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Get Father and Mother
A NICE EASY CHAIR FOR CHRISTMAS.
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On Christmas Eve

I jerked out my watch with characteristic impatience. Just one hour had elapsed since Dr. Brer had telephoned me to be at the station "immediately." I was pacing up and down the platform, crunching the crisp, sparkling snow under my feet, and framing an oration on punctuality, that would make Doc sit up and take notice. Just as I had reached a hair-raising climax, who should come tearing across the landscape but the Doctor himself. He looked so tired and unhappy that I forgot all about my little oratorical masterpiece, and turned my attention to the incoming express.

After we were comfortably seated on one of the customary brilliant red plush seats, I proceeded to demand an explanation. Doc grinned and then looked sober.

"Well, you see it was this way. I phoned you as soon as I heard from Mary that she was expecting both of us on the 6:30. The usual thing, of course, had to happen. One of the boys dropped in and began falling over the furniture and musing things up in general. There was only one thing to do,
stay with him until he came out from under the influence of his Christmas treat. That took an hour, and I spent 80 minutes delivering a lecture on how to spend Christmas eve, and the other fifteen getting to the station."

I nodded sympathetically, and gave an account of my mental process during the same length of time. He chuckled over my speech, and began prophesying on the dinner which was ahead of us. Mrs. Brer, or Mary, as we all called her, was a first-class home-keeper and, according to the Doctor, about the only woman worth noticing. She had prepared a "special" for Christmas eve, and had the goodness of heart to invite a lonely old bachelor to join in the family festivities. I might add on the sly, for your special benefit, that if there were another woman in all the world like Mary I wouldn't be an old bachelor.

We fell to discussing various ways that men spend Christmas eve. That was one evening out the whole year that Doc had not missed at home for sixteen years. Mary would just about as soon expect him to lose his wonderful self-control as to miss Christmas eve with his family—or what was left of it.

We had passed the more thickly populated suburbs, and were crossing Swirl river when the train stopped with a jerk that almost decapitated us. With a deafening roar and crash, something happened, and the next thing I remember was Doc pulling me out of the wreckage. His face was drawn and tense with anxiety as he examined my broken ankle. Such suffering as I experienced!

He set the bones, spread his overcoat on a sheltered bank near at hand, and placed me on it.

"Well, you might tell me what has happened," I growled. "We've collided with the 8:20 Limited, and about a dozen or more people have been seriously injured or killed. I'll have to go help. You're all right for the present."

I lay there some time, watching that strong, splendid man dispensing freely his medical aid and skill without thought of his own bruises and pain. The view sickened me, so I turned my head on one side and reflected on the scene at Highland, the Doctor's home. No doubt Mary had heard the crash and was anxiously awaiting our coming. It would be just like her to start out alone and walk the track to the scene of our disaster. How brave she was. I remembered that Christmas eve ten years ago when little Jack, only five years old, died. Mary didn't say a word, she just began comforting the Doctor, without a thought of her own sorrow. That's a woman in a thousand.

About an hour elapsed, and I felt someone tugging at my arm. I raised myself on my elbow and looked into the frightened, white face of a little boy.

"What's happened, mister?" he quivered in a shaky whisper.

"Well, I guess there was a collision of some sort. Were you hurt, sonny?"

"Nope, I ain't hurt much, but I guess you are. My boss, he's hurt somefin' awful. He jest groans and groans and won't talk no more. Say mister, I though this was Christmas eve. My boss said I could have a 20-cent dinner tomorrow if I was good." His thin little face was so bright over the prospect of a 20-cent dinner and fell so pathetically when he added, "Guess I don't get it now," at that I had hard work to swallow the lump that rose in my throat.

He made me more comfortable, and we were talking about the wreck when Mary came up.

"You're not hurt very badly; oh, I'm so relieved. Jack says we can start in a few minutes. You know, I heard the crash, suspected what had happened, and ran almost all the way down here. I found the Doctor first thing, and he reassured me that you weren't either one badly injured."

"This is a little friend who has been keeping me company," I said, turning to the boy, who had crept closely to me to keep warm.

Mary turned rather surprisingly, for she had not noticed anyone in her anxiety for me, and, with her usual motherly kindness, placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Are you hurt?" she asked.

"Nope, but my boss he's most dead. He don't know me."
"Come show me your boss, and perhaps it isn’t too late yet."
He willingly placed his thin little hand in her outstretched one and they trudged off out of sight. Presently they returned with the Doctor.
"Well, I think all has been done that is possible now. Wonder how we can get you home," said the Doctor in his big, cheery way.
"Oh, I’m strong. I can help you," said a manly little voice. His looks belied his words, but Doc swallowed hard, looked at Mary and nodded.
"All right, my boy, you take this side, and we’ll get this gentleman home in a jiffy. Mary, you go ahead with the lantern.
About the first jolt sent me off into oblivion, and the next thing I knew I was at Highland, just being stretched out on a couch in the living room. I blinked rather dazedly at the brightness of my surroundings and despite increased pain, noticed with pleasure the little drama being enacted.
The thin, pale little boy, in his patched, torn coat, overalls too small, and shoes worn through, had discovered a Christmas tree in one window, all bedecked in the usual way.
"Kin I touch it, kin I feel it?" he fairly screamed.
"Just bet you can," and Doc, gathering him hungrily in his arms, fairly carried him to the object of his desires.
"O-o-o-o-h! I thought them things was only in stores and heaven," he breathed.
Mary made a hurried exit, her eyes brimming over with tears. After awhile she returned with a rocking horse, a sled and other boy toys, that I knew had been stowed away for a long time. She held them out to the awestruck boy.
"Oh golly!" and he drew off in absolute wonder. "For me?" he queried in a whisper.
"Indeed yes."
Such joy and delight I have never seen before in the face of a child.
"Say, mister, is this Heaven?" he came over to me.
"About as near as any place I know of," I replied solemnly.
Here dinner was announced, despite the fact that it was almost 11 o’clock. Mary had the table moved into the sitting room so that I might enjoy watching the little fellow in his new surroundings. They placed the boy between them, and were so absolutely engrossed in his getting "enough" that they forgot themselves completely. How that boy did eat.
After the meal, with the radiant, excited boy on the Doctor’s lap, he began his little story.
"My pop, he died when I was a little boy, and my ma she ran off’n left me with my ‘boss.’ Him and I’ve been making shirts in the big fact-ry ever since. Yesterd’y we got fired and wuz goin’ to git a place in the country on a farm, when the train got busted up and my ‘boss’ got killed. Guess I’ll have to go by myself now."
His big brown eyes and sorrowful little face settled matters for Doc.
"I say, wouldn’t you like to live with us and help me at the office? We used to have a little shaver that would be about your age now. Don’t you want to stay and be our boy?"
"Honest? Say would I?"
Mary was radiant, Doc was too happy for words, and the boy—well, I can’t describe his joy.
So on Christmas eve a new-found treasure came to take the place of the one that had slipped away ten years before on Christmas eve.

—L. G. H., ’17.
The Fugitives

It was a cold, raw day in December, with a bleak, chill, cutting wind that sighed and moaned among the trees, looking in vain for some snow, as yet unfrozen, that it might shake from a branch or hurl up from the ground. The landscape lay white and bleak beneath a leaden sky, with no other object in sight except the white, snow-burdened trees.

Suddenly from around a bend in the road there appeared nine men on horseback, six in civilians' clothes and three in the uniform of the Northwest Mounted Police. The six in civilians' clothes were Germans who were on their way to one of the Canadian detention camps. The men were gloomy and cast sullen glances at the three guards, who kept sharp watch of them. The nine rode over the hill and down and so to the camp, where about one hundred Germans were living.

* * *

It was about two weeks later, near evening, that the camp cook, as he sat in his little cabin musing by the fire, was startled by a tap on the shoulder. He glanced quickly up and looked into the face of the youngest and most powerful of the six Germans who had come into camp two weeks earlier.

"Good evening," remarked the young fellow. "Don't trouble to rise."

The dazed Pete remained seated and the German, remaining standing, went on in the same even tone:

"Six of us are going to sneak out of this place tonight and head for that old deserted tunnel about a quarter of a mile away. No one will look there. It is too dangerous a place to pass through, let alone live in. You will leave some flour and oatmeal on the edge of the bluff near the old blasted pine and we will get it as we go. We will depend on you to let us know when they have ceased to search, so that we can get to the coast and away."

"Mein Gott," ejaculated Pete, "I am—"

"You are a German," coolly interrupted the big fellow. "We will depend on you. Good night," and he was gone.

Pete, left alone, decided that for the sake of the Vaterland he would do as the man wished. "Besides," he muttered to himself, "he is much like my brother Hans, whom I have not seen for many a year."

Accordingly, Pete placed the material at the appointed place and several hours later six figures dropped over the bluff and made their way under cover of the darkness to the old tunnel.

There was a great deal of excitement in camp when the escape was discovered. Parties of men went searching far and wide, but it was as the German had said, no one thought of looking in the old nearly snow-buried tunnel for the six men. Besides, they expected to find them farther distant, not in such close proximity to the camp. During that day Pete lived in an agony of fear, expecting every moment to see them returning with the men and afraid that they would tell of his part in the plan.

But the day passed, and another, and another and so on until six had passed. The excitement had lulled by this time, for everyone concluded that they must have reached the coast and gotten away on some of the ships.

The sixth day was Christmas and Pete decided to go to the old tunnel to tell the men that all danger was apparently passed. When he entered the dump, snow-choked place he found the young German who had asked aid of him lying on the ground. His face was flushed and his breathing hard and labored. The five other Germans sat around him, their faces expressionless and immobile.

"How long has he been like this?" asked Pete.

"Since yesterday evening," replied one of the men. "He said that he was tired of flour and oatmeal and water and that he was going out to snare a rabbit for our 'Christmas spread' as he called it. He was out in the sleet of yesterday afternoon and came in wet to the skin. The poor food and exposure have
probably brought on this delirium. He has raved all day about his mother and his sister Marta, and of his trip from Hamburg to the United States and all about his life and his lost brother Pete and—"

"Hans! Hans!" shrieked Pete, throwing his arms about the figure of the boy. "Hans, look at me. I am Pete. I am Pete. I—"

One of the men clapped his hands over Pete's mouth. "Shut your mouth, you fool," he hissed. "Do you want to have us all discovered?"

Pete, reminded of their danger, ceased shrieking and, removing his two coats, wrapped them about the suffering boy. Then he built a fire and, throwing the flour out of the bucket onto the ground, he put snow in it and placed it on the fire to melt.

One of the Germans muttered angrily that the smoke would give them away, but Pete did not heed them. The five men began to talk among themselves in low tones. Soon they approached and the fellow who had complained of the smoke said surlily: "We are going to make our way as far as possible under cover of the brush this afternoon. After dusk we will go on farther to—"

"But what of Hans?" cried Pete. "Do not leave him. He will soon be better. I cannot stay. I—"

"He is no brother of ours," remarked the German scornfully. "He little concerns us. We are leaving."

They went despite the entreaties of the nearly frenzied Pete. They went and left him alone with the dying boy. Poor Pete did the little he knew how, but despite this the poor boy appeared to be sinking. Just at sunset, as Pete was leaning over his brother, the boy opened his eyes, looked around him and smiled.

"Merry Christ-m-us," he said faintly. His voice trailed off and before Pete could reply the boy had gone to his "Merry Christmas."

Pete sat dazed for a moment and then began mechanically to pile snow until he had a mound raised over the boy. He knelt above him for a few moments and then rising, started for the camp, unmindful of the cold and the absence of his coats. As he came in sight of the camp he saw the five Germans being led into the gates by a group of excitedly talking officers.

Then Pete came back to earth. His fear returned. He remembered his coats and grew frightened for fear the Germans would tell on him. Ah, his one way was to flee, to get away—he would return to the United States. But he could not go without a coat—it would excite suspicion. He looked again toward the camp, all was in a hubbub. He could easily steal in and take a coat from the nearest cabin. He slipped in the gate and in at a cabin door, returned with the coat and was away down the road.

Three hours later he boarded a south-bound train and left behind him a boy in a nameless grave and five Germans who never "told." With him he took the memory of the bitterest and yet sweetest Christmas of his life.

—N. W., '19.

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HOW EVERETT WAS NAMED.

Many, many years ago when pioneers first began to settle on Puget Sound many settled around what is now Everett. It is a well-known fact that delicious clams can be found all along the Sound. The first settlers near Everett found the clams there especially pleasing and when speaking of them they would invariably say, "They are the best I ever ate." When more newcomers tried them they also joined in the cry, "They are the best I ever ate."

It was not long before the slogan became "Best everate." This slogan suggested a suitable name for the little settlement, a name every one had helped to make, Everett. This legend says, is the way Everett was named.—M. L. K., '17.
A Christmas in Germany

Several years ago while visiting my aunt, who then lived in a German village on the Elbe, I was afforded an excellent opportunity to observe the way in which the Germans celebrated Christmas. The town was typical of the old German style, from its quaint houses with their unique architecture, to the queer costumes of the peasants seen on the streets on market days.

Some time before Christmas a number of small fir trees from the neighboring mountains and forests were brought into the market place, which suddenly became a transplanted miniature forest. Day by day the number of trees diminish as they were taken to the various homes to be prepared for their part in the Christmas festivities.

For weeks before Christmas the German housewives had been busy making the store of Christmas cakes and candies, putting the house in a spotless condition, and making and keeping the Christmas presents hidden from the curious eyes of the children. For at Christmas time the housewives are the busiest persons in all Germany and Germans of all classes delight in the Christmas season and strive to make it the happiest time of the year.

The day before Christmas all was in readiness for the anticipated joys of the Christmas season. A light snow had fallen, just covering the dreary brown of the bare fields and the roofs of the houses. On the streets a joyous crowd was adding to the holiday atmosphere that pervaded the entire town, for there was the contrast of the vivid green and red decorations with the white snow, and the shop windows displaying the wonderful toys and the exquisite needlework of the German women.

It grew dark early and the lights gleamed from the windows of many happy homes in the village. All day long the doors to the living rooms in the various homes had been locked, thus preventing the children from entering them, for the Christmas trees had been placed in the rooms and decorated by the older members of the household. The other rooms had been decked with wreaths and evergreen boughs.

After an early dinner, at which stories of the Christmas man or Santa Claus were told to the children—how he rewarded the good children but presented the naughty ones with a bundle of sticks—everyone prepared to attend the Christmas eve or Holy Night services at the church. The interior of the church was beautifully decorated with Christmas greens. The choir had been practicing for weeks before and now the wonderful music, the softly-lighted church with its holiday adornments helped to intensify the spirit of the season.

After the services everyone returned home. The oldest daughter of the family, I am speaking now of the ceremonies witnessed in my aunt's home, took her place at the piano and the others gathered around her and joined in singing many of the old German Christmas songs. After awhile the mother summoned the family to the rooms in which the Christmas tree stood, now a glowing thing of beauty in the eyes of the children, and heavily laden with gifts.

Weeks of eager anticipation culminating in this glorious hour the delighted children frolicked about the room and the lighted tree. Finally the presents were opened and then the father entered the room disguised as the Christmas man. He had a store of candy and Christmas cakes which he distributed and then departed.

Late that night the tired but joyous household retired after singing more Christmas songs. The next morning, despite the lateness of the hour at which they had fallen asleep, the children arose early, exploring for the additional presents that were found in their rooms.

After breakfast everyone went again to the church for the morning services. The rest of the day was spent either at home, out of doors for a while, or in the homes of friends.

The Germans celebrate Christmas three days, the day pre-
ceeding Christmas, Christmas day, and the day following. But all the week until New Year's day the holiday spirit is kept in the homes and the Christmas trees are lighted every evening until New Year's day.

The Germans tell an interesting story of the origin of the Christmas trees. They said that long ago their ancestors believed that on Christmas eve the elves and gnomes of the forest roamed about and, to insure their friendship, the people would hang cakes and presents for them on the trees before their door. In order to guide the fairies to the tree candles were lighted on the trees. The next day the children would take what remained on the tree. Gradually the belief in fairies died out, but the Christmas trees remained and now they are taken into the houses and lighted and the German people leave the curtains open so that all the world may see the light.

On New Year's eve the candles were lighted for the last time and allowed to burn out and so farewell was said to the old year and joyous Christmas season.

—E. V. G., '17.

THE OCEAN.

I stood by the ocean wide,
   And heard the mighty roar
Of the ever-rolling tide
   Dashing against the shore.

The waves on the sandy beach rolled,
   And back to the ocean deep;
While the restless life-boat toiled
   To their ever-rolling leap.

The seagull soared o'er the foam,
   And ever the white cap'd wave
Guarded its hidden home,
   Far back in the rocky cave.

—M. N., '19.

Before Christmas

Christmas 'uz the busiest time
   At our house this year.
The house 'uz full o' company,
   With aunts and uncles there.

The day before old Christmas came,
   I'll never quite forget;
With all the work we had to do,
   A gittin' ready fer it.

Ma 'uz in the kitchen
   Jest a makin' things fly,
And of all the good things I've ever seen
   I couldn't believe my eyes.

There 'uz cranberry sauce and raisins,
   And turkey, pie and cake.
Plum puddin' rare was cookin' there
   And other things to bake.

The doughnuts 'uz a sizzlin',
   And Jane was poppin' corn,
While Jim was eyein' all the things
   We'd have on Christmas morn.

And me a settin' round the house,
   A-watchin' all the cats,
And wishin' it was near the time
   To have this Christmas feast.

But let me tell you one't fer all,
   I think I'd better tell.
Don't eat too much on Christmas day
   If you want to feel quite well. —S. M. B., '17.
Jeremiah Jerusalem’s Christmas Dinner

Jeremiah Jerusalem sat on the doorstep of his mammy’s cabin, his dusky fingers buried in his short, wooly hair, his eyes absent-mindedly gazing into space. Perhaps this was an unusual occupation for Jeremiah Jerusalem, but then it was an unusual occasion, for the next day was Christmas.

After a while he came back to earth with a sigh and, turning to his mammy, he asked: “Mammy, what’s we-all gwine to hab fo’ Christmas din’?”

“Len’ sakes, chile!” his mammy answered, “how all’s I a-gwine know dat? Yo’ pappy ain’t got nothin’ yet, an’ I ain’t a reckonin’ he’ll git nothin’.”

Jeremiah Jerusalem cast her one look of despair and again buried his fingers in his black wool and was lost in thought. He made a comical little figure there on the door-step, a fact of which his mammy and himself were blissfully oblivious. His trousers, which had been long ago discarded from his pappy’s wardrobe, were fully two feet too long for him. But upon asking permission to cut them off he was met with flat refusal, “Co’se yo’ caint, chile. Yo’ pappy might hab to weah dem pants some mo’ himself, an’ how deser he–all look?” To Jeremiah Jerusalem’s small imagination the question was unanswerable.

The ragged straw hat and the one-sided suspenders also had constituted part of the wardrobe of his pappy. But he didn’t mind that; fortunately, unlike most small boys of his age, he appreciated small favors in the matter of clothing.

But Jeremiah Jerusalem’s mind was not upon his clothes or the blue of the winter sky upon which his gaze was resting.

“Most niggah chilluns hab turkey er rabbit er chicken—” he ended with a sudden whoop as his ever-resourceful mind furnished him with the memory of the stray chickens he had seen picking and scratching about the deserted cabin a mile or less away. Cautiously he glanced around to see if his mammy had heard him. But all he could see was her broad back as she bent over the washtub. Stealthily he crept down the path and hurried out across the cotton fields. Nearing his destination, he skirted the cabin and peered up and down for a glimpse of the chicken. Suddenly he saw a white feather just tapping the underbrush.

“Hi dere, yo’ ole rooster; yo’ shun’s gwine be cought fo’ my Christmas pie!” Jeremiah shirked, and darted after the rooster and the chase was on. The startled rooster let out one frightened squawk, half ran, half flew before him. Once when the rooster found his way blocked by a board fence, he doubled back in his tracks. Jeremiah Jerusalem attempted the same feat, but he was not so active and his foot became entangled in his trouser leg, which had become unrolled. He fell headlong and, much to his surprise, landed squarely on the chicken. The shock was so great and so sudden to the chicken that it didn’t have time to squawk. And as for Jeremiah Jerusalem, he cautiously felt beneath him and, getting firm hold of the chicken’s leg, exulted, “Christmas pie! Christmas pie!” Holding up the limp chicken before him, he proceeded to the roadside. Laying the chicken down on the grass, he sat down beside it to roll up his bothersome trouser leg.

Suddenly he was startled by the loud barking of a dog; it also startled the rooster, for the apparently lifeless body gathered itself and flew across the road and disappeared beneath the underbrush with a startled squawk. Jeremiah rose to his feet and shrieked, “Mah Christmas din’! Mah Christmas din’!”

“Hey there, sonny, what’s the matter?” someone asked. Jeremiah Jerusalem turned his wildly rolling eyes upon the intruder and moaned, “Christmas pie, Christmas pie!”

The young man whose appearance with his dog had caused the misfortune, crossed the road and sat down beside him. Jeremiah swallowed his sobs with tremendous effort and gave him an explanation of his distress. As the tale of woe came to an end the young man rose, gave him a parting pat and thrust a
silver half dollar in the moist brown palm. Whistling for his
dog, he then departed down the road.

By the time Jeremiah Jerusalem could believe his bulging
eyes the man was gone. Turning, he ran down the road, leaving
a cloud of dust in his wake. A few minutes later he appeared,
dusty and breathless, in the doorway of the cabin. "See what-all
I've got, mammy!" And mammy's dark look of suspicion faded
as Jeremiah related his brief and tragic adventure.

Christmas day Jeremiah Jerusalem sat down before a fat
chicken pie. "I always did lub chicken pie," he said with a
sigh of contentment.

—A. S., '19.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR O. H. S.

I. Thou shalt not love thy neighbor in the halls.
II. Thou shalt unceasingly practice courtesy.
III. Thou shalt not drop an apple core or any other thing
that is unclean or unsightly on the floor.
IV. Thou shalt not interfere with special committee
meetings.
V. Thou shalt strain every nerve to arrive in thy room on
time. Otherwise, the wrath of the gods is upon thee.
VI. Thou shalt remember that thy instructors know a little
more than thou dost, and thou shalt therefore reverence and
respect their knowledge and judgment.
VII. Thou shalt not chew gum in the school room, for such
a proceeding is unbecoming to good behavior.
VIII. Thou shalt watch carefully after thy artistic sense,
so that everything in thy roll room may be symmetrical.
IX. Thou shalt practice self-control so that thou mayst
control thy feelings and remain calm at all times, even when
political contests wax fiercest.
X. Thou shalt ever apply thyself most diligently to the
pursuits of thy various subjects.—Ex.

The Result of a Christmas Visit

The feathery snowflakes were lightly descending from the
leaden sky and the air was crisp and bitter cold. All morning
it had snowed and now, in midafternoon, it was still falling,
covering the whole world with a blanket of spotless ermine.

Through the gay crowds that were thronging the streets,
Jessie Donahue was briskly threading her way. A dreamy
smile was on her lips and a faraway look in her bright brown eyes
as though her thoughts were on another scene. A heavy blue
coat enveloped her figure and a red velvet toque snugly fitted her
head. Altogether it was a most bewitching person that an
energetic young man bumped into who was hurrying in the op-
posite direction, evidently with the intention of buying out
the town.

With a surprised ejaculation Jessie "came back to earth"
and found a smiling young man extending his hand to her.

"Why, hello, Bob. Where have you been all week? Done
your Christmas shopping yet? I haven't," cried Jessie, dis-
playing the usual feminine weakness.

"No, I haven't. Been helping the Governor. (He meant
his father.) That's what I am trying to do now. Sure am glad
I met you, for I want you to help me pick them out. Are you
in a hurry? What's in that basket you have on your arm?
Anything good to eat? I'm awful hungry. Haven't eaten any-
thing for two hours. Will you—"

"No, I won't. It's good to eat all right, but you won't
get any of it. Tell you what though. If you will come with
me to deliver this basket I will help you shop as a reward for
your gallant services," exclaimed Jessie, making him a deep bow.

"It's a bargain. I'd go to the ends of the earth for you,"
his said jestingly, but the look he bent on her was not entirely
disinterested.

"Very kind of you, I'm sure, but it won't be necessary this
time."
She gently turned him around and they started down the street. In a few minutes she left the broad street filled with merrymakers and started down a dark, ill-kept alley hardly wide enough to admit the passage of a wagon.

After stumbling along for some time she stopped before a rickety door hanging by one hinge. Pushing this open she stepped into a small room, followed by Bob, whose interest was thoroughly aroused by this time. Bob couldn't see two feet ahead, but Jessie evidently knew the place, for she found another door and with a brief command to Bob, began to mount the creaky stairway that led up, up to the homes in name only of a thousand souls. As long as he lives Bob will not forget that climb up the dirty, dilapidated stairway with its filthy plastered walls containing here and there a gaping hole where the plaster had been broken out. At every floor that they passed half-dressed children with old-young faces peered out at them. Shrii, angry voices mingled with vile oaths constantly greeted them at every flight of stairs.

Occasionally they heard a baby crying with a hunger in its voice that made Bob feel ashamed of his appetite. He glanced toward one open door and a shiver of horror ran up his spine as he realized that human beings lived in that cold, barren, cheerless room.

At last when Bob thought that they must be almost to the roof, Jessie stopped before a door and knocked. In a moment the door was opened by a small child not more than eight years old. She was very thinly clad and her face was pinched and blue with cold and hunger. At sight of Jessie her wan little face lighted up with joy and, throwing open the door, she invited them into the chilly, comfortless room. The furniture in the room consisted of a tiny oil stove, a small table, two rickety chairs and one bed. Apparently there was no fire in the stove and no food on the table. Dot, as the little girl's name proved to be, offered Bob one of the chairs, but it looked so frail that he feared to sit on it. Jessie had gone immediately to the bed, which was placed against the wall in the darkest corner of the room. An old woman lay on it, her fever-wasted form scarcely covered by the scanty quilts. In a few minutes Jessie arose from the bedside and set her basket on the table and started to prepare some broth. Finding that the stove contained no oil she sent Dot for some and while awaiting her return, she fixed some food for the half-starved child. Bob, who was an interested onlooker, saw the old woman's eyes glisten with longing anticipation as she viewed the tempting array. When Dot returned with the oil Jessie placed her at the table and the rapidity with which she ate plainly attested that she had fasted long. In a few minutes the broth was ready and while the sick woman sipped the life-giving fluid Jessie wrote out a list of instructions for Dot to follow when the groceries arrived which she was planning to order. Then she tidied up the room and made the bed more comfortable while mentally making plans to send more quilts and clothing to them. Bob stood by, watching Jessie with his heart in his eyes and feeling like a helpless good-for-nothing. But Bob was thinking some very serious thoughts and when he did think there was sure to be something happen, and very soon at that.

A little later they left the poor, cheerless room and started down the dark stairway that led back to the well-dressed, well-fed world they were used to living in. In silence they descended to the street and in silence they walked a full block through the bustling crowds. Then Jessie awoke Bob from his thoughts with a question.

"Well, I'm ready to go shopping with you now. Where will it be first?"

"I—I—guess the shopping can wait awhile. Suppose you—er—I mean, suppose we go order those groceries and some more oil and—say, I got it," he cried, stopping short and striking his chin with the palm of his hand, a characteristic motion of his when struck with an inspiration. For an instant he stood thinking rapidly, revolving plans in his mind.

"Come in here a bit. I want to telephone," he said, drawing her into a drug store. He called for a number she recognized as his father's office number.

"Hello, Dad," he called excitedly. "Say, Dad, may I have
that empty store room of yours on Fifth till after Christmas? Yes, and may I have the two passenger cars Christmas morning? No, I’ll be through with them by 10 o’clock. Yes. No, that’s all for just now. I’ll tell you about it this evening and give you something to do besides,” he added laughingly as he hung up the receiver.

“For goodness sake, what are you up to anyway? I’m fairly consumed with curiosity,” exclaimed Jessie with a comical expression on her pretty face.

“You’re consumed with that most of the time, aren’t you?” teased Bob as they once more stepped into the street.

“No, I’m not, and now quit teasing and tell me your marvelous plan.”

“Well, this is my plan,” he cried, his eyes bright with enthusiasm. “It’s kind of rough yet, but we can work out details later. I think it will be dandy to have a big banquet and Christmas tree in that empty store room I was just telephoning about. Then by borrowing a few more cars from friends we can take all the people in that tenement house where the sick woman is down to the feast in about two trips. I’ll attend to the cats, get the tree and find jobs for all the idle men I possibly can. I know the business men will help me on that. You and some of the other girls can tend to the presents, the decorations and—and—Oh, all the other little things that a girl knows how to do to make Christmas happy. There are a lot of things to be worked out yet and we’ll have to hustle to get them done. Tomorrow is Christmas eve you know. Oh, by the way, do you suppose that little Dot would stay with my sister if I sent her mother to the hospital?” ended Bob breathlessly.

“Bob, that’s a dandy plan!” Jessie’s eyes were shining with admiration. “Yes, I think that Dot will stay with your sister.”

“Glad you like it,” said Bob, feeling much embarrassed. “Tell you what, let’s make a list of the things that have to be done and then distribute them around to our friends. And if anyone doesn’t fall nobly to the task we’ll disown him,” he laughed as he pulled out a pad and pencil. So the two con-

spirators walked along with their heads so close together that passersby smiled knowingly.

The next day Bob and Jessie, with some two score friends, set out to work with a will and 9 o’clock that night found the empty store room gaily decorated, the tree decked out in brilliant colors and loaded with presents for everybody. The tables and chairs were installed and everything was in readiness for the grand feast for the next day. It was a very tired group of young people that trudged home that night, but all agreed with Bob when he said that it was going to be a huge success. And it was.

Cares were forgotten and happiness reigned supreme in the hearts of the merry throng in the store room on Christmas day, but their joy was as nothing compared to the joy and happiness that reigned in the hearts of two young people after a certain question had been asked and answered in a manner highly satisfactory to both parties.

—Peggy, ’17.
A Visit to Mt. Vernon

A visit to George Washington's old home impresses one with the tranquility of his home life, the formality of his business life and the sincere reverence shown by the American people for him.

Our boat was still midstream when the first view of Mt. Vernon was before us. The white mansion of colonial architecture is formal and dignified, standing upon the high bank overlooking the river. And yet there was also an air of comfort and tranquility, perhaps due to the spreading trees bending over and about it. The tall pillars, characteristic of the southern home, are eight in number, running across the front of the house and reaching from ground to roof.

A winding path leads up from the boat house and terminates on a large lawn before the house. A few chairs are on the low brick porch which extends across the front of the house. The soft green of the shutters at the windows matches the large door in the center of the house and a quaint brass knocker emphasizes the hospitality once found there.

A narrow hall running from the front door directly back to the courtyard divides the house. On the right are the family sitting room, formal music parlor, and sunny dining room. The cozy, old-fashioned settees and sofas, the armed chairs and foot rests all breathe comfort and simplicity of that home life. In the music room the small piano, which Washington gave to his step-daughter, still stands in its place. Quaint pictures and old portraits ornament the rather low-ceilinged walls. Leading from the dining room is a brick wall covered by a white roof supported by small pillars. This is about sixty feet long and leads to the kitchen, which is a small building entirely separate from the house.

On the other side of the main hall is the formal banquet hall, a large room rather stiff and dignified with its scant furnishings. A large table with heavy, high-backed chairs, five or six portraits of famous people, and an American flag draped above the fireplace complete the room where Lafayette was so hospitably entertained, and where many important questions of the Revolutionary period were discussed and settled.

The bedrooms on the second floor display refinement and luxury. The high, four-posted beds in the guest rooms, the handsome dressers and easy chairs and the dainty white curtains at the windows were designed for their guests' comfort. In the room where Washington died many of his personal belongings are preserved, such as his old trunk, guns and wearing apparel. On the third floor is a small room, simply furnished, where Martha Washington died, this being her choice of room because from the window she could see the grave of her husband.

Back of the house is Martha Washington's famous rose garden, formal and attractive. The old family coach still stands in the carriage house. Although the wheels are rusty and the lining on the seats moth-eaten and faded, it still has that air of dignity and aristocracy of former days.

It was Washington's request that he be buried at his home. The simple brick vault is located in the loveliest part of the grounds and is now surrounded by the monuments of those who followed him.

As we looked in admiration at the simple burial place of so famous a man we heard the tolling of a river steamer passing by. It resounded on the shores of Mt. Vernon, the sincere reverence of the American people for George Washington.

—S. H., '17.
Missionary or Mrs. Airy

"Well, isn't this a coincidence. Here is a letter from Mayne asking if she may bring Elsie North, her chum and room-mate, home for the Christmas holidays. Let's see. She says, 'Elsie's parents are in India. They have been missionaries there for years and she hasn't seen them since she was just a little girl, but has spent all her vacations here at the school. She is just as dear as she can be, and very pretty. I should just love to show her a real homey Christmas like ours always are.' And then Jack says in his usual scrawl, 'You won't care if I bring Bob Airy home with me, will you? He's a tip-top fellow and all he needs is a real Christmas like ours, full of roast goose, mince pie, heaps of fun and the usual mob of several times removed relatives to make him wake up and enjoy life. You see, his people are very wealthy. His father is wrapped up in Wall street affairs and his mother in society, so he has always led a somewhat lonesome life. You will make him feel at home, won't you?"

Mrs. Vance looked across the lunch table at her husband and smiled. "Why, of course they may come. I will go right now and send them word and also write to mother about them."

The two weeks before the holidays soon rolled by and the Vances were, with all the other relatives, assembled at Grandmother's. It was real Christmas weather. Of course there was plenty of snow on the ground and more falling, so that it was just right for sleighing. Bob, Elsie, Jack and Mayne had been out all morning in the bob-sleigh and came in to dinner with red cheeks and sparkling eyes, to say nothing of wind-blown hair and cold noses. Mayne, a vivacious girl of about 20, presented a decided contrast to Elsie, who was about two years the older, and more quiet and reserved than the mischief-loving Mayne. The lonesome look in her eyes went straight to the hearts of Mrs. Vance and Grandmother. They tried at once to make her feel welcome and at home. The fam-

ily liked her from the first. Baby Dot called her "Pitty Elta" and Grandfather, on the second day of her visit, took her out to see his much-prized fowls—a privilege he rarely accorded anyone. She went with Aunt Mary to feed the Christmas geese, who long ago had given up the exertion of any exercise whatever, and, as Jack said, had settled down to the pleasure of eating, "Only that and nothing more."

The week soon passed and almost before they knew it Christmas eve had come. After a jolly evening spent around the big open wood fire, the old ceremony of hanging the Christmas stockings was carried out. They hung from the mantle, according to age, first Grandfather's big woolen sock and last Baby Dot's dainty little stocking.

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold, and very early came the shout of the children from the living room as they explored the depths of their mysteriously crammed stockings. Soon all had assembled and the room was filled with a babel of happy voices.

"You are all so good to me. How can I ever repay you?" came from Elsie, who had found remembrances from almost every one, not excepting Bob, who had made a special trip to the city the day before. "You can't realize it perhaps, but this is really and truly the first Christmas stocking I've ever had."

Bob looked at everyone and then said that Elsie had expressed his feelings exactly and looked once more at the little hand-made gift she had tucked away down in the toe of his sock. They had become very good friends since they had first met.

"Mayne, do be quiet for a few moments," pleaded Mrs. Vance. "You haven't been still for a moment since you got up."

"Now, mother, you know I must do something to work off all this joy or I shall just naturally die from an excess of holiday spirit. But I'll remove myself from your gaze," and she danced off to find Jack, Bob and Elsie.

"Jack, you most indolent of mortals, put down that book and come on! Grandmother says we shall have time for a walk before dinner. Where's Bob?"
"Well, if you know where Elsie is you know where he is," yawned Jack from the davenport, where he was stretched at ease. "Wouldn't wonder if they had already beat us to that walk. But come on. We'll go down and call on old Grandpa Brown. Wonder how the poor old chap is this winter?"

Jack was right. Elsie and Bob had started out for a walk and had gone as far as the edge of a small pond near the woods, where they sat down on a big log.

"I guess I'd better appreciate all these green trees and the snow, for next Christmas I shall most likely be in India," sighed Elsie.

"In India!" Bob exclaimed, "why, I thought—oh well, I don't think you would like missionary work."

"And I wouldn't. I don't know what I could teach the poor heathens unless it would be to make jingle, and from mother's letters I gathered that they seem to need more than that." Elsie shrugged her fur-clad shoulders with a little laugh.

"I finish college this year and then shall go to work in father's office. Will you write to me?" Bob broke off abruptly to ask.

"For goodness sake, you folks must be interested. Here I've called you every step of the way clear from the house. If you don't hurry you can't have any dinner," and Mayme ran laughingly up the path ahead of them.

* * *

Another year soon passed and the Vances were again at Grandmother's. The mail man had just left the mail sack and Mayme had received a letter from Elsie.

"Oh! Listen here, everyone. Elsie says, 'I sail for India in two weeks, but go as Mrs. Airy instead of missionary. We are going there for our honeymoon. Bob says to add a postscript and tell you we shall be with you in time for dinner tomorrow.'


A "Real Chris'mus" For Two

The joyous holiday spirit of Christmas seemed to be everywhere on that corner of one of New York's busiest downtown streets. You could tell it by the happy package-laden crowds jostling past glistening shop windows, by the rows of fat ducks and turkeys dangling in wide butcher shop doorways, by the bumping carts piled high with Christmas trees and evergreens, by the noisy Christmas carols ground out by the numerous hurdy-gurdy wagons and by the fat, bewhiskered Santa Clauses who kept watch over the jingling dimes in the Salvation Army kettles. Cabmen shouted merrily to each other as they passed and even the huge, awe-inspiring policemen at the corner seemed to have caught the holiday spirit as he smiled jovially at two little street urchins fighting in the gutter.

Happiest of all that happy throng, to judge from his merry eyes and broad grin, was a little newsboy who stood on the corner by his pile of papers, stamping his feet and blowing upon his blue fists. Passersby stopped to smile back at him and busy men to buy an extra paper. Something in the happiness of his round, freckled face under the ragged cap, and the manliness of his straight little form, which no amount of ragged and patched clothes could conceal, seemed to appeal to everyone. To watch him, as he shouted his papers, and to hear his happy "Paper, sir? Yes, sir. You bet it's a fine day," would almost convince you that selling papers on a street corner was the most joyful business in the world.

Gradually the bright winter afternoon sunshine faded and twinkling lights began to bob out up and down the avenue. As the little "newspie" watched the happy crowds hurry home to warm suppers all of his old loneliness and longing for a real home returned.

Selecting a dime from the grimy little pile of his day's earnings, he purchased his supper, two large bun sandwiches, at a nearby bakery shop. Laden with these and his papers he made
his way to the big park, where other homeless wanderers of the big city were resting or sleeping on benches. Slipping his tired body down upon one of the benches occupied only by a man, he began to eat his sandwiches, eyeing his companion of the bench between bites. Something in the man's tired face appealed to the boy's friendly heart.

"Say, you can have one of my sandwiches. I got plenty and besides I can buy lots more. I made 67 cents today."

In the face of such vast wealth and his own sharp hunger the man could not refuse. Eagerly he took the bun and began to eat it with a gruff, "Thanks, kid."

"Gee, ain't it fun to watch the crowds? Chris'mus is dandy, I think, specially the lights and store windows. A man gave me a whole dollar yesterday. Said to buy something nice for my mother and kid brother. Jest as if I had a mother and a kid brother. Don't you like Chris'mus?" he demanded abruptly, noticing the man's silence.

"Can't say I do—any more."

"Well, I ain't goin' to have such a good time this Chris'mus either. Spivey, he useter be my pal, has gone to Chicago, working fer a showman. But I'm goin' to have a reg'lar feed at the newsboys' banquet—turkey and mince pie an' all the fixin's. Then maybe I'll go to a show or somethin'. What're you goin' to do?" he asked.

"Not much of anything, I guess, except to keep on looking for a job."

Fearing that he had hurt him, the boy hurried on. "But that ain't what I'd rather do. Want me to tell you what a real Chris'mus is?"

"Sure, go on," answered the man, drawn by a feeling of sympathy with this little newsboy who, like himself, had felt the loneliness of the big city.

"Well, it would be on a farm. (That's the only place for a real Christmas, thought the man.) It would be a great big farm with horses and cows and hills to coast on. I'd help kill the turkey and get in the pumpkins for the pies and then I'd help haul in the big Chris'mus tree and logs for the fireplace.

There'd be a mother, of course, or a grandmother'd do to get the dinner. Then we'd all go sleigh riding. Say, wouldn't that be great?"

As the boy went on unfolding his long-cherished dream of a "real Chris'mus," a picture of the man's own home came to his mind and of many such happy Christmases spent there before he had answered the call of the big city. After all, the kid was right, home was the only place to spend Christmas.

"How would you like to spend this Christmas on a real farm?" he broke in upon the boy's story.

"Aw, quit foolin' me," he said, but such a great light of happiness showed upon his face that the man's half-formed plan became a determination.

"Well, you'd better pack up your things, because you're going home with me for Christmas. We'll have to walk, but it'll only take four or five days and it will be worth it, won't it?"

"You bet it will," said the boy.

It was Christmas eve. Up the road leading from a little village mantled in snow to a comfortable old farmhouse on the hill, they came, the man and the little newsboy who had fled from the city in search of a true Christmas.

"Oh, it looks jest like home," came from the boy.

"It is home for both of us now."

"But what if they don't like me and don't want—to keep me?" He clung closer to the hand of his friend. That his dream of a real home was coming true seemed almost unbelievable to him.

"They can't help liking you," said the man, "and they'll keep you because you brought me home."

So the man who had almost forgotten what a real Christmas was and the little boy who had never known one, except in his dreams, came home.

—K. J., '17.
OLYMPUS STAFF.

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Senior .................. Dorothy Beach
Junior .................... Esther Bergh
Sophomore ................ Ted Randall
Freshman ................ Birdie Churchill

WHAT IS SCHOOL SPIRIT?

Perhaps no other expression is used and heard so much at High School as the one—School Spirit—and perhaps no other one can be applied to so many different meanings. From the time we enter school until we have finished we hear it “preached” on all sides. We are urged to show it at football games, in class meetings, at debates, in the class room, at rallies and toward our school paper. Many definitions for it have been given, and many are the false ideas of its meaning. In our opinion one of the best that has ever been given is this one: “School Spirit is the little brother to Patriotism.”

The same spirit that makes a man or woman a loyal, service-giving citizen makes a boy or girl a loyal, service-giving student. For, after all, high school is a place where we learn to co-operate with our fellow schoolmates and to work, not only for our own good, but for the honor of our school. We are receiving training in citizenship just as much as in history or English here at school, and a school-spirited student will most surely make a public-spirited citizen.

GRADES AND CHRISTMASTIME.

It may not at first be quite clear just why we should consider grades, which disturb our peace of mind every six weeks with such unfailing regularity, a Christmas topic. But Christmas is a very appropriate time to talk about grades.

At Christmas we hear a great deal about giving and receiving. We as students have been giving our time and application and ability to our school work and now, with the semester almost finished, we shall receive the reward of our labors—our grades. Here is one time when it is more blessed to receive than to give. If your report card shows that you haven't been very blessed along the receiving line it is a pretty safe guess that you haven't been a good giver.

THE GIRLS' CLUB.

The Girl's Club has grown more this year than any other organization of the school. Last year it received a good start, but it was left to this year to decide whether or not it would
become a permanent organization of the school. So much interest and enthusiasm has been shown by all of the girls in the club that its permanency as an organization is assured. One reason for its success is its very worthy purpose which is to bind all of the girls together by common interests that will also help toward the betterment of our school.

But what has happened to the Boys' Club? Surely a Boys' Club could be made just as successful and beneficial to the boys as the Girls' Club is proving itself to be to the girls.

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ASSEMBLIES.

We have undoubtedly gained a great deal in many different ways from the assemblies we have had this year. Our school has always been very fortunate in securing speakers of unusual merit and ability. We have heard valuable talks on subjects of especial interest to us. The musical programs have not only entertained us, but have broadened our knowledge of music, and the “pep” assemblies have done very much to arouse school spirit. The noteworthy feature of our assemblies is that they have been managed by students. But there have been fewer real student assemblies, where everything is done by the students, than ever before. Other schools have frequent student assemblies. The students themselves give talks, recitations and musical programs. We have just as much individual talent in our school as have other schools and there is no reason why we shouldn’t have more student assemblies.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Would you call it a very good business proposition when only one side in a deal is benefited? The advertisements, perhaps more than anything else, make it possible to publish The Olympus. Unless the merchants are benefited by advertising in our paper we are merely asking them to donate money to us when we ask them to advertise. We do not want to run our paper on charity, so let’s make it a paying proposition for both sides. We can do this by not only reading the advertisements, but by patronizing our advertisers whenever it is possible.

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In this, the second issue of The Olympus, the staff would like to express its appreciation of the assistance it has received from the school in preparing the first publication. So many stories, poems, cuts and jokes were handed in that all could not be used due to lack of space. The staff hopes that this support of The Olympus will continue throughout the year.

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A CORRECTION.

The story, “The Youngest,” which appeared in the last number, was written by N. W., ’19, instead of N. W., ’18.
The Seniors, at last, after much careful thought and deliberation, selected an emblem (commonly referred to as class pin) which they consider a masterpiece of beauty and art. They are sure, that aside from their air of wisdom, these will, henceforth and forever, distinguish them from the common herd.

They are also very proud of the fact that the debating team, which so successfully defeated Centralia a few weeks ago, is composed entirely of Seniors.

The Seniors, as usual, covered themselves with glory (and mud) by winning the football game from the Sophomores, which gives them the class championship.

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Gazala, Gazate,
Gazala, Gazate,
Juniors, Juniors,
1918.

We are sure some of the time-honored poets in Westminster Abbey would have turned over in their graves if they could have heard the wonderful poems written by the Juniors in their English work a short while ago. Some of the class were inspired by such ordinary things as Johnnie Harbst and his Ford, while others preferred the dreamy type of poetry. Harold Kearney deserves mention as one of the great poets of the future. Altogether it was a wonderful collection of literature, but we are afraid it was not fully appreciated by Miss Gregory.

Juniors, do you realize the time for the Prom is slowly but surely drawing nearer? Our treasurers are becoming wan and pale-looking after the strenuous work of collecting those 50-cent pieces. Charlotte says she has already collected the enormous total of $50, and Marshall's report is just as discouraging. We have never had two treasurers who worked any harder, so the blame can in no way be placed on them. Please wake up and
pay your dues. If you wish to save time and money, pay up as soon as possible.

Our class is well represented in the orchestra this year. Those taking part are Dewey Martin, Inn Christopher and Lawrence Rollman.

We take this opportunity to extend to the school and faculty the best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from the Junior class of 1918.

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SUCH IS LIFE.

If your hat should blow off and roll
Away from you, just let it.
Stand where you are, some willing soul
Will chase around and get it.

If your glove should drop on the floor
Or the dusty pave of the city,
There'll be divers for it galore,
If you're a girl—and pretty.

If you've been joyriding with
Some Sue or Arabella,
Don't trouble to tell your wife,
There'll be a dozen to tell her.

If you happen to catch a cold,
It's easy to endure it,
When compared with being told
A million ways to cure it.

Since the last report there has been a noticeable lull in the activities of the Sophomores. The reason for this is undoubtedly the lack of anything to occupy their time. Nevertheless, just because there is a temporary lull, it does not mean that nothing has been done by the Sophomores.

The most important event was the Senior-Sophomore championship football game, played on Thursday, November 23. Although we lost to the Seniors, with a score of 17 to 13, and broke our nice little victory record, we are not at all downcast, for basketball, track and baseball are yet to be added to our list of victories—maybe.

Six Sophomores played in the game with Montesano on November 18, and unfortunately Jim Heintzelman fractured his collar bone.

Christmas is near and every Sophomore is counting the
days until he can run to his stocking and see what Santa Claus has left him.

Muriel Taylor said that she did all the cheering for the Sophomores in the Senior-Sophomore game. We wonder now, if that is true or not.

Come on now, Sophomores—a little pep! A little pep!

THE KNOCKER.

Of course, you have met him; everybody has. He comes around to you when he has time to spare and you haven't and tells you what he thinks he knows. In the first place the football players don't know the game. He would just like to be coach, he would show them. Or perhaps some professor doesn't know the lesson nearly so well as he does. This man is the parasite of high school life; he is the knocker. He can pick flaws in everything, but he never does a thing for himself or for his school. His hammer is always at work tearing down, but never building up anything. He would not even turn out for interclass tiddley winks, if there were such a thing, and if he did he never could make the team. But he doesn't know that everybody except himself knows this.

The thing for this person to do is to put away his hammer and prove some of his statements. Let him go to the football coach and he will be given a chance to prove his skill and knowledge on the field by stopping line backs. If he knows more than the teachers let him make a record in scholarship which surpasses all previous records. Such bright lights should not stay hidden. Opportunity runs after their unparalleled intellects, as they would term it. Yes, opportunity knocks at their doors, but alas, the only possible answer is that which would be received if one knocked at the door of their intellect, "Nobody at home."—Selected from The Whitman Pioneer.

FRESHMAN
NOTES.

All traces of that green body of individuals commonly known as Freshies, who used to be seen three months ago darting to and fro in the halls, have disappeared. No longer can the Sophs gloat over the mistakes of their inferiors (?) for we have become quite as mature and experienced as the oldest and wisest Seniors and, having been initiated, can even approach the dark inner depths of the office with careless tread. With an enrollment of 130, we started out on our career very illusoriously by being one of the largest classes that has ever entered the Olympia High School. Our reputation has been strengthened, for we have shown that we have quality as well as quantity.

The class colors are purple and gold, the class flower the white carnation. At the last meeting, held November 22, President Waldo Stentz appointed a committee composed of Helen White, Lois Temple, Dorothy Rose, Winnie Mullenger, Dorothy Canaday, Elmon Christopher and Fred Johnston to elect the class editor. Our sergeant-at-arms having had his resignation accepted, Dennis Hurley was unanimously elected to the vacant office.
ATHLETICS

On the whole the season was fairly successful. The results of the playing season were two victories, two tie games and only two defeats. This was due to the efficiency of the "stars." The total comparative score shows the playing ability of the team in general, for the result was Olympia 65, and opponents 32. The crowds and pep of by-gone days were noticeably absent. The yells were given, but without the famous High School spirit.

THE TEAM.

Heintzleman, James, "Jimmy"; right end, left half. A dashing, brilliant player.

Brazel, Walter, "Jimmy"; right tackle, right end. A polished, dignified star.

Fishback, Fletcher, "Fish"; right tackle, right guard. A dainty, dashing duck.

Johnson, Levy, "Cupid"; right guard, center, left tackle. Gigling, gibberish guard.

Morris, Edward, "Ted"; right guard. Terrible, talkative "tough."

Roberson, Edward, "Roby"; center, fullback. Religious, rollicking "rookie."


Murphy, John, "Murph"; left tackle, right guard. A malicious, murderous "mucker."

Barnes, Brad, "Count"; left end, quarter. Classy, conservative chap.

Johnson, Raymond, "Ray"; right half, quarter. Rambling, riotous ruffian.

Wilder, Earl, Captain; fullback, left tackle. An ever-ready expressionless wonder.

Hudson, Neal, "Hud"; left half, right end. A steady, consistent player.

SCORES.

O. H. S. 3, Alumni 3; O. H. S. 6, Chehalis 15; O. H. S. 9, Montesano 9; O. H. S. 28, Centralia 0; O. H. S. 6, Chehalis 15; O. H. S. 13, Montesano 7.

The second team also finished a successful season. Their schedule, although short, resulted in the uncovering of a coming star. The following players, with the capable coaching of Pierre Ouellette, defeated the husky Chehalis Seconds and made a creditable showing against Elma.

TEAM.

Harold "Riba" Troy, right end; Oliver "Dud" White, right tackle; Harry "Hank" Bolender, right guard; Earl Tucker, center; Chauncey Johnson, left guard; Harold Weston, left tackle; Carl "Cutie" Zambrin, left end; Wilbur "Web" Mordford, right half; Ralph "Cocy" Haycox, left half; Marshall "Eddie" Million, full back, R. Victor Ouellette, quarter back.

SCORES.

O. H. S. Seconds 0, Elma 32; O. H. S. Seconds 28, Chehalis 0.
On November 2, a very enthusiastic football assembly was held. After a speech by Coach Rhode the assembly was turned over to the students. All the students gathered in the front of the room and were led in the high school yells and songs by Truman Trullinger of the Junior class.

Just before the debate between O. H. S. and Chehalis a debate assembly was held to arouse interest in the coming contest. Neal Hudson, president of the Senior class, presided. Malcolm Leghorn first spoke to the students from the standpoint of an alumnum and a member of last year’s debating team. He told of the good he had gained from his work on the team and especially urged more Freshmen and Sophomores to turn out for debate. The next speaker was Mr. Brislawn, who is well known to all the students. He spoke on the value of public speaking and told amusing incidents of his first attempts. He said that no matter what line of work a student intends to take up he will need to know how to speak extemporaneously.

A most entertaining musical assembly was held on November 23. The first part consisted of selections by the orchestra, all of which were fully appreciated. Then two of our new phonograph records were played. They were the first two selections from Lohengrin, “The Prelude” and “Elsa’s Dream.” First Elizabeth McElroy read the story of the opera and then before each record was played Anna Springer explained the musical interpretation of the story.

Several rallies have been held this year at which the school spirit of the students was very enthusiastically demonstrated.

WHO AND WHAT WE ARE REMINDED OF.

“The Intrusions of Peggy.”—Francis Lamborn.
“The Little Minister.”—Burney Jones.
“Satan Sanderson.”—Carl Lokke.
“Little Citizens.”—The Freshmen.
“The Old Infants.”—The Seniors.
“The Seats of the Mighty.”—The Faculty.
“The Spy.”—Any Teacher.
“In the Closed Room.”—The Office.
“The Three Guardsmen.”—Mr. Loomis, Mr. Gerwick and Mr. McClelland.
“The Silent Places.”—The Assembly and Class Rooms.
“The Blazed Trail.”—The Lower Hall.
“Fiddle and I.”—Mildred Mumby.
“The Danger Mark.”—C.
MUSIC

ORCHESTRA.

From the number of persons who have been gently asked to leave the assembly room on various evenings, it is quite evidently known that the orchestra is as busy as ever.

They had been practising for Teachers' Institute, when what should they hear but that, by special request of Mr. Beach, they were to play for the Teachers' Reception also!

While the orchestra members were sorry to lose their trombone player, they were glad to be able to have a new instrument in the addition of a piccolo. For a while it seemed as if there was also to be a mandolin, but the owner moved away.

The orchestra gave a very pleasing program before the assembly Thursday, November 28.

GLEE CLUB.

Since last "Music-note Day" the Girls' Glee Club has been progressing rapidly and has so far twice had the opportunity of displaying its talent. The Glee Club sang to a fine, large audience on the memorable night of the Olympia-Centralia debate, and to a much larger one on the morning of the hastily arranged assembly during November. The members of the club were honored by an invitation to sing before the Teachers' Institute Monday, November 27.

.. Debate Notes ..

The 1917 debating team has had a most successful start. Our victory over Centralia seems to be due to several things, namely, the support of the student body, the splendid coaching we have received, and the lack of preparedness on the part of our opponents.

We are most grateful to the Girls' Glee Club, which furnished splendid music for the evening, and to the rally crowd for its enthusiastic support.

In our next debate with Elma, December 15, we have the negative of the same question. Whether we win or lose, we will do our best, always striving for the honor of our school.

—L. G. H., '17.

The following may be of unusual interest to the School Activities Committee of the Girls' Club:

Girls' Athletics—Kuay: "Competition in basket ball, swimming and tennis is offered through the year. Numerals are awarded in all sports."

The Hikers—Lens: "Every Friday afternoon we (The Hikers) take small trips around Portland Heights, Mt. Tabor or such nearby places as can be visited in one afternoon. 'The Hikers' are not so conservative and conventional as to hold their business meetings indoors. No, we believe in being original. As we are an outing club we decided to conduct our meetings out-of-doors."
DIE DEUTSCHE SEITE.


Die zweite deutsche Klasse wird das folgende Programm vor den weihnachtlichen Ferien haben:

1. Ein Lied, Tannenbaum ......................... Die Klasse
2. Namensrufen, mit Sprichwörtern ............ Die Klasse
3. Ein Gedicht, Das Cobhloch am Meer ......... Fr. Turner
4. Eine Geschichte, Das Freundschaft ........... Fr. Beeman
5. Ein Dialog, Auf dem Christmarkt ..............
6. Die Rätsel ................................ Fr. Kelley, Fr. Townsend
7. Ein Lied, O du Fröhliche ..................... Die Klasse
8. Ein Gedicht, Die Lorelei ....................... Fr. Granger
9. Eine Geschichte, Der Rhein ................... Fr. Troy
10. Ein Dialog, Ein Student der Musik in Berlin..... Herr Jones, Herr Mottman
11. Ein Dialog, Froliche Weihnachten .......... Fr. Hudson, Fr. Beach
12. Ein Lied, Die Heilige Nacht ................... Die Klasse

Frohliche Weihnachten und Glückliches Neujahr.

DOMESTIC-SCIENCE

The sewing room of the O. H. S. is to be equipped with new sewing tables in the near future. This will add greatly to the convenience of the sewing classes. The girls of the Sophomore Home Economics class have finished their skirts, and are now beginning their waists. They heartily believe the shears would have cut the material straighter with the aid of new "long" tables. If the girls haven this opinion now, they may have about three weeks after Christmas vacation.

Thursday of each week there are 19 eighth grade girls from the Lincoln School who come to Olympia High School to take lessons in cookery. This class is under the supervision of Miss Grube. The Freshman Home Economics girls are pleased to see them come as they expect the eighth grade girls to be their successors next year.

Both Freshmen and Sophomore girls will have studied candy lessons by Christmas. We presume there will be a candy kitchen in the rear of each home at this time. If so, Santa will have little trouble in filling the stockings of all the good little girls and bad little boys.

We wish to extend our congratulations to Miss Vivian Utterback on winning a fourth prize for writing a dinner menu for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer menu contest. This was the only prize won outside the city of Seattle.
Girls' Club Notes

We of the Girl's Club look forward with pleasure to the Wednesdays when we hold our regular meetings, for there is always something worth while in store for us.

At the last meeting, on November 8, the following program was given: Piano solo, Florence Townsend; vocal solo, Mary Conner; piano solo, Florence Willey.

After the musical numbers the Personal Affairs Committee presented a "Fashion Show." Here the girls were shown the proper and sensible clothes for high school girls. All styles, from simple school dresses to afternoon and party dresses, were shown. Several girls of the club served as models.

CHEEMAKEETAH.

The Cheemakeetah Camp Fire began work this year by hiking down to Neufer's Point. Several new names were proposed for membership.

On November 27 the Cheemakeetah held a Council Fire at which several new names were taken in and honors were awarded to the different members of the Council. Among those who were accepted were: Alice Jennings, Elizabeth McElroy, Susan Haley, Florence Bateson and Dorothy Rose.

On Friday before the Thanksgiving vacation a candy sale was held for the purpose of raising money for the dues of the Council. The candy sale proved to be a great success.

The Camp Fire has planned a number of interesting things for the coming year. For one thing the members have planned to take a course in Red Cross nursing, for which they hope to gain a standard of efficiency which will entitle them to a certificate in the spring.

ALUMNI NOTES

Aileen Driver, '16, is attending the Bellingham Normal. Elizabeth Mottman, '15, is assistant librarian in Bellingham. Among those attending Whitman College this year from the O. H. S. are Anna Munby, '15, and Alys Houghton, '16.

We are very proud of the fact that Winthrop Chaplin, '14, who is now a Junior at Whitman College, has had the honor of being elected associate editor of the Whitman College Annual.

Ethel Grim, '12, and Gladys Grim, '14, are attending the Bible University in Eugene, Oregon.

Loren Cain, '16, is attending a dental school in Portland, Oregon.

Mildred Lemon is a member of the faculty of the University of California at Berkeley.

The O. H. S. again feels honored by the fact that Harold Shaffer, '15, who is a Sophomore at the State University, has been elected class yell leader.

Elva Uhler, '12, who graduated from Bellingham Normal last spring, is teaching in the McKinley school this year.

William Pifer, '15, is employed in the state traveling library.

Marie Rowe, '14, is a reporter for the Olympia Recorder and Morning Olympian.

Harriet Van Eaton, '15, has gone to Seattle recently, where she will take up nursing in the Swedish Hospital.

Marie Strock, '16, is employed in the city library.

Margaret Main, '16, who is attending Wellesley this year, has made the golf team and also won a letter and a sweater.

Miss Grizzle—"Name one method of keeping milk from souring."

Freshie—"Leave it in the cow."
EXCHANGES

Our exchange list has slowly increased during the last month, but we are hoping for a greater increase within the next few months.


The Spectrum—Your cartoons add very much to the attractiveness of your November issue. Your short stories are very fascinating.

The Lens—Your literary department is one to be proud of. The department headings are very clever and your cartoons are good.

The Martian—There is a uniformity of literary quality in all your compositions and department notes which is not always found in such a publication. We like your plan of handling the exchange department and think your criticisms are very good. Where are your jokes?

Kuay—The binding of your November edition is particularly neat and attractive. Your joke department is good, but where is your exchange department?

“<If Muriel T. finds her Leghorn at the poultry show where will Marie find Heerman>?”

B. G. Williston
405 MAIN STREET.

GOOD CANDIES
And GOOD SMOKES.

Try the
Bay View Hotel
For a
GOOD MEAL.
Cor. Third & Water. Sts.

S is for Susan, who just joined our class,
E is for Emily—she somehow gets past,
N stands for names which here are not mentioned,
I is for Irene, who can't pay attention.
O stands for Ole who's bound to get richer,
R is for Ray, our wonderful pitcher.
S is for Scohey, Smith, Stonner and Stenger,

These are the only ones I can remember. —M. T.

CHRISTMAS TREE
LIGHTING OUTFITS.
MAZDA LAMPS
ELECTRIC TOYS
ETC.

CURLING IRONS,
HEATERS,
PERCOLATORS,
IRONS, ELECTRIC
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We're Making Them

WATCH THIS ADD

TALCOTT BROS.

Olympia    Washington

"Darling," gently lisped the maiden,

Red as roses grew her face;

"If you never loved another,

How then learned you to embrace?"

Joyously he pressed her to him,

Whispered in her ear with haste,

"Football trainer while at college,

Made us tackle round the waist."  — F. S.

Suits, Coats and Dresses

Cost Less at Rosenthal's

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SCHULTZ BROS.
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Cars for hire at
reasonable prices.
Day and night service.

Neilsen's
EXTRA FANCY FRUITS
And Confectionery
Our specialty.

We appreciate your
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While styles have changed, by fashion led,

She is a theme for jest,

Although, in truth, it may be said

She's no more over-dressed.

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All our goods are home-
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304 E. Fourth St.
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The Right Goods at
The Right Prices.

5-10-15 and 25c Goods
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Jas. Lasityr
425 Main Street.

Mary had a little lamb,
Likewise some lobster stew;
But ere the sunlit hours of morn,
She had a nightmare too.

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201 East Fourth Street.

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We pride ourselves on the quality of the Shoes we sell. Ordinary stock shoes are not good enough to find a place on our shelves. We personally select and designate just exactly the kind of material to be used in building our footwear. You receive the benefit in longer wear, better fit, more fit.

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MEIERS' WORK SHOES.

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THE COMMA HELPS.

Girls are pretty, generally speaking.
Girls are pretty generally speaking.—Ex.

WINTER WHEAT FLOUR
BEST BY EVERY TEST.
J. F. Kearney & Co.

Billie—"If I kiss you will you call your mother?"
Emma—"Not unless you want to kiss the whole family."
"Make yourselves at home," said the genial host, "I'm always happiest when my guests are at home."

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Fresh Meats Daily.
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Fine, Perfect Diamonds.
Newest Styles in Jewelry.
P. H. NEUFFER,
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Storekeeper—"Well, my little man, what can I do for you?"
Freshie—"When I come in here tonight with my girl and ask for a dollar's worth of your best chocolates, just pass me out a dime's worth of them little things in the corner, will you?"

John H. McCaughan Sadie Doherty
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Drugs, Toilet Articles, Prescriptions.
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Dewey M.—"Just waiting for the stars to come out."

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Advertisement in poultry journal—"Plymouth Rock hens ready to lay $1.25 each."
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W. KLAUMBUSH
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"The umpire called "Foul,"" said she, "Yet not a feather do I see."
"Correct," he said, "and even so, This is a picked nine you know."

If your feet are large
Or if your feet are small,
Turn your footsteps
Towards the Shoe Store
That can fit them all.

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and TINWARE.
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Little Mabel Rose,
Sat down in repose
Where naughty Jack
Had placed a tack.
Little Mabel Rose.

Lyndle S.—“I have a little mug—”
B. Jones—“Did you ever take a look in the looking glass?”
Mary Conner—“Let’s do something unusual.”
Mary W.—“Why not go to class?”

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Can make your auto as good as new, with a guaran-
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JUNIOR—“If ‘two-in-one’ is shoe polish, and ‘three-in-one’
is stove polish, what is four and one?”
 Soph.—“Dunno, what?”
 Junior—“Five, of course.”

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Shine Parlors
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Joe Rollman, Prop.

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get on it.”
Mr. Rhode—“I know it. I’ve been there myself.”

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GOODS

WHEN MAKING PURCHASES PLEASE MENTION THE OLYMPUS.
Mildred S.—"Why is the letter E like death?"
Lucile H.—"I don't know, why?"
M. S.—"Because it is the end of life."

Sergeant—"Now don't you know how to hold your rifle?"
Recruit—"I've run a splinter in my finger."
Sergeant (exasperated)—"Oh, you 'ave, 'ave you? Been scratching your 'ead I suppose."

Jean took a little drink.
Jean took no more.
For what she thought was H20,
Was H2S04.

K. J.—"Say, Mildred, won't you give me something for The Olympus?"
M. S.—"Sure; will my debate speech be all right?"
K. J.—"Fine, any old trash will do."

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Get your knowledge from the wise,
Get your groceries from the live stores,
The ones that advertise.

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One of the Live Ones.

Miss C. (in Botany)—“Francis, what kind of a leaf should be cooked to show oil?”
F. B.—“A fat one, I guess.”

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Jean B.—“Save one for me, please.”

Miss B. (Freshman English)—“Why do words have roots?”
E. Mc.—“So the language can grow, I suppose.”

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Johnie—“Oh, no, sir.”
Mr. Rhode—“Well, what else is there to laugh at?”

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A SPECIALITY.
519 MAIN STREET.

K. J.—“What is the missing link between a man and a monkey?”
Muriel T.—“Must be his tail.”

Why is the Physics class like a Ford?
It has a crank in front and a bunch of nuts behind.

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"I am in favor of peace at any price."
"Yes," replied the pessimist, "but suppose you wake up some morning and haven't got the price."

Automobile Agent—"Have you seen our new catalogue?"
Victim—"Yes, I think I rode in one just the other day."

Mr. Aiken (in History)—"Jefferson entered the White House a man of peace and left it a 'man-of-war.'" Quite a change.

Miss Collier—"Harold, what are the seven wonders of the world?"
H. B.—"I don't know of any except Robinson's big three-ring circus."

Photographer (to Ted M.)—"It would make a more effective picture if you would put your hand on your father's shoulder."
Father—"It would be more true to life if he would put his hand in my pocket."

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In time to see the start;
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They sat thus far apart.

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Call us up
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But oh, the hero wooed the girl,
Twice oh! he stole a kiss;
And when the lights came on again,
Theysatupcloselikethis.

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Fred S. (in Eng. 7)—"One cause of the Revolution was
that England was so 'luxurious' in her colonial policy."
Muriel T.—"Ichabod Crane was very fond of his stomach."
Brad B.—"I borrowed a razor from him, with which I
manicured my nails and my whiskers."

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