"DEAR SON---Enclosed find fifty dollars. It's all I can send. It took the last cent we had scraped together for the interest on the mortgage. It will be close scrimping to get enough to live on until you are out of college. Do the best you can."

That was all. Jack lay the letter upon the table and sat looking at the five musty old bills. Fifty dollars---why he owed more than twice that to the fellows. Where would the money for next month's board come from? He had promised to pay up today. All right, he would pay what he could, but what then? Go to work, but what would his parents say.

He stirred in his chair. It was not a pleasant feeling to know that his people would find out he had deceived them. He could pay up and borrow more to live on, but they would know that he had lied about having plenty of money.

He bowed his face in his hands and tried to think, but the ticking of the clock wouldn't let him. He rose and left the house. Out doors he could think. His steps led him to the car line. An incessant stream of cars were passing "To the Driving Park," he read on the end of a receding car.

The Driving Park, that was the place where he had learned to bet on the races. But for that he would not be trying to figure out how he could escape letting people know how mean he was --- Yes, mean.

He hummed to himself, but his thoughts were persistent. He watched the cars go by, "To the driving park, to the driving park," all the cars were bound there. It
would soon be time for the races to begin. How many would be fools enough to play a losing game. He was one of the fools. He would have to leave college and only a month before he should graduate.

"To the Driving Park," he read it again. Yes that was the cause of it all. He had lost his chance. What did men do when they lost? Did they feel hopeless as he? How did a loser like himself look? Some one would lose today. If he went he would see how other losers took it.

A car was stopping for some one to get on. In a minute more Jack was on his way to the races.

As he went in he met Jockey Jim standing by the gate. He was too old to ride now, but the races still called him.

"The old reprobate," muttered Jack. That was the man who had always placed his money for him on a loser, and Jack had trusted him because, he said he had a tip. The boy's anger rose, he wanted to slap that grinning face.

Jim nodded with a wink and his usual sure thing air. Jack glared at him and clenched his fists as the old fellow hurried up with a

"Hello, kid, I got a sure tip on the winner."

Then Jack broke loose and called him names and abused him until a half sob kept his words from coming. The old man looked surprised, then half sorry for he knew what had caused the sudden break in the boy's words.

"Look a here kid, what's a hurten ye. Somethin's up. Tell me what 'tis."

Jack told for he was half sorry he had talked so to an old man. Perhaps Jim hadn't been "working" him after all.

"Say kid, yer up against it ain't ye." His voice held a new note and Jack looked at him hard.

"Yes, but it's little you care."

"Aw I'm an ol' fool. But look here kid, I hate ter see yer go broke and knock yer ol' folk's plans in the head. Give me yer dough and ye'll win. I got er tip today. Sure ter God I has." The old man stretched out his hand.

Jack drew back. "That's all I have to keep the fellows at college from knowing that I'm a liar and a scoundrel. Oh! I want to be straight."

"Aw jig it kid. Trust me with it and you'll be alright. It's God's
truth I’m a tellin’.”

The boy pulled out his money. Would it be the same old story? How often he had done this same thing on a sure tip. But the old man was excited today. He was different --- Oh well, might as well try. It didn’t matter much if the fellows did find out now that he was a cheat. Might as well have no money as only half enough.

He dropped the bills into the man’s outstretched hand.

Up in the grandstand he heard the same old talk, “Sure dope!” “Can’t lose!” “Thirty to one!” and so on until he wanted to smash something.

Then Jim came with the ticket. He looked at it. “Number four to win in the mile run, sixteen to one.” Number four. What horse was that? He studied the entry list: Number one, the favorite; number two, second choice; three; four---Mona, Mona? Never heard of her before. He looked at the jockey, but the old fellow winked and said, “Mum, kid.” Then hurried away.

The races dragged on, but Jack could only sit and stare at his ticket. Did Jim know?

Finally the mile run was called. The horses were in line. The bell sounded and the starter yelled “Go.” They came past the grand stand, there was number four. The crowd laughed and some one yelled, “Who’s bettin’ on the skate?”

With a hopeless groan Jack leaned back. His last chance was gone, and lost because he had been fooled again by that smooth-tongued old jockey.

He watched his toe jerk as the pulsation of blood moved his crossed legs. He wished dimly that it would stop. He would be dead then.

The people cheered and a voice shouted, “Go it old skate.” Jack caught a glimpse of three horses flash past and behind them the one on which his money was staked. She was next to the pole but not much chance to win. Slowly she was creeping up, but she was pocketed. The favorite began to pull ahead. Mona was almost even with number three, but the second choice was square in front of her. Then a small opening showed between the second and third and the jockey turned the old horses head toward it. In a second she was through and running neck
to neck with the second. The three quarter mile post was passed, when the old horse gathered herself up and lunged ahead. She closed the distance between her and the favorite. Soon her head was even with the leaders flanks, then with his shoulder.

A blurr shut out the horses now Jack couldn't see the finish.

"Doped to win, by God," came the voice of the man next him.

Then someone slapped him on the shoulder. He jumped up. It was Jim telling him to come and get his money. They left the grand stand and Jim cashed in the book.

It's all yours," he said as he handed over the money. It's a big wad ain't it? Where ye go'in' now?"

"Home," replied Jack, and they walked to the gate.

When they had reached it the old man took the young one's hand.

"Say, kid, I ain't no sky pilot, but don't you ever try the races again. Yer ain't slick enough fer that sort o' thing. 'Taint often ye'll find an ol' man what's a fool. I knew the horse was doped to win."

Jack left a bill in the others hand. "Good bye, I probably won't see you again, but I'll remember you always."

He swung onto the car going back to college.
Win a Prize.

A Chance for the Students to Win a Prize, and Also Do Honor to Their School Paper

Four magnificent prizes will be awarded by the Journal, to any student of the Polytechnic School who will hand in from this date to May twenty fifth:

1. The best idea for the improvement of the Journal or a feature which is unique and will make people sit up and take notice.

2. The best poem, either comic or serious.

3. The best story.

4. The best drawing or cartoon.

These prizes are to be given out for the benefit of securing material for the Commencement number, which we wish to make the best ever.

We expect to make this Commencement issue at least four times larger than any Journal put out this year, and therefore all the students should take an interest and work for the prizes, and towards our greatest issue, "Commencement Number," which will be in part dedicated to our out going Seniors.
Companionship.

Outside there was an unknown world of strife. The man must go forth shelterless to learn anew. He must battle with the beasts for life, he must snatch his food from their jaws when they killed. There was no refuge in the forests or among the rocks. He was one against a world of enemies. He could not even pray, for an angered Lord had driven him forth because he had sinned. The woman stood beside him. She had given him the forbidden fruit. Had he been stronger he would now be in Paradise—but alone. Alone? He shuddered, then took her hand and led her from the gates.

Caught.

When the first warm days of summer come the boy wants to go swimming but the chances are that his mother is against it. The fellows come along and whistle. They hold up two fingers and he knows it means going swimming. He starts out but his mother calls him back to warn him to stay away from the water. Once with the fellows, what does an absent mothers advice amount to? Only the setting sun brings him home. He goes about his chores without being told. This arouses his mother's suspicions and she looks at his hair. It is matted but then he can explain that he sweat at play. She is almost convinced until she sees his shirt is on wrong side-out. Then the confession has to come and the boy is sent to bed before dark.

June.

When June comes you love everything. Maybe it is the bright sunshine warming the cold places and lighting up the corners of your heart. The robins egg is a bit of color from the sky which covers the world. You look for miles across the green fields to where the world ends. The light green willows show that the maples have put on the blue green of summer. The breeze is lazy and full of perfume stolen from the flowers which bow to it. Underneath a tree the
children lie and laugh up through the leaves at the sun. They look at each other and laugh, then lie back and keep on. Why do they do it? Oh they're just laughing, that's all. Maybe you don't know it but you are laughing too.

The Garret.

On rainy days small feet patter up the garret stairs. On the landing is the book case containing old school books and papers. About the walls hang old fashioned clothes, among them are the springy hoop skirts our grandmother wore. Over under the window is the chest of drawers which contains our mother's bridal dress done up in scented leaves. Nailed to the post in the center of the garret is grandmother's coffee mill, an enchanted mill to grind out everything if we but knew the magic words. Overhead are bunches of herbs and yellow ears of seed corn. But there is something else, behind the clothes, in the dark corners, up among the rafters, everywhere that the shadows are deepest, something listening and watching, ready to spring out and catch little children.

Mother's Face.

Our mother's face as we see it now has changed from the happy smiling face we saw in childhood. The brown hair has turned to white and frames a face lined with wrinkles, yet kinder and softer than before. The lines on the forehead are those of care but about the eyes they betoken gladness. The mouth which used to show a happy smile, continues to smile with a sad sweetness and helplessness for the blue eyes, which were won't to tell so much, see us no more. Wistfully and longingly she looks toward us as she sits in her accustomed place with folded hands, and only the love light tells that she sees us in her memory still.

The fair and gentle maiden who loves the bashful boy Assumes when in his presence a manner that is coy; She blushes and she trembles till he perceives at last, And clasps her closely to him and gladly holds her fast, And as he bends to kiss her and she serenely sighs, This fact is demonstrated: It pays to advertise.
The social doings during the holidays were noted, not so much for their numbers, as for the enthusiasm of those taking part in them. Five of the faculty Miss Gillett, Miss Secrest, Miss Chase, Mr. Smith and Mr. Condit went on a camping trip to the Carisa Plains. They took riding horses and a spring wagon and team. The wagon was piled high with provisions, blankets and other supplies of which they seemed very proud. Frying-pans, saucepans, hatchets and a meat broiler, hung gaily from the rear of the wagon, and a kettle dangled from underneath. From all accounts they had a "hot old time," indeed their complexions bore testimony to the fact that they had encountered some sun. That a little rain was mixed with it, a rumor from Pozo tells us.

Mr. Crumb and Merton Weymouth went on a two days fishing trip up Chorro creek. After spending most of the night trying to keep a fire going, Mr. Krum is reported to have "said things" about Sunny California and to have longed for the mild winters of New York State.

Mr. Johnston and John Flint took a trip to Port San Luis to enjoy a few days fishing. "Wag" went along as body-guard and decided that the fish ought to be baited with leather. This accounts
for the rush order for shoes that soon came over the wires to San Luis.

Another fishing trip to Chorro Creek was taken by Karl Hazel-tine, his brother Matthew, John Flint, Lester White, and Ray Williams. They had three days of fine sport.

The dormitory girls and a few of the dormitory boys took trips to Avila, Morro, Santa Margarita, and the Estrada Gardens. They say that some of their walks were made in record time.

The students who remained at school during the holidays expected to be singing "Lonesome Town," but seem to have had an enjoyable time as did those that went home. All are now looking forward with interest to the gaieties of the spring term, the first of which is a Student Body Dance to be given Friday, April 8.

The third dance of the series was given Friday April eighth. The music was furnished by St. Clair's orchestra. Games were indulged in by those who did not dance. Refreshments were rather in the nature of a surprise, which consisted of delicious lemon ice and cake.

**ILLUSION.**

God and I in space alone,
And nobody else in view.
"And where are the people, O Lord?" I said,
"The earth beneath and the sky o'erhead,
And the dead whom I once knew?"

"That was a dream," God smiled and said,
"A dream that has ceased to be true.
There were no people, living or dead,
No earth beneath and no sky o'erhead,
There was only Myself and you!"

"And why do I feel no fear?" I said,
"Meeting you here this way!
For I have sinned I know full well,
And is there Heaven, and is there Hell,
And is this the Judgment Day?"

"Nay, those were but dreams," the great God said,
"Dreams that have ceased to be,
There are no such things as fear and sin,
And you yourself---you have never been;
There is nothing at all but me."
NEWS NOTES

Louie Colthart left school to take a position in a power house in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

Elmer Murphy, who graduated in the class of '09, and has been working at Beteravia, is taking a post graduate course here.

Edgar Duncan was burned seriously while working at the power house. He is improving rapidly.

Ralph Pease has returned to school.

Coon Creek has been well fished out during spring vacation by some of the students and faculty.

Mr. Johnston reports smelt fishing good and John Flint says that "Wag" the Polytechnic bum is excellent at carrying shoes.

Mr. Smith, Mr. Condit, Miss Gillett, Miss Chase and Miss Secrest made up a camping party which went to the Painted Rocks. It snowed during the first part of the trip but otherwise it was enjoyed by all.

The track is being put in shape for the coming season. The Polytechnic track is to be the scene of many events this year.

John Flint was appointed Secretary of the Executive Board.

Mrs. Johnston spent spring vacation visiting her brother at Long Beach. All of the boys were very glad to see her back again.

A profit of nearly $300 was made in the Creamery during the month of March.

Mr. Coleman spent spring vacation on his ranch near Modesto.
Miss Howell visited friends in Berkeley during the vacation.

Mr. Edwards' brother is visiting him and accompanied him to Coon Creek. They came back with the limit; also Mr. Waters who went with them. Mr. Waters does not like the country. Probably because his horse fell into the creek.

During spring vacation Fred Markloff moved his abode over to the Girls Dormitory.

Oswald Judd a former student of the Polytechnic visited the school. He was one of the successful ones at the land drawing held at Los Angeles a short time ago. He drew a forty acre tract of very fine land in the new tract opened up at Yuma.

Wednesday night, April 6, Milton Moore made a short visit at the Boy's Dormitory.

A short time ago a diploma was received which contained the following:—"Alaska Yukon Pacific Exposition, Seattle, 1909. This certifies that California Polytechnic School, San Luis Obispo has been awarded this diploma for Gold Medal for Exhibit of Industrial Work. In testimony whereof the President and Secretary have here-to set their hands and affixed the corporate seal at Seattle, Washington, this 16th day of October, 1909.

I. A. NADLEAW, Director General.
C. E. DOSCH, Director of Exhibits and Privileges.
J. E. CHILBERG, President.
W. M. SHEFFIELD, Secretary.

Accompanying this diploma was a little box in which was a flat, round, well moulded piece of bronze about three inches across. On it was marked Gold Medal.

This diploma and medal received is a sure showing that the students are doing fine work. They should also be proud of having their work take first prize at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition.

Among the exhibits sent were samples of cooking from the Domestic Science Laboratory; also models from the Sloyd Laboratory. Two large boxes of models were sent from the Carpenter and Forge Shop's, also an exhibit from the
Machine shop.

The diploma will be framed and put among the others that the Polytechnic has been awarded.

Wednesday, April 6th, George Duffy and Miss Mae Brew were married at the bride’s home. Mr. Duffy is the dairyman here at the school and Miss Mae Brew is a former student of the Polytechnic. There were about thirty guests at the ceremony. Mr. Duffy’s brother and sister came up from San Diego to see the couple married. Wednesday evening they had dinner in town and returned to their cottage. A surprise was in store for them. They had no more than arrived home when the noise began. The people were let in and a fine time enjoyed.

State Engineer N. Ellery and also State Architect W. D. Coates inspected the buildings on the school grounds during spring vacation.

Mr. Chas. L. Biedenbach, a Superintendent of the McKinley school in Berkeley, visited the Polytechnic recently.
Misunderstandings.

Prof. C.—"See here Baumgartner what are you doing up that tree?"

Baumgartner—One of our prize apples fell off and I am trying to put it back.”

Students may have noticed that various Poly instructors in speaking of “Goethe” lend an infinite variety to the pronunciation of the name. Here are a few we have jotted down:

Gerthy — Go-eth-ee — Goth Goat.
Go-thee — Gothy — Goatee
Go - eth.
Go - the Gothe — Goathe.

One Kind of Heaven.

“Do you know what will be heaven enough for me when I get there,” said an unsophisticated Junior after finishing Burke’s Conciliation? “It will be to see a large bon-fire made of these teachers who make us read such books as nobody else ever reads.”

Junior—“Did you hear about McDowell getting his arm taken off.

Freshmen—It was all right yesterday.

Junior—He put his arm around the new stenographer at the dance last night and she took it off.
Confidentially Speaking.

"Your brother seems dreadfully ill at ease this evening. Isn’t he well?"

"Oh! Yes he is quiet well," replied Caroline C., but confidentially he is breaking in his heavy underwear and your house is terribly warm."

Miss Chase--"Who can make a sentence using "Indisposition"?

Freshmen R. (assuming pugalistic pose) "When youse want ter fight a fellow you stand in-dis-po-sition."

"Were you ever surrounded by wolves," asked Hamaker?

"No but I used to open the din­ ing room door in the Poly dining hall," said Malloy.

Look at me. Twenty years ago, a poor working boy. "See what I have made of myself," said R. M. Shakelford to a Freshman.

"Yes Sir. Is this meant as a warning or as an example," asked the Freshmen student.

S. S. (In A. H.) If that cow was heavier she would weigh more wouldn’t she?

Freshman Girl (On the track)
The boys track suits look like pretty hard times.

D. B.--Isn’t it funny how straight you can walk when a fellow has his arm around you?

A. M.--Mama saw Halley’s Comet when she was a little girl, 40 years ago.

H. S. -- I thought Halley’s Comet came every 75 years.

A. M.-- Not where my mother came from.
The Polytechnic Journal
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The last and one of the most important of Athletics is now on our hands. Track in the past years has always brought honors to our school. This year we wish to keep up with our past record, and even do better.

For two years straight we have been able to get second place at Santa Barbara for the cup. This year we expect to win first place.

The school spirit of the boys about entering into track, has surpassed all other branches of Athletics so far. The boys, whenever they could, have been coming out faithfully to train.

In a few cases, a number of Freshmen, who have had their first experience upon the track, and trying to make something on the team, have been hooted and laughed at by some upper classmen. This certainly shows bad school spirit, for if all Freshmen took offense at this knocking and stopped coming out for athletics the school would soon be deprived of its glorious sports.

Never knock boys, always boost and encourage the Freshmen of the school and the same spirit will prevail with them when another new class comes in and the upper class steps out. Start the infants of the school with the right school spirit, for some day they also will become Seniors.
The Comus, Zansville, Ohio. You are certainly a fine paper this month. Your cover design is excellent, but you have spoiled the looks of the Journal by placing a part of the advertisements in the front instead of all in the back. A reader does not want to look at the ads. before reading or looking over the other material first.

The Bulletin, Montclair, New Jersey. Your March Journal has a great improvement over the preceding ones as the photographs help the appearance of the contents a great deal. A few cuts at the head of the different columns would also help the appearance of the paper and it would be more interesting to the readers.

The Manzanita, Watsonville, Cal. We mention you as the best Journal received this month; with a neat attractive cover; with all the advertisements in the back. The material is of good quality and length. We are always glad to receive and read such a school Journal as you.

The Farnum Tatler, Beverly, New Jersey. Your Journal is of good material, but the Journal could be made more attractive by a better cover design and a few cuts at the head of your columns. Haven't you a staff artist?

The Polytechnic Throop, Pasadena, Cal. You are certainly a neat and well composed little paper. Your material is all very good but is usually short. We are pleased to see so many original joshes but think it better to have them all together instead of placing them among the advertisements.

The Polytechnic Journal does not mean to criticise harshly, but simply to offer suggestions to the several exchanges we receive, in order that we may receive mutual benefit.
Base Ball.

The base ball season is practically over now, although Santa Maria and Polytechnic still have the Championship game to play. It is almost a certain victory for the Poly team as they showed the Santa Maria team up at the last contest with a score of 12 to 2.

Close observers of the sport have noticed the great improvement in the base ball team. Our men certainly have the style of a big league team. The base ball team as well as the whole school regret that our pitcher Louie Colthart has gone north to take a responsible position. Louie knew the game and we will miss him from the mound and from the sidelines.

Track.

Track work has begun in earnest and there are men out every night. All the boys are doing the kind of consistent training that makes a winning team.

We have Cox and Willoughby in the sprints. These two veterans at this game will make a showing this year, as both are making fine time in practice. Besides the above we have Murray and Williams who seem to be men of no small ability. They have the form and the speed, but need a little more experience.

In the middle distances Pease, an old boy at the business, and Toy, Hamaker, Shipsey, and White are all out and are making good.

In the longer races we have Clink, a Freshman, but a man that can throw dirt in his opponents eyes; and Patterson, a boy that knows his race all the way from A to Z.

In the weights Swerdferger, Flint, Willoughby, and Matasci are fast getting into shape. The way they have been throwing the hammer and discus, and putting the shot, speaks well for our weight men.

In the field events we have
On Saturday the ninth of April the inter-class meet will be held, and on the following Saturday the team will go to Santa Barbara and will put in a strong bid for the meet there.

The San Luis Bay meet does not worry the boys very much, as they are out after larger game this season.

Probably later in the season Poly will send a team to Stanford to compete in the largest meet for secondary schools in the State, The Stanford Interscholastic.

The Interclass Meet.

The annual interclass track meet was held on Saturday April 9th, and was won by the Juniors, with 60½ points and the Freshmen second with 49½ points, and the Seniors third with 12 points.

The day was rather cool for the best results, but notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather there was a good crowd out to witness the meet. There was a great deal of enthusiasm shown, as no one could predict who would win.

Willoughby surprised everyone by beating Cox, the fast man who holds the records for the sprints in the tri-county meet. Cox was not up to his usual good form on account of illness, but he will undoubtedly show some of those Southern California men up in the meet at Santa Barbara. Another surprise was sprung in the eight-eighty, when Curtis, a Senior, showed a great deal of grit and won by falling over the tape, just in front of Pease. There was some very creditable time made in several of the events.

Murray, Shipsey, Williams, Van Couvering, Weymouth, Hamaker Flint and Clink showed up very well for new men.

In the four-forty, Toy had the race his own way from the start, and he took his time.

White after running a hard half mile won the mile from the Freshman, who was the big bet of the Freshmen. White showed that he was on to the game and he ran a heady race, although the condition of the track was the one thing that kept him from making faster time.

A perusal of the following summary will show the other men that did good work for their classes.

Swerdfeger was the star of the meet, winning the broad jump, the
shot put, the high jump, and getting second in the hammer, and third in the pole vault. In the jump he came within one-fourth of an inch of breaking the school record.

The summary is as follows:

50-yard dash --- Hazeltine, first; Willoughby, second; Cox, third; time, 52.5.

Discus --- Pearce, first; Dixon, second; Hamaker, third; distance, 83 ft. 1-2 in.

880 yard run --- Curtis, first; Pease, second; Hamaker, third, 223.

100-yard dash --- Hazeltine, first; Willoughby, second; Cox, third; time, 10 1-5.

Shot-Put --- Swerdfeger, first; Willoughby, second; Yates, third; distance, 39 ft. 3 1-2 in.

440-yard Dash --- Toy, first; Yates, second; Shipsey and Metz, third; time 62 3-5.

Mile run---White, first; Clink, second; Swartz, third; time, 5 43 3-5.

220-yard Dash---Hazeltine, first; Willoughby, second; Cox, third; distance, 24 3-5.

Pole Vault --- White and Toy, first; Swerdfeger, third; distance, 8 ft. 8 in.

Hammer Throw --- Matasci, first; Swerdfeger, second; Flint, third; distance, 122 ft. 8 in.

220-Yard Hurdles---Hazeltine, first; Willoughby, second; Shipsey, third; time 30 3-5.

High Jump --- Swerdfeger, first; Hazeltine, second; Metz, third; distance, 5 ft. 5 1-4 in.

Broad Jump---Swerdfeger, first; Hazeltine, second; Williams, third; distance, 18 ft. 6 3-4 in.

Relay won by Freshmen Shipsey, Van Couvering, Hamaker, Murray, and Toy.

Officials of the meet were:

Referee, Waters; Starter, Edwards; Race Judges, Condit, Aiken, Buck; Field Judges, Rubel, Tavenner; Measurers, Caraya, Murphy; Clerk, McDowell; Scorers, Markloff, Wheeler King.

Freshmen’s War Song.

Out upon the field they tread,
The Freshmen, with uplifted head And piped this merry song To the Juniors as they came along. "Watch the sturdy Freshmen With such nimble feet,

Calmly show the Juniors They must take defeat;

And watch the noble Seniors

Coming in behind,

Then recall the many

Victories by the class of 1909.

Our men were unconditioned

In other games you won

But you'll see we’re strong and steady

Before this day is done.”
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