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In Memoriam

FLORENCE B. HAYCOX
AUGUST 12, 1886
FEBRUARY 11, 1916

Let simple words of truth be sung
For one whose years are ever young;
Whose kindness rules her heart and tongue,

All souls confess her gentle sway;
As in the past, so now today
They follow where she leads the way.

Did shadows ever veil her skies?
New tasks and duties caught her eyes;
Life teemed with richest ministries.

So clouds have melted into light,
And faith is strong and hope is bright;
And blessings crown our friend tonight.

—Selected.

$5,000 REWARD

Tommy Jones stood beside his mother in the side garden listening to Mrs. Nextdoor discuss the neighborhood gossip over the fence. There was but one topic of any importance that morning; so, of course, they talked about the new people moving in across the street.

Tommy could remember the time, five months before, when there had been no house across the street to move into. A vacant lot had been there, all covered with weeds—only there was a place in the middle where the little boys of the neighborhood played baseball in the summer time. Now, everything was different. Sidewalks had been laid, where the children could skate, but the house covered the ball grounds.

Oh, my, yes; the house covered that space and much more besides. Why, father called it a “residence” instead of a house, and mother called it a “mansion.” Mother was looking forward to the time when she and father could afford one like it. Mrs. Nextdoor spoke of it as a palace—mere foolishness, for only kings live in palaces, mother said so. Mrs. Nextdoor talked too much anyhow—Father had said that—and someday Tommy intended to let her know about it.

“Goodness, yes,” she was saying at that moment. “Didn’t you see the morning paper? Why, right on the front page it says—The Carlyle-Grants move into their new home today! It goes on to say how it cost twenty thousand dollars—think of it—twenty thousand! If I’m any judge it never cost a cent less than thirty! And it says this is coming to be the exclusive residence section of the city—and not even a street car within six blocks. My, we’ll have to begin and clean up our yard pretty soon, won’t we?” Mrs. Nextdoor always said “we,” and she was the only one on that street who didn’t have a clean yard, too. But she hurried on for fear Mother would get in a word edgewise.

“Oh, look; here comes the third van already. Dear me, every-
thing so far has been all boxed up just as it left the freight car. 
Humph, afraid we'd see something! They couldn't fool me on 
one thing, though. I counted eleven barrels and I know by the 
way they were carried in that they contained dishes. My, she 
must do some extensive entertaining, don't you suppose?"

As Mother said, "I'm sure I can't say," Tommy pulled at 
her apron; so, making some excuse, she went with him to pre-
pare Father's luncheon.

Six months later Tommy woke up one morning with the 
feeling that something different was about to happen. On the 
chair beside his bed he saw his best Sunday suit all freshly 
pressed and laid out for him, and on the floor were his best 
shoes, newly blacked—Mother had done that. Then he re-
membered. It was Easter, of course, and Spring was really there. 
He felt under his pillow for his birthday watch. It was only 
6 o'clock. But he jumped out of bed and hopped to the window. 
He leaned his head way out, sniffing the cool, fresh morning air.

Excepting the slight stir made by the breeze in the big 
clings across the way, the street was as quiet and peaceful as a 
deserted village. But suddenly a number of automobiles—a long 
string of them, it seemed to Tommy—swung around the corner 
and dashed up to the Carlyle-Grants.

One, Tommy knew, was the Grant's own touring car, for he 
saw Booth, the chauffeur, driving it. The runabout belonged to 
the doctor who went quite often to the house across the street. 
Tommy couldn't imagine to whom the other car belonged. It 
reminded him of a hotel bus he had seen once with the seats run-
ning lengthwise. A door opened in the back, too, and a woman 
got out. She was a nurse, for she wore a blue uniform just like 
the girl's who stayed at the Grant's all the time. Tommy's eyes 
grew wider and his heart thumped hard against his ribs. He 
reviewed the history of the Grant's since they had come into 
his life.

From the very first they had been as genial as could be. 
Mrs. Grant and Mother had become great friends, although 
the former did not seem to care much for Mrs. Nextdoor. 
Tommy was seven years old and Mrs. Grant's little boy was 
cight. His name was Jimmy and he was a very extraordinary 
little boy indeed. He could do 'most everything anyone else 
could except walk. Jimmy could not walk. He sat in a big 
wheel chair and everywhere he wanted to go someone had to 
push him. A great nuisance, Tommy considered it. Still, 
Jimmy was worth it.

It was only yesterday their man, Booth, had taken both boys 
to the circus. When they came home they went to the Grant's 
yard to play ball. Play ball, indeed, when Tommy had to be 
both pitcher and catcher and run after all the balls besides. He 
was tired and had felt rather heavy—probably due to pink 
lemonade. At any rate, he had grown angry and had thrown 
one of his swift balls—really swift, too—right at Jimmy as hard 
as he could. Of course Jimmy couldn't dodge in his wheel 
chair, so the ball had struck him on his crippled foot.

Tommy recalled the next scene all too vividly and it made 
him blush for his part in it. Jimmy had cried—well, Tommy 
guessed he would have, too—and when Booth came out Tommy 
finished up by calling Jimmy a coward before he ran home.

He didn't dare to tell his mother. It would have made her 
cry. Tommy almost cried now. It was bad enough to have 
hit a cripple without heaping coals of fire on his head by calling 
him a coward afterwards. Probably that very hit had occasion-
ioned the doctor's visit this morning. Do you suppose Jimmy 
would die? He had heard of stranger things.

It would all be Tommy's fault, too. In his mind's eye he 
saw a large sign posted on the Carlyle-Grant's fence: "Five 
Thousand Dollars Reward for the Capture of Thomas Jones, 
Dead or Alive!"

The thought was blood-curdling to his excited faculties. He 
pictured himself as the living terror of all youthful imagina-
tions—a second Jesse James. He was shivering as he scrambled 
into his clothing. He dashed downstairs forgetting even his 
beloved watch. As he opened the front door he beheld his 
own mother coming out of the Grant's gateway. Her face 
was shining, her eyes moist, and as Tommy ran into the shelter 
of her arms she hugged him tightly.
"Oh, Tommy, Tommy," she whispered. "Be glad for your little friend. When Jimmy gets well he'll be able to walk! I heard from Booth how it happened. You really shouldn't have done it, Tommy, but that's just what his foot needed—a good jarring. I ought to punish you severely, but, oh, Tommy, I can't!" she added tenderly.

And the ever-watchful Mrs. Nextdoor from her front window exclaimed to her husband: "Whatever that Mrs. Grant sees in those Joneses—"

--- F. J., '17.

MORE FORD POETRY.

Old Zeke Perkins sold his hogs one day,
And the gosh durned fool threw his money right away;
He rode into town sitting on a board,
And he came riding home in a dinky little "Ford."
When he came to the house and got to the gate,
He shut down the throttle and put on the brake;
He grabbed for the reins, got the throttle instead,
And the dinky little "Ford" kept a-chugging right ahead.
Zeke jerked on the levers and he turned on the gas,
He kicked at the pedal and he broke out the glass,
He cut all wires and he pulled off the top,
But the gosh durned "Ford" just wouldn't stop.
He pulled out his knife and smiled so serene,
Cut a hole in the tank and drained out the gasoline;
He pulled out his gun, shot the tires full of lead,
But the gol durned "Ford" kept a-chugging right ahead.

The Matrimonial Agency

Bobby passed through the kitchen with her arms full of newspapers.
"What are you going to do with those?" asked her 18-year-old sister, Adelaide.
"Oh, Bert has been working on a playhouse all morning," said her other sister, Florrie, as Bobby thumped down the cellar stairs without answering.

Soon Bobby appeared again for scissors and paste and an old ledger of her father's. All through the morning the twins could be heard thumping, hammering and expostulating with each other.

About noon Bobby was heard to say, "Put it on the parking facin' the sidewalk, Bert. I'll be out in a minute." With a great clatter the old piano box was pushed out the door. They had put rollers under it, and as Bert rolled it across the lawn Bobby followed, a hammer in one hand, a long board in the other, and her mouth full of nails.

"Roberta Carter, what are you an' Bert up to?" called Florrie from the kitchen window.
"We're gonna play store. Any objecshuns?" Bobby yelled back as the boy and girl went out of sight of the watchers at the window.

As soon as they had "disgracefully gobbled their luncheon," as Florrie, the elegant, expressed it, the twins rushed back to the playhouse.

The two girls were upstairs the early part of the afternoon, but to judge from the conversation on the street, Bert and Bobby were doing a thriving business.

About 8 o'clock the telephone bell rang. Adelaide answered it. "Hello," she said.
"Is this Adelaide?" cautiously inquired an acid voice at the other end of the line.
“Yes, Miss Peters,” Adelaide answered, recognizing the voice.

“When'll your maw be home?” asked the maiden lady.

“We expect them in about two weeks.”

“Well, all I can say is, she'd a better stayed to home an' learned her childern good manners 'n to go a-traipsin' off to expositions an' such.”

Bang went the receiver!

“Well, did you ever?” gasped Adelaide.

“What's the matter? Who was it?” called Florrie from upstairs.

“Why, old Miss Peters just said she thought Mamma should have stayed home and taught us good manners. I can't understand it.”

Just then the door bell rang. Adelaide went to the door. There stood three middle-aged ladies, all of whom still had “Miss” before their names. “The Struggling Trio” the Carter children had humorously called them.

“When's your mother coming home?” demanded the spokesman.

“Why, in about two weeks,” replied the puzzled girl.

“Well, it was time she took some of the impertinence out of her offspring,” said the woman. The other two nodded violently and all three firmly departed, leaving Adelaide speechless.

“Wouldn't that take the muzzle off a rat terrier?” Florrie inelegantly spoke from the head of the stairs as the older girl closed the door and sank weakly on the lowest step.

“I believe it's those kids,” she broke out suddenly. “I'm going to see what they've got out there.”

Sure enough! In big black letters read the sign, “MATRI- MoNiaL AgEnCiE.” A large book lay open on the “counter.” On closer inspection they found that this contained newspaper clippings of matrimonial advertisements neatly pasted in the old ledger. Under the heading “vayable Bachelors” was a list of the unmarried men in the town.

“What on earth ever made you think of doing such a thing?” Adelaide asked that evening as they sat before the open fire in the library.

“Well, you all said I was the cause of getting rid of Aunt Susan an' she was as tickled as us, so I thought the rest of the old maids would like it an' me an' Bert could make some money on it,” replied Bobby.

“So much handier fer them,” mumbled Bert sleepily.

The new cook, who had come into the household during the holidays, asked her mistress:

“Where bane your son? I not seeing him round no more.”

“My son,” replied the mistress proudly. “Oh, he has gone back to Yale. He could only get away long enough to stay until New Year's day, you see. I miss him dreadfully, though.”

“Yas. I knowing yooost how you feel. My broder, he bane in yail sax times since Thanksgiving.”

Mooney—“Would you mind taking that yellow tie with the pink spots out of the window?”

Clerk—“No, sir, not in the least. We are always pleased to take anything out of the windows.”

Mooney—“Thanks awfully. The beastly thing bothers me so every time I pass. Good morning.”

“What's the name of your dog, little boy?”

Little boy (who had been fishing)—“Fish, sir.”

“Why do you call him 'Fish'?”

"'Cause he don't bite."
George Washington

I am an "animated bust"—George Washington by name;
I stand outside the office door in the proverbial "hall of fame."

And many are the sights I've seen, but it would never do
To keep you in the dark for long, so I will tell a few.

I see the scholars every morn come trooping to their doom;
I know their hearts are heavy, for their faces reflect gloom.

Some will always come on time. Others seem to hate
To come at all and when they do they generally are late.

If that is so then 'tis their fate to hear the lion in his den.
I see them falter at the door before they venture in.

Some come out alive with wondrous tales to tell—
How bold they were and what they said, and how the "descon" fell.

There be others though, unlucky, who emerge with drooping head;
They gather up their many wraps and out the front door they tread.

Then at noons the halls resound with happy laughter somehow
Than the morning found, for the end of school is nearer.

But after lunch there comes a pause that brings the school together
Before it starts upon a round of lessons to disperse.

Perchance, if Friday afternoon, I hear the piano going
And know that in a room above the German tongue is flowing.

But every afternoon, across the hall from me,
The typewriters are clicking with a certain melody.

And from the kitchen down below savory odors steal
Of pies and cakes and puddings, too good for an earthly meal.

But after school is when the halls abound with mirthful glee,
And wondrous are the tales I hear and marvels that I see.

You'd think I would grow tired sometimes—forever standing here;
But vacation is the dullest part, for me, of all the year.

—V. J., '17.

JUNIOR DIARY

February 4th—Frances Weston walked to school alone.
February 16th—Ted Morris caused quite a panic among the "fair sex" in Caesar class by tapping his feet on the floor. Several girls thought it was an earthquake.
February 21st—Jean Bowman startled the assembly by arriving at five minutes to nine.
February 24th—A non-fussers' club has been organized and held its first meeting today. The charter members up to the present date are: Carl Lokke, William Johnson and George Mottman. There is a mysterious rumor going around that Earl Wilder is soon to become a member of the club.
February 29th—Mary Weston received ten in Latin today. She had the good fortune not to be called on.
March 1st—Ray Mallory is contemplating buying a new automobile, but he has not yet decided upon the make. We girls are satisfied with any make as long as it is not a make-believe (Ford).

—M. H. T., '17.
A Strange Mystery

Not more than two years ago, in a distant suburb of New York, there occurred a mysterious murder, which caused considerable excitement among the suburbanites and newspaper reporters.

It seems that the facts in the case, as told by a reporter, are these: As soon as word reached the authorities concerning the murder, a young doctor, an old-time coroner, and a cub reporter were sent out to make a thorough investigation. After they had travelled five miles on the street car, then walked two miles through the suburbs, and another two miles beyond all human habitation, they came to a deserted farmhouse. Near this house was a large open field surround by trees, an ideal place for a duel. This, it seems, had been the cause of the death of the two men whose bodies were found by the coroner in one corner of the field.

It was nearly noon, and wishing to complete their work before nightfall, they carried the bodies to the house. However, by the time the doctor and coroner had held the autopsy it was so dark they thought it best to spend the night where they were.

There were three rooms in this house, the parlor, the bedroom, and a little kitchen. On a couch in the parlor they placed the man who had lost his head in the struggle. On a bed in the adjoining room they placed the other man, who it seemed, was dead from a stab above the heart, and who held in his hand a locket containing the picture of a beautiful girl.

This done, the three men retired to the kitchen, to discuss the case and make themselves as comfortable as possible for the remainder of the night. The reporter made a fire in the little rusty, tumble-down stove, while the coroner fastened up the shaky windows and barred the door, and the doctor procured a lamp from a cupboard. It was not long before they settled down for the rather unpleasant discussion of the events of the day.

The reporter, who was pretty much shaken up over the whole affair, started out by asking:

"Say, did you ever hear of anything so awful before in all your life? Do you suppose the man with the locket crept up behind the other fellow and took it away from him, and then cut loose his head?"

"Aw, they were just a couple of jealous fools, who were making a mountain out of a mole hill over that fool woman," said the coroner in a bothered tone of voice.

"The whole thing puzzles me. I have a feeling that something sort of gruesome is going to happen. The wind is howling a regular funeral gale outside, and everything looks spooky. Every time a shadow moves a bit, my heart almost stops beating." The nervous young doctor concluded this speech in a rather shaky voice, which died away in a whisper on his lips, as a sound of tattooing was heard in the next room. The reporter fancied he could hear the poor doctor's heart beating almost as loud as his own. Both men jumped as the coroner broke into a loud laugh of derision.

"Guess we're sort of tenderfooted. I suppose that was the wind," said the doctor rather sheepishly.

"You fellows are regular greenhorns all right. About time to turn in, I should say." With this the coroner stationed himself behind the stove, and was soon sound asleep.

In spite of his fear of ghosts and all things "spooky," the reporter soon followed suit, leaving only the poor doctor to keep his lonely vigil through the long night hours.

The wind howled around the house in such a monotonous way that after an hour or so, it lulled even the doctor into a light though troubled sleep. Suddenly there was a crash, then the sound of scuffling and struggling. The doctor sat bolt upright, his blood fairly congealing in his veins. Then a mighty bang and a thud, as someone was hurled with awful force against the door separating the kitchen and parlor. This aroused the coroner and reporter, who sprang to their feet,
each reaching for a weapon. The coroner, grabbing a lighted lamp in one hand, and a pistol in the other, started for the door, closely followed by the other men. The noise grew deafening; glass crashed, furniture seemed to break, and then, just as the reporter threw open the door, everything subsided. Deathly silence reigned amid the chaos of broken windows, smashed furniture and general disorder. They advanced carefully into the room and to their utter amazement and horror, found the man without a head lying on the floor, clutching tightly in one hand the locket! In the next room they found the other body lying in a heap on the floor, with hands outstretched—empty.

The men looked at one another, bewildered, excited, frightened. Finally the doctor said in a strange, solemn tone: “The soul of the headless man has been avenged of its wrong. He has the locket once more.”

THE FRESHMAN LAMENT.

I’d like to be a Senior
And with the Seniors stand,
A fountain pen behind my ear,
A notebook in my hand.
I would not be a president;
’Tis hard to be a king;
I would not be an emperor
For all the wealth would bring;
I would not be an angel—
For angels have to sing;
I’d rather be a Senior
And never do a thing. —E.K.

High School Poets

After reading L’Allegro and Il Penseroso the Juniors made some very successful attempts at writing original poetry. Perhaps the following lines will convince the readers that there are “Miltons” in our midst:

IL PENSOESOS EVENING.

When Evening, with her footsteps still and slow
Steals gently in, and brings the shadows gray,
I seek the dusky, winding lanes where blow
The softest breezes at the close of day.
The peaceful gloaming never fails to please,
And from the busy world I may steal far;
The gentle music of the whispering breeze
Brings quiet rest, and every shining star
In its bright splendor sends a message clear
Of beauty that is calm and faith that does not fear.
—Ella Granger.

Some summer morning, cool and fine,
As fisherman, with hook and line,
I like to follow some clear brook
And try the prowess of my hook
Upon the unsuspecting trout
That haunt the waters thereabout.
And if I find, along the shore
Some shady place, unseen before,
I’ll stop awhile before I try
Again the casting of my fly. —V. J., ’17.

Oft on a still summer evening
When the sun has sunk in the west—
I love to see the moon rise
From the valley of peace and rest.
To hear in the far-off distance
The dull roar of the sea,
And the song of the soft wind, humming
To the sweet birds, tenderly:
And then to think of the morrow
When Zephyr with his song,
Will bid Aurora welcome,
At the coming of the dawn.

—Ada Myers.

A WINTER NIGHT.
When the snow is on the ground,
And the merry bells resound,
And the sound of laughter rings
With a joy that winter brings;
When the moon shines in the sky
And the fleecy clouds go by,
'Tis then I love to go
Over the drifts of glistening snow,
With the diamonds sparkling round,
On the crisp and crackling ground.
And hear the laughter and the cry
Of youthful voices floating by,
Which let the heart beat with delight
And makes us love the winter night.

—Sylvia Bohac.

H. R.—“I was down to the Ray last night and I saw a man turn an egg into a rabbit.”
Cutie Z.—“That’s nothing. I was down on Fourth street and saw a man turn into a pool joint.”

EDITORIAL

OLYMPUS STAFF.
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Artists.........................Frank Scott and Alys Houghton

CLASS EDITORS.
Marie Strock........................'16
George Mottman....................'17
Marshall Million....................'18
Evelyn Chambers....................'19

Signs of Spring are becoming evident in and about the High school. Baseball is fast replacing basketball and indoor sports as a topic for discussion. Track, tennis and other forms of Spring athletics are coming to the foreground. Even the weather has shown encouraging signs from time to time.

It will be recalled that there was no track work taken up last Spring. This was owing to the fact that no suitable place could be secured for this purpose. Efforts are being made to get the Carlion track for this year. Possibly some of you could use your influence to help accomplish a good end in this case. Anyway, there is nothing like trying.
A new organization has sprung into existence within our school in the last few weeks. This is the "Boys' Club," which bids fair to play an important part in our school life. This is by no means a new idea, but has been successfully carried out in other high schools, and with the proper support it will accomplish great things for the O. H. S. Therefore, let's get behind it and make it a go! A similar organization is being planned for the girls. A special department of The Olympus will be devoted to these clubs.

Much progress has been made along the line of inter-class contests during the last two years. Chess and swimming have lately been introduced. A tabulated list showing the winners in the various events will be found under "Athletics."

We hope that those taking German will be interested in the new department of our paper, "Die Deutschen Klassen."

---

IT ISN'T YOUR SCHOOL—IT'S YOU!
If you want to be in the kind of school
Like the kind of school you like,
You needn't slip your books in a bag
And start on a long, long hike.
For you'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new;
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your school,
For it isn't your school—it's you.
Real schools are not made by men afraid
Let somebody else gets ahead.
When everyone works and nobody shirks
You can raise a school from the dead.
And if, while you make your personal stake,
Your neighbor can make one, too,
Your school will be what you want to see.
It isn't yor school—it's you! —Selected.

---

Athletic Notes

BASKETBALL.
This is the first year that any particular interest has been shown in basketball by those who took an active part in the sport and those who supported the team. An unusual number of games have been played by the High School quintet and by class teams. The quintet played nine in the Capital City league and there were twelve inter-class games. Notwithstanding the fact that so many games were played the students turned out for each game and gave the team their hearty support.

HIGH SCHOOL TAKES CITY CHAMPIONSHIP.
As a result of the High School basketball team winning the championship in the City league, the school has been awarded a large silver loving cup. Four of the strongest teams of the
city entered this league, namely, Y. M. C. A., Olympia Nationals, Elks and High School.

The team deserves a great deal of credit and thanks from the High School for their showing, it not having lost a game in the entire series. Each team was scheduled to play three games with each other. In all of the matches the High School put up a fast, snappy and clean game. Comparatively few points were scored against the team, although their opponents were considerably older and had a great deal of experience in the game.

The team for this season was ably captained by George Meath. Others that played on the team were Merle Morford, Harry Coulter, Gary Lemon, Pierre Ouellette and William Trumbo. In recognition of their services to the school, each member will be presented with an old style English "O." George Meath, Harry Coulter, Merle Morford, Neil Hudson and Pierre Ouellette have played sufficient games to be awarded a letter.

In the inter-class series the Seniors took first place for school championship, while the Sophomores came out without a game to their credit. The boys that represented the Senior class have played together for the last four years and have never lost a game. The Juniors captured second place with four games to their credit and two lost. The Freshmen took two and lost four.

Results in the inter-class series were as follows: December 10—Seniors 57, Sophomores 7; December 18—Sophomores 24, Freshmen 26; December 17—Juniors 24, Freshmen 21; December 20—Juniors 41, Sophomores 14; January 3—Seniors 36, Freshmen 7; January 6—Seniors 56, Juniors 19; January 10—Juniors 34, Sophomores 16; January 13—Freshmen 18, Seniors 14; January 17—Juniors 27, Freshmen 13; January 20—Seniors 48, Juniors 24; January 24—Seniors 72, Sophomores 14.

The heptathlon or indoor track meet, is rapidly becoming popular in High school and eventually will take the place of the outdoor meet. This year the meet was won by the Sophomores, their first victory while in school. Each class entered two men to take part in each event. More interest has been taken and a keener rivalry has been shown this year than any of the preceding years. Two records were broken, one by Coulter in the high jump, and the other by Robert Forbes in the broad jump.

The events in the meet were: 220-yard potato race, which was taken by the Juniors; finish, taken by the Sophomores; 60-yard potato race, taken by Juniors; broad jump, taken by Sophomores; shot put, taken by Sophomores; high jump, taken by Seniors.

HIGH SCHOOL VS. Y. M. C. A.

INDOOR TRACK MEET.

In this event the High school took first place with 1,036 points, while the Y. M. C. A. made 879. For this meet a shield will be awarded to the High school. High school students who took part in this meet were: Morford, Ouellette, Meath, Trumbo, Hudson, Maxin, Smith, Coulter, Harold Forbes and Robert Forbes.

SWIMMING MEET.

Coach Ellis G. Rhode introduced a new meet into the High school which will hereafter be known as the inter-class swimming meet. From now on this meet will very likely remain on the High school list of athletic activities. From the spectators' point of view, the swimming meet is the most liked of all other meets. This event consisted of under-water dives, fancy and straight, back stroke, plunge for distance, dash of four lengths and relay swim. The results were: Juniors 25 points, Sophomores 30, Freshmen 16. The Seniors did not enter a team.
O. H. S. INTER-CLASS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Year. 1914-15 1915-16
Football 1916 1919
Basketball 1916 1916
Hexathlon 1915 1918
Baseball 1917
Girls' Tennis 15 & 16 tied
Boys' Tennis 1915
Chess
Swimming 1916 1918

(Baseball and Tennis are still to be decided this spring.)

George Meath—"What's all the excitement down the street?"
Malcolm—"Why, they're having a wooden wedding down there."
G. M.—"Wooden wedding, what's that?"
M. L.—"Oh, just a couple of Poles getting hooked up.
—Ex.

Soph.—"Bet I know where you got that tie."
Fresh.—"Five bucks you don't."
Soph.—"Around your neck, you boob."

Boys' Club

Through the active interest of Coach Rhode in starting an organization for boys in the school, the High school boys have started a Boys' club. The faculty advisor and student president of the Broadway High School Boys' club made a trip to Olympia and assisted in the organization of our club.

The purpose of the club is principally to assist boys in choosing a vocation. Many boys do not know what they are best fitted to take up as a vocation. For this reason boys often make serious mistakes on this important question. To prevent such mistakes is one of the main objects of the club. The club will also bring about a closer fellowship among the boys.

At a recent meeting the club was formally organized and officers were elected. A slip was filled out by all members, on which they stated what field of work they were most interested in. The vocations were divided into three groups, the Industrial, the Commercial and the Professional. The scope of these various groups was given by members of the faculty.

Speakers will be secured to address the club on different points with regard to the various vocations. It will be of great benefit to the boys to attend these meetings and hear what men with actual experience have to say about various lines of work.

Girls' Club

A meeting was held on Wednesday, March 8, by the girls of the school to discuss the organization of a Girls' Club. The girls were unanimously in favor of the club and a meeting will be held in the near future to elect officers. The girls are all delighted with the choice of Miss Olga Grizzle as faculty advisor.
DEBATE

The debating team has taken part in two contests with other schools this year. The first, with Centralia High school, December 17, was lost and the other, with Kelso, March 7, was won by our boys. The other two contests on the schedule were both forfeited to our team. Taking everything into consideration, the season has been rather successful, but it would not have been more beneficial to the debators themselves if more actual contests had been participated in.

Before the debate with Kelso we enjoyed hearing the speeches of the team at a 1 o'clock assembly.

The work in debate will go on just as usual although there will be no more inter-school debates.

"I think Prof. Hybrowe is a wonderful lecturer," said the Old Fogey. "He brings things to you that you never saw before."

"That's nothing," replied the Groch. "I have a laundry wagon driver that can do that."—Ex.

Miss B.—"Give me the principal parts of the verb meaning to skate."

Student—"Skate, slippere, falli, bumptus."

Miss B.—"Faileo, failere, flunki, flunksus for you young man."—Ex.

Die Deutschen Klassen


Das Programm:

Ein Lied—"Die Lorelei" ....................................... Die Klasse
Der Rufensnamen .............................................. Die Klasse
Das Gedicht—"Deine Mutter" .......................... Frl. Shaw
Ein Gedicht—"Der Erlkönig" .............................. Herr Bennett
Ein Klavierduettie ......................... Frl. Houghton und Herr McNamara
Die Raetzelt .................................................. Frl. Johnston
Ein Dialog ......................................................... Frl. Grimm und Frl. Davis
Ein Gedicht—"Die Lorelei" .................................... Frl. Watson
Vokal Solo ......................................................... Herr Lewis
Ein Dialog—"Die Wascherfrau" ......................... Frl. Chambers, Frl. Sinclair, Frl. Barth
Ein Gedicht ......................................................... Herr Coulter
Eine Geschichte ................................................ Frl. Countryman
Vokal Solo—"Sing mir dein Lied" ......................... Frl. Cole
Some German Customs ........................................ Frl. Driver
Ein Lied—"Die Wacht am Rhein" ...................... Die Klasse

Wir hoffen bald unsere Freunde mit einem deutschen Lustspiel zu unterhalten.
WER FING DEN STREIT AN?

DAS HOELZERNE BEIN.

Miss H.—"Give the feminine of monk."
Bright Boy—"Monkey."

Stranger—"Do you know Scott?"
Gray—"Sure; I sleep in the same physics class with him."

Assembly Notes

At one of our recent assemblies Mr. Horn, secretary of the tax commission gave a talk on "Thrift." With the definition of thrift as "the saving of time, of health, and of money," as a basis for his talk, he gave emphasis to time-saving. Mr. Horn showed the various sources of the waste of time and suggested remedies. Some other phases of this definition will be presented later by other speakers.

On February eleventh a flag given by the ladies of the G. A. R. to the High school was presented to the students by Mr. Beach. After the student body had pledged allegiance to the flag Mr. Borthwick addressed the assembly on "Patriotism."

Not long ago the High School Orchestra gave us a splendid concert at a 9 o'clock assembly.

DR. SUZZALLO'S ADDRESS

Dr. Suzallo of the University of Washington addressed us in December. His subject concerned attitudes of character, but he first spoke about the three men in one.

In every man, and he said man meant every sex and color, there is the deeper man or the man in the background, the man of feeling. This is the man who is directed by unconscious impulse, who wishes to do a good or bad thing as his attitude dictates. Ahead of this man is the man of mind who cautions the man of feeling and directs the man ahead—the man of action. The man of action, he said, is what the world wants, the man of service who can change objects and materials with his hands, the man who appreciates every atom of the materials' value. This is the man of final output, the man we will all be some day and his value and worth will depend upon our care
and training of each man in particular. If the man of mind
stumbles he will trip the man of feeling and the ultimate man
of action will develop accordingly.

Dr. Suzzallo has been among the students at his university
and has learned to study their attitudes as a portrayal of
character. He can judge his students by the clothes they
wear, the way they walk, the way they talk, the way they laugh
at jokes; if a girl giggles, he said, one can know that she will
make a frivolous companion in life.

He judges his students who enter his office not by the words
they say, but by the “color scheme” or attitude back of what they
say. If they are sullen or dejected, stubborn or haughty, he
talks and acts with them accordingly. If one stoops his
shoulders he encourages fear, but he can’t be afraid with his
shoulders thrown back and his head held high.

He told us we would be governed by the company we keep,
the manner we cultivate and the books we read. If we associate
with a certain company we gradually become like this company;
if we think of a duty and do not fulfill it the manners
of the man of feeling are not weakened, but the manner of the
man of action are; if we choose a Diamond Dick hero we will
cultivate a taste for such and develop accordingly; if on the
other hand our story heroes are lovable and ideal, we will strive
for a character rich with true values.

We grew restless toward the close, not from lack of interest,
but from the crowded condition of the room. Dr. Suzzallo sensed
this atmosphere and, not quite through, he held us spellbound
with the story of Cy Noble and his surrender to the bigger man
in him, the man who would not accept the captaincy of his football
team for which he had worked four hard years because he
knew of a man who had worked just as long and just as hard
and who was a shade the better man.

Dr. Suzzallo was a very natural, forceful speaker and his
address was made more so by his abrupt close.

—Rudolph Gray, '17.

Music Notes

The Orchestra has made its long-looked-for appearance and
a fine appearance it was, too. But this it not surprising since
some of the members are girls. However, good looks was not
all that the orchestra furnished. The music which they brought
with them was enjoyed by all, and I am sure we all agree that
the orchestra is a great addition to the musical organizations
of the High school.

Another organization, whose public appearance is awaited
with interest, is the Boys’ Glee club, which has recently sprung
into existence under the leadership of Mr. Gwynn. We had
thought that Mr. Gwynn enjoyed only the music of hammers
and saws, but it now appears that he has even gone so far as
to risk his reputation training boys’ voices. There are about
twenty in the Glee club.

Are the harmonies at times issuing from Room 6, the seventh
period, intended merely to tantalize our hearing, or are we really
going to see, as well as hear, the German class some day?
Home Economics

Our annual Christmas Candy Sale was very successful. The candy was all sold by 12:45 o'clock. We were sorry that we did not have more, but as it was we took in $1. The candy was made by the different cooking classes of the Home Economics department.

The first year girls made bread a few weeks ago. We are very glad to know the girls did so well. Didn't the delicious fragrance of the bread baking of those two weeks make you hungry?

Mr. Aiken was somewhat surprised on entering the kitchen one day to see that it had been turned into a laundry room for the use of the second year girls. The girls had a two weeks' course of laundry work, which is now a part of the second year work.

The second year girls began working on their contest dresses about the first of March. This year the girls are allowed $1.50 for their contest dresses instead of $1.00 as before, due to the fact that the styles have changed. It takes considerably more material now than it did last year.

The third year girls finished their study of dietetics the first semester and at the beginning of the second semester began to study home management. The girls enjoyed their course in dietetics very much. They are now making house plans. The girls believe in "preparedness."

The third year girls are now making dresses after patterns they drafted themselves. They are working out very well. Most of the girls are intending to have their dresses for the Junior Prom.

Some of the Senior girls are doing practical thesis work in sewing this year instead of writing a thesis. The work they do will form a permanent exhibit in the Home Economics department.

One of Mr. Rhode's recipes for cooking a coot (Tumwater goose):
1. Shoot the bird.
2. Clean it.
3. Soak in kerosene for 23 hours to remove fishy flavor.
4. Take a clean brick and put into a pot to boil with the bird.
5. When the brick is tender enough so that a fork may be stuck into it the bird is done.
MANUAL TRAINING

The selling price of floor space in the shop is very high because of the large number of pieces of furniture that are being completed. The Freshmen are making cane-top stools and chairs, the predominant material being fir. The more advanced Sophomores are completing some very fine, large pieces of furniture, including tables, chairs, davenports, bookcases and buffets. These pieces are made largely from oak. One or two fine cedar chests are being made. All of these things ought to make a good showing at the end of the year.

In the "hot place" work is progressing very well. All the young "Vulcans" are forging table reading lamps which, when finished, promise to show up well. These lamps are made entirely of iron, with the exception of the glass and the "elbow grease." The preliminary work of the course is, for the most part, completed, and the boys seem to have become quite proficient in the use of the maul. They have also discovered that if one misses his iron and hits the anvil a hard whack, a sore head is the result.

Work has commenced in tin-smithing. Keen interest is being shown in this line of the course and we hope that upstairs rooms appreciate the fact that the anvils are not being used so much during the seventh period. A little later on copper work will be taken up and then the gentle music of lightly tapping hammers will begin again. From all appearances the exhibit, at the end of the year will owe much of its success to the third year metal work.

The mechanical drawing is progressing very well and a large number of plates have been completed by all classes. The first and second year boys are making drawings of geometric figures and solids of all kinds. They are also making mechanical and working drawings of all the different pieces of furniture. Third year boys are drawing different pieces of machinery, making both mechanical and free hand plates. Blue printing is also being taken up by all classes. Our faculty class has deserted us. "Hearts of iron." "Yes, indeed."

F. L.—"I hear that a certain orator has been working three months on one speech."
M. T.—"Huh! I know a man who worked twenty years on one sentence and died before he finished it."—Ex.

Dripping drops of drizzle,
Balmy blasts of blow,
Make the day more dismal,
'N liquify the snow.

Teacher—"Use defeat and debasement in a sentence."
Hard Guy—"Defeat slipped and he fell in de basement."

In discussing whether it was appropriate to call a hat a "lid," Mr. Gerwick said that he thought it was sometimes. When asked for his reason, he replied: "We put lids on things that have no tops; also on dishes in which we cook mush."

Note—Don't have your jokes printed; just hand the editor the films so he can see through them.
Senior Class Notes

With one of the best class basketball teams in the state, the class of '16 again won the interclass basketball cup. This season concluded two very successful years for our team, for in that time the boys have not been defeated once. Coulter, Morford, Meath, Ouellette and Dalton, with Lemon as sub, composed the Senior team. How proud we are of these boys and the records they have made! If you look up the scores of this season's games, you will find they run like this: Seniors won from the Freshman by a score of 36 to 7, and later by 48 to 13; from the Sophs by 57 to 7 and 72 to 14, and from the Juniors to the tune of 39 to 17 and 43 to 24. Then you must not forget that the High school basketball team, which was so very successful this year, was composed almost entirely of Seniors, only one lower classman playing.

In the Hexathlon track meet we were not so fortunate, but were glad to give our friends, the Sophomores, first place with 886 points to their credit, while we took second with 817. A new High school record was made by one of our classmen when Coulter made 5 feet 1 inch in the high jump.

Percy—"You know I don't stand on trifles."
Fresh. (with a meaning glance at his feet)—"So I notice."

Junior Class Notes

In the season just over, our team won second place in basketball. We lost only to the invincible Seniors, never having once met defeat at the hands of the under-classmen. We also won second place in the swimming meet held recently.

A class meeting, by far the most enthusiastic we ever had, occurred recently. Its purpose was to determine our financial standing. The meeting was a very spirited one, everyone agreeing to pay his dues at once. But alas! How sad it seems. Only ten noble classmates have had the courage of their convictions.

The Junior Prom will be given in a very short time, therefore it behooves us as a class to raise money with all possible speed. If you Juniors intend paying your dues at all, please pay them if possible before the Prom, as it is our desire to give the best Prom in the school's history.

Class Proverb.

Yea, yea, though our sorrows be many and our joys be few. Verily, verily, we say unto you, except that ye pay your class dues, ye cannot hope to have part in the Junior Prom.
Sophomore Class Notes

Who says that the class of '18 is not coming to the front with a rush? Seniors, Juniors and also Freshmen are bound to admit that the Sophomores were there with the goods in the recent hexathlon track meet and swimming contest. We are glad to announce that our modern Hercules and track captain, Bob Forbes, broke several of the high school records in the former event. The winning of the indoor track shield, now decorated with the blue and gold, was largely due to his able selection of the team.

Swimming Captain Springer and his team also won the swimming event by several points. The other classes entered

some very good men, but still not good enough to carry off the laurels.

At the mid-year election of officers Marshall Million was elected president; Esther Burg, vice-president; John Walthew, secretary; Ian Christopher, treasurer; Ira Cater, yell leader; Frank Crevison, sergeant-at-arms, and Wallace Rogers, baseball captain.

Regarding the class dues, we will say that although it is better never late in paying them, still it is better late than never. Ian will no doubt cheerfully give a receipt on receipt of past due dues.

Senior—"Do you know why our school is such a learned place?"

Wise Freshie—"Of course; the Freshmen always bring in a little learning here and the Seniors never take any away, so it just naturally accumulates.

"That Freshie declares that his grandfather descended from one of the greatest houses in England."

"Yes; I did hear something about the old man falling from the roof. He was repairing for Lord Somebody or other."

Ted M. (in Modern History)—"When the nobles went to Versailles they left their manners (manors) in the country."

Teacher—"This continual chattering will have to stop. It seems that every time I open my mouth some idiot begins to talk."

Gerry—"Why do you sit on my jokes?"

F. S.—"I wouldn't if they were pointed."
The first number on the program is the basketball news. The lineup is as follows: Trumbo and Holcomb, forwards; Brazel, center; Overton, Morford and Johnson, guards. Bill Trumbo is also a substitute on the High school team. We defeated the Sophomores in both games. The scores were respectively, 29 to 24 and 24 to 12.

Owing to a small turnout the Freshmen did nothing startling in the hexathlon.

The Freshman Girls' club is taking hold and trying to uplift class and school spirit. It is hoped that the other classes will be as energetic, and that this spirit will predominate throughout the whole school. The Boys' club, which is being organized, is planning to co-operate with the girls and thereby gain quicker results.

To add to the renown of the class, a loving cup was awarded Mildred Munby by Laurette Rockwell of Seattle, formerly of Olympia, for the girls' tennis championship.

A meeting for the purpose of electing class officers for the last semester resulted in the election of Anna Springer, president; Hubert Overton, vice-president; Bill Trumbo, boys' treasurer; Frances Lamborn, girls' treasurer; Elizabeth McElroy, sergeant-at-arms; Walter Brazel, track captain.

It will be appreciated if a few of the members of the Freshman class will "come through" and deposit a few mending cents in the hands of the treasurers. The boys' treasurer has, since taking his oath of office, collected 50 cents. This is an amazing fact, but nevertheless, perfectly true.

I'm a broken-hearted Deutscher
Wot's filled mit grief and shame,
I tells you wat der trouble is—
I doesn't know my name.

You think this very funny, eh?
When you der story hear
You will not wonder then so much,
It was so strange and queer.

Mine moder had two leedle twins;
They was me and mine broder—
We looked so very much alike
No one knew which from toder.

Von of der boys was "Yawcob,"
Und "Hans" der oder's name;
But den it made no difference,
We both got called der same.

Well! You off us got dead—
Ja, mein herr, dot is so!
But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
Mein moder, she don't know.

Und so I am in truble;
I can't get through mein head
Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifing.
Or Yawcob vot is dead.
ALUMNI NOTES

The engagement of Miss Elsie Doragh, '12, to Mr. George W. Hutton was recently announced. The wedding will take place March 15, 1916.

Roy Hall, '15, is employed as a clerk in Reder & Phillips' grocery store.

Hubert Seully, '15, has a position in the Palace Market.

John Van Etten, '13, has been elected president of the freshman class of Reed College, Portland, Ore.

Helen Leghorn, '12, is finishing her last year at the Bellingham Normal.

NEW AT THE BUSINESS.

The young newly-married wife purchased "an excellent cook book." One morning the husband expressed a wish for some lemon pie and was greatly surprised at his wife's firm refusal.

"Why, I'm surprised to hear you talk that way," exclaimed the husband.

And the wife, bursting into tears, replied, "I don't care if you are. My cook book gives the recipe and winds up with 'Then sit on a hot stove and stir constantly.'"

DELAYED OR SIDETRACKED.

An old church member died, of whose goodness there was some question, but who was regarded as a pillar by the pastor, who posted on the church window a notice in these words:

"Brother Johnson departed for Heaven at 4:30 this a.m.," and announced the funeral.

Underneath this somebody tacked a telegraph blank with these words:

"Johnson not yet arrived. Great anxiety."

EXCHANGES

KUAY—Athletic department well written and excellent joke department.

TROUBADOUR—Splendid literary department.

TOTE—Splendid paper, with good jokes, cover designs and cuts; literary department fine.

SPECTRUM—Easily best exchange in every way; shows lots of "pep."

GALESBORO ARGONAUT—Galesboro High School, Galesboro, Maine.

KINNIKINICK—State Normal School, Cheney, Wash.

DALEVILLE LEADER—Daleville College, Daleville, Va.

ARGONAUT—Mansfield High School, Mansfield, Mass.

HESPERIAN—Hoquiam High School, Hoquiam, Wash.

WHITMAN COLLEGE PIONEER—Whitman College, Walla Walla Wash.

REED COLLEGE QUEST—Reed College, Portland, Ore.

WIGWAM—North Yakima High School, North Yakima, Wash.

MARTIAN—St. Martin's College, Lacey, Wash.

HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW—Vancouver High School, Vancouver, Wash.

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN—Willamette University, Salem, Oregon.

COMES—Zanesville High School, Zanesville, Ohio.

Little drops of water
Frozen on the street,
Make you lose control
Of both your little feet." —Ex.
FROM THE PAPERS.

WANTED—A young lady to sew buttons on the fourth floor.

Sad Accident—A small child was run over this morning by a horse in a short red dress.

"Having lit his pipe he sat down on his chest to rest." Some acrobat, what?

An All-Around Golf Course—You can sail, bathe, motor, play tennis or golf on the finest nine-hole golf course in the South.

Many moons ago, down in Pumpkin Center, where I spent my childhood days, is where I want to spend the remainder.

If you have a stove to put up or a glass to put in and don’t want to swear, let J. H. Fuog of The Fair do it. He is an artist.

Sign on Main Street—"To be disposed of, a mail wagon, the property of a gentleman with removable headpiece as good as new."

Verna Woodcook but she doesn’t know how.

Johnny was reading in class and stumbled over a word.

"Bark," prompted the teacher.

Johnny looked confused.

"Bark," repeated the teacher.

With a nervous glance around the room he summoned all his courage and said "Bow wow."

Freshie—"What is the faculty?"

Junior—"The faculty is a group of people paid to assist the Seniors in running the school."

Ethel—"I shouldn’t think those girls would allow that paper to use their ages, would you?"

Ruth—"Why, they don’t use ages my dear.

Ethel—"They do, too. It says Helen Seohay, ’17, and Mary Connor, ’18, right on the front page."—Er.

Miss H.—"Give me examples of the indicative, subjunctive and potential moods, and an exclamatory sentence."

Bright Student—"I am trying to pass a grammar examination. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions I may pass. Heaven help me!"

A young preacher went fishing for trout, accompanied by a couple of girls from his parish. A farmer who was also fishing called out to the young clergyman:

"Ketchin’ many trout?"

"I am a fisher of men," said the young preacher with dignity.

"Well," the farmer smiled, and then looking at the girls, said: "I see you’ve got the right kind of bait with you."
Lives of Seniors all remind us
  We can strive and do our best.
And departing leave behind us
  Notebooks that will help the rest. — Ex.

Mr. R. (in Chem.)—“This is a barometer.”
Walt—“I know all about that, but which way do you turn it when you want it to be a nice day?”

“Casey,” said Pat, “how do you tell th’ age of a tu-u-rkey.”
“Oi can tell by the teeth,” said Casey.
“By the teeth!” exclaimed Pat. “But a tu-u-rkey has no teeth.”
“No,” admitted Casey, “but Oi have.” — Ex.

He kissed her rosy lips,
  Just kissed them in a frolic.
Oh, ’twas a dear, dear kiss,
  For he died of painters’ colic. — Ex.

G. M.—“As I looked into your eyes, the blue of the sky faded.”
G. H.—“And as I looked at you the grass seemed less green.”

Mr. A. (in U. S. History)—“George, what was Washington’s Farewell Address?”
G. M.—“Heaven.”

Teacher—“What is water?”
Johnny—“Water is a clear liquid that turns black when you put your hands in it.”

Woman (who fainted on the street)—“Ah, officer, I’m so dizzy.”
Policeman (who has come to rescue her)—“Have you vertigo, ma’am?”
Woman—“Yes! About a mile.”

Teacher—“What is the difference between the sun and the moon?”
Stude—“Please, the sun’s bigger and healthier looking than the moon because he goes to bed earlier.”

Miss B. (in Virgil)—“Who was the wife of Aeneas?”
Ethel V. E.—“Caruso.”
TROY & STURDEVANT
Attorneys-at-Law
OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON.

Dot—"Generally speaking, women are—"
Lyndle—"Sure they are."
Dot—"What?"
L.—"Generally speaking."

If BETTMAN is on the label, you're safe.

Bettman's
Everything To Wear for Men and Boys.
OLYMPIA, WASH.

Miss Sylvester (in German III)—"Is this room 'ell?"
Unanimous answer—"Ya."

C. D.—"Why do you speak so foolishly?"
W. C.—"So you can understand."

WINTER WHEAT FLOUR.
Best By Every Test.
J. F. KEARNEY & CO.

Rees' Flower and Seed Store
Dealer In
CUT FLOWERS, PLANTS, TESTED SEEDS.
FLOWERS FOR PARTIES AND LUNCHEONS
A SPECIALTY.
107 East Fifth Street. Telephone 21.

Mr. Rhode—"What is the best place to hold the world's fair?"
Alec—"Aw, you can't get me. Around the waist."

O. R. SIMENSON & SON.
Jewellers
Fourth and Franklin Sts., Olympia.

GARDEN SEEDS
At—
REDER and PHILLIPS

Teacher—"Now, Johnny, on your right is the east, on your left is the west, and in front of you is the north. Now, what is behind you?"
Johnny—"I've got a patch there, teacher! I told mother you'd be sure to see it!"

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COMPLIMENTS OF THE
Y. M. C. A. Boys Department
Manufacturers of
GOOD CHARACTERS, GOOD TIMES,
GOOD HEALTH.

Gordon (in English)—"If the prefix 'trans' means 'across,' doesn't transparent mean across the parent?"
Miss Holcomb—"As long as the parent doesn't object."

Lemon B Vanilla
U C
B U C K E Y E
E
Ground Y Baking
Spices E Powder

ARE YOU HUNGRY?
BEST THINGS TO EAT IN TOWN, AT THE
OLYMPIA CAFETERIA
Mrs. Allen Hildebrand, Prop.
528 Main Street. Phone 690.
Olympia, Wash.

George Mottman says: "To speed is human. To be caught is—fine."

Tom—"Did you know that cocoanuts are heirlooms?"
Brad—"No, why?"
Tom—"Because they are handed down by monkeys."

M. and M.
SHINE PARLOR
116½ E. Fourth St.
Special attention given to ladies. All kinds of shoes cleaned, dyed and polished. Bronze shoes retined.

At "Dowey's" they have a "High School Sundae" composed chiefly of "nuts." Think it over, fellows, what's to be done?"

Mr. B.—"What are the five senses?"
Neal—"A nickel."

COMPLIMENTS OF
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Dr. G. R. RIDGEWAY
Optometrist.
A graduate of two Optical Schools. Seventeen years' practical experience.
Phone 479.
Olympia, Wash.

"I wonder why it is that a darkey has such an affinity for a chicken."
"Why, that's clear enough. One was descended from Ham and the other from an egg."

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AND LUNCH
304 East Fourth Street.
April 1 we will have installed a modern Soda Fountain. We ask you to give us a trial.
Let Us Put Up Your Picnic Lunch.
EVERYTHING CLEAN.

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VELVET LAWN GRASS
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The Place Where You Get the Best Shine.
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Holeproof
Arrow Shirts
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Stylish Caps
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Walk-Over
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Shoes

J. E. Dailey
WE DRESS YOU RIGHT.

Ardis—"Oh, this world is so beautiful!"
Helen—"Is that so? What is his name?"

Fresh—"Who are you?"
Malcolm—"I'm Julius Caesar; that's why I'm Roman around."

THE WARDROBE
CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS,
SHOES, FOR MEN and BOYS
CRAM & MAHLUM,
N. E. GEORGE
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323 East Fourth Street.

IT PAYS TO TRADE AT
THE PALM
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213 E. Fourth.

"Aha! I have the Napoleon of this meat pie."
"What do you mean?"
"The bony part."

COMPLIMENTS OF
E. M. McCLINTIC
UNDEUTAKER
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EVERY LITTLE BIT,
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MAKES JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE.

Small sums added regularly to what you now have in your account in the bank, may enable you to make a start in your chosen line of work.

If you have no bank account, now is a good time to make the start at

THE OLYMPIA NATIONAL
"THE BANK OF SERVICE AND COURTESY."

Harvey—"Why does an Indian use Carbon Briquettes?"
Arthur—"To keep his wig-wam."

Vic—"How can an engine hear?"
Maurice—"With its engineers."

Wall Paper
CHAS. M. NETHERCUTT.
Phone 71. 121 E. Fourth St.

TOILET DELIGHTS
Nyla's Face Cream
Nydentia Tooth Paste
Hirudone

HUGH ROSS,
The Druggist
WE Lead, Never Follow.
Phone 260, 530 Main St.

Miss Gregory (in Junior Eng.)—"Raymond, what three words are used most commonly among English students?"
Raymond C.—"I don't know."
Miss G.—"Correct."

Bolster & Barnes
GROCERS.
THE HOME OF
Blue Ribbon Bread
Phones 48 and 49.

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Fine Perfect Diamonds. Newest Styles in Jewelry.
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517 Main St. Olympia.
Jeffers' Art Studio
Corner Fifth and Washington Streets.
OLYMPIA, WASH.

“Stockings?” said the salesman, “Yes, ma'am, what number do you wear?”
Margaret (angrily)—“Two, of course. What do you think I am, a centipede?”

G. M.—“Say, Merle, what were you going into that pawnbroker’s for the other day?”
M. M.—“Why, Bonita said I’d have to redeem my past before she’d marry me.”

But you can do better
...at...
MOTTMAN'S
OLYMPIA

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PEKIN CAFE
. FOR GOOD EATS

C. F. HICKS
CASH GROCERY
Discount for Cash.
Fourth and Jefferson.
Phone 268.

“Better a three-inch grin than a half-inch frown.”

Mr. Loomis—“The secret of good health is to eat onions, but how can it be kept a secret?”

NEW SHOES AND REPAIRING.
Musgrove’s

CONFECTIONERY AND SOFT DRINKS
At FORBES

FREE-FOR-ALL BEAUTY AND BRAIN CONTEST.
Mr. Thoma has conceived a brilliant idea of conducting a brain and beauty contest in connection with the speed tests held in typewriting and shorthand. Apply to Room 1.

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If you want a snappy haircut, visit
BAUDE

KNEELAND HOTEL
Shine Parlors
—for—
Ladies and Gentlemen.
MILLS & COWLES
Spaulding Sporting Goods

He—"See that girl over there? She smiled at me."
"She—"That's nothing. The first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

DUBBS’
PHARMACY
The Quality Drug Store.
Free Delivery. Phone 6.
Olympia, Wash.

Good Things To Eat
AT—
L. C. RAMBERG’S
GROCERY
——
Phone 158.

Pole Cat—Small animal to be killed with a pole—the longer the pole the better.

"This? Oh, this is a picture of three negroes shoveling coal at midnight.

YOURS FOR QUALITY, SERVICE AND REASONABLE PRICES.
Buchanan Lumber Co.

MIGHTY CLEVER
Those new Spring Suits for young men. They will appeal to you, young man. You will like their trim English effect, combined with free and easy comfort, the handsome fabrics, the new designs and the modest price.
$15.00 To $20.00.

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An ostrich with pleasant interjection,
Ate a mirror as though 'twere confection.
Though perhaps not delicious
Nor very nutritious,
This surely was food for reflection. —Ex.

Charming
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To brighten up the home interior for Spring, at
FARRINGTON’S
Phone 573.
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JOHN H. McCaughan
SADIE DOHERTY
M. D.
PHARMACY
Drugs, Toilet Articles, Prescriptions.
Phone 313. 324 East 4th St.

Don’t let your toes turn in. They will go to sleep. —Ex.
Senior—“Lend me your pencil.”
Fresh—“I have only one.”
Senior—“That's all I asked you for.”

Dewey’s

If Quality interests you, our Chocolates, Ice Cream and Light Lunchees are worthy of your consideration.
THE NEW COLUMBIA BUILDING.
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$2.50 a month to students.

Free Instruction Book.

See E. R. Thomas.

And, lo! there came, during the five school days of the week, five ciphers which steadfastly followed after my name as they were recorded in Miss Gregory's Red Book of Judgment.—Creviston, 87:50.

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A complete line of Sporting Goods, Baseball Supplies, Etc.

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Jewelers.

Our Silverware Stock Is Complete.

See Us.

Helen S.—"Walt praises the beauty of my hair; Harold says my eyes are most wonderful; George proclaims my nose to be divine. Now, Malcolm, be honest and tell me what you think is the most startling thing about me."

Malcolm—"Your nerve."

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Capital City Creamery

BUTTER, ICE. AND ICE CREAM
F. R. KLUM - - Proprietor

Section Boss (as whistle blows)—“All right, Tony, you finish.”
Tony—“Me no Finnish, me Wop.”

Cicero the orator,
Cicero the man,
Cicero the Dago,
He sella da banan. — Ex.

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Clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired.
301 West Fourth St.
FIRST-CLASS WORK GUARANTEED.

East Side Club
Cigars, Confectionery and Billiards.
V. G. SADLER, Prop.

Squint (passionately)—“I press my suit on bended knees.”
Elizabeth—“Haven’t you an ironing board?”

Translation in Virgil—“Archies was clinging to his purpose and the doorstep.”

Poet—“I called to see if you had an opening for me.”
Editor—“Right in back of you. Close it as you go out, please.”

Olympia Door Co.
SECOND AND JEFFERSON STREETS.

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