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WHAT'S IN A NAME

SAY, little kid, have you an escort for the Christmas dance? If not, may I?—here were introduced a few preliminary dashes and a gorgeous bow, "may I—er—have the pleasure?"

The person addressed turned an angry, flushed face towards Jim. "You certainly can not have the pleasure, and what's more, don't ever speak to me again!" and with a toss of her head she was gone.

Jim whistled, then glanced ruefully through the door where she had disappeared. "Je—rusalem!" he gasped, "now what under the sun have I done; if girls aren't the darndest things! You never can tell what they are going to do next." With this, Jim threw his books into his desk and sauntered home.

After dinner that evening, a bright idea flashed into Jim's mind. "By Jinks! I have it." He flew to the 'phone and waited breathlessly while central rang the number, then—"Hello—this Jean? Say, look here, I promise I won't take but five dances if you'll go with me—I know I took too many last time, but honest, kid, I couldn't help it—hello! hello!"

He banged up the receiver, his face crimson. "So she thinks she has me down so far that she can sting when ever she feels in the humor—eh, well she'll find out that I'm not the kind that will stand around and wait till she gets into humor again."

With muttered ejaculations, he pulled down the receiver again and called another number. "Hello—Betty? Say, got an escort for the Christmas dance? Good, will you go with me? Sure thing? Thanks—good-bye." He grinned broadly. "Now we'll see how things come out—
not that I give a darn"—he kicked the table viciously, "but—oh gee, it's certainly right that the worse a girl treats a fellow the better he likes her."

The following week things went topsy-turvy, as far as Jean and Jim were concerned. Jim's sour disposition during that week—eternal, it seemed to him—showed plainly what was ailing him. On the other hand, Jean was inwardly raving. "The little cat; I hate, HATE, HATE her! Why did he ask her—what can he see in her?"

Finally the dance arrived. Jim summoned up enough courage to ask Jean for one dance, and Jean had the courage to let him have it, though she did it with the most languid indifference—and Jim gave her to understand that he was asking for it out of sheer politeness.

Would "their" dance ever come? Jean was desperate—Jim's worthy brow was beaded with cold perspiration.

The next one was it—Jim stalked up to Jean—"Our dance, I believe," he said. "Oh, is it?" was the indifferent answer. "Would you mind sitting it out with me—I'm awfully tired."

"Certainly"—he hesitated, then said dubiously, "let's try the conservatory, it's so deucedly hot in here."

When they reached the cool, dark conservatory, Jim broke out desperately, "Look here, Jean, I can't stand it any longer—if you would only explain things to a fellow and give him a chance. You know what I think of you, don't you? If you don't I'm going to tell you right now."

"Please stop," There was a tiny little catch in her voice, but Jim heard it and leaned forward eagerly. "I'll explain matters, although it does seem ridiculous now. But I will not be called 'kid' by anyone any longer. I know it's only a habit, but it made me so mad when you said: 'Have you an escort, little Kid,' that I—I, well I wouldn't stand it—that's all, Jimmy!"

"Well, why in thunder—look at me little Ki—little girl."

THE GIRL WITH A VOICE

WHAT CAME THROUGH THE MAIL.

CHAPTER III.

A week had passed. To Jack Langdon it had been a week of various sensations. Never before in his life had he talked to any girl who had given him a thrill, or made him feel that perhaps, after all, life was worth living. He realized that he was in love. But how about the girl? It was evidently just a common flirtation with her. Why wouldn't she meet him, or at least tell him her full name? Well—there was one consolation, he knew her postoffice address. Box 4172. He would bombard her with costly presents until she would have to let him meet her. With this one plan in mind, he dashed down the street to buy that first present.

Stopping at a leading jewelry store, he looked over various assortments of rings, bracelets and necklaces. He finally found just the thing. "Jove, it's a beauty," he cried as he picked it up. "Won't it look fine on some of those swell clothes she wears?" It was a small heart-shaped locket of dull gold, suspended on a short, rolled gold chain.

That night a tired girl left work and hurried to the postoffice. Oh, yes, there was something in her box. It proved to be a small package; and she hurried out of the room and across the street into the park. There she opened it, and inside was a small golden locket and chain. She knew who had sent it. With an exclamation of joy she drew from her pocket a small piece of newspaper. She tore off all the paper around the picture of a man's face
and inserted it in the locket. The pictured face was that of Jack Langdon.

THE ACCIDENT.

CHAPTER IV.

How long she sat there, looking at that face, she hardly knew. Finally she noticed it was getting late and so started to the 'phone office. She realized she must thank Langdon, but how? With this one question in mind, she started across the street. A warning honk! honk! sounded just behind her and she turned. Her gaze met that of Jack Langdon! He was not driving fast—but the girl was startled. She paused in front of the car, which swerved, and the tonneau hit and knocked her over. The machine was stopped and Langdon sprang out to rescue the now unconscious girl. He lifted her into the car and ordered the chauffeur home.

The girl did not come to on the way home.
cept when Langdon dictated to her his new play. Often-
times work was stopped altogether, for a friendly talk,
walk or a drive in Langdon's automobile. Their friend-
ship ripened as the days went by.

Gradually the man grew morbid, showing plainly
something troubled him. Finally one day the girl said:
"Mr. Langdon, something troubles you; can't you tell me
what it is? I might be able to help you, at least you will
have my sympathy."

And so the man told her of his acquaintance over the
phone and of his love for an unknown girl. Theresa
was the only one Langdon had told of his sorrow. He had
made inquiries at the postoffice as to the lease of Box
4172, but the box was now rented by a business firm. He
had bribed one telephone operator into telling him the
calls that had come from H—— Hotel. He had then
haunted the lobby there, sure that he would know her
should she appear, but his effort had been in vain. He
was despondent now and didn't take interest in any of
his writings. It was very evident that he regarded Thé-
ressa as a sister, to whom he might tell his sorrows. She
now knew all his secrets and saw what kind of man he
had been.

Langdon often neglected society for a quiet evening
at home and frequently he took Theresa to the opera. It
was there one night that Theresa told him of her long
cherished desire to be an opera singer. Langdon was
greatly surprised to learn of this ambition but frankly
told the girl that opera life was no life for her. She
questioned his right of decision on this subject, however,
so he arranged for a hearing for her before a great singer
that was then in town.

(To be Continued).
DOES THINGS,” as we say in our modern parlance. The
man of deeds and power will always be a ruler in his own
right; and the class of individuals who, by natural gifts
and cultivated talents, excel in some particular field of
human thought or activity, will form an aristocracy by
the only “divine right” ever possessed by man—initiative
and originality.”

“The Associated Student Body,” organized the last
of October, is a step in the right direction—a step toward
keeping the social affairs of our school democratic. Sure-
ly it is the height of the ridiculous for us, who are gain-
ing our education at the public expense, to try to be ex-
clusive. This organization has already afforded us two
pleasurable evenings, and will probably give us many more
of them in the future.

Just a word in regard to our cover—How do you like
it? And the best part of it is, it was designed and paint-
ed by a member of the school, Veva Parker, a Freshman.
She has never had a lesson in painting, so considering her
work in the past, it is safe to say that, under a good in-
structor, she bids fair to become a rival of Harrison
Fisher.

“There are no rules for success. Grab an opportuni-
and apply persistency and enthusiasm.”

“Billiken”

“There are enough serious things in life without con-
sidering yourself one of them—”

Elsie Leslie—“What do you do when you divide?”
Florence Everett—“You invert or you turn up side
down.”

“Tom Barker,” said the teacher, “stay in after school
and write a composition of fifty words.” Tom handed
in the following and was soon on his way to the swimming
pool:

“Jessie was fond of kittens. She saw one on the road
and called, “pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy
pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy
pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy
pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy pussy.”

Two in a hammock
tried to kiss—
Quickly landed,
just like this

SUGGESTIONS FOR FRESHMEN.

Freshmen wishing to get up without being called,
should eat self-raising flour for supper.
If your room gets too warm, open the window and see
the fire escape.

Freshmen, fond of athletics and who like good jump-
ing, should lift the mattress and see the bed spring.
If your lamp goes out, take a feather out of your
pillow; that’s light enough for any room.
A spring issue of the “Olympus will be given to any Freshman who can write a more interesting composition on “Sand.”
Sand is used at the seashore as material for lovers to sit on; and by wholesale grocers. It is also useful in proposing and driving away creditors.
Sand is present in almost every locality. It can be heard on the vaudeville stage during the clog dance, can be tasted in strawberries and can be seen in the mud flats—when the tide is out.
Sand is composed of a large number of individuals when the wave comes up and washes these individuals about may be they protest (who knows? human beings do), but the wave doesn’t care. The wave would be glad of it, if it knew.

Sand is often used as a foundation for houses. People who built on sand do it because they like to save up for a rainy day. Sand is also used for scenery in deserts. Indeed, without sand, no desert would have any scenery at all.

Sand sometimes makes storms. When there is a sand storm, it is hard on the eyes. But this is good for oenologists, thus proving that all things have a use.

“Darling,” he breathed, rapturously, “I swear by this great tree, whose spreading branches bear witness to my sincerity—I swear that I have never loved before.”
The girl smiled faintly and observed: “You always say such appropriate things, George. This is a chestnut tree.”

“What is the best way to tell a bad egg?”
“I don’t know—but I should suggest if you had anything to tell a bad egg—why break it gently.”

“Pass me the Review of Reviews,”
The landlady’s eyes did flash—
As a boarder looked absently up,
And solemnly passed the hash.—Ex.

How some people pray. “Oh, Lord, we thank thee for this spark of grace—Water it.”

Mr. Loomis (assigning a lesson in Physical Geography)—“Begin with lightning and go to thunder.”

“No one loves me, sighed the maiden,
As her blushes came and went,
“Some one loves you,” cried he softly,
As he nearer to her bent,
“Who?” she whispered, with a look so tender
That a marble heart would fetch,
Nestled close the maiden waited—
“God, he loves you,” said the wretch.—Ex.

Query—“Did Hercules belong to the Y. M. C. A.?”
Drawing Teacher—“Have you your thumb tacks with you?”
Bright Freshman—“No, but will finger nails do?”—Ex.

Mamma—“Now Willie, you know I told you not to go swimming, and yet you have been in the water.”
Willie—“I know, ma, but Satan tempted me.”
Mamma—“And why did you not tell Satan to get behind you?”
Willie—“I did, and he kicked me in.”

CHINAMAN'S VERSION OF AN AMERICAN TEACHER.

“Teachee, teachee,
All day teachee—
Nigheteen gradee papers,
No one kiss—
No one hudgee—
Poor old maidee
No one lovee.”—Ex.

Mr. Alken (in History IV.)—“According to the Ordinances of 1787—how long was it before the territories could have a voice in the government—Miss Lemon.”
Mildred Lemon—“Not till the inhabitants became five thousand male men.”

Mr. Loomis (in English IX.)—“Did Cotton Mather ever repent of his harshness about witchcraft?”
Catherine Claypool—“Yes, when he was vaccinated.”
Miss Sylvester.—“If you are chewing gum, you may put it in the waste paper basket.”
J. T.—“All right.”
Miss Sylvester (five minutes later).—“What are you chewing now?”
J. T.—“I’m chewing at this old Algebra.”

A teacher in the lower grades was instructing her pupils in the use of the hyphen. Among the examples given by the children was the word, “bird-cage.”
That’s right,” encouragingly remarked the teacher.
“Now, Paul, tell me why you put a hyphen in ‘bird-cage.'”
“it’s for the bird to sit on,” replied Paul.

“Look here—this milk of yours is half chalk. What do you mean by advertising it as pure?”
“Madam,” said the milk manufacturer with reproachful dignity, “to the pure—all things are pure.”

As a reward for good behavior Billy was allowed to come to the dinner table when company was expected. He wanted to appear big, too, so he chose a low chair which brought his mouth just to the top of the table. But he didn’t mind this, because it was on a line with his plate, and he was not so likely to drop anything while eating. He ate ravenously of everything, having nothing to say to the guests, as his mother had told him to remember that good children are seen and not heard. Finally, after dessert when there was a lull in the conversation, he exclaimed, “Dad, you can’t guess what I’ve got under the table!”
“No, my son,” said his father with an indulgent glance, “whatis it?”
“Stomach-ache,” shouted Billy, gleefully.

Advice from Mr. Loomis. “Look out for the man that goes along the street with his hands flopping, head nodding and coat tails flying.”

Jean Todd awoke from a long sleep of three weeks and went immediately to the pool joint where he hoped to learn all the latest news. There he met Everett Hoke and the following conversation took place:
Jean—“Have I missed much?”

Hoke—“Nope.”
Jean—“Has the school given another dance?”
Hoke—“Nope.”
Jean—“Schively sang his song in Assembly yet?”
Hoke—“Nope.”
Jean—“The Spring edition of the “Olympus out yet?”
Hoke—“Nope.”
Jean—“Well, I’m going back home and sleep until there is something doing.”

NOTES FROM THE HI SCHOOL GYM.
During girls’ basket ball practice. Mr. Lyons—“Now girls, you know I do a lot of growling but—”
Maudie R.—“Well, why shouldn’t you, you’re a Hon.”
“Follow the ball,” called Lenora, as she crawled through the netting.
“Be careful and don’t knock the little folks down,” said Mr. Lyon as Elsie soaked the ball at some freshmen.
Blanche fell down and this is what she said: “Don’t touch me, don’t touch me—I’m not hurt but I feel funny.”
Florence Everett—“Kiss me quick, I’m thirsty.”
(Great commotion on the side lines).
“I beg your pardon,” said Mabel as she accidentally slapped Mr. Lyons.

Query—What is the color of “her eyes.” Ask Noyes.

A HEBREW CONVERSATION.
Moses had been to the hospital suffering from appendicitis. Meeting Isaac on the street the following conversation took place:
Isaac—“Good morning, Moses. Were you been so long? I have not seen you dis month yet?”
Moses—“I have been to der hospitl. Did you hear about it?”
Isaac—“No.”
Moses—“Yes, and vile I was dere they took me my appendx away.”
Isaac—“Vat kind of beezees man was you any way? Vy didn’t you haf it in your wife’s name?”
Athletics

The football season was a success financially, if not from any other standpoint. We won two games, tied one and lost three. We scored 21 points and had 97 scored against us. After the second game we secured a new coach, Mr. Case of Whitworth. He was a close student of the new game and made what he could out of the boys.

The men who get their letters are: Northcraft, Schaffler, P. Lawrence, Bailey, Claypool, Todd, E. Wilson, Smith, Schively, Mitchell, Agnew, Craig, Monroe and Sapp.

The following is a review of all of the games except the St. Martin's game, which was won by Olympia, 5 to 0.

PUYALLUP, 13; O. H. S., 0.

The boys were not playing the game that they should have been, they had not, as you might say, mastered the new game. There was not a time when Puyallup was in danger. Agnew played the star game and but for him the score would have been worse.

ABERDEEN, 64; O. H. S., 0.

The Aberdeen team ended the season state champions. They have a wonderful team and it is no wonder that they took us off our feet. The Olympia team played ball all the time, however, and made them work for their scores. Cutey Mitchell starred for Olympia, not allowing a man to pass his way without touching the sod. Our line could not hold so it fell to the backs to get the men. This they did, the game being filled with spectacular playing.

WHITWORTH, 3; O. H. S., 11.

In this game the two teams which Case was coaching met, and the result was a clean victory for the best team. The boys showed good coaching and the result was the largest score we made during the year.

CHEHALIS, 0; O. H. S., 0.

This game was played under the worst of natural conditions. In addition to playing in a lake, they had to play in a perpetual shower bath and a driving wind. The result was a slow game. Olympia showed the best team work but Chehalis had one man that held us down.

PUYALLUP, 7; O. H. S., 5.

The Thanksgiving game was the closest and best game of the season. After being beaten 23 to 0 by Puyallup, we came back and came next thing to beating them. Puyallup made their scores on forward passes. They made a touch back and a touch down. We made a touch back and field goal. The field goal was kicked by Stack, a Freshman, on the third trial. Next year he will make a strong bid for a place on the regulars.
BASKET BALL.
The boys' basketball team is working hard under Coach Lyon and with the advantage of the Y. M. C. A. as a place to practice, should turn out a winning team.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.
After the class games played before Thanksgiving, the squad became much smaller, many of the girls dropping out. Coach Lyons then selected about fourteen girls. These were to continue practicing to try out for the first team. The subs on the first team will constitute a second team. The girls trying out at present are: Edna White, Dena Whitman, Elsie Frederickson, Mabel Spence, Clara Avery, Mande Robertson, Eva Duby, Maggie Hall, Ruth Fitzgerald, Lenora Richardson, Esther Boardman and Blanche Billings.

On Wednesday, December 14, the basket ball girls held a basket ball social at the Y. M. C. A. for the purpose of procuring money to buy suits for the first team. Relay and potato races were run, and a basket ball game was played. Then the baskets were auctioned off by Mr. Schively. The lunches were then eaten, and the social broke up about ten thirty. This affair was a success, both socially and financially.

On October 29, the students and faculty gave a Hallowe'en social at Eagles' hall. This is the first of a series to be given by the High school. The majority of the guests came in ghost attire. About 9 o'clock the lights were turned out and the ghosts entered, each carrying a candle, and marched about the room, after which they unmasked.

After an hour or more spent in games and reception of the Aberdeen football players, refreshments in keeping with the occasion were served.

The lights were then turned low and with candles placed across the room on the floor and the guests seated on the floor. Ghost stories were enjoyed.

After listening to speeches from the A. H. S. and O. H. S. football players, the evening was brought to a close, the building ringing with songs and yells of the two High schools.

An invitation for December 9 has been extended to the High school students and faculty to attend a reception given by the Epworth League of the Methodist church. The object is to have the High school students meet the members of the Epworth League and their cordial invitation will surely be accepted by all.

Another enjoyable High school party was held Saturday evening, December 3, at the G. A. R. hall. Until nine o'clock High school songs were sung and a general good time was enjoyed by all. At nine o'clock the programs were handed out and in a short time all were dancing. This lasted until a late hour. Mrs. Billings, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Lang were the chaperones.
Debating

The tryout for the High school debating team was held near the first of November in Prof. Aiken's office, before Prof. Aiken and three judges, consisting of Mr. McClelland, Mr. Loomis and Mr. Nalder, assistant state superintendent of schools. The judges selected from Louis Brewer, Stephen Chadwick, Travis Ayer, Lloyd Henderson, Boyd Ellis and Harold Henderson—Boyd Ellis, Harold Henderson and Stephen Chadwick.

The question for the annual interscholastic debates is selected by the state board of education and every accredited High school is expected to participate. The state is divided into three districts. We being in the Southwest district are under the control of Prof. Morgan of the state Normal school at Ellensburg. The question this year is, "Resolved, that an income tax should be a part of a federal system of taxation; Provided, that the question of the constitutionality of such a tax shall not be raised." The school that is not defeated in any debate of the series is the champion of that district. After the first debate the team that wins consists of two members, the losing team being out altogether. The O. H. S. heretofore has never been able to win more than twice and for the last two years has lost out in the first contest, but this year it has a better chance than ever before, having an excellent team and a very efficient coach in Prof. Aiken.

Olympia won its first debate from Auburn, Friday evening, November 2, in the Auditorium. It was a very strong team that Olympia went up against. Auburn has been putting out an excellent team for several years and won the championship two years ago. Olympia upheld the negative and Auburn the affirmative. The order of the debate was: Miss Alice Brown, Auburn; Boyd Ellis, Olympia; Russel Holt, Auburn; Stephen Chadwick, Olympia; Claude Walker, Auburn; Harold Henderson, Olympia; Stephen Chadwick, negative rebuttal; Claude Walker, affirmative rebuttal. Both teams very ably defended their respective sides. The rebuttal was handled exceptionally well, Stephen Chadwick entirely outclassing his opponent. The judges were: Judge J. H. Esterday, of Tacoma, W. Q. Osborne, city superintendent of the Tacoma schools and Assistant Attorney General George E. Lee, of Spokane. The decision of the judges was made on a basis of 75 per cent on argument presented and 25 per cent on effectiveness. The time allowed each debater was ten minutes, except for rebuttal, which was given five.

Chadwick and Henderson have both had experience, but this is Ellis' first debate. The team has an experienced coach this year in Prof. Aiken, which gives them an excellent chance to win the championship.

L. V. B. '12.
Domestic Science

A health to the girl that can dance like a dream,
And the girl that can pound the piano;
A health to the girl that writes verse by the ream,
Or toys with high C in soprano;
To the girl that can talk and the girl that does not.
To the saint and the sweet little sinner—
But here's to the cleverest girl of the lot—
The girl that can cook a good dinner!

The second luncheon of the new school year was given by the advanced class, Wednesday, October 2, 1910, when the guests were the Misses Dudley, Sylvester, Coulter and Van Eaton; Messrs. Aiken, Brown, Thoma and Lyons. The decorations were autumn leaves and bunches of grapes. Faith Yantis and Mabel Galloway served the four courses to the satisfaction of everyone.

Another of the dainty luncheons of the year was given Thursday, November 17, to the members of the school board and their wives. This luncheon was in charge of the Misses Elva Woodward and Madge McKay. The color scheme was yellow and white and the table decorations were yellow and white chrysanthemums. Misses Eldon Dille and Lacey Jones served the delicious five course repast to the following guests: Messrs. Beach, Stocking, Townsend and Stentz, and Mesdames Beach, Stocking and Stentz.

A luncheon of no less importance than the ones previously mentioned was given Thursday afternoon, December 1, to the football squad and their coach. Covers were laid for twenty guests, the most who have ever been seated in the Domestic Science dining room. The color scheme of this luncheon was red and white, the decorations being red carnations and red and white pennants. This luncheon was served by the Misses Vera Earle and Vera Chambers.

The noon lunches which are served daily to the students, cafeteria style, are very popular as well as profitable. These are not served for the purpose of making money but for the accommodation of those who wish to patronize the Domestic Science department and sample its work.

V. C. '12.
The weighty question of the Senior Class pin is now a matter of much importance to all serious-minded Seniors. But, we are sure, whatever the final choice, it will be one worthy of the class of 1911.

Miss S. (in German)—"You may tell me the vowels in German, if you please, Mr. Salter."
Mr. Salter (unthinkingly)—"O—U.—"

K. C. (translating in German)—"His breath came in short pants."

That certainly was a splendid girls' championship basketball game between the Seniors and Juniors. We are sure the Juniors realize their narrow escape, and perhaps noticed that they won by just one point gained a fraction of a minute before time was called, while the Senior girls had the best score all during the game.

Mr. Loomis (in English)—"Have you never been drilled in love, Miss Kegley?"
Miss Kegley (blushingly)—"Yes."

A FEW SENIOR LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

Mr. Santa Claus, North Pole.

Dear Sir:
Please bring me a good cook for Christmas. If you have no cooks handy, a Baker will do.
Yours truly,
HANS CHRISTENSEN.

Christmas Number

Dear Santa:
Anything to Phil-up my stocking will do for me but Peggy wants something that will make a Noyes.
MABEL SPRINGER.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a little monkey on a string with a tale.
HUGHEY LAWRENCE.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please send some good weather, 'long about Christmas, so I can go for a Goodro.
HAROLD II.

Dear S. C.
Salt and me wants to be mixed up and 'vided equal.
Yours as ever,
STEVE.

My Dearest Santa Claus:
I'm not at all particular but please send me something to hold my Hans.
B. BAKER.

Meine Liebe Santa Claus:
Bitte sehr geben Sie mir ein kleines Madchen, mit hellen haar und blauen augen, welche Deutschen sprach.
HOWARD CLEASE.

Dear Santa:
Please bring me a Will of my own.
VERA D.

THE SENIOR PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Senior life is but a dream.
For the guy is dead or slumbers,
Who thinks the teachers all are mean.

Senior life is real and earnest!
And the "Sheep skin" is its goal;
Therefore study hard and earnest,
So we'll graduate, a whole.

No enjoyment, for tomorrow
A history test may come our way;
We might flunk and to our sorrow
Get a zero for the day.
Tests are long and Time is fleeting,
By our side stands Loomis, grave,
On the desk his fingers beating,
Watching for a cheating knife.

Do not sleep, get in the battle,
Give the school games life,
Let the Freshmen use the rattle;
We're the heroes—Bet your life!

Make no dates, how'er pleasant!
Just stay home and go to bed,
So tomorrow you'll answer "Present"
When the History roll is read.

Senior Notebooks all remind us
That our lives are not sublime,
But the books we leave behind us,
Will save some future Senior Time.

Notebooks that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A discouraged, fumbling brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
Working early, hard and late,
So our grades we'll not be rueing,
When arrives the fateful date.

—With apologies to Longfellow, LONGFELLOW II.

The basket ball games which are held every year among the classes were played Wednesday, November the twenty third, after school, in the High school gymnasium. A very close game was played between the Senior and Juniors, as from start to finish you hardly knew who would win. During the last half Dean Whiteman and Maude Robertson made several very good plays. Esther Boardman and Lenora Richardson, the Junior guards, were on their guard all during the game, while Elsie Frederickson and Mable Spence, the centers, also played a very good game, and of course, everybody knew how it ended, and what the game next Friday will be like.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE JUNIOR GIRLS' FREAK DAY.

One morning after school had been called, some one noticed that the Junior girls were all absent from the assembly room. Every one was turning around asking their
neighbors where they could be, when suddenly the assembly doors swung open and in rushed the absent ones, looking very nifty in blue flannel skirts, brilliant colored neckties and their hair hanging down their backs in pigtail fashion, tied with thin class colors. Of course there followed a loud applause and three cheers from the Senior boys, which made the Senior girls very jealous, because this was the original idea of the Junior girls of celebrating freak's day.

Miss S. (in German)—“Herr Todd, what does separable mean?”
H. T.—“Something that can be separated.”
Miss S.—“Well, I guess that doesn’t apply in the case with you and your gum.”

Miss Bigelow—“Evert have you your excuse?”
Evert—“Oh, I forgot it.”
Miss B.—“Well, I think you know what to do.”
Ed working an algebra problem on the board, Dena watching him very closely, and every now and then remarking, “Oh, that it not right.” We wonder how they happened to have their problems.
C. S. at the board in algebra. Mr. Brown—“Please move to one side, Charles, you are not very transparent.”
Loyd H., translating in Cicero—“Conscript fathers, if I thought it best to kill Catiline by death.”
Mr. B.—“These problems can all be made shorter and so can all the members of this class.”

On November the thirtieth the Sophomore-Freshman football squads met on the gridiron in the annual clash for supremacy, with the result that our fellows came out victorious.

“Twenty-nine to nothing.”
That was the score.
What could we ask for?
Nothing more.

In a closely contested game of basketball, the Sophomore girls lost out to the Freshmen girls with a score of 7 to 6. At the end of the game the score stood 5 to 5, and being played off, resulted in a basket for the Freshmen girls. Our girls played a splendid game and deserve all kinds of credit for the way they have worked. The Sophomore line-up follows: Bonnie Van Eaton and Grace Grimm, forwards; Clara Avery and Ruth Fitzgerald, guards; Faith Yantis, center, and Eldon Dillie, side-center.

On the last issue of the “Olympus,” the Freshman Class Notes stated that “they lost the ‘cane-rush’ because they were outclassed in number, strength and position on the field.” Now, we unhesitatingly admit the last two causes, but as a matter of fact, the Freshmen outnumbered us two to one.
Miss Bigelow—"No, Jack, this isn't Easy street in English room."

Loseal—"Place a comma between the turtle's head and tail."
Query—"Would the turtle submit tamely to the inscription?"

I. B.—"I can't draw these lines parallel."
Mr. Brown—"Well, draw them as nearly as you can with your eyes."
D. M.—"Brahma, he was a—a—fellow, wasn't he?"
Possibly.

Miss Caskin (to a Phreshman)—"Have you finished washing those eggs?"
"Yes, only I didn't wash them on the inside." How thoughtless.

Yes, Dick, he probably smoked Egyptian Dicties.

R. K.—"Cedar is generally supposed to be the hardest wood."

Yes, Worthy, we don't know who put your name in der Olympus. It was der insuls, emmehow.

M. F. recently discovered an almost perfectly preserved fly-mummy in his tablet. Great excitement was caused by the discovery, and the prehistoric specimen was carefully transferred to Mr. Loomis' room, where it may be seen any time upon request.

L. M.—"A short line is the straightest distance between two points."

Neil gave Ruthy a package of gum—sh-h-h—Miss Sylvester's lookin'.

J. C. C. V. E. V. E. has applied for the important position of High school comedian, four performances to be given daily in assembly hall; second, fourth, fifth and seventh periods.

We know a bright Phresby called Snick,
His voice—Oh, alas and alack!
The assembly all laughed,
But Howard was "daft"
And yelled 'till his yeller turned black.

But in spite of the heroic efforts of the other classes,
our class "yelled to victory" under the able yelling of John Van Etten. That megaphone is a beauty, and we all appreciate the beneficence of the Senior class in awarding it to the school. May we win it next year and the next, also.

And there is that prodigy, Bach.
He sure has a head like a match.
In Latin and Dutch
"Dere ain't nuthin'" none such
(Tho' his head does resemble a thatch).

THE CHEMISTRY STUDENT AT HOME.
"Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mama,
I'm going to make a pie.
For John will be hungry and tired, Ma,
And his tissues will decompose,
So give me a gram of phosphate
And the carbon and cellulose.
And give me a chunk of caseine, Ma
To shorten the thermic fat,
And give me the oxygen bottle, Ma
And look at the thermostat.
And if the electric oven is cold,
Just turn on half an ohm,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home."
Who won the football banner? (FOOLISH QUESTION NO. 23). Won't it look fine to see the crimson and grey banner hanging in front of the assembly hall? This is only one of the numerous victories which will fall to the class of '14.

A great number of the Freshmen boys played in either the first or second football teams. Craig was the only one to win an "O", but Stack and Boardman also played with the first team. We noticed that in the last game of the season, Stack replaced a brilliant (?) Sophomore and made one of the finest drop-kicks ever witnessed on the Olympia football field.

Our girls basketball team was also successful, securing a victory over the Sophs by a score of 7 to 6. In this game the line-up was as follows: Lang, Garrison, forwards; Bethel, jumping center; Duhy, side center; Blakes less, Eddings, guards.

In the football game, between the Freshman and Sophomore class, the score was in favor of the Sophomores, but the latter were so scared of our team that they had to

“rope-in” two players who at any other time would scorn to be called Sophomores. (We don’t blame them).

We are very proud of having in our class, Viva Parker, who has drawn so many of the cuts for this number and who is a member of the Olympus staff.

JOKES

Soph—“There is enough brass in you to line an iron kettle.”

Freshie—“And enough sap in your head to fill it.” Ex.

Miss K. (in history)—“Were there two Peters the Great?”

Student: “No, that’s a case where history does not re-Pete itself.”

Mr. Aikin (to Freshman)—“Is that your father’s signature?”

Freshman—“As near as I could get it.”

Soph.—I am a man of few words.

Freshie.—Yes, but the way you overwork those few is a shame.
Alumni

Boyce Heintzelman and Leo Coulter won honors on the Pullman football team this season. The following are extracts from the Evergreen for November 16th:

"Didn't you see our line team 'em up? Didn't you see Paddy and Coulter make those line bucks and end runs?"

"Coulter......fought to the drop of the hat......and by steady word did wonders towards helping the team make the grand fight that they did make in the last two quarters."

On the roll of honor, at the top of the list, stands the name of Heintzelman, who played a marvelous game, especially on the defense. Battered and torn by the machine-like interference that came around his end time and again, he gave no thought of numbers, and invariably stayed with the rushing mass of opposing brawn and speed until he had captured his man. The awful strain told on him physically, but his 140 pounds of pure nerve and fight brought him up on his feet again, ready for another onslaught. Heintzelman is not overly fast, and he lacks weight, but these two disadvantages are more than balanced by his grit and staying power.

Hugh Schively is attending the U. of W.

Lawrence, '08, is enrolled in the Reutel Business College.

Edna McKenzie is at home for this semester, but may resume her studies after Christmas.

Alice Gottfeld and Mabel Hollman both of '10, are taking a business course at O. H. S.

Dickson Schively and Harry Knox are employed in a garage in Los Angeles.
We have received a large number of exchanges this month and, needless to say, they are all welcome. As we desire to make this year's Olympus a success, we will thankfully receive all criticisms and try to correct any errors that other schools might notice.

WHIMS

Both of your numbers were exceptionally good and show a school spirit that must be very high. "Bob's Success" in the November number was very entertaining. The Giggle and Exchange departments are very well written.

NEWS

Your November number is very good, it is quite an unusual thing to see so many stories in a High School paper. The standard set last year, was a very high one, and up to this time, you have kept up to it in every way.

THE REVIEW (McMinnville College)

The material in your paper is very good. A few more picture cuts would "liven things up" however.

HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY

If your paper were cut in half and made thicker instead of having such large leaves, it would not be so awkward and would make a better appearance.

THE CLARION

Your Thanksgiving number is superior to any number we received last year. The first story, "My Night as a Wild Man" is well worth reading. Should not think you would want to put the account of the Salem-Eugene game in the back of the paper.

THE BUDGET

You are a new addition to our list and you are very welcome—Come again.

We also received the following. Lack of space forbids us to criticize all of them but we shall try to take new papers each issue:

The Native American; The Review (B. H. S.); The Troubador; De Sotoytoman; Crimson and Grey; Neski Wawa; Oasis; Argonaut; The United Amateur; The Evergreen; The Kodak (Eau Claire); The Argus; Our Tattler; Ripples; M. H. Acrolith.

EXCHANGE JOKES

Teacher—"Can any girl tell me why our heads are covered with hair?"
Little Girl—"To have something to pin more hair to"
—Life.

"They tell me your son is on the football team."
"Yes, indeed."
"Do you know what position he holds?"
"I'm not sure, but I think he is one of the draw-backs."

"New girls are magnets."

The midnight oil is burning just before commencement day.
A pulld female wearily and slowly works away.
What? Writing essays? No, you'd better take another guess.
It is a woman finishing the sweet girl's graduating dress.
First Young Lady—"Would you believe it, a strange man tried to kiss me?"
Second Young Lady—Well, he would have been a strange man if he tried it twice."

When Adam, in bliss
Asked Eve for a kiss,
She puckered up her mouth with a coo,
With a look quite elastic,
She said most emphatic,
"I don’t care Adam if you do."

Mr. A.—"Let me carry the dog."
Mrs. A.—(suffergette)—"No, you carry baby, I can’t trust you with Fido; you might drop him."

Little drops of water
Frozen on the walk,
Make those naughty adjectives
Mix in people’s talk.

According to mythology, To died of love—but the chemistry class say C-dide of potassium.

In the Garden of Eden (Adam at dinner, to Eve)—
Good heavens! O these women. They can’t leave anything alone. You have gone and made salad out of my Sunday clothes.
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