When Gerald Demming first entered Preston College as a freshman, he was immediately nicknamed "Gawkes." The students firmly believed the name to be very appropriate for he certainly "looked the part." He was a huge, ungainly fellow, extremely awkward in manner and action.

He had left his old country home and had come here to start in his trying duties of college life. Every thing was new and odd to him and he felt strangely out of place. He could not get used to their college ways and for this reason he was very unpopular. The boys seemed to shun him. The girls snubbed him openly. Once he had ventured to speak to Janet Hawes, the football captain's sister, but she had seemed so proud and reserved that he vowed he would never venture near another girl during his whole school term. Gawkes felt blue and homesick. He wished he was back on the old farm and had never seen or heard tell of a college. But it was not long before he was to have just cause to change his mind.

One evening he was sitting in his room vainly trying to solve a perplexing problem in mathematics. Suddenly his door opened and the coach of the football team walked in. Gawkes was stupefied with
amazement. He could not understand why this “noted being” should honor him with a visit.

“Demming,” the coach said as he seated himself, “did you ever try to play football?”

“No,” weakly responded Gawkes.

“Well,” continued the captain, “I want you to try out for the team. We need just such a big, husky fellow as you to brace our line. Come out tomorrow and practice up a little with the boys and we’ll see what kind of a try-out you’ll make.”

Gawkes had only time enough to mutter an incoherent reply then he found himself alone. He could not settle down to his studies again that night, so he wrote a long, confidential letter to his mother, telling her that college life was great and he was having the time of his life.

For the next five weeks, Gawkes practiced hard every night. The coach said he was doing good work but he lacked “tingler.” He seemed to have no interest in the game, altho’ he played his part well enough. What he needed was something to stir him up for he was entirely too slow.

The team which was to play the big game with Mars the following week was picked, but Gawkes was put on as sub. He tried hard to swallow down his disappointment but he could not. He had been positive that he would be on the picked team and the more he thought of it, the keener his disappointment became. He wanted to show these people what he could do if the opportunity presented itself.

The day of the big game came. It was the game which would decide the championship between the two colleges—Preston and Mars. Fully ten thousand rooters had gathered along the side lines. On one side was the solid mass of maroon, while the brilliant orange of the visitors predominated on the opposite.

From the first kick-off, it was evident that if the Maroons could handle their complicated forward pass, they would win. They failed, however, and the Visitors scored a touchdown in less than fifteen minutes. It was clearly evident that the Maroons were “in” wrong and hadn’t the slightest chance to make a showing.

The first half was over and the score stood 6-0 in the Visitors’ favor. During the intermission Nielsen, Preston’s leftguard, was let out and Gawkes was put in in his place. Here was his opportunity and he determined to make the best of it.

“Demming,” said the Preston coach as he came up to Gawkes a few moments before the second half was called, “get in and play for all you’re worth, and don’t be afraid to wade into them.” “I’m going to win this game for us,” Gawkes answered and his face was set and determined when he took his place on the field.

The Maroons started off with a rush in the second half and fairly swept the visitors off their feet. Gawkes played at guard and his work was truly marvelous. The score had been tied and only three more minutes were left. Would the score remain a tie or was something going to happen? Something did happen.

Mars fumbled the ball, Gawkes picked it up and succeeded in dodging the only enemy who attempted to tackle him. He started on a sixty-yard run for his goal. Only half a minute more. Would he, or would he not make it? The crowd was crazy with excitement. The Maroons were yelling and shrieking like so many demons. Gawkes shot around the left end and over just as the referee blew the long, shrill whistle which announced that the game was ended.

Half a dozen enthusiastic rooters hoisted Gawkes upon their shoulders and paraded him around the field time and again, while the crowd cheered itself hoarse.

Twenty minutes later, when Gawkes had finally disengaged himself from the howling mob and was making his way across the field to the gates, he heard some one call his name. Turning quickly he saw the captain’s sister standing without stretched hand and a smile of congratulation on her lips. Just behind her stood a quaint, old-fashioned couple who were gazing at him with fond and loving eyes.

The flush of annoyance which had clouded his brow when he at first saw the girl, immediately disappeared and a glad smile broke over his face as he eagerly started forward with arms outstretched. But he did not grasp Janet’s hand as she had expected he would, but brushed rudely past her and when she turned to look after him he was shaking the hand of the rusty-looking, old, gentleman. Then turning, he clasped the quaint little woman in black in his big, manly arms, while tears of joy were streaming down her cheeks.

For a moment Janet stood watching this pathetic little drama,
then turned slowly away and two big tears welled slowly up in her eyes.

The next minute Gawkes had touched her on the arm, saying as he did so, "Pardon my seeming rudeness a moment ago, Miss Hawes, I—," "Never mind," she interrupted him, "I think I understand what, she added after a moment's pause, "won't you please introduce me to your mother and father? I want to meet them."

Twenty minutes later the college students were amazed to see the captain's proud sister walking across the college campus, her arm encircling the waist of a quaint, little woman in black. —A. F., '10.

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A Diagnosis of the Cat

The cat is a cat because it isn't a kitten. If all the kittens were cats and no cat was a kitten there would be neither cats nor kittens.

No sensible person would doubt that the cat has thirty-six feet, but for the benefit of a few non-sensible people it will be explained.

No cat has thirty-two feet, then since one cat has four more feet than no cat, one cat must have thirty-six feet. But a question arises and since there are always two sides to a question it is best to keep on the outside.

The cat holds a prominent place in history and also a prominent place on the back yard fence. Its place on the fence is just temporary, but in history it is permanent. The reason for this is that it only stands on the fence, when the moon shines, but it stands in history as long as any thing shines.

The cat is a very fascinating sort of an animal. The way it fascinates itself to a pan of milk, when nobody is looking, has always been a profound mystery to philosophers.

Also the cat is a musical genius. History tells us that King Nero was so infatuated with its melodious melodies, that he used to sit all night by a window, facing the back yard and wait, with a shot gun across his lap, for its appearance.

The cat is evidently a pre-historic animal as cat-tail swamps are known to have existed long before this world was inhabited.

The cat is also a "post" historic animal, as tradition tells us, it has nine lives and since the first has not yet ended it certainly has a long camp yet on this earth.

Every nation except China has the cat and still it is a queer reason why none of them use it as a national emblem.
China would have cats also, but the appetite of the cat and the Chinaman run so nearly in the same channel that one would eventually starve the other out.

Nevertheless, taking it all around the cat is a meek, loving, peaceful, mysterious, sort of something, that bobs up and down in the conglomerate events of the world's drama, like a cork that floats about on the crest of the restless billows of the ocean.

Finch, '09.

SOBS OF THE SENIORS.

Tell me not, oh, fellow students,
U. S. History is a dream;
That the lessons are not awful,
And debates are what they seem.

It is fierce, it is awful,
An's are not your goal,
D you have and D you will have,
Has been written on each roll.

Not enjoyment, only terror,
Guides us down Library way;
But to find in class tomorrow
Lessons longer than today. —M. M., '09.

Editorial

The Olympus staff wishes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all its many friends.

Girls! What is the trouble? Where is the girls' glee club? Are you going to let the boys get ahead start of you in this line. They have organized their club, now let's begin our work in earnest after the holidays.

If Santa Claus were to suddenly appear before the assembly and ask us to make known our wants, the first cry coming from the editors of the Olympus would be: "Some cut, oh! please give us some cuts for our paper." Then a meek voice might add: "And some stories if you have any left over." Why can we not each one play "Santa"? Let us try it and then watch the smile that will gladden the face of the editors.
Next behold the surprised face of our teachers when the assembly rise in a body to express their desire for a new lawn. The desire is on the point of being fulfilled. The Civic Improvement Club has plans on foot for improving the lawn, planting shrubbery and perhaps a few shade trees. The club hopes, with the co-operation of the school board, to successfully carry out these plans. If this is done can we, as a school, do our part? Can we refrain from making paths across the corners and leaving our footprints along the edge of the walks?

After a prolonged discussion on the subject, the Athletic Club has at last succeeded in fixing a set of rules, which must be observed by every person who takes part in any kind of high school athletics. The club is taking into its own hands, and carrying out, what the teachers have long desired, that is, the enforcement of its own rules. We know this is hard to do and we admire the pluck and courage of our boys.

Athletics

FOOTBALL.

On the twenty-first of October we played our old rivals from Tacoma, who were determined to wipe out their defeat of last year. The field was quite muddy and it rained continually during the game. On account of the condition of the grounds and the ball being watersoaked it was almost impossible to work forward passes and onside kicks. Tacoma scored two touchdowns, and kicked both goals, in the first fifteen minutes of play, but after that they found Olympia’s defense almost impregnable.

In the second half Olympia never failed to hold when necessary and although Tacoma approached our goal several times they were unable to score again. The game ended with the score 12 to 0 in Tacoma’s favor.

We played the last game of the season at Centralia on Thanksgiving day and lost by a score of 5 to 0.

Centralia kicked off and Olympia, after advancing the ball 20 yards, lost it on downs. Centralia soon lost the ball and Olympia punted. The playing was in the middle of the field for the next ten minutes. Centralia was forced to punt, but the ball dropped into the crowd, which had pressed out onto the field, and Olympia was unable to recover it. It was Centralia’s ball on our three-yard line and they pushed it over for a touchdown after three downs. The ball ended with the ball in Olympia’s possession in the middle of the field.

Olympia kicked off to Centralia and they lost the ball on their 30-yard line. Olympia made 15 yards on a forward pass and a line buck put the ball on their 10-yard line. Here Olympia fumbled and Centralia, after recovering the ball, kicked out of danger. On our
80-yard line Gaston made a splendid end run of 50 yards around left end. Vaugh added six more and Heintzleman placed the ball on their 10-yard line. Olympia got their signals mixed and lost the ball when they had but five yards to make to get a touchdown. Centralia punted to the middle of the field. Heintzleman hurt his hip and was forced to leave the game, Schively taking his place at quarterback. Centralia punted and as the Centralia man who recovered the ball had a clear field it looked like a touchdown, but Gaston was too fast for him and tackled him from behind on our three-yard line. Centralia could not make three yards in three downs and lost the ball. Olympia punted to the middle of the field and the game ended soon after.

On Thanksgiving day, the second team went to Shelton and came home victorious by a score of 11 to 10. The trip was made by launch and the boys arrived in Olympia a little after midnight.

The first team will likely have a game on Christmas day with the Alumni, the proceeds to be divided between the Y. M. C. A. building fund and the High School Athletic Association.

We have had an unusually heavy schedule this year. Although we won but five of the ten games played, the total score shows that the teams who scored on us did so by very small margins. The following is the result of the season's games:

Sept. 19—Olympia, 47; Shelton, 0.
Sept. 26—Olympia, 0; Broadway Hi of Seattle, 18.
Oct. 3—Olympia, 34; Chehalis Hi School, 0.
Oct. 10—Olympia, 6; Hoquiam Hi School, 0.
Oct. 17—Olympia, 33; St. Martin's, 0.
Oct. 24—Olympia 0; Centralia Hi School, 5.
Oct. 31—Olympia, 12; Aberdeen Hi School, 0.
Nov. 7—Olympia, 0; Lincoln Hi of Seattle, 24.
Nov. 21—Olympia, 0; Tacoma Hi School, 12.
Nov. 26—Olympia, 0; Centralia Hi School, 5.

Olympia scored 132 points, while our opponents scored but 64.

The men who earned their "O's" on this year's football team are Scott, Haskell, Knox, Rogers, Hartsuck, Heintzleman, Partlow, Fullerton, Gaston, Vaughan, Stocking, Vance, Mills, Callow, Schively.

BASKETBALL

As soon as the football season was over basketball practice was started. The following men are turning out for the team: Scott, Heintzleman, Partlow, Stocking, Petterson, Gray, Callow, Butler, Haskell, Smith, Schofield, Lewis, Wages, Mann, Sapp, Peters, Cormier, Agnew, Monroe, Kelley, and Lawrence.

The first game will be between the Seniors and Juniors on December 14.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball season opened on December 11, with two very exciting games in which the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen, 20 to 8; and the Juniors won from the Seniors by a score of 34 to 18.

Sometime in the near future the Juniors and Sophomores will meet in a game which will determine the championship of the school. After this game the High School team will be picked. The schedule for the season is not yet complete, but the manager promises a good season.
Senior Notes

As the New Year approaches we begin to keenly regret that we have only a few more months in which to study English, German, Modern History, Virgil and Civics. Soon we can only enter the building as visitors of the High School for we will be classed among the Alumni. One of the Christmas gifts to be looked for is the “Exchange” table which Mr. Kreager has promised. This will certainly add a great deal to the appearance of the desks of certain individuals and possibly to their report cards.

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In Civics, Mr. Kreager—What did our forefathers do at these husking-bees?
Mabel McKay—I suppose they danced the barn dance.

* * * * *

The German class has finished that fascinating romance, “Immensa,” without a tear (that is, in class). They are now reading “Paul Heyse’s L’Arrabiata.”

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Mr. Loomis, in 12th English—What were those winged ministers?
Davis—Mosquitoes.

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Mr. Kreager says he did enjoy that period spent with the 12th English the other day, during Mr. Loomis’ absence.

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Kreager—Eva Rimhart, what do you know about the fight between the king and parliament?
Eva—I don’t know.
Kreager—Well, you’d better take an encore in English history.

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Helm—Mount, what did Barbarossa accomplish?
Wallace—Why, Frederick Barbarossa accomplished a part of Sicily by his marriage.

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The class in German is learning “Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht,” which is very appropriate for Christmas.

* * * * *

All the Seniors as yet have not decided what they want for Christmas, but Santa Claus has been instructed to bring to—
Iza Baker, a mince pie.
Clyde Peterson, some new orations.
Lovina, a “stub” pen.
Mable, a violin (ist).
Herbert Mills, a skille(d) man.
Wallace, a package of gum.
Anna J., a Caesar class to teach.
Hokie, a barrel of candy.
Ethel, a bottle of Heinz pickles.
Bob Wellman, a flesh reducer.
Irene Cole, a nice cat.
Frank S., a pair of red sox.
Lynne, just one girl.
Steele, wants to get away with something.
Christopher, ads. for the Olympus.
Sib., wants to “chase” it.
Bess, a “butler.”
Isensee, a new set of dates.
Heintzelman, a pickle.
Junior Notes

Christmas is near at hand, so everybody wants to do his best if he expects Santa to contribute anything to help fill up his hosiery. Juniors! You may only get a few things, but for what you do get be thankful and don’t growl about it. As you all understand the Seniors have the first choice and as there is a big bunch of them, the Juniors want to be thankful if there are any “drippings.” Always remember that next year we will fill the mighty chairs (some of us at least) now occupied by the Seniors. But nevertheless hang up your stocking, for you might want an automobile. You may get it and you may not. If you only get the horse, why—just keep it. Santa may be working on the installment plan. And again you might get nothing but a lemon, keep it however, and be satisfied, for lemon is the popular flavor nowadays.

Below is a letter found on the school grounds, written by one of the members of the Junior class, and for the benefit of any one else, who desires to write to Santa Claus:

“Dear Santa—As I thought you might stop Xmas eve to pay me a visit I thought I would drop you a few lines just to remind you of a few things I want. Now, Santa, I don’t want very much this time. You know I have a long distance to come every morning to school, and it gets pretty tiresome. If you would just as leave, I wish you would bring me a nice new, sixty-horse power, White Steamer, but if you don’t happen to have one on hand, just bring me a small Ford runabout and eight or ten barrels of gasoline. Then you can throw in the rest of the outfit. Yes, and you might bring me another rattler. Say, Santa, bring one like the one Hoke has, it is almost as good as new. My old one isn’t much good, but I am going to give it to Knox. Put in about a half dozen rubber rings, for every time I take one to school Peterson, Harder, Partlow or some of the boys take ’em away from me. Say, that last airship you brought me wasn’t any good and I would like another. Oh! yes, a donkey engine, one that is serviceable and also simple. I intend to do a little logging in the summer and then I can give Mr. Helm a job firing it. Well, Santa, I can’t think of anything else, except you might slip in a few thousand dollars, just to remember you by. I can’t think of anything more just now, but if I do I assure you Santa I won’t forget to let you know. Hoping this reaches you at an early date, I remain as ever.

F. R.”

“P. S.—Santa, if you don’t happen to have everything I want, don’t let it put you to very much trouble in getting them. I hope you will do the best you can tho.”

The Junior Literary Society have elected the following officers:

President, Dixon Schively; vice president, Arleta Coulter; secretary, Majorie Dunham; critic, Homer Dana; sergeant-at-arms, Fred Rogers.

(Taken from the Sunny Side of Life)

The sand was hot on Willey’s feet, and the sand was hot to Molley.

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Miss Swan (in Physics)—Oscillating (oscillating) body is one which repeats limited motion at regular short intervals of time (why does her mind run along that channel?).

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Miss Bigelow (in 11th year English)—Charles, what colleges were established in the 15th century?

Charles—Well, there was Oxford and— and, and, yes, there was Harvard.

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Hansen B. (in English)—He fastened his hood with a chain.
Miss Illand (in 1st year German)—Fay, how do you form the plural of "hand"?

Fay R.—By adding e to the singular.
Miss Illand—But, why add e.
Fay R.—To form the plural.

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Miss McKenzie (in Mod. History)—Chaucer was born about 1340, tho the date isn't fixed yet.

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Miss E.—Mr. Helm, do you believe in love?
Mr. Helm—If the persons concerned really mean it.

Sophomore Notes

Before this number of the Olympus is in the hands of the students our fate will be ascertained. Friday, December 11, has been set apart as the fateful day for the basketball game between the Sophomore and Freshmen girls. The Sophomore line-up is: Center, Edna White; forwards, Lizzie Kegley, Catherine Claypool, Maude Osborne; guards, Margaret Wilson, Carrie Triplett; substitutes, Mabel Springer, Blanche Billings.

So the Freshmen are going to "talk back" about the Sophomore write-up on the football game. Let us advise you not to talk back to your elders, children—only a word to the wise, you know. Now toddle back to your cradles.

When the Sophomore basketball girls were cutting out their numerals, Miss Illand entered the room and unthinkingly inquired how we would make the "2". She soon saw her blunder and beat a hasty retreat from the room.

Our literary society is not prospering as it should. The members are going at it in a half-hearted style, which does not promise success. What is the trouble with us?

Obviously, there is something wrong. Is it brains or "ginger" that we lack?

Edna to Maude—Don't you think you are dementally arranged?
Marion, looking out of the window at the Masonic memorial exercises, "Gee, there's a funeral, but there isn't any hearse."
Freshmen Notes

The Freshmen Class extends its sympathy to George Gred in his recent bereavement.

In the last issue of the Olympus it appears that the Sophs were terribly disappointed because they were not victorious in their late football game with the Freshmen boys. Sophs, there is no use crying over spilt milk. There is no excuse for the Sophs not having time to practice for they had the same advantage as the Freshmen boys did, but they failed to improve those opportunities.

Mr. L.—Miss Mann, watch the formation of frost.
Miss Mann— I can’t stay up so late.
Mr. L.—Hire some cheap boy, then.

The football season is now over, and we are proud to know that one of the Freshmen boys made good on the team.

Who ever noticed that Carrie T. was cool headed?—Mr. L. did.

Inquire of Mallory when he is going to take that trip to Steilacoom, which Mr. Loomis predicted.

Boy—Dew is frozen frost.
Mr. L.—My, but that is a heavy guess.

Every one knows that cold contracts. It is evident that the Sophs came from a cold climate and that was the reason they were too small to play football.

Teacher—Harold, tell me what wisdom is.
Harold—Yes, ma’am. It’s information of the brain.

Teacher—How many kinds of bats are there?
Jimmie—Faith sir, there are four. The black bat, the red bat, the aerobat, the baseball bat, and the brick bat. Ex.

Mr. L.—Let Miss Whate’er-name answer that question.
Alumni

As the holidays draw near, our hearts are gladdened because we know that those who have gone from us to attend the higher institutions of learning will return to enjoy the festivities with us. And in the anticipation of this joyful occasion the students of the Olympia High School wish to extend to each member of the Alumni a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

William Reseger, ’04, and Ada Drake were united in marriage November 24, 1908.

Abe Courtright, ’08, has also saied upon the ship of matrimony with a Seattle girl as his mate.

Jim Ismay, ’08, is attending Pullman this year.

Jo Roe, ’07, graduated from the Beulah Business College, ’08, and is now engaged in Israel’s office.

Floyd Heintze, ’08, and Ellis Mcclellan, ’08, are spending the winter at home.

John Dunbar, ’07, is enrolled at Whitman.

Leon Warner, ’08, and John Briggs, ’07, have taken up their duties as teachers.

Earl Mcintosh, ’06, is attending the Portland Dental School.

Preston Uhler, ’06, is enrolled at the University.

Hugh Schively, ’07, is attending West Point.

Exchange

“Tacoma,” Tacoma, is full of interesting things. Good stories, cuts and poems make it one of the best on our list.

“The Clarion,” Salem, Ore., your story “Big Brother Sees the Game” is good.

The cut for Locals in “The Kyote,” Billings, Montana, was very appropriate. You are to be congratulated for the good stories in your paper.

“Eugene High School News,” Eugene, Oregon, has an attractive cover and well arranged departments.


“The Ocean Breeze,” Aberdeen, Wash., would be improved if the jokes were put in a separate department.

The “Wheat,” Ritzwell, Wash., has a good exchange department. You, too, have good cuts and stories.

Heard During Girls' Basket Ball Practice

Miss Iffland (hopping all around the gym.)—“Hurry up girls! Don't stop! Don't be afraid of the ball, it won't hurt you!”

“Um! Yah! Yah! for Mac!” (Cora made a basket.)

“Foul!! Foul on Laura for hugging!”

Bang! Bang!! Bang!!! Prolonged banging. Fay and Lovina both landed on the ball at the same time.

Miss Iffland: “Oh, dear, I can't do a thing with Fay.”

Thumping and banging from various parts of the field accompanied by the sound of dropping hairpins and side combs.

Miss Iffland: “Oh, girls! girls!! Don't be so rough. This is terrible.”

Mable McKay (very gently): “Please excuse me.”

Less confusion for about a minute.

Miss Iffland: “Foul!! Foul on Edna for walking with the ball!!”

Edna W. (holding ball): “Where is Maude, I can't see her?”

Game stops while everyone looks for Maude. Lizzie at last finds her standing behind Carrie Tripplett and the game is resumed.

Miss Iffland: “Jump, girls, jump!” She keeps jumping to illustrate the command.

Mable H. (who has just run headlong into Fay): “Oh, I beg your pardon, that must have hurt you awfully.”

Fay (turning around in surprise): “Why, I never even felt it.”

Miss Iffland: “Hurry, girls, the time is almost up!”

Commotion in center. Gertrude jumped too high and bumped her head on the rafters.

Viola (a Freshie to Alice, a Soph): “Would you mind getting off my foot? I'm afraid I might trip you.”
Local

We have been exceptionally fortunate this month in having a number of prominent persons appear before the school.

Mr. Clem, of the Olympia postoffice, spoke upon “The History of the Postal Department.”

Mrs. Devoe, Washington’s representative to the National Convention of Woman’s Suffrage, at Chicago, addressed us upon the subject of “Woman’s Suffrage.”

Mr. Benson, of the State University, was here inspecting the school and gave us a short talk.

Tuesday, Dec. 8, Rev. Todd, of the University of Puget Sound, appeared before the assembly.

The Junior and Senior Literary societies gave an interesting program on Wednesday before Thanksgiving. A Christmas program is to be given Friday, December 18.

PERSONALS.

The manager of the O. H. S. Theater has announced the booking of the following attractions:

1. Carl Hehn and Selwyn Harris, in “The Rivals.”
2. Stephen Chadwick, Johnnie Wilson, Boob Mann, in “Babes in Toyland.”
3. Frank Isensee, in “The Chorus Lady” (Hip, Hip Hurray!)
4. Fred Rogers, in “Ten Nights in a Barroom.”
5. Carrie Triplett, in “The College Widow.”
6. Lloyd Haskell, in “The Little Minister.”
7. Paul Harder, in “Beau Brummel.”
8. Clyde Peterson, in “The First Violin.”
10. H. Hoke, in “The Man from Missouri.”
11. Miss Illand, in “The Maid from Holland.”
12. Herbert Mills, supported by Katharine Skillman, in “The Marriage of Kitty.”
13. Mary West, in “Marrying Mary.”
14. Margaret Rankin, in “Peggy from Paris.”
15. Vern Partlow, in “The Girl in the Case.” Mr. Partlow has not announced who will be his leading lady.
17. William Gaston, in “Julius Caesar,” under the management of Miss Isabell Chappell.
18. Maude Osborn, Margaret Wilson and Lizzie Kegley, in “The Three Twins.”
19. Addie Faylor, in “Fluffy Ruffles.”
20. Marian Mann, in “Mlle. Mischief.”
21. Georgie Springer, supported by Lloyd Liggett, in “I Take This Man.”
22. Margaret Eastman, in “The Little Cherub.”

Head of the house—Where is my umbrella?
Little son—Oh, I know. Sister’s beau took it last night.
Big sister—Why, you little wretch, what makes you say that?
Little son—Well, I heard him say “I’m just going to steal one,” when he told you good night.—Ex.

Wallace Mount (in restaurant)—Waiter, bring me a cigar.
Waiter—Tobacco or chocolate?

Miss Smith (explaining the continuation of sound waves)—They get larger the farther they go and finally they get so big they get lost.

Paul (in Junior English)—Weren’t Robin Hood and William Tell ballads?
Heard before the masquerade: "Shall we go to the dance or the 'Devil'?” The girls preferred the former, the boys the latter.

Pearl (in Cicero)—They drained Catiline alone.

Miss B. (in 11th Eng.)—"Lloyd — and Maggie—” (Georgie turned pale.)

A FRESHMAN'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

"Dear Canty Klase—Ples cendi a drum and a Razer and a latin hobby horse, and that is all I want. Don't forget Rusty's Komb and Gastons girl dol and Selwyns baba dress, and Salters stilts, and Mill's Kurling iron and Carry's tomatoes and Edna's pompadore, and Fays hair die, and Clydes fancy sex and Harder wants a new hair cut, but most of all Hokie needs a box of shoe blaking dont forget to bring this to the Hi School. Goodbie, Mr."

After Rev. Todds' address to the High School, Stephen Chadwick was heard to remark: "By gosh, I'm not going out another night!"

Mrs. Devoe (at end of her address)—Is the instructor or teacher of the room present?

Mr. Kreager (at end of her address)—Is the instructor or teacher of the room present?

Mr. Kreager (at end of her address)—Is the instructor or teacher of the room present?

Mr. Loomis asked for the names of favorite books:

Mr. Christopher—I like "To Have and To Hold," pretty well.

Mr. Loomis—That's a very good spirit to have, indeed.

Wallace's favorite book is "Peck's Bad Boy."

Mr. Kreager (in Civics)—How about you, Christopher, do you believe in woman's suffrage?

Christopher—Oh! I don't know, I have friends on both sides.

Miles Grey (looking dreamily out of the window).

Mr. Loomis (comes along)—Now, what's troubling you?

Miles—Oh, nothing; I was just thinking.

Mr. Loomis—Does that happen often?

May B. (singing softly).

Anna J.—Are you sick, may?

Mr. McClellan—If there is a sharp turn in the speaking tube what is the effect?

Jimmie Britt (clapping his hands)—Oh, it'll go 'slam'!

Rogers Makes Good Photographs

and if you have a sitting by the 23d

can get them by Christmas for you
THE OLYMPUS

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