"Yes, sah, massaah, dey am comin'. Shu' deh ah. De whole passel ob 'em. Wy massaah, I was gwine down t' de stoh' foh some hoss feed—no lemme see, I ain't shu' whether 'twas hoss feed oh chick'n feed—which? I believe 'twas hoss feed, kase I ain't shu'" .

And conscientious Bud breathlessly stopped. No amount of coaxing would have tempted him to go on until he had satisfactorily decided whether it was horse or chicken feed. Finally he decided "that 'twas, or else 'twasn't, one or 'tother;" anyways as he was going down to the store, past the city hall, where an intrepid discussion was being held by the health officers, he heard the doctor's name mentioned.

The young doctor, who, during this unusual outbreak from his old servant had staid with a puzzled expression over his handsome features, laughed outright. He was young and full of life.

"Well, Bud, what is the meaning of all this?" he asked in a pleasant voice. "Who are coming?"

"Wy, massaah, all dem men. I'm a thinkin' dey be up he'ah right away. I wuz gwine down de street and he'ah I see ole lady Wadworth a hobbin' on one foot an' den on de other, an' I jess thinks t' my self, What's de meanin' ob all dis? Dey's some'in up. Well I jess keeps folleerin' her t' see whah she goes. Yo' knows Massah Thornton, how she hates yo'. She jess do anything t' torment yo'. She neb'a liked yo' pigs an' I dun heah'd her say once—"

"But, Bud," interrupted Mr. Thornton, "what has Mrs. Wadworth's attitude toward me to do with your story?"

"Oh, Massah Thornton! Can't yo' see? She can't fin' no other way ob spitin' yo' so she go an' complains ob you' pig pen t' dem health men. I
He sat down on the steps and began teasing Betsy, the cook, but his gaze was vacant and his thoughts were far from her. He was thinking of Genevieve. How could he manage so that her aunt might not interfere? He was about to form the conclusion that his only chance would be to wait until Mrs. Wadsworth died, when he heard footsteps behind him. Upon turning he saw the health officers.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Durward, with a feigned look on his face. "I wasn't expecting a surprise party."

"We have come to investigate some of your buildings," said the chairman, Mr. Wheeler, very coldly.

"Very well," replied Durward, "my father is not here at present, but come with me and I shall show them to you."

"We hear that some of them meet the decided disapproval of your neighbors," said Mr. Wheeler, a little embarrassed by the free, welcome way in which Durward had received them. As he showed them over the barn, stable and chicken houses their embarrassment steadily increased at the cleanliness of everything.

"I believe this is all," he said as he leaned up against the stable.

"Have you no pigs?" asked Mr. Wheeler.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he answered, and led them to the pen and threw open the door. Everyone stood aghast and then burst into a hearty laugh.

"Will some one please go for Mrs. Wadsworth?" asked Mr. Wheeler. One of the men went and the old lady hobbled over looking very indignant to think she had been called to such a place. She stood looking very stern for a second and then an unrestrained laugh broke from her lips. Then Mrs. Wadsworth did the most surprising thing she was ever known to do. She turned to Durward and extended her hand.

"I shall no longer stand in the way of one who has outwitted me in this manner," she said, and immediately left them.

In the paper the following morning was a very interesting article of how Mr. Durward Thornton, Jr., and the old servant, Bud, had remodeled the pig pen. The pigs had been washed and sent out into the yard, while the pen had been carpeted, pictures hung on the wall, a washstand placed in one corner with a mirror over it and a table set in the center with four chairs around it. When this was accomplished the pigs were brought in and lay fast asleep when the health officers arrived.

Genevieve and Durward often laughed in after years about how the obstacle which kept them apart had been removed.
Charles Unexpected Reward
John Briggs.

Charles sat in his room with his uncle. He was badly discouraged. Everything seemed to be against him. Three years of his High School course had passed, and it was now the last semester of the last year. His father and mother were both dead. His only relative was his uncle, with whom he was staying. His uncle did his best to encourage him.

"Uncle," said Charles, "these boys feel themselves far above me. They dress better, have more friends, and seem to be better liked than I."

"Charles, my boy," replied his uncle, "why need you bother yourself about other people? Are they any better than you? Are you guilty of acts of which you are ashamed? Come, cheer up! There is nothing to hinder you from becoming as prominent as they are."

Charles sat gazing out of the window. Many thoughts were revolving through his mind. He knew his uncle's advice was good. But how was he to put it into practice. Just then four of the boys passed the window. He seemed to loathe their very appearance. He had often heard his uncle say, "Love your enemies." But how could he love such as they?

Charles had been very popular until a few days before. He was one of the base-ball team, which had been defeated. He seemed to have been considered as the one who had caused the team to lose the game, and accordingly was expelled from it. Charles thought it a very unmanly action of the other boys to thus exclude him, without allowing him any consideration. Unfriendly words passed between them, and Charles told them to play their own games with their own men in the future, as he did not care to associate with such a team.

It was only yesterday that the team had received a challenge from the Superiors, one of the strongest teams in the state. The home team had the privilege of playing on their own grounds, and of selecting the date. All the boys were enthused over the challenge, and a meeting was at once held. They were to choose only the best men.

The captain met Charles the next evening after the meeting, and told him he would like to have him on the team. But Charles turned a deaf ear to his entreaty.

As they were sitting together in the room his uncle said:

"Charles, I look forward to the time when you shall be the most popular one in school. Something seems to tell me that your chances are good."

"Uncle," answered Charles, "how can you expect me to rise from the most unpopular to the most popular in less than four months?"

"My boy," said his uncle, "six hours is sufficient time to make such a change. Whenever you accomplish this, which must be done before the term expires, I will see that you are honored with the best position that I can find for you."

As Charles took his departure for school, he thought, as he strolled along, how hard his lessons were, how cranky the teachers seemed, and how all the students "had it in for him." How could his uncle expect him to overcome these obstacles.

But the great day came. The Superiors in their bright uniforms, had come to show the Rustics how to play base-ball. Great enthusiasm had been aroused throughout the little village. A charge of fifty cents was made at the entrance, and twenty-five cents extra for a seat in the grand-stand. The grand-stand had been enlarged to twice its original capacity.

Two o'clock found the grand-stand packed, with scores of others standing. Never before had a ball game interested such a vast audience in this little burg.

The game began at two, sharp. The Rustics seemed to have no chance whatever. The umpire himself laughed at some of their plays. As the game continued it could be noticed that the Rustics became more resolute. They were highly cheered whenever a good play was made. The Superiors seemed to become more reckless. One of them cried out: "Give the farmers a chance." The pitcher of the Rustics was failing, and no one saw it sooner than the captain. He knew, that, although their chance was small, that their only hope rested with the pitcher. Half of the game was over, and the score stood three to nothing in favor of the Superiors.

The captain got busy at once. He must find someone to put in the pitcher's box, and before the opponents came to bat. He rushed frantically about the crowd but was at a loss to find one whom he considered qualified for the position. But when he had almost given up the attempt, he met Charles. Charles was so interested in the game that he did not see the captain approaching.

"Well, Charley, old boy," said the captain as he came up from behind, "how do you like the way we are progressing?"

Charles was surprised. He did not seem to realize who was speaking to him, but when he turned about and found his old captain confronting him with a look of disappointment on his face, he said:

"I am afraid you have no chance. Your pitcher is about finished."

"Charles," said the captain, "we need a good man there. You have a chance of saving the honor of the school by taking that place."

"No, captain. I never did your team any good, no do I care to do it..."
any more harm. Your team turned me down before, but they shall not do it again."

"I know we were hasty in expelling you from the team, and I am here to apologize, and do all in my power to right it with you. You are the best pitcher in the school, and I have one favor to ask of you. Will you not take the pitcher's place, when the opponents take the bat?"

Charles knew his chances were good. He also knew that by accepting this request he might rectify his previous record. He remembered what his uncle had said about one being elevated in six hours. But he had no more than given a second thought, when the captain shouted:

"Come, Charles! They are changing. Will you accept? I must go. Will you go with me?"

Charles hesitated, but when he saw the captain's look he yielded.

Great cheers arose from the multitude as Charles donned the pitcher's cap, while the rival team cried out: "Down with the hayseeds; they are about all in." They thought the game easy but little did they know of the qualities of the smiling one who faced them.

He threw several balls before the umpire called any strikes. He smiled and took the jeering as easy as if he had been watching a side-show. As the captain of the Superiors stepped up, he called out: "Come on with your balls!" Before he knew it, a ball whizzed over the plate, with almost the speed of a cannon ball. "Strike one!" A second ball passed by. The captain struck hard, but the ball was in the catcher's mitt, when he supposed it over the plate. The Superiors failed to reach first base during the inning. Never had the crowd applauded as they did now. Even the captain smiled for the first time during the game.

During the next three innings the Rustics began to gain. The game became serious. One could hear the opponents say: "Who is the new pitcher? He seems to be a difficult case."

All went smoothly until the beginning of the last inning, which opened with the Rustics at the bat. Charles stepped to the bat. They jeered him, and told him he had a bat in his hand and not a ball. They advised the umpire to get behind the grandstand, until this expert had killed himself. Two balls passed over—two strikes. Charles now lifted his bat from the ground and said: "It only takes one to hit it, but if I do hit it, I want to awaken that left fielder." As the third ball came, Charles swung his bat and met it. The ball started and in a few seconds landed far beyond the left fielder. Charles made a home run. The noise that arose from the crowd could have been heard more than two miles. Several of the boys patted him on the back, and said: "You seem to have it in for the red-jackets. You don't seem satisfied in making a base at a time, but take four without stopping." The game was at last finished. The home team won by two points, and had made the only home run during the game.

As Charles was carried off the ground, they begged that he accept the position of captain. But he said he had done no more than his duty, and was willing to call it square if they were. "Call it square!" cried several of the boys. "What do you mean?" "It simply means that I caused you to lose the other game, and if I was the cause of winning this, I am just on the even."

The boys would not listen to Charles' refusal. A meeting was called the next day. The team was reorganized, and Charles was chosen captain, but he refused the honor. He told them he thought there were other things of far more importance. He said: "I shall always be willing to help you any time I can, but as to accepting such an exalted position in your team I must decline with many thanks."

Charles, from that time on, was considered an ideal boy. His opinion was asked in most instances, and when the Commencement exercises were held, and he went to receive his diploma, a small box was also handed him. On the box was written: "To Charles, the noted pitcher of the Rustics." Upon opening the box he found enclosed a splendid gold medal. Attached to it was a note which read: "Sir, find here enclosed a token from our once defeated team. We wish to congratulate you as being the champion pitcher of all we have met. Signed Superiors, Baseball Nine of E——."
EDITORIALS

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Terms, 50 cents per year. Single copies 10 cents.

The Junior and Senior classes had the privilege of listening to Dr. Nelson, who is at the head of the Veterinary Science department at the State College, and also a member of the State Board of Health. Dr. Nelson was accompanied by Mr. Whitlow, a member of the legislature.

On Friday, January 12th, Hon. W. J. Bryan addressed the High School students. His talk was very interesting and was appreciated by all.

The Olympus staff offered a prize for the best story handed in for this issue of the paper. Only three took part in this contest and it was difficult for the judges to decide between the stories written by Hazel Conner and John Briggs. Miss Conner was awarded the prize.

We are very sorry to lose Miss Ruth Dunbar, who was forced to resign on account of ill health and we also gladly welcome Mr. Standford, who is to take Miss Dunbar's place.

Word has been received from the State University concerning the State Interscholastic Declamation contest. This contest will be held in Seattle, May 16-17. There will be two contests, one in narrative and the other in dramatic selections. Several have already handed in their names who wish to take part in the try-out which will be held soon.

With this contest, the State Interscholastic field and track meet and the debates which are before us now, we need plenty of good workers. There is no reason why we cannot win in one of them. Then let us all go to work and do the best we can.

 SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Examinations have come and gone, leaving the same number of Seniors smiling over their half-finished task.

The last election of officers of the Senior class occurred last Wednesday, the 23rd of January. Those honored were: President, Miss Idale Willey; vice-president, Miss Jo Rowe; secretary, Miss Edna Barnard; treasurer, Miss Bertha Williams; sergeant-at-arms, Miss Pearl McKenzie; yell master, Mr. Boyce Heintzelman.

Ask Rudolph where the governor's knees went.

Poor Marie, Santa failed to bring her a substantial chair!

A little remembrance of the day—
V—is for Van Eaton, a maiden so fair,
A—is for Austin, free from care.
L—is for Lehnberg, who studies the stars,
E—is for Edna, who likes whizzing cars.
N—is for the nine who could bat the Tacoma's,
T—is for time that's bringing our 'pons.
I—is for Ida, who can't get much thinner.
N—is for noon, when Ray can have dinner.
E—is for Edna, whose afore-mentioned pleasure
In cars that go whizzing, much beyond measure.
After our splendid success thus far this year in athletics, there is no good reason why we should not continue to be successful. We have plenty of good material and there are plenty of people who are willing to help us financially and otherwise.

Mr. Bigelow and Mr. Yantis have both signified their willingness to take the track team and make it a winning team, if possible. As further assurance that the venture will be successful, Mr. McClellan was unanimously elected captain, and he states that a goodly number have handed in their names for the tryout. Owing to the recent inclement condition of the weather, it has been almost impossible to get out and practice, but from now on every man should be out every night. Too much stress cannot be put upon this, for Olympia will take part in at least two meets this year. The triangular meet between Centralia, Aberdeen and Olympia will probably take place at Aberdeen, and Olympia can certainly do as much as she did last year. Besides this, the interscholastic meet at Seattle this year will undoubtedly be the greatest event of its kind in the Northwest. Plans for this meet have already been formulated. The annual meeting of the different High school delegates took place a short time ago and matters of greater or lesser importance were discussed and settled. Olympia elected a delegate, but he was unable to attend, on account of circumstances over which he had no control. However, certain movements were carried out which accord with our ideas and which show that the University has the interest of the High schools at heart. Without a doubt, the thing which most interests us and other small schools is the provision which decreases the number of entries in each event from eighteen to twelve. This will materially benefit the smaller schools, first, because they will not have to bring so many men to successfully compete with larger and nearer rivals, and of course the expense connected therewith will be lessened; second, because it is almost impossible for them to get a team of a dozen to take part in the whole meet, to say nothing of each event. It is also rumored that Olympia may be able to get into another meet. We are not prepared to make any of the details known at the present time, however.

BASEBALL.

Practice for the great "national game" has already started in a small way, and Mr. Stuth, the newly elected captain, expects to commence work in earnest in a few days. He says there are plenty of good men and all that is necessary is good hard work on their part and good support from the school. Mr. Dunbar, the manager, contemplates getting a good schedule, provided enough interest is shown. It is sincerely hoped that baseball will not have to be sacrificed to track work again this year.

DEBATING.

Interest in debating seems to be awakening somewhat. The girls' society, The Fram, has been reorganized with the following officers at its head: Miss Whiteman, president; Miss Austin, vice-president; Miss Willey, secretary and treasurer. Also the boys' society, The Webster Debating Club, which has been doing very little so far, has challenged the Fram to a debate on any question to be submitted by them. This challenge has been accepted and the debate will take the form of a tryout, preparatory to choosing a team to meet Seattle, who was defeated by Ballard, as were we by Tacoma, on the ship subsidy question. Speaking in connection with oratory and debate, we would suggest that the High school send a representative to Seattle to take part in the declamatory contest at the University. Two separate prizes are offered, one for the best dramatic or like effort, and one for the best composition of an oratorical nature. This contest is a worthy enterprise and should receive our heartiest support.
GLEE CLUBS.

The Glee clubs are getting along nicely now. The Girl’s Club appeared before the assembly some time ago. That their efforts were well appreciated was shown by the enthusiastic encores which they received. The Boys’ Club has not as yet appeared in public, but are working hard with the intention of appearing before the Institute next month. Both clubs are to have several selections and it would be well for those who have not as yet identified themselves with either club to do so immediately if they intend to do so at all, in order that they may receive the full benefit of the practice between now and the time of appearance.

On the night of December 21st, 1906, the Juniors gave the most enjoyable party of the school year, as expressed by all present. By 8:30 o’clock each member had arrived and the festivities began in earnest.

Each one present represented some historical character, two of the most noted Seniors being among the members. The first part of the evening was spent in guessing the characters represented. At 10 o’clock all the masks were removed and the rest of the evening was spent in playing games. Rabeck’s hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion with quantities of blue and white, the class colors.

The most enjoyable part of it all was that there were no meddlesome Seniors or any other intruders there, as the day and place had been carefully concealed. (?) At our last meeting the following officers were elected: President, Albert Stuth; vice-president, Floyd Heinzelman; secretary, Olive Davis; treasurer, Roy Marr; yell master, Lawrence McIntosh; sergeant-at-arms, Herbert Mills.

Mr. Loomis (in English)—How many of the four words did you miss? Mary G.—Five.
R. Meyer (translating German)—He became pale and his knees left him.
Sadie D. (in history)—The Colossus of Rhodes was blown down by an earthquake.
Mr. Mc. (in chemistry)—Miss Austin, tell all you know about match-making.

Little I ask, my wants are few; I only want a little beau— One that dances much will do; I want him badly, as you all know.—Mary D.

Wanted—Some one to play with, who isn’t as rough as the Sophs., by a Freshman.
Mr. Mc.—Please take this chair.
Lawrence—Do you want me to sit in it?
The football boys are at a loss to know which Rogers is the real cause of the broken plate at the photograph gallery.
Ask Pearl Lohnherr how she spells developments.
Hazel L. (translating Latin)—She wept until her tears filled the bay.
Notice—Several things have been reported missing since the sweater fight. Anyone finding any lost Freshman in the mud of the campus will receive a suitable reward by returning the said Freshman to the assembly hall.
Wanted—A noiseless laugh, to use in history class.—Marie.
A certain Senior girl, during the sweater fight, “My Bob!” “Oh! They are killing my Bob!”

Excitement ran high in the drawing class when Miss Rowe attempted suicide by spilling a large glass of water on herself.
For Sale—The latest edition of my new book, entitled "How to Get
Pet."—W. Pentecost.
Miss Ireland (in history)—In what century did Plato live?
John—Greece.
It takes Roy H. a whole day to learn how to behave.
Bertha W. (in German)—Essen is the eating of persons.
Pearl Mc. (in English)—The queen came rushing in and told the
king that she had drowned herself.
Dear Editor—Will you please give me the name of some patent medi-
cine which will make me look as young as I used to be?—Senior.
Bess (in history)—The poems of Homer were poetry.
Pearl L. (in German)—The mouth of truth is deaf.
Mr. Mc. (in arithmetic)—Mr. Schively, how would you write this
fraction?
Hugh—I'd perform the operation.
... Marie (in history)—The Greek men loved each other because they
didn't have any women to love.—Poor men!

First of all we as a class have added another victory to our already
large number by carrying on a short, defensive battle against the Fresh-
men. One day the Sophomore boys put their heads together and decided
what they most wanted for Christmas, and so when Old Santa arrived in
Olympia he was met by requests from all sides for sweaters; white ones,
with green '09's on them. As Santa hadn't expected such a request, he
was unprepared to grant their wishes, but promised that as soon as he
reached home he would send them along. Thus it happened that a few
days ago they arrived and were beautiful to behold. All the classes (and
the girls especially) envied us. The Freshmen, in particular, seemed to
be delighted with the '09's and kindly invited us to remove them. Of
course we would have loved to oblige them, but then—oh, well, we
wanted them ourselves. So on Friday morning, January 25, 1907, the
Freshman-Sophomore struggle for supremacy took place. On the frozen
campus and roadway the boys fought and struggled while on the west
porch some of the girls of the opposing classes suddenly found out how
dearly (?) they loved (?) one another and rushed madly about, locked in
each other's embrace. When the school bell rang the Sophomores were
still the masters of the situation and as such still retained their sweaters.
Although our boys did not bring this fight about, yet they feel very happy
over the result of it, in spite of black eyes and sore heads.
The "finals" are past and that is another thing for which to be
thankful. Never before was Caesar held in such awe as on the two days
preceding the exams. "It is said" that a certain Sophomore girl, on
the night before the finals began, dreamed that, "If the opposite sides of a
triangle are unequal, Caesar will march through the United States in
1999, and having written 713 themes on 'Why Wood Is Seven Dollars a
Cord,' he will stab Alexander the Great below the fifth rib with a German
text book and ride away on his Physica pony."

Now, Sops, please help your editor more than you have done hitherto.
Remember that a staff cannot edit a school paper and a class editor cannot write everything you would like to see in your paper without your help. There has been a dearth of jokes this year. How can we increase them save by notifying the editor? Pitch in and help. You can make the paper much more interesting by your cooperation and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have helped.

In English: "In haste they girded up their skirts."—Frank S.
Overheard in room 5: J. D. (translating Caesar, page 200, line 17, chapter 21, book four)—He sent C. Volusemes to—to—domesticate these things.
Ask Bess what word begins with "Chi—"
Ask Miss C. the difference between "the extremities" and "each end".
There seems to be something.
"Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old."
But—ask Roy!
Mr. Mc. (in geometry)—How did you draw that line?
Bright Pupil (Fred S.)—Well, I took a string and a piece of chalk and—Ha! Ha! Ha!
There was evidently something the matter with the ink the afternoon that the Caesar exams took place. Wonder what it was?
Roy—And lions get up to fight!

ALUMNI NOTES.
IDA WILLEY, EDITOR

Guy Overhulse, '04, Oliver Matson, '04, Merritt McCully, '04, Roscoe Fullerton, '05, Frank Phipps, '05, Ben Hartsuck, '06, and Miss Ione Reinhard, '05, of the State College at Pullman, spent the holidays in the city.
Miss De Ja Loomis, '05, who is teaching at Tenino, spent Christmas in town.
Ellen Eddy, '06, is now employed in the State printing office.
Preston Uhler, '06, Ida Yeager, '05, Edna Stanford, '06, Prudence Wyman, '05, Elizabeth MacIray, '05, Harold Goddard, '06, Leo Jones, '06, Lloyd O'Brien, '05, and Will Hitt, '06, who are enrolled at the State University, were home during the holidays.
Frank Mount, '04, who is attending the Oregon State university, spent Christmas in town.
Misses Inez Wynn, '04, Elizabeth Peas, '05, and Sarah Wiseman, '06, of the State Normal, were home during the holidays.
Bert Umpleby, '02, has returned to the University of Puget Sound after visiting friends in the city.
Miss Gertrude Davis, '06, and Will Manier, '02, were married during the Christmas holidays.

FRESCHMAN

GERTRUDE KNOX, Editor

And it came to pass that, on the twenty-fourth day of January, in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and seven, the Sophizers appeared in raiment of war with hideous symbols on their garments. Wherefore, their brethren, the Fresshies, were vexed and saw fit to rise in rebellion
against them.

It so happened that when the chief of the Sophites heard of this rising rebellion, in the neighboring clan, he was sore afraid, and sent word bidding his tribe gather at the Schola and prepare for a conflict with their brethren, the Freshies.

Thus it was, that on the twenty-fifth day of January, a great battle took place upon the campus of the Schola, between the Sophites and the Freshies, which was of short duration but of such historic importance that many wise and learned people gathered to witness the great conflict.

The battle was furious, and wild shrieks mingled with shouts of encouragement filled the air. For the Freshies and Sophites were well matched, and both fought bravely for the victory. But soon the battle was done, and the Sophites driven from the field, while the Freshies with their wise friends repaired to the Schola where they were soon joined by the Sophites, who came with the treaty of peace.

And it came to pass that the remnants of the hideous garments, worn by the Sophites, were distributed among the Freshies as trophies of their hard-earned victory.

And the breeze whispered of a Sophite, who had deemed it more profitable to remove his hideous garment before the battle, and give it unto the hands of a fair damsel of his tribe for safe keeping.

But war has passed. Peace has come. And the victors may say, "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

Mr. L.—What states carry on agriculture?

Freshie—Coastal plains produce swamps, lakes and such things.

Look out for us,
Look out for we;
We'll make a fun—
Don't you see?

Sophs, never mind,
Don't be afraid;
But get thee behind—
Away in the shade.

Ask Miss Swan what made Milwaukee famous.

The Freshman class has started the new semester with an increase of three pupils, Miss Ada Rodgers, from North Yakima, Mr. Homer Dana, and Mr. Maurice MacGregor, of Colfax, Wash., whose father is a member of the legislature.

The December number of the "Clarion," Salem, Ore., is fine all the way through.

"The Huisache," San Antonio, Texas, was very much appreciated, it being the first number we have received. It would be well for them to pay heed to their comments on the "Wallace World," however.

"The Megaphone," Davenport, Wash., can be improved by the use of a better grade of paper.

"The Voice of Cincinnati," Ohio, is one of the best exchanges we have received. Your exchange column is missing, however, and if it were not for your advertisements we would be unable to find your address.

"The Wallace World," Nashville, Tenn., creates admiration for its cover design, but the advertising and reading matter should be separated.

The idea of securing words "written expressly for the "Whims" (Seattle, Wash.) is duly appreciated, especially when uttered by one whose ambition is to teach Young America to emulate our illustrious president.

"The Bulletin," Montclair, N. J., is an exceedingly interesting and well gotten up paper. Its December number contains several fine stories, but a few cuts would brighten it up, for it lacks this necessity.

The poem, "Sabbath in the Woods," in the "Hesperian," of Oregon City, Ore., is worth mentioning, also the story, "Dick Sheldon's Christmas." The paper is complete in all departments except the exchanges.

"The Comet," Austin, Texas, furnishes us good stories but too much joshing. A little nonsense may be a relish, but we fail to appreciate it for the feast.

Come, "Fram" (Sandusky, O.), give us some real stories. We like to read them.

"Panorama," Binghampton, N. Y., has good stories, is well arranged, and nicely illustrated.

Besides the exchanges above mentioned, we wish to acknowledge re-
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