FIRST INSTALLMENT OF CONTINUED STORY.

"THE PRISONER'S FRIENDS."

By Ivan Narodny.

Having been accused of plotting against the Russian Government, I was confined for four years in various prisons of my native land. It was a cold and lonesome time. The longest time of my buried life was spent in the famous Dom Predvaritel'nozakhletenchesia — the House of Preliminary Confinement, in St. Petersburg. It was the place to which prisoners were brought immediately after arrest and in which they remained until either convicted and exiled to Siberia or released.

My cell, number four hundred and ten, was on the fourth floor, and like most cells it was dark, narrow, and cold. I shuddered when I crossed the threshold and the door clanged behind me; for I felt that I had left the world and all its loveliness forever behind, and that I was locked in a tomb. The naked interior of my dreadful home was of reddish iron and mournful dark stone. There was an inquisitional cruelty in the iron furniture, the stone floor and the gray walls. A feeling of being buried alive was my first impression.

To be forever alone, to hear never a word from the world without a syllable from human lips other than the grudging replies of the guards — this was almost death. My life was to become a long monotonous, and I began to prepare to be imprisoned forever.

Every day, it is true, I was allowed to walk for fifteen minutes in the prison yard, but even there I was alone, and all I could see of (Continued on Page 5.)

THE DEBATING CLASS.

The two teams that are to represent Polytechnic, both at home and at Santa Cruz, have been selected from the class of debaters. The members of the two teams are working hard to defeat their opponents in the coming debate.

On the negative team which will debate at Santa Cruz are Wm. Wilkins, P. Y. Petersen, and D. McMillan. The affirmative team which will debate is composed of Ada Forbes, R. Beaty and M. Souza.

Several of the class will give seven minute talks Thursday, February 22. (Continued on Page 5.)
LOOK THESE OVER,

YOU MAY FIND SOME NEW ONES.

It wasn't in my book.
I left my outline in my other book.
You didn't assign that.
I guess I must have studied the wrong lesson.
I didn't know it was to be in until to-morrow.
I was detained in the preceding class.
My fountain pen needs filling.
I lost my paper. I had it all ready to hand in.
I borrowed my pen.
I can't recite this morning. I don't feel very well.
I have a sore throat. May I be excused from recitation?
I can't pronounce it but I know what it is.
I can't tell you, but I gave it in my head.


Junior and Senior Play.

At a joint meeting of the Senior and Junior Classes, it was agreed that the two classes would combine in giving a play for the school.

Committees were appointed from the two classes and the play decided upon.

The play has formerly proven a great success, produced by both amateur and professional performers. The cast consists of nine boys and five girls. These people will be selected from the eligible students of the two classes.

The two classes having combined this year to produce a play should be able to give a far better performance than if one class had tried it alone, as there are so many more students from which to select the cast.

It is hoped that all the students in school will begin right now to rally around these classes and do as much as possible to help make the play a grand success.

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Major Schlosser reports that two members of the orchestra failed to show up for last week's assembly. The deserters were Harris and Knight.

What's the matter fellows? Cold feet?
SCHOOL NOTES

Many will be surprised to hear of the marriage of Miss Myrtle Stalnacker, who was married to Eugene Wieese on Saturday, Feb. 16th. Miss Stalnacker entered Poly with the class of 1917 and was a student here until last year.

The girls are practicing assiduously at track with the anticipation that a girl's track meet may be an event of the near future.

Miss Harriet Herring, who is now living at Ripon and attending High School, is planning to transfer her credits from that institution to this and with some additional work to graduate here in June, with the Class of 1917.

A Drill examination for the girls was given last Friday noon by Prof. Schlosser. Those taking it were members of the Junior and Senior classes exclusively. At the end of two weeks, however, another examination will be given for any of the girls who wish to take it.

What is the speed limit on Poly road? This is a question that is very often asked. Some Poly students answer it with a shrug of the shoulders.

Rollo Beaty was a Paso Robles visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Ray, having been released from quarantine, is again at her home. We are very glad to hear that the Ryder children are improving rapidly and will be out of quarantine soon.

Mr. Binns is the proud father of a ten pound baby boy, Beverly Clyde Binns, who was born on Friday, Feb. 15. It is rumored that he will be brought up as an athlete and will probably a candidate for track Captain before long.

Dora Mehlshach and brother Peter spent Sunday with their parents in Nipomo.

Bennie Tognazzini spent the weekend at his home in Cayucos.

The Senior Class have already placed their order for the commencement invitations.

The Journal Committee met Monday and filled the vacancies on the Journal staff. Mr. Greenamyer is to be faculty advisor for the business manager and Mr. Brooks will have charge of the literary work. The full staff will be announced next week.

NOTICE

You are requested not to use the track until it has had a chance to become thoroughly dry.

Items that are omitted this week will appear in next week's issue.
DON'TS FOR DAILY DUTIES.

Don't argue with the inevitable.
The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.

Don't preach too much.
None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

Don't waste your feelings.
Feelings are too rich cream to be skimmed for nothing.

Don't be too patient.
"Once in awhile," said Uncle Eben, "a man compliments himself on having patience when he's simply too lazy to kick."

Don't pack up worries, you can get them anywhere as you go along.

Don't let your stream of life be a murmuring stream.

Don't measure success by accumulation for this measure is false.

Don't fail to love your neighbors, yet pull not down your hedge.

Don't kill yourself with work that is unnecessary. There was once a New England woman whose epitaph read, "She has done what she couldn't."

Don't leave the sky out of your landscape.

IT IS NOT EASY

To apologize,
To begin over,
To admit error,
To be unselfish,
To take advice,
To be charitable,
To be considerate.

To endure success.
To keep trying.
To avoid mistakes.
To think and then act.
To profit by mistakes.
To forgive and forget.

To keep out of the rut.
To make the best of little.
To maintain a high standard.
To recognize the silver lining.

To Shoulder a deserved blame.

BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS.

DON'T BE A GROUCH.

Smile, and the world smiles with you
Knock, and you knock alone;
For the cheerful grin
Will let you in
Where the kicker is never known.

Growl, and the way looks dreary;
Laugh, and the path is bright;
For a welcome smile
Brings sunshine, while
A frown shuts out the light.

Sing, and the world's harmonious,
Grumble, and things go wrong,
And all the time
You are out of rime
With the busy, bustling throng.

Kick, and there's trouble brewing,
Whistle and life is gary;
And the world's in tune
Like a day in June
And the clouds all melt away.

HOW TO BECOME GREAT.

Every thought marks a line on your brain. The more you think it, the deeper you sink it. Think the same thing often enough and it becomes a groove - an instinct.

(Continued Page 5.)
HOW TO BECOME GREAT.
(Continued from Page 4.)

When good thinking, clean thinking, efficient thinking become habits, they automatically lead to good work, clean living and efficient methods.

Success is a consistent, persistent mental attitude.

It is the peculiar quality of a fool to perceive the faults of others, and forget his own.

Cicero.

When you get in a tight place and everything goes against you until it seems as if you cannot hold on a minute longer - never give up; for that is just the time that the tide will turn.

Henry David Thoreau.

THE DEBATING CLASS.
(Continued from Page 1.)

Why Los Angeles does not favor a City Manager.

Ted Erickson.

What has been accomplished in San Jose by the City Manager Plan.

G. Day.

Show that City Manager Plan lessens the Interact and Responsibility of Commissioners.

M. Martinsen.

Refute the Argument that the City Manager Plan will do away with Corrupt Politics.

A. Muzio.

Show success of City Manager Plan in Dayton, Ohio.

H. Harris.

Report on letter to C. D. Wilber, attorney at Los Angeles, asking for sore objections to the Manager Plan.

THE PRISONER'S FRIENDS.
(Continued from Page 1.)

the universal sky was a narrow strip of blue or a patch of gray.

Once, a month, however, it was my privilege to attend services in the prison chapel; for it must be admitted that the Russian Government is piously solicitous for the welfare of the souls of those whose bodies it starves and kills. But even in the church I was in a cell, and could see no one save the officiating priest.

Though I was deprived of human companionship, yet I was not wholly forsaken; for during my imprisonment I was consoled by the love of a dove and a mouse. We were indeed great friends and shared both joys and sorrows. We had a common language, the intuitive speech of the heart and affection.

(Continued on Page 6.)
THE PRISONER'S FRIENDS.
(Continued from Page 5.)

Not the mouth but the eyes and gestures express this wordless language. We had much to talk about and we understood each other very well.

A few weeks after my imprisonment, while walking in the yard, a white dove flew to my feet. The next day, in anticipation of such an event, I secretly provided myself with a few bread crumbs. The dove again appeared and it was not long before I succeeded in coaxing her to feed out of my hand. Not only would she fly to me in the yard and eat out of my hand and look at me with her comforting eyes, but she would also perch on my shoulder, where I had put some bread crumbs, and murmur her monotonous "Hu, hu, hu."

Having seen from the window, circling above the roof, the same white dove which I had fed in the courtyard, I determined to coax her to my cell. This I did by placing some crumbs of food on the window-sill. Her attention having been attracted to this particular spot, I felt that she would be likely to visit it again. The result was that the little dove and I soon became devoted friends. She always came in the early morning and at twilight; and when the window was closed she would tap on the pane with her beak until it was opened.

Sometimes her gentle little eyes were sad, as if she too, suffered; often they were glad, as if with happiness.

"Hu, hu, hu," she would say, and when I stroked her feathers she seemed truly grateful. After awhile when I had gained her entire confidence, she would fly into the cell and perch upon the bed of the table.

One day it occurred to me that she might be a carrier pigeon and that I could use her as a messenger. So I tied around her neck a little piece of paper on which I had written these words:

"From a prisoner in Dom Pericinov. Please answer by the dove, who visits me every day. Send me a pencil and some thin paper.

Prisoner Four Hundred and Ten."

The dove flew away with my letter and I eagerly awaited a return at twilight. However, she did not come back that evening as usual, and I began to fear that some misfortune had overtaken her, occasioned perhaps by my message. I did not sleep much that night. The next morning I heard the usual tap, tap, and hurriedly opened the window and admitted my little messenger. Around her neck was another letter. Feverishly untying the string with which it was bound, I opened it and found a little bag and a blue silk ribbon on which was written this reply:

"The dove brought me your letter. She and her little ones have a nest in our house. She is also my dearest friend and I am not jealous of her friendship for you. I enclose pencil and paper for: I know you are deprived those things. God help you. Your friend, Miss Liberty."

This was a great event in my monotonous life, and the dove became my greatest benefactor. Nearly every week she brought me a letter from my unknown friend. Days, months, and even the years passed like a dream. I almost forgot there was another life besides the prison life; or other beings than the dove, the mouse and the mysterious Miss Liberty. Had it not been for my daily walk in the prison yard when I caught glimpses of the sky, the clouds and sometimes of the birds, the world I had lost would have been but little more than a memory.

Continued Next Week.
NOTED BOOKS AND THE NAMES OF THEIR AUTHORS.

"My Ability as an Actor." A. Scarlett.
"How to Raise Hogs." A. Brown.
"I Love the Ladies." A. Taber.
"How to Become an Editor." J. Brown.
"My Sweet Voice." G. Bott.
"Three Chapters on Silence." J. Leonard.

Helen Shipsey: "How can three large men keep dry under one umbrella?"
Rush Taber: "Go out when it is not raining."

Maxine: John, isn't that too bad about that scar on your head.
John Leonard: "Oh, it's next to nothing."

Maggie: "Do you know why the Los Angeles river is so noted?"
Dolch: "No, why?"
Maggie: "Because it is the only river you can fall into and get dusty."

Hodges: (in the store): "Have you received Milton's Minor Poems?"
Helen Palmer: "Why, are you going to become a minor?"

Soph. Stewart: "Say, have you a minute?"
Freshman Adams: "Yes."
Soph. Stewart: "Tell me all you know."

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A FAIR MOTORIST.

Last Saturday, between the hours of 2:30 and 4, several of the Polytechnic students were treated to an exhibition of skilful driving by Miss Helen Shipsey. This estimable young lady took it upon herself to pilot a perfectly respectable Dodge at a minimum speed of forty miles an hour (according to her version), around the hairpin turns along the State Highway, and the wonderfully smooth(?) pavements of San Luis Obispo. In reality it is doubtful if she attained a speed of twenty miles, but with her hair flying, her teeth set, her face a study of determination, the picture was a charming one nevertheless.

Needless, to say, she ended by landing in a ditch and scratching a board fence, after which performance our rising young Barney Oldfield gladly gave the machine over into the hands of the rightful owners.

Reports indicate General Demand is outflanking General Supply.

Dolch: "Gee, I had an awful fright last Sunday."
Jenny Lind: "Yes, I saw you with her."

No man can knock me on the sly and do so with impunity;
The Only knocker who gets by Is known as Opportunity.

The centipede's a noble bug,
But gosh! I'd get the blues,
If I was him and had to buy
The centipedian shoes.
IS IT SO?

Freshman Girls - Irresponsible.
Sophomore Girls - Irrepressible.
Junior Girls - Irresistible.
Senior Girls - Irreproachable.

CLASS STONES.

Freshman - Emerald.
Sophomore - Soapstone.
Junior - Grindstone.
Senior - Tombstone.

TELL US WHY

Barnes took the peanuts to Mabel and Ellen Friday night?
"Dago Joe" blushed so at the dance Friday night?
Doich sleeps so much?
Stewart is in love?
Chandler went up the canyon Sunday after noon?
Perry did not walk home with the crowd Sunday night?
Saetty gave Tax a black eye?
York, Board and Stebbins are called the "Three Wise Men?"
Holstead is never allowed to have company in his room after the study bell rings?
Winnie: Bott looks so sickly lately?
Tell us why Guy Baldwin was so worried about the Polygram going to press?

HEARD IN CARPENTER SHOP.

Lang: "I've lost my leg."
Porky: "My back is warped."
Barnes: "My joints won't fit."

Mr. York (in Physics.): "Chandler, what is force?"
Chandler (thinking of Dining Hall): "Breakfast food."

Lost - By the Seniors.
26 Reputations.

Mr. Stebbins will you kindly tell us in the next issue of the Polygram what a physical wreck is?
Also we would like to know how you intend to help us?

TELL US WHY

Binns: "Zanolli, can you tell me what steam is?"
Zanolli: "Sure, it's water gone crazy with the heat."

Dubor: "I guess I'll go now."
Helene: "One should never guess, one should always be sure."

Hazel True: "When I sing I get tears in my eyes. What can I do for this Mr. Schlosser? "Put cotton in your ears."