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Troy & Sturdevant
Attorneys at Law
Olympia Washington
“Well Mybroie thinks so, too.”

“That settles it. Mybroie knows.”

“Who's Mybroie, fellows?”

“Good Lord, you freshman there! This is nearly Christmas and yet you have the presumption to say you don’t—Oh, you entered late! All right. Mybroie, kid, is the biggest man in this college, or in any college, I guess. Senior and best man we ever had. Played four years of star football; last two years base-ball; runs the quarter pretty close to fifty. He's not one of your crowd but guess we all like him just the same. Profs think more of him than we do. He studies some, president of his class, of course, and, and—oh, what's the use! Wait till you see him.”

“And there he is now, freshie. Take a good look. He's the big fellow with the sweater and foot-ball cap. Look at those shoulders. Handsome chap, too.”

“Who's the man with him—the thin, dark one?”

“Names Hoover. Nobody knows how he ever made that bunch. Queer, you know—reserved and clever, they say. I don't know. But he and Jimmie Mybroie are great chums.”

The freshman looked with reverent awe at the great Mybroie. On the street people always turned to gaze after the big college man, with his swinging stride, his stalwart frame, and his strong, good humored face. And people liked to hear his boyish laugh. It went well with his merry blue eyes and the thick masses of his hair.

Nobody turned to look twice at Hoover. He was not handsome. He was not very tall nor very thin, though people usually thought him both. But set deep in his somewhat melancholy face there were two wonderful eyes—dark and introspective, the eyes of a dreamer. To the outsider, Hoover was merely a quiet chap, with a tendency toward hard study and occasional burst of brilliancy in the class-room. He was important principally because Jimmie Mybroie loved him.

They had entered college together, and between them there
was the strong bond of a fraternity. For four years they roamed together, worked together and together took their youthful pleasures. "Mybroie, the hero"—"Hoover, the dreamer," thus the college knew them. But in the fraternity, men liked them equally, Mybroie for his strength, boyish enthusiasm and open heartedness, Hoover for his quick sympathy and capacity for the best kind of inside work. It was "Hoov" who saved young Stantin from ruin in the sophomore year. "Hoov" who lifted the house debt almost unaided, and "Hoov" who stepped aside to let Mybroie take the presidency of the class. "I couldn't get it anyway," explained Hoover. "And you have it coming to you, old man."

And between the two there had never been a word of quarrel, nor a thought of envy or reproach.

Hoover sat at his table upstairs, a wet towel around his head and a little wrinkle of perplexity on his forehead. On the page before him Greek characters leered and grinned and jostled each other. He picked out a particularly annoying word and struck it with his fist. "Hang you, anyway" he groaned and shutting the book leaned back in his chair.

It was one o'clock and the fraternity house was still. "Guess I'll go to bed," yawned Hoover. "Jimmie's been there two hours—lucky dog." He cast an envious look at the double cot whereon lay a wide-spread form emitting the snores of healthy youth. "Lucky dog—old Mybroie."

Somebody knocked. "Come in," said the senior.

It was one of the freshmen, "a good-looking kid—an awful kid, too," thought Hoover.

At half-past two o'clock Hoover crawled into bed. He grumbled a little, softly, at the loss of sleep. For during an hour and a half he had comforted the heart of a troubled boy and showed him the way out of his maze of difficulties. It was not serious, perhaps, but Hoover did not sleep for hours, thinking of the lad's gratitude and his parting words, — "Good-night, Hooy, somehow I've never known you before tonight. I—I can't thank you enough." And Hoover was a senior studying for exams.

And just then the Girl appeared. Evidently she intended to register. From afar the guardians of the steps with a kind of fascinated awe, saw her approach. For the Girl walked with an erect, graceful poise that filled masculine hearts with tremors; and she had dark hair and eyes—eyes that looked one frankly in the face with the free glance of comradeship. Her face was sweet and merry with a half serious look.

Mybroie happened along, talking in his impulsive way to a bunch of fellows bound for the gym, and met the Girl at the steps.

The next week the big captain met her more formally at a dance. Jimmie went home indecently late, but he woke up the sleeping Hoover. "By Gorge," said Jimmie, setting on his room-mates bed, "She's a queen, Garry!"

Hoover laughed. "Jimmie," he said, "You're too much of a hero to fall in love. Heroes can't eat and drink like ordinary mortals." And he turned over and slept again, while Jimmie, being young and healthy, heaved a mournful sigh as he climbed out of his glad apparel. He never stopped to indulge in dreams, for his heart and muscles were too large. Nevertheless, he thought a good deal about the Girl's clothes, face and eyes in a vague, confused jumble of pleasant sensations.

Hoover sat at his table, viewing a small something before him. Finally he placed it farther back on the table and regarded it with sad eyes. It was a little picture,—the picture of a girl in a big sweater and tam-o'-shanter with a pair of skates over her shoulder—the picture of a girl with dark hair and eyes that looked one frankly in the face with the free glance of comradeship. Her face was sweet and merry with a half serious look. It was a picture she had given him when he was a senior in High School. He looked once more at the little picture and then with a sigh set to work at his Greek.

After a while Mybroie came in. In his eyes shone a reverent light and his step was glad and buoyant.

"Old man," he said, "I've news for you! Quit that everlasting Greek for a while. Your grades can stand it. I tell you I have news for you."

Hoover looked up at his chum. "What is it?" he asked.

The boy came across the room and laid his hand on the others shoulder, standing there a moment, his blue eyes affectionately on the melancholy face of the man who loved him.

"She told me this afternoon," he said in a low tone as one speaks of something sacred. "Hoov, dear old man, she loves me."

Minutes passed and neither spoke. Mybroie was thinking.
of the girl whom he loved and Hoover was gazing once more at the little overturned picture on the table.

Mybroë broke the silence first, "Somehow, How, I couldn't believe it, but now I know it—I know it. And I had to come and tell you first of all. You have the right and you can understand."

Hoover's fingers sought a bit of paper lying on the table and he crumpled it in his palm. The fingers trembled slightly but his voice was steady and gentle. "Thank you, Jimmie."

"She wanted me to tell you," went on the other, "because she likes you."

"The older man's face did not change but there was just a queier in his voice. "Well, Jimmie,—my chum,—my dear old chum,—God bless you! You deserve her. I've known you for years, Jimmie. Four years, we've been here together, and I want you to tell her I understand. Will you tell her just that for me?"

"Why, sure," answered Mybroë. "And I must go, Garry. Sorry I can't stay and talk this over with you, but I must go down in the country to-night and tell my folks. They'll be glad to hear about it." He held out his hand.

"Good-night, How."

"Good-night, Jimmie."

The door closed and Hoover heard Mybroë run down the steps. Lights flashed out here and there toward the distant city, and voices called to each other in greeting or farewell. He heard the men coming in from college and a bunch of tuneful freshmen in the hall swung into the crashing chorus of a football song. In the street below a man's voice sounded, "Good-night. I'll see you tomorrow," and the Girls' answered in tones clear and sweet. Hoover laid his head on his arms.

After a while he looked up. The room—his room for four years of mingled joy and sorrow—was shadowed in the dusk, but one ray of pale light still came from the gray west, and it shown on the laughing face in the picture.

For a long minute Garry Hoover stretched out his arms with a gesture of entreaty but the merry face did not answer. Then a slow smile of resignation spread over his white face as he said softly, "It's all right, little girl, I understand, and its all right."

M. C.—'12.

A LETTER.

WHEREIN IT HAS BEEN ENDEavored TO SHOW JUST WHAT A GIRL THINKS OF ATHLETICS.

Dear Bob:—A girl really doesn't know very much about athletics in general, nor foot ball in particular. About all most girls see is the heroic side of that strenuous game. They generally idealize the hero, and don't want to believe that there is anything other than glory in foot ball.

They used to say that girls fell in love with brass buttons, but now I almost believe that brass buttons are out of date and that a "pigskin" reputation "gets there" quicker with most modern girls. But still, Bob, I haven't much use for the girl who goes mad over a fellow just because he happens to be strong enough to half kill another in a tackle, have you?

Why, I have seen many players downed by about twenty others, and then another husky lad come along and jump on the pile, for the mere joy of bouncing, I suppose. Somehow, I couldn't see anything particularly glorious in it.

It's the nerve of the game that appeals to girls, for of all the qualities in boys that girls admire, nerve comes first. Still, after the excitement of the game has died away, she will not admire you very deeply unless you have a few other good qualities besides nerve. But, Bob, no girl can help but admire an athletic boy and I think its right, because athletics is truly manly if it is manly at all. So don't give up athletics entirely, even if foot ball must go.

Of course you won't. But I've heard that you were talking of it, and I thot I'd give you a little encouragement by giving you a girl's opinion of athletics, though it may not count for much.

A fellow at your age who cares more for athletics than girls and society is admired a great deal more than the other
kind, even by the gentle sex. Anyway, Bob, you need athletics; if you are going to be a man, be a strong one if possible. Yet even things up, don’t be all muscle and no brains, nor viss versa.

A girl doesn’t like an “ox,” nor a “Miss Willie,” nor a “Miss Briney,” if you understand what I mean by those species. She’d rather you wouldn’t be a glorious shining star in athletics, and a “light that failed” in everything else. If either brains or athletics must go, of course it’s up to athletics to gracefully withdraw, but I can’t see why it should ever come to such a crisis.

Be strong in body as well as in brains or society, Bob, and you’ll be all right. Be sincere and don’t try to “be what you ain’t.” That’s one thing about athletics—you must have the real stuff in you, for bluffs don’t count for much there.

Athletics will go a long way with girls but not quite all the way, so fill out the rest with sincerity, kindness and earnest purpose and brains, and you’ll be a man whom girls won’t need a lamp to find.

Your friend.
over your record to see if you are setting an example worth following?

Sophomores, don't spend all of your time rubbing it into the freshmen. It hasn't been so very long since you were freshmen and you had better spend your time correcting your freshmen ways.

Freshmen, we know you are sort of working under difficulties. Such a large freshman class never has any superfluous class or High School spirit but just keep "digging" and you will "get there."

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The Editor's Plea.

Please! Please! Please! hand in material for the Olympus. A joke, a story, a poem or anything will be gratefully received. But if you hand something in and it is not used you may be sure there is some good reason for it.

The Olympus cannot be merely the work of the Editors. They must have your help and support. When you feel inclined to "kick" about the paper, just ask yourself this question, "How much have I contributed toward the Olympus?"

----------

Say! If you are looking for a joke, glance over at the Freshmen this year and you'll find one hundred and seven. Perhaps there are some who do not understand the term "Freshman" and would like to have it explained. Briefly speaking, they are a species of animal with a very large head the first day at school. They thrive on milk, and if properly cared for, will some day become Seniors.

They come to school the first day, in the dewy hours of the morning, and await the opening of those mysterious doors which they have heard lead to knowledge. They indeed look very brilliant, adorned with eight grade diplomas, and the first day they usually attend twelfth year English or other Senior studies. When they drag their weary feet home that evening the swelling has gone out of their heads and their mothers comfort them with something like the following:

"Rock-a-bye 'Freshie' up in the tree top,
When you grow up, you'll get to be cop."

Soph—"It's gone, this is the second."
Freshie in surprise—"Where did it go?"
"The bees are swarming, and there's no end to them," said farmer Jones, coming into the house. His little boy came running in a second afterwards and said there was an end to one of them anyhow and it was red hot.

Freshie in hall—"Where is the first period?"

Cap.—"My face hurts me." (An undisputed fact.)

Lady—"What a polite little boy you are."

Kid—"Yes'm, I'm in training for a gentleman burglar."

Miss Hays in Civics—"I thought they gave Penn three degrees, and he only got two."

McE. (in chem.)—"In lab. work the boys should have a pair of overalls and the girls also a pair of—that is aprons."

The motorist emerged from beneath the car and struggled for breath. His helpful friend, holding the oil can, beamed upon him. "I've just given the cylinder a thorough oiling, Dick, old man."

"Cylinder?" said the motorist hesitantly, "that wasn't the cylinder, it was my ear."

Edna C. laughingly translates—"The wife of a poor man was very sick."

Miss S.—"You must not feel very sorry for her."

Love intoxicates a man,
Marriage sober him up.

Please confer a favor on the author by laughing once in a while.

Charlie—"So a girl winked at you the other day? What followed?"

Gordon—"I did, of course, you mus."

Miss B.—"You are always behind with your studies."

Tubby—"If I wasn't I couldn't pursue them."

Gym Teacher—"Did you take a bath?"

Freshie—"No is there one missing?"

Pete Maynard.

"The very best did flunk, O slush! That ever this should be! Yea, horrid marks adorned the card, And it belonged to me!"

Mr. Post's yell seemed particularly appropriate coming as it did after the exam in Algebra III.

Soph.—"Just wait till you're a wise Sophy."

Fresh.—"I'll have to wait longer than that to see the wisdom in you."

C. F. (in Alg. I)—"I ain't got my algebra this morning."

Miss S.—"Oh, ain't yuh."

You can fool some of the teachers all of the time, and all of the teachers some of the time, but you can't fool Post any of the time.

Miss Sylvester, translating a proverb in German I.—"You know you can't get a goose egg from a canary."

J. B.—"No but you can get one from a Post."

Mr. Post in Algebra III.—"The class didn't know anything yesterday and today you divided it by two."

Charlie Fullerton.—"There will be a Freshman class meeting in room 5." It seems this ex-freshman's memory has not grown with his class.

Mr. Me. in Physics.—"While I forgot let me explain."

Criticism on Themes.

Pupil reads.—"We went to see the fire. It was on Fourth Street. It took place last Saturday. It was a big fire. They put it out soon."

Miss P.—"I like that. It is 'brief and to the point.'"

Soph. (after the pennant fight.) "Don't touch my head!"

Anxious parent.—"Why?"

Soph.—"Don't you know those Freshies weigh some?"
Athletics

The Athletic season for the school year of 1911-12 has started with a rush and the prospects that it will be the best in all branches of athletics, that the school has ever known.

Football.

Twenty-five or thirty boys are trying out every night under the capable instruction of Coach Post. Among those turning out are Billings, Mitchell, Johnson, Agnew, Smith, Northerstadt, Bailey, Schively, Mallory, Schaufler, Claypool, Sapp, J. Todd, H. Todd, O'Neil, Kegley, Martin, Root, Oueltte, Wm. Dunkelberger, H. Dunkelberger, Morford, Van Eaton, McKinney, Boardman. The team will be one of the strongest in the history of the school.

Saturday, September 30th, the High School played the first game of the season with Puyallup and started the ball rolling by trimming them to the tune of 3 to 0. Sapp made the only score by a difficult drop-kick from the thirty yard line. Johnson started at half. Four ten minute quarters were played but it was only in the last part of the third and the fourth quarters that the boys woke up and played a snappy game. The line up was as follows: Northerstadt, center; Bailey, left guard; Claypool, right guard; Schaufler, left tackle; Schively, right tackle; Sapp, left end; H. Todd and Martin, right end; Mitchell, quarter; Billings, full back; Johnson, right half; Smith and Agnew, left half.

The schedule for the season is:

Sept. 30, Puyallup at Olympia.
Oct. 7, Whitworth College at Olympia.
Oct. 14, Hoquiam at Hoquiam.
Oct. 21, Tacoma at Tacoma.
Oct. 28, Queen Anne at Olympia.
Nov. 4, Centralia at Centralia.
Nov. 11, Chehalis at Olympia.
Nov. 18, Aberdeen at Aberdeen.
Nov. 25, Centralia at Olympia.
Nov. 30, Everett at Everett.

Girls Basketball.

The first week of October the girls will start practice and from present indications will defeat all teams they meet this year.

Boy's Basketball.

The boys under Captain Vern Lawrence have already started to play practice games against town teams and give promise of making for themselves a good record.
INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

The new year has begun in Domestic Science with a new teacher, Miss Pelton, in charge and Miss Ethel Coulter, who was with us last year, as assistant. Our work this year will be similar to last years, that of the advanced class will be chiefly giving luncheons.

The Domestic Science classes are painting little water color scenes under the supervision of Miss Jones, the new drawing teacher. Later we expect to take the work on house planning and interior decorating.

MANUAL TRAINING.

Manual Training in O. H. S. this year has received a new impetus with the appearance of Mr. Gabriel as instructor. He comes to us from Racine, Wisconsin, where he has acquired much practical experience in shop work and drafting, and greater things may be expected from this department.

Two courses in wood working are being given, consisting of cabinet work and furniture making. Already, outside of the shop work, a part of the staining and cabinet work in the new Post Office interior has been successfully done by the M. T. boys. So far the work has consisted of joints and joinery, cabinet making and furniture making.

Arrangements have also been completed whereby a three year course in Mechanical Drawing is offered. The Freshman year consists of lettering, conventions, orthographic and isometric projections, cabinet projections and working drawings.

The Sophomore course includes lettering, projections and developments, machine conventions and machine drawing, including details and assembling.

The advanced course takes up architectural or advanced machine drawing, the last named being optional.

About fifty-one have enrolled so far.

With nothing lacking in attractiveness and entertainment to make it a charming social event, the annual reception given by the High School students for the members of the faculty, on the evening of Friday, September fifteenth, was one of the most pleasant in the history of the school. The Women’s club, where the reception was held, was attractively decorated with quantities of red dahlias, evergreen, and maiden hair fern, Howard Farrington being the designer. In the parlor downstairs the informal reception was held and the following program added to the evening’s pleasure. Miss Neta Perring rendered a piano solo, Miss Eldon Dille and John Dille gave a violin and mandolin duet, a piano duet was given by Misses Blanche and Nettie Bethel, Miss Mildred Haskell gave a recitation, vocal solos by Carroll Reinhart and Miss Eva Ray were enjoyable features. Dancing was enjoyed upstairs and delicious refreshments were served in the banquet hall, where little tables were trimmed with maiden hair fern.

The committees to whom the success of the evening was due were as follows: Decorating committee, Jack Heermans, Ruth Fitzgerald, Helen Blakeslee, and Harvey Wood. The entertainment committee, Blendine Hays, Eldon Dille, Dorothy Lang and Ronald Kegley. The refreshment committee, Carroll Reinhart, Eva Woodard, Maud Yelverton, and Angela Boardman.
Seniors.

Well, Seniors, we are certainly starting out with the right spirit for our last year. The only thing to do is to keep this spirit up. It is our last chance and we want to do all that we can for our school. We won the membership contest for the Athletic Association, so now let's set an example for the other classes to follow. All of the offices of the Athletic Association are filled by members of our class, so let us show them what we can do.

Our class is making quite a showing at football this year. Schively, Bailey, Smith, Agnew, Billings, Mallory, Todd, Northcraft and Root are all turning out and will probably win a letter. At least we hope that they will.

We are glad to welcome Jack Root to our class. Also Elma Wilder who entered with our class.

On September sixth the Senior class held a meeting for the purpose of electing officers for the first semester. The following officers were elected:

President ....................... Gordon Billings
Vice President .................. Betty Street
Secretary ....................... Blanche Hays
Treasurer ....................... Jack Heermans
Sergeant at Arms ............... Will Dunkelberger
Yell Master ..................... Charlie Schively
Class Editor ................... Grace Hewitt

The Senior president has appointed a committee to select a class pin, so don't be surprised some day, in the near future, when you see each member of the class adorned with a new pin.

The teacher's reception was a grand success and it was certainly a credit to the Hi School. The Seniors ought to feel quite proud seeing that they had charge of the affair.
JUNIORS

Here we are, Jolly Juniors, at last, more than half way to the windows, and to the highest goal of our ambitions—to be a Senior.

The class opened this year with an enrollment of forty-one. Our ranks have been swelled by four men students from other schools: Vivian Hindley, Georgia Bell, Lois Buckingham and Zula Michael, also by the returning of an old classman, Harry French. We extend a hearty welcome to them all.

The Junior class has done its duty by the football team by contributing four star players, Dick Mitchell, Jack Claypool, Louis Schaufler and Ward McKinney. We are sure if the boys play as cleverly as they did last year, they will bring honor to their class. So here's luck! Brace up boys and show what stuff you're made of!

ALGEBRA THIRD.

O, Freshman, you ask us Juniors why
Our shoulders are stooping so fast.
Our eyes are dim, our faces sad
And all our mirth is past?

When we, dear child, were young and gay
(And it matter not how green)
We took a subject called Algebra
As you have, too, I ween.

Our lessons were easy, our hearts were gay,
Each flitted thru life like a bird;
But alas! dear child, those times are past,
We're now taking Algebra Third.

In place of Miss Ifland, so helpful and kind,
We now have an ogre, monstrous and grim.
If we've studied five minutes or studied five hours
It makes no difference to him.

For, child, when his mystical questions he asks
To our inexpressible woe
There are just three words that will come to our tongue
And they are, "I don't know!"

When the lessons are hard and we don't understand
And we beg him to 'please explain,'
He tells us to "Look in the dictionary."
And to "think" and our questions are vain.

His red-book is filled with goose-eggs, my child,
But his heart is happy and gay
For he knows that he frightens us out of our heads
And scares wits and words away.

The months stretch before us so dreary and long
For e'en hope has passed out of our lives,
And we know that we'll all be in padded cells
Ere the final exam arrives.

And so, little Freshman, be glad while you can
And happy ere joy is all furled
By the fears and horrors that you will soon know
When you're taking Algebra Third.

—Sum, '13.
The second year of our High School life has begun and we are glad to have so many of last year's classmates with us. Let us hope we shall have them with us throughout our High School career.

We are glad to say that we have gotten over the "kindergarten age" and have settled down to actual work.

At a recent class meeting the following officers were elected:
President .................................. Charlie Fullerton
Treasurer .................................. John Dille
Assistant Treasurer ..................... Grace Garrison
Doorkeeper ............................... Worthy Schneider

We also have abolished the office of secretary, as we did not think it necessary.

As for the cane rush which took place September 7th, the Sophs were victorious, as you would surmise.

Another thing—we want to congratulate the Freshies on having a boy that entered with the class of 1912 take the pennant down for them. We knew they couldn't do it alone.

The pennant was put up on one Thursday night at 11:30 and was kept up until Friday night at 9:00 p. m. This is the record breaker.

A vote of thanks was extended to Dr. H. Partlow and Miss Loraine Percival for the kindness toward our boys in the pennant fight.

---

**FRESHMEN**

**CLASS OFFICERS.**

President .................. Harold Schaffer
Vice President .......... Merle Morford
Treasurer ................ Ronald Kegley
Secretary ................ Lewis Mosgrove
Sergeant at Arms .......... Harold Dunkelberger

Annual cane rush between Freshmen and Sophomores came off September 7, 1911. Many honors were received by the valiant Freshmen.

Pennant was lowered to ground by Freshmen! September 7, 1911.

The Sophomore boys came home that evening about half past nine, their backs soaked with mud and water, tired out with what the Freshmen termed "a few hours job." They are soon to see that the Freshmen are capable of getting the pennant and of keeping the school awake also. They have not gotten acquainted yet, with the class of '15.

A meeting was called to order by the Freshman president and it was decided that purple and gold are to be the colors for our class.

Olympia has won its initial game over Puyallup with a score of 3 to 0. We are proud to note that one of our boys, Lewis Musgrove, helped win the game.
ALUMNI.

Many of last year's class are now attending some higher institution of learning and in almost all of the large colleges of the west can be found a Olympia graduate.

Selwyn Harris, '11, is taking up journalism in the University of California.

Harriet Chadwick, '11, is in Washington, D. C., taking a course in music and domestic science.

Mildred Lemon, '11, is attending Pomona college in California.

Leo Coulter, '08, is again at Washington State College and will fill a position on the Varsity eleven.

Mabel Springer, '11, is taking a course in domestic science at the University of Washington.

Stephen Chadwick, '11, a prominent member of last year's Senior class has been elected president of the Freshman class at the University of Washington.

Margaret Rankin, '11, is at Whitman taking a course in music.

Kay Claypool, '11, is also taking a course in music at Whitman.

Dick Schively, '10, is at the U. of W.

Noyes Talcott, '11, is studying the jewelry business at Seattle.

Verne Partlow, '10, is attending the University of Oregon, and is studying medicine.

Harry Knox, '10, is at the U. of W.

Hugh Schively, '07, is a substitute on the Varsity at Seattle and took part in the U. of W.-Lincoln game.

Boyce Heintzelman, '07, is a Senior at W. S. C.

Martha Bustrack, Harold Henderson and Katherine Goodro of the '11 class are attending the U. of W.

Alice Gottfeld, '10, is also at the U. of Washington.

EXCHANGES.

In criticizing a High School paper the conditions and the paper's individuality must be taken into consideration, so that no positive standards for comparison can be set. But looking over some of the best publications we have a few suggestions that might be helpful. For instance—Every paper should have a table of contents and its address in a conspicuous place.

A great many editors think that mixing jokes with the ads attracts attention. We think the paper is more attractive if the jokes and ads have a separate place—and those who will read the ads will do so whether the jokes are there or not.

Too many class editors fill their department with jokes. Turn your jokes in to the joke editor and use good, live class news. It is always more interesting.

Then, again, some papers have a column headed "Exchanges" with two or three criticisms under it and numerous jokes. Jokes are always good but the paper will be neater if they are in their own department and not in the exchanges.

COMMENTS.

News, Eugene, Oregon Your commencement number is especially good. A table of contents would improve your issue.

Satoyoman—We were unable to find your address in the commencement number. Your literary and exchange departments are good.

Troubadour, Portland, Ore.—A few more departments would make your paper more attractive. Your Senior Prophecy and Knocks are both very clever.

Argonaut, Mansfield, Mass.—Separate your departments. The comments are lacking in your exchange department.

Review, Sacramento, Cal.—We congratulate you on the success of your commencement number. Your paper is strong in every department, and has an exceptional appearance.

High School Record, Camden, N. J.—There is no school news in your paper. More headings would be an improvement. The Senior department in the commencement number is good.
Exchange Joker.

A decrepit old gas man warned Peter,
While hunting around for the meter,
Touched a leak with his light,
He arose out of sight,
And as any one can tell by reading this,
It also destroyed the meter.
Jim (in candy store)—"Have you any fresh sweet chocolates?"
"Yes," said the sweet girl behind the counter.
Jim: "Have you any as sweet as yourself?"
She: "Yes, but none as fresh as you."
She (in a friendly tone)—"Are you going to take supper anywhere tomorrow night?"
He (eagerly)—"Why no, not that I know of."
She (serenely)—"Why, won't you be hungry next morning."

Women's faults are many
Men have only two—
Everything they say
And everything they do.
"They put the throne on Napoleon's head."
"What?"
"Nor—er—they seated Napoleon on the crown."
Freshman—Irresponsible.
Sophomore—Irrepressible.
Junior—Irresistable.
Senior—Irreproachable.
A watch may have no gender,
But you really can't efface
The fact that nearly always
There's a woman in the case.
We sing a little song,
We have a little chat,
We make a little fudge
And then I take my hat,
I take her hand and say good night,
Just the nicest way I can,
Now, isn't that a dence of a night
For a great big healthy man.
The people are fast learning that DR. RIDGEWAY, the
OPTOMETRIST, is the right man to test their Eyes and
fit their glasses. 220 E. Fourth St., Olympia, Washington.
Telephone 194.

Miss Eunice M.
Sylvester
Art Needlework Supplies,
Pillows, Stamped Materials
Designing, Stamping,
Perforating, Stenciling.
215 E. 4th St. Olympia

Hugh Ross
The Druggist
Conklin's Self Filling Pens
Lowney's Chocolates
Patton's Sun Proof Paint
Standard Varnishes
118 6th St. Olympia

October 23, 1911
Dear Friend—All flour is made out of wheat, but some wheat is better than others; therefore some flour is better than other kinds. When you get real good flour it raises nicely and makes good bread. I love good bread. We have good bread at our house. We make it out of Pyramid flour.
Yours truly,

L. E. Moore
Pictures
and Framing
118 6th St. Olympia

Miss Eunice M.
Sylvester

Hugh Ross
The Druggist

L. E. Moore
Pictures
and Framing

Mills & Cowles
SPORTING GOODS
of every description—Spaulding line.

New Winter Suits
in all the newest shades for
Men and Boys
The Emporium
A. A. GOTTFELD
211 Fourth St. Opposite City Hall

The latest in
Millinery
at
Mrs. S. Musgrove's
114 Sixth St.

Jeffers' Studio
The only up-to-date studio in the city. Sittings
made night or day. Special prices for all school
work.

Phone 369-R. Cor. Fifth and Washington Sts.
Ground Floor

Do you need flour, Jacob?

Yours truly,

Reder & Lewis,
Phones 31-19

E. 4th St.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Mills & Cowles
SPORTING GOODS
of every description—Spaulding line.

New Winter Suits
in all the newest shades for
Men and Boys
The Emporium
A. A. GOTTFELD
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The only up-to-date studio in the city. Sittings
made night or day. Special prices for all school
work.

Phone 369-R. Cor. Fifth and Washington Sts.
Ground Floor

Patronize Our Advertisers
Farrington
The High Standard Store
carries absolutely the "Best" in Paints,
Oils and Varnishes; also a complete and varied line of
Wall Papers
310 East Fourth St.  Olympia, Wash.

Williston's
Post Cards, Glassware,
Notions, Toys
If you can't find it anywhere else, come here.
418 East 4th St.

Fresh Fish,
Oysters and Clams, Crabs and Shrimp, Smoked and Kippered Salmon and Salt Fish.
Olympia Packing Co
Joseph Zambelin, Prop.
Cor. W. 4th and Water St.

Olympia Repair Shop
Electrical and Machine work, lock and gunsmithing
Chas. Lindley, Prop
214 W. Fourth Street

Indian and Flanders
Motorcycles, Bicycles and Supplies
W. G. Ashley, 313 Columbia St,

..Sawyer & Filley..
Are now at the Corner of Fourth and Main Sts.
Olympia  Washington

F. G. Blake,
Insurance that Insures
Real Estate and Insurance Agent
Loans negotiated. Rents collected and Taxes paid for non-residents
Olympia  Washington

M. O'Connor
Pictures
Stationery
Kodahs
School Books and Supplies
Fountain Pens
Main St. Olympia, Wash.
Telephone 53

For Styles and Quality in FOOTWEAR see
Arlitt & Ward
Successors to Stevens & Co.
327 Main St.

When in need of
Clothing, Hats, Shoes or Gent's Furnishings
it will pay you to give me a trial
I. M. Citron,
Cor. 5th and Main Sts.

Olympia Produce Co.
Wholesale and Retail
Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Groceries
If You Want To Save Money Try Us.
Olympia, Washington

304 East 4th St.  Telephone 683
Magazines and Stationery
... at ...

The Smokehouse

Talcott Bros. | Rabeck’s Music House

Jewelers and Opticians

a complete stock of Pianos, Edison and Victor Phonographs and Records and Musical Merchandise

424-426 Main St., Olympia

Olympia Grocery Co.

Fancy Groceries

C. J. Van Eaton

ONLY ONE LIGHT
That is healthful, safe, clean and satisfactory—and that is

ELECTRIC LIGHT

Blankenship-Lee Printing Co.

...Printers

We solicit your patronage

Curtis Egbert
Dentist
McKinney Block, Olympia
Phone 105

Star Laundry
Oldest Largest and Best
T. G. Agnew & Son
Phone 254 203 Main St.

Victor VICTROLAS
$15, $25, $40, $50, $75, $125 $200
Easy payments
E. E. TAYLOR,
314 E. Fourth St.

Plumbing Heating
For new work or repairs Always at your service
McNeill, Schlosser & Guiles
312 Franklin St. Phone 369
Vogue Clothes for Young Gentlemen

Fall and Winter 1911-12

are now on sale. You will find it to your advantage to call and inspect these garments—study carefully the artistic, graceful lines and observe the features not found in any other clothes. Consider this an invitation to call.

PACKARD
DRESS
SHOES

THE WARDROBE,
Cram & Mahlum, Props.

Save For A Home!

Saving and home owning go hand in hand. "The Olympia Building & Loan Association has made it possible for every frugal man to own his own home. Every high school student should have correct knowledge of building and loan work, such knowledge can be had free of charge at our office. Questions cheerfully answered by

JAMES McDOWELL, Sec'y

F. H. SCOTT C. A. MARSHALL

Scott's Grocery

High-Grade Groceries
Flour and Feed

Telephone 171
329 Fourth St.

Sticklin Undertaking Co.

Professional Funeral Directors
Licensed Embalmers
Office County Coroner

Phone 212
Olympia, Wash. 414 Franklin St.
We are headquarters for the newest and most up-to-date House Furnishings in Olympia. YOU will find it to your advantage to examine our immense stock before you buy.

We thank you in advance for your future patronage and will be glad to help you in furnishing your home with up-to-date furniture.

J. E. KELLEY
502-10 East 4th St.
OLYMPIA
Phone 247

We are ready to serve you in our new place of business. There is nothing in the state of Washington more up-to-date than this store. None undersell us.

Mottman Mercantile Co.

Capital City Creamery
Manufacturers of
BUTTER AND ICE CREAM
Every Pound of Butter Guaranteed.
Give Us A Trial

Klumb Bros., Props.