Berringer—"Oh! Mercy listen to that."

(Aside) and she expects to graduate in June.

Wanted for the Next Dance.

Some more muscle so I can keep a girl from falling on the floor.---Wheeler King.

Over heard in the Marguerite Patch while Henry McDonald was plucking flower petals.

1—I'll win a girl and keep her.
2—I'll not.
3—I'll win a girl and keep her.
4—I'll not.

(But nobody knows how many petals were on the flower.)

Boys Beware.

Don't ever be so inquisitive as to read a note written by a girl, for you may find out something about yourself. Signed Walter Kendall.

Favorite Sayings.

Hertha S.—"Look out or I'll knock you silly."

Dora B.—I'd like to die laughing.

Van—"Aren't sore are you?"

Margaret—"Never again!"

Garl H.—"Do tell."

Sibley—(What's the object in this.)

Mr. Pearson—Draw it as you see it.

Caroline P.—I know what I'm going to do.

Authors of Books.

Courtship Down Pat—Nap.

What to do When the Lights go out—Carl H.

How it Feels to be in Love—Lester W.

My First Case—Chester Freeman.

Miss Secrest—Dora B. what is the most expensive part of a pie?

Dora—the crust.

(Aside—It isn’t very expensive by the way you use it.)
The Polytechnic Journal
Published Monthly by the Student Body of the California Polytechnic School.

Editorial Staff.
Editor-in-Chief—Walter L. Kendall.
Exchange Editor—John Taylor.
Social Editor—Elizabeth Holloway.
News Editor—Wheeler King.
Athletic Editor—Edgar Duncan.
Josh Editor—John Leonard.
Literary Editor—Henry McDonald.
Staff Artist—James Willoughby.
Business Manager—Aubrey Dixon
Assistant Business Manager—Fred Markloff.

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Subscription Rates......$1.00 per year
For advertising rates see Business Manager.

Mr. La Rue C. Watson, last year's Editor in Chief of the Journal, recently paid a visit to the school. It was interesting to compare notes with Mr. Watson regarding the trials of the editor of a school paper.

School Spirit Again. Recently some of the members of the baseball team have been unable to play because of low standing. Willingness to come out and try for the team manifests school spirit in a degree, but the reward of applause, and the satisfaction of being able to wear a "P" have their attractions, but there is a side which some have not considered. To do one's school work well means hours of study after practice. A man may be tired after a practice game and for him to get in and study may be hard work, but to him who possesses the right brand of school spirit, this will not be considered. He will keep in mind the honor and reputation of his school and strive to keep up his standing, not only for his own good, but for the good of the institution of which he is a member.

DEBATING—What is being done toward the debating interests of the school? Some time ago a Literary Society was organized and two meetings were held. There the matter dropped. Since then the girls have formed a society and are doing good work along the line of debating. The boys are inactive. It can not be expected that a few week's work on the part of a few, during the fall term, will ever produce a winning
team. There must be weeks of training before hand.

In a short time another proposition will be presented. Will the boys come to its support? We cannot expect to win the Daily Telegram Cup unless an active interest is taken. Think the matter over and be ready to act when the time comes.

The Term is drawing to a close and examinations are not far off. Now is the time to sprint down the home stretch. A good effort now may mean success, a few hours idled away may mean failure. Let us make the effort and see if we can not all win out.

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The Tyro, San Bernardino, Cal. We are glad to welcome you into our exchange list. You are certainly a fine Journal. Your cover cut is excellent. But there is the same old criticism that the exchange editors have to offer; that of putting advertisements in the front part of a Journal. It spoils the looks of a Journal as the first thing that meets the eye when opening the Journal is the ad's. If you want to draw a person's attention to the ads, place a few joshes among them.

This does not apply to the Tyro but to others also.

Janus, Hanford, Cal. Your February number is short but sweet. I presume you are kike the rest of us who have already began to feel the effects of spring weather. We all hope to do better in the future.

Throop "Polytechnic," Pasadena, Cal. Your Xmas number is very neat and well composed and the story "A Romance on a Homestead" is quite interesting.
Your exchange column could be lengthened a bit could it not? We note also that you have advertisements on the first few pages.

The Sotoyoman, Healdsburg, Cal. Your cover is neat and makes your Journal very attractive from the outside, but the inside is not so good. The print is a little too fine and there is too much space at the top and bottom of the pages.

You are a very good Journal, "Oak," Visalia, Cal. Your exchange column is very good. Your one story "The Candle" is especially interesting. Aside from the one story your literary department is rather short.

The Loyal Sons Clarion, Sacramento, Cal. We are glad to have you with us again. This month your literary and josh departments are short but good as far as they go.

Could not you find a place for the athletics without placing them among the advertisements?

Another new exchange received this month is the Ariel, Santa Anna, Cal. We have but little criticism to offer this time only that your exchange column could be lengthened some. We will be glad to welcome you again.

The Bulletin, Montclair, New Jersey. Your stories are worthy of praise, but your Journal is without joshes. Your paper would be much better if you would have a staff artist who would make designs for the headings of the different departments. Your cover design is not up to date as it should be.

The Review, Sacramento, Cal. We looked for you last month but in vain. We had given up all hopes of ever receiving your Xmas number but at last it came just in time to be mentioned in our February number.

The Pen State Farmer, Pennsylvania. Although much different from most Journals you are interesting to those who are interested in your line of work. Why is it that you do not have a josh or exchange column?
The "Polytechnic Journal" received few. We hope none of you will feel offended by our criticisms and will find your way to the Polytechnic again.

John Taylor, '10.

Although the rain has postponed our games, the baseball spirit is still manifest and we have had some good inter-class games.

On Friday Feb. 4th 1910, the Freshmen baseball captain arose in assembly and challenged the Senior team to a game to be played the following day. The Senior captain accepted the challenge and then the Junior captain challenged the winner. The first game was called at 2 o'clock February 5. The day was excellent and there was lots of spirit on both sides so that the game, although it was not a dazzling exhibit, was hotly contested and wound up at the end of the seventh inning with a score of 5 to 4 for the Seniors.

The second game began shortly after the end of the first and with the Juniors confident of victory the Seniors expected a hard game but they were in the game all the time so that the end of the seventh inning saw them off the field with the long end of a score of 6 to 5.

These games afforded good practice for all the men and were worth the price of the free admission to the spectators. But the Friday afternoon following, the free ticket spectators were stung. After the class games a rumor was afloat that the Faculty had challenged the winners and this rumor came up from time to time during the week until it materialized and at 3 o'clock Friday February 11, class work was suspended and everybody turned out to see the game. Those of the faculty who were not on the team were there to root but it was all of no avail. They were defeated, 25 to
2 without any trouble at all. Some of the Seniors got so tired running bases that they gave up their places and took jobs helping the score keeper.

The rain on Saturday February 19th and February 22 caused our games with Arroyo Grande and San Luis High to be postponed for a time.

Mr. Edwards and his track enthusiasts are very busy getting things ready for track season. A good many fellows have started to train already, while every noon sees dozens of men out trying their hand at the discus, shot or hammer and some of them jumping. Altogether the prospects for a winning team are good.

Polytechnic 21 Santa Maria 2

On February 26, Poly was avenged in full for what happened at Santa Maria January 29, 1910. The Santa Maria boys journeyed up here expecting to repeat the former victory, but were disappointed.

The game started well. We scored two runs in the first inning, and they scored one; then we each scored in the second, leaving the score 3 to 2 in our favor. After that we had a regular merry-go-round leaving the score very much in our favor.

The lineup was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Polytechnic</th>
<th>Santa Maria</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Condit</td>
<td>catcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colhart</td>
<td>pitcher</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Duncan first
Metz second
Shipsey third
Willoughby s. s.
McDonald r. f.
Murray c. f.
White l. f.

Anderson
Riner
Davis
Briggs
Marciel
Vierra
Finley

Polytechnic 12 San Luis High 2

On Saturday March 5th our team crossed bats with the San Luis High team for the second time this season. We desired to shut them out just for old times sake, but through a couple of bad errors they scored two runs in about the middle of the game. Our men played steady in the first innings for the first time this year and outside of the two or three errors played a good game. The high school team kept well on terra firma until the first of the ninth inning when we made several good hits and got the balloon started up; this ascension cost them seven runs to us.

Our batting was not as good as usual, but the fielding was about the same.

We missed Paul Condit's gift of gab behind the bat and also his heavy sticking. The lineup was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Polytechnic vs S. L. O. H. S.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Colhart catcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roberts pitcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duncan first</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Metz second</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shipsey third</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willoughby s. s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McDonald r. f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murry c. f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White l. f.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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