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A Christmas For Two

A dirty, ragged individual swiftly pushed aside the door of his de luxe apartments, and, sticking out his head, took a hasty glance up and down the track before emerging from his Paradise of straw.

Stretching himself, and carefully brushing the chaff from the remains of a tattered Prince Albert (a souvenir of his last haul) he muttered, 'Well, this here Xmas will sure be a slim one for Box Car Benny. Only one farm house in sight, no chicken yard, the coldest day this winter—oh, for the good old days in the Pearl of Puget Sound, inhabited by ten thousand guys and one sleepy cop.' So saying, he drew his hat down over his eyes, pulled his pipe from his pocket, finding no tobacco, bit savagely on the stem and walked down the road.

He approached the house from the rear, made a detour through the woods, and came out before the kitchen door. He then knocked, put on a woebegone, wistful expression, and waited for an answer. There was none. After further investigation he found the place deserted by both people and provisions. The lack of provisions seemed to weigh heavily upon his mind, as it was after his usual meal time and he had eaten nothing since the night before. However, he did take possession of a fairly good coat, minus lining, buttons and one pocket.

Finding nothing more of value, he discontinued his search and walked slowly back to his side-door Pullman. Visions of turkey came before him, but these vanished as the cold wind struggled with his appropriated coat, and other visions of an entirely different nature entered his mind. He could see himself a shrunken, frozen, starving wreck, dying without the consolation of a friend's presence.

But just as he was picturing himself departing from this cruel world, he was suddenly aroused from his dismal dreams by the touch of a cold object against his protruding heel, and a sound of a low, appealing whine. Startled, he looked down,
and a broad smile gradually spread across his face. For a strange object greeted his sight. It was a common yellow tramp dog. His head was bent low and he held his tail between his legs. Expecting either a cuff or a kick, he uttered another pitiful whine.

"Hully gee! Guess you took my heel for a bone. Well, you weren't far from wrong. Hungry are you? Well, old pal, guess we're in the same boat."

Stooping, the tramp patted the dog's head, and was rewarded by a feeble wag of a shaggy tail.

Both then circled the box car in an effort to keep warm. The mongrel kept close to the heels of his new-found master, and both seemed satisfied.

Suddenly the tramp missed the dog from his side. He looked around and saw him pawing and sniffing at a crack in the box car.

"Chickens! I'll be darned!" he exclaimed, as a low squeak greeted his ears. It was but the work of a few minutes to "jimmy open" the door and secure his prize—a box containing a couple of chickens.

"Here, you hungry mongrel, is our long delayed Xmas dinner. Now for a fire," he said, as he split the box, "and then for a meal." It was not long before the chickens were sizzling over a roaring, crackling fire.

* * *

An hour later, the dog and his master were lying contentedly by the fire and a pile of cleanly picked bones. Box Car Benjamin was in the highest state of happiness. Having discovered a package of ancient Bull Durham in the one pocket of his new coat, he was as contented as only a tramp could be.

"Well, old pup, it's not been such a bad Xmas after all," he said, as he puffed away at his pipe. The dog opened one eye, blinked sleepily and answered only by a faint wag of his tail.

—M. T., H. T., W. M.

A Sketch

Christmas is the day for retrospection and reminiscences, the day when not only older people recall the past, but even younger ones find time for a memory or two. Thus my story is to be a story of long ago, a story that concerns our grandparents, who, impossible to believe, you say, were once young and mischievous, and gay and pulsing with the joy of life. And if there be any who doubt this tale I shall refer you to the old gentleman who related it to me.

It is a story of those dark ages before the manufacturers of Augustine & Kyer's and Whitman's Fussy Packages had won international fame for their eluding sweets, when spices, gum and gingerbread were really quite "vogue" and the family albums were the only moving picture concerns in the county. Those were the days when a gift at Christmas from an admirer was a bigger event than it is today, when my school girl's bedroom is actually "stacked" with beribboned gifts and when, "Oh, my dear, you should see mine, why positively—Come on over this afternoon, can't you?" is a password into the best society.

Charles, who is my hero, is not a tall, dark, dashing, age 25 gallant; he is a freckled, grubby handed, three teeth missing, 11-year-old urchin, with all the traits barring none, of the proverbial younger brother. He had, at this time, just arrived at the stage in his youthful career when he began to notice his sister's admirers, ("fellers" with a giggle) and like all younger brothers, from the earliest record of such, "peeking" was not included in his code of dishonorable actions.

One night Charles' older sister, whom we shall call Melissa, had a caller, a caller of the male sex, with a very hateful, domineering manner toward the charming Melissa's youthful brother.

On this evening he was, as a matter of course, ushered into the parlor and onto the high, shiny sofa, the sides of which had to be gripped in a deathlike hold to prevent the person seated in repose thereon from slithering off its glazed surface. Presently down the stairs, in a frilled and frounced
gown, her painstakingly crimped hair covered with a net, came Melissa. To the parlor door she sailed and with a withering glance at Charles, lingering, of course by chance, in the hall, she closed it in his face. Nothing daunted, the brave youth boldly advanced and was just in the act of applying his eye to the keyhole when the door across the hall opened with a flourish and a moment later Charles was being propelled by the stern arm of his mother into the living room, where the family was assembled.

But it so chanced that the night was prayer-meeting night and accordingly, before long, his father and mother set out for church, having advised Charles that it would be far better for his personal welfare if he would forego the pleasures of the lower hall.

Well, Charles didn't stay much in the lower hall, but he did linger around on the veranda outside the parlor windows a little more than was absolutely necessary. In consequence of which, after he of the haughty manners had departed, his sister boxed him soundly on both ears and sent him to bed.

“All right for—all right for you. I'm gettin' just about sick of this. Just you wait,” he remarked from the landing and with this bitter wail he rushed into his room. He was thinking so hard as he prepared for bed that night that he climbed in without saying his prayers, which omission might have been due to the character of his thoughts.

Now it was a custom many years ago for the maidens of this particular New England town, expecting gifts from their gallants, to hang a stocking out of a downstairs window, said stocking to be filled with a gift, the aforementioned spruce gum, and, if the young man had a good-paying position, a licorice stick or two. Don't ask me why this was the custom; suffice it that it was, though it is my solution that it satisfied that craving for a mild thrill which Moreno, Reid and Bara supply today. I mention this because of the fact that at a meeting of neighborhood “pests,” (the latter word being often used as a synonym for small boys) held one afternoon in the woodshed belonging to Charles' father, this Christmas custom was touched upon by our hero in connection with the unfolding of a plot. His brief soliloquy being ended, there was a loud, bloodthirsty cry which soared up and out of the woodshed and a moment later ten small urchins were dashing down Maple street.

Well, time passes, as they say in the movies, and came Christmas eve. Came to several parlor windows, several village belles, and soon several stockings dangled from several frosty sills. Came in the silent watches several town gallants, entered each stocking one white-wrapped bundle and a miscellaneous collection of sweets. Came the moon out and, having topped the hill and looked down, slid behind a cloud to laugh, while the little stars all winked together, with the wink of our friend George Cohen.

It was really too bad that the moon, who appreciated a joke, and the stars, with a sense of humor, were gone when Charles' alarm went off. It was too bad that not even the sun saw what ten little boys did at an early hour that Christmas morn. But an early bird who was vainly searching for the early worm saw several small, creeping things, dear to his delicate palate, take the place of the unappetizing spruce gum, and he flew home to tell his wife how lavish humans were.

At 10 o'clock that Christmas morning, an unearthly hour for callers, there was something on the order of an indignation meeting held in Melissa's mother's parlor. All the girls were there, sizzling with excitement, and the fragments of their high-pitched talk that floated out into the hall were something like this: "A spider and about fifty ants—a dead m-m-o-u-s-e—four worms—well, the next time James Hill comes to call he will be surprised—I just know they planned it together—well, if that's their idea of a joke—"

That was the nature of their remarks until Mildred Harris arrived. She came bearing a glass box wherein reposed a spider, a beautiful spider with brown and black stripes and yellow dots, an artistic spider. This she bore into the hall and, standing by the parlor door, spoke thus: "Melissa, this belongs to Charles, he was displaying its beauty to Fred the other day, I saw him. Personally, I don't lay the blame on the boys, I lay it on those little sneakies."

Then indeed Bedlam broke loose. A reluctant Charles was produced from the upstairs room in which he had been sojourning and, with the manner of the father of his country, he confessed all. The girls who had bestowed naught but a chilly and searching glare on the young men they had met on
their uptown journey, rushed off to apologize and explain, thus leaving Charles alone with Melissa.

Oh, yes, he was punished; he had to apologize to Sir Domineer, which you will agree was sufficient reparation for any sin. That haughty youth bestowed a petrifying frown on his guilty head and, turning, pursued his way to the parlor sofa, while Charles, whose bitter lesson had not taught him to avoid keyholes, declared that the final scene of a scenario was enacted on its slippery surface that evening.

—N. W., '19.

Scoop, the Cub Reporter

He was a tall, fair youth of about twenty-four, with sandy hair and blue eyes. His lips were firm, yet appealing, and there was something almost childlike about the whole contour of his face.

When I first saw him his jaws were firmly set and his hands clenched, and there was certainly an air of determination about him. This was the third time in one day he had been turned away from the office of M. C. Burroughs, of the Pacific Coal Company. As I happened to be passing through the Smith building on the way to my office, I had the opportunity of seeing this little scene enacted. Sympathy, combined with interest in this energetic-looking lad, made me address him and invite him to come into my office.

His name was John Shephard. It seemed that he was a reporter on the "Herald," one of the city's most prominent newspapers. He was the youngest on the staff and was therefore dubbed by his fellow workers, "The Cub." To make it still more disconcerting they called him Scoop, because of his real talent in securing all the important local news. For Scoop was a very determined and ambitious young fellow and he was working to reach a certain goal, that goal was fame.

Burroughs, of the Pacific Coal Company, was the most important figure of the company, and was in a position where he could dictate coal prices of the year. The editor of the Herald had picked Scoop as the best man to be sent to find out what the prices would be, as this information was of vital importance to many readers of the paper. Scoop was honored and was anxious to make good and please the boss. But Fate had planned things in a very different way, and instead of Burroughs giving his ultimatum on coal prices for the winter to come, when Scoop asked to see the great man himself he was told that Burroughs did not wish the newspapers to have his answer yet and so poor Scoop was turned away discouraged and without the coveted news. The next day he went back with the same results and so on for three successive days.
He finished this sad tale by stating that he was going that very evening to the home of his sweetheart, Miss Nathalie Brooks, who was private secretary to Burroughs. If he expected to obtain any information from her he did not state it, but I thought he appeared quite hopeful. Of course, he would not ask her to tell him, but she might accidentally let fall a stray hint whereby Scoop could surmise for himself the news he wanted to hear. But alas, Fate had again intervened and poor Scoop was again baffled in his endeavors, for Nathalie never once referred to the subject, by word, look or sign.

The next day found Scoop back again trying to get an interview with his friend the coal king. After his third visit in the day he was told to come back at 4 o'clock. Four o'clock found Scoop seated in the outer office of the magnate. Fifteen minutes later he was in the same place passing out. But why that look of elation on our hero's face? To be sure, he has received no satisfaction from the interview, in fact, he did not get the desired answer at all.

Six o'clock the same day finds Scoop back at the Smith building, but this time not at his old station. He is down in the furnace room with the janitor's little boy. Do I hear you saying he is going to blow up the building and send M. C. Burroughs heavenward? Ah, no, my friends, he is merely sorting over the waste paper of the many offices in the building. It seems he is searching for something among it. With fevered haste he scans letter after letter and at last—he has it! This is the line he reads: “Received yours of the 19th instant stating you will sell for 10 per cent. less than last year.” This is all Scoop cares to read and dropping a quarter into the youngster's palm he rushes hatless out of the building.

The next issue of the Herald informs the people that coal will be 10 per cent. less than it was the year before. Scoop is the proud and much-admired lad in the office. He has just been summoned to the sanctum of the editor to be told he is to have an increase in salary.

But, in the meantime, what is happening in the office of our friend the coal magnate? Of course he has seen the paper, but the question is—who told? There were only two other people who knew besides himself—his secretary and the person he had written to. The latter being eliminated, there remained his secretary, Miss Brooks. He was deeply grieved and disappointed. Being a very blunt, outspoken man, he summoned her into his private office and spoke thus:

"Miss Brooks, I understand, or presume, you have betrayed my trust. Is that true?"

It would be putting it too mildly to say Nathalie was merely surprised. She was shocked and astounded. Of all things she had never expected her employer would suspect her of telling his business. He had often told her that he trusted her implicitly, and she knew he considered her one of his most discreet employees. She was so dazed that she at first thought she did not hear and so repeated the question.

"No, Mr. Burroughs," she said, "I have not betrayed your trust. I have told no one."

"If I remember correctly, you are acquainted with Mr. Shepard, a reporter on the Herald staff" asked Burroughs.

"I am going to marry him," she replied simply.

"You may go," he said bluntly, and turned to his morning mail.

Nathalie left the room still puzzled and with a sore heart. She went about her duties mechanically, for her brain was busy with this problem that had so suddenly presented itself.

The next day was Saturday and the last of the month. Nathalie was completed discouraged and blue. Burroughs had not summoned her to his office once and she noticed the little stenographer in the outer office was called to take his dictation. That had always been hers to do. She was angry and jealous. It was hard to be treated this way, when she knew she was innocent of any wrongdoing whatsoever.

Noon came and as the office force passed out each was handed his monthly pay envelope. Nathalie hurried to the bank to get the check cashed and as she opened the envelope and was handing the check to the teller a crisp five-dollar bill fluttered to the floor. It was Burroughs' polite way of telling an employee that his services were no longer needed.

On the corner she stopped and bought an apple of an Italian who kept a fruit stand there. Blindly she thrust the five-dollar bill into the surprised alien's hand, telling him to "Keep it." Struggling to suppress the tears, she caught a homeward bound car and departed from the now odious business section of the city.
In the meantime, Scoop, still elated over his recent adventure, had decided to keep the good news of his raise in salary from Nathalie till Sunday, when he had planned to take her for a long ride into the country. Sunday morning a very enthusiastic, well-dressed young man in a jolly little two-seated underslung roadster, stopped at the Brooks home and a few minutes later Scoop assisted a pale, dark-eyed girl into the car and they were off for a breath of fresh country air.

"What's the matter, Nat?" inquired Scoop. "Don't you feel well? You look as though you had lost your last friend."

"Oh, I'm all right!" said the girl hastily, forcing a happy smile, which indeed did look like the real thing. She felt that this was to be the last of their good times together and she wished it to be a pleasant one for Scoop. She would not tell him that day about her awful disgrace, as she felt it to be.

The rest of the journey was very pleasant, and while eating their delicious luncheon in an old apple orchard they were as happy as two children. It was on the way home that Scoop noticed Nathalie's brow contract and a look of deep anxiety come into her eyes. It was then he knew there was some real reason for it. He was determined to probe the matter further and after much coaxing he finally persuaded her to confess. So Nathalie told the story in all its painful detail, with many interruptions and ejaculations from Scoop of "Why, the idea! The old soul! I hope you don't think I know about such a thing! I was going this very day and tell him what I think of him! I'll tell you, Nat, how I got that information."

Herewith he related to her his part in the story. And although Nathalie objected he insisted on finding Burroughs that very day and clearing her.

Followed a thorough search of the places frequented by Burroughs in his leisure moments, and after much hunting he was finally located at the country club on the golf links. Scoop brought the car up the gravel pathway and, beckoning a lad who was near, commanded him to find Mr. Burroughs and tell him he was wanted immediately at the club house. A few minutes later Burroughs was seen coming across the links. An expectant look was on his face and he was still more surprised when saw who had summoned him.

"Mr. Burroughs," said Scoop when the other had come up, "I want you to take a little spin with Miss Brooks and me. I have something to tell you that may be of great interest to you."

Burroughs meekly obeyed and they were off.

Half an hour later, three people were seen talking interestingly on the spacious veranda of the club house. As I was walking by on my way to the links I overheard the following:

"—and if you're to be married in June I have an ideal place for a couple to spend a honeymoon up in the mountains. It is called Deer Lodge—you may have heard me speak of it, Miss Brooks—and—" but I passed out of hearing.

—G. M. B., '18.

Of course there really was not a name good enough for her new little son, and Mrs. Willis's eyes were wide open in search of something new. One day while driving she saw on a barn door the word "Nosmo." The other half of the door was open, and she could not see what was on it, but the name struck her as just the thing—so odd, so musical.

She drove back the next day and this time the other part of the door was closed and on it she read the word "king." That settled it and the baby was at once baptized "Nosmo King Willis."

Shortly afterward she took little Nosmo out to see his name. This time both doors were closed and she saw the words, "No Smoking."
When Teacher Fails

From papers submitted by applicants for teachers' licenses in Tennessee:

"New York is situated at the mouth of the Amazon river."
"The amount of rainfall required for general agriculture is sixteen feet."
"The most general direction of the Alps is straight up."
"That the earth is round was discovered by John on the Isle of Patmos."
"Asheville is well noted on account of being a submarine fort."
"Gibraltar is a ledge or rocks, and are generally used by insurance companies and others in denoting their strength and safety."
"Corpse is a noun in the passive case because it denotes passion."
"The closing of a letter is the manner in which you excuse yourself."
"A copulative verb is one which couples, example: A frog's head is fastened to its body."
"The first part about a business letter is its subject and predicate."
"The parts of a business letter are: 1, date; 2, introduction; 3, body; 4, signature; 5, postscript and place for other sentences."

What influence led to Taft's election in 1908? "Taft was vice-president, and when Roosevelt died, Taft was made president."
"Pilgrims, means people that run about."
"In 1620 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean and this is known as Pilgrims' Progress."
"The Mexican war was caused by the turning over of the spirit."
"The reason Taft was not elected in 1912 was that the Republican party separated him."
"The chief events between 1765 and 1777 leading to the American Revolution was the Alien and Sedition Laws, and the seceding of the states from the Union."
"The sinking of the battleship Maine was the cause of the Mexican war."
"Macbeth was a romance of noble people. Lady Macbeth was of common or undertone. Thus great sadness arose and all interest died."

POPULAR O. H. S. SONGS.

"What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes at Me For?"
Mr. Loomis.
"He May Be Old, but He's Got Young Ideas," Mr. Aiken.
"Babes in the Wood," M. Holcomb, Bee Kearny.
"Don't You Ever Get Lonely?" G. Holcomb.
"Huckleberry Finn," W. Mallett.
"I'm in Love," I. Springer.
"It's a Cute Little Way of My Own," M. Miles.
"If Didn't Raise My Neck to Be a Soldier," A. Springer.
"Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl," N. Wilson.
"Looking 'Em Over," D. Martin.
"Naughty, Naughty, Naughty," M. Cotterill.
"Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny," P. FitzHenry.
"You Don't Have to Come from Ireland to Be Irish," H. Kearney.
"Whose Little Heart Are You Breaking Now?" Greenbank Twins.
"We Need Sympathy," All of Us.

2
EDITORIAL

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Latin: Loretta Clarke, Gladys Bateman
Alumni: Irene Springer
Exchanges: Jon Spenser
Jokes: Mildred Miles, Gladys Bateman
Artist: Helen Yelverton

CLASS EDITORS.


Christmas comes but once a year, but it is worth waiting for. This year it should be one of giving. Let the boys under the colors know that Christmas has come. Give something. The smaller gifts are often treasured the longest, for United States soldiers travel light.

The call has come to "Hooeverize" our time as well as our food. While we have the opportunity of going to school it is up to us to make every minute count. To do this when there are so many other things to detract attention will require close concentration to the work in hand. But it can be done and will be done if existing conditions continue. There is going to be less and less time for the idler. The thought comes that it might be well to try the plan before the midyear exams.

The O. H. S. boys don't believe in helping the kaiser by acting he miser. The success of the Y. M. C. A. drive ably backs up that statement. Nearly a hundred boys have taken out units to the amount of over $900 to aid the American boys at the front. The gift is not from father either. Each boy is to earn the money himself.

We take this opportunity of wishing the faculty a merry Christmas and the happiest of New Years. We hope they enjoy the vacation as much as we expect to.

CORRECTIONS.

Leota Otis is editor of Class '18, instead of Esther Berg, as was mentioned in the last issue.
The story, "The Knocker," was written by N. W., '19.

GOLD.

What if your stronger brother go
Before you up the hill,
To stake his claims above the snow,
Where all the crags are still?

Many a man, with empty hands
Returning old and poor,
Has found a fortune in the sands
Adrift about his door.—Ex.
"I Have a Son"

I have a son who goes to France
    Tomorrow.
I have clasped his hand—
Most men will understand—
And wished him, smiling, happy chance
    In France.

    My son!
At last the house is still—
    Just the dog and I in the garden—
    Dark—
Stars and my pipe's red spark—
The house his young heart used to fill
    Is still.

He said, one day: "I've got to go
    To France—
Dad, you know how I feel!"
I knew. Like sun and steel
    And morning. "Yes," I said, "I know
    You'll go.

    I'd waited just to hear him speak
    Like that.
God, what if I had had
    Another sort of lad,
Something too soft, too meek and weak
    To speak.

    And yet—
He could not guess the blow
    He'd struck.
Why, he's my only son!
    And we had just begun
To be dear friends. But I dared not show
    The blow.

But now—tonight—
    No, no; it's right;
I never had a righter thing
    To hear. And men must flying
Themselves away in the grieving sight
    Of right.

A handsome boy—but I, who knew
    His spirit—well, they cannot mar
The cleanliness of a star
    That'll shine to me, always and true,
    Who knew.

    I've given him.
Yes; and had I more
    I'd give them, too—for there's a love
That asking asks above
    The human measure of our store—
    And more.

    Yes; it hurts!
Here in the dark, alone—
    No one to see my wet old eyes—
I'll watch the morning rise—
    And only God shall hear my groan.
    Alone.

I have a son who goes to France
    Tomorrow.
I have clasped his hand—
Most men will understand—
And wished him, smiling, happy chance
    In France.

    —Saturday Evening Post.
California, with the Twenty-first regiment of the regular army. John Wilson and Howard Farrington are studying at the Harvard Radio station.

At the close of the second training school for officers at the Presidio John Van Etton and Stephen Chadwick received commissions.

John Van Etton was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Signal Corps and Steve Chadwick a first lieutenant in the Infantry. He is the first Olympia boy to obtain a first lieutenant.

SOME ANSWERS WHICH HAVE HARD USAGE.

I didn't get that far.
I studied the next chapter.
I really don't understand that.
Somebody stole my book.
I know it, but I can't explain it.
I was absent when the lesson was assigned.

BULLETIN FOR FRESHMEN.

1. Neckties should be seen and not heard.
2. Don't bring tops or marbles into the building.
3. Kindly keep your feet out of the aisles.
4. When eating lunch in building, distinguish between waste basket and garbage can.
5. Don't get under feet of Seniors, you might get walked on.
6. Always remember your humble inferiority.
7. Gum chewing strictly prohibited.
ATHLETICS

The success of a football season is judged from two standpoints, the number of games the team wins and whether the Athletic Association came out “ahead” or whether they “went in the hole.” According to that we can say that our football season has been very successful. The two games we won were by a greater score than the two games we lost and financially the Athletic Association came out a little better than even.

The High school will lose six players this fall. Among them will be Jimmie Heintzleman, our star quarterback and captain. Jimmie has played four years on the team and has developed into one of the best players the High school has ever turned out. Jimmie is cool-headed during a game, fast, and he knows just the right plays to execute at the right time and can carry these plays out to the smallest detail. It is almost unnecessary to say that the team next year will miss his generalship, his experience and his natural ability as a player.

Another star who has played his last game for the High school is Levy Johnson. “Cupid” played two years on the Aberdeen team and then came to Olympia and played two years here. Levy is a hard worker and a “scrapper” clean through. He plays the game cleanly and fairly, but with all the fight there is in him. His chief aid to the team is his “pep.” When everyone else on the team has lost hope, Levy can be heard yelling, “Pep up there you guys. ’D’yu think this is an old maid’s tea party?”

John Murphy is a Senior and so has played his last game. John is a fighter. He fights from the time the whistle blows till the final signal. “Murph” is not only aggressive, but a hard and sure tackler. His “pep” and fight will surely be missed next year.

Maurice Springer is also a Senior and so will be unable to play next year. When “Maw” turned out this year it took

Coach Myers only about two minutes to see that he had all the qualities to make a good half back. The coach gave him a tryout and “Maw” “stuck.” He has speed and natural ability to dodge tacklers.

Marshall Million is another Senior and played end. “Eddie” was quite a surprise this year. Last year he was only an average player, but this season he showed up to be a star. Usually “Eddie” “got under a kick” and “spilled” the runner before he had a chance to advance the ball. And “Eddie” was right there too, when it came to “spearing a pass.”

The team this year was as follows: Chauncey Johnson, left end; Harry “Lonzy” Lounsbury, left tackle; Dennis Hurley, left guard; Levy Johnson, “Cupid,” center; Mark Aspinwall, right guard; John “Murph” Murphy, right tackle; Marshall “Eddie” Million, right end; Jimmie Heintzleman, quarter back; Wilbur “Web” Morford, half back; Maurice “Maw” Springer, half back; Walter “Jimmie” Brazel, full back; Harold Weston, end.

The scores were: Centralla 6, Olympia 43; Chehalis 33, Olympia 6, and Elma 0, Olympia 48.

The second team this year deserves much credit. It accomplished a feat no other Olympia second team has ever done, namely, winning a game from Centralla’s first team. The team lined up as follows: “Dud” White, left end; “Hank” Bollender, left tackle; “Pat” Lynmen, left guard; Tarbell and George, center; Kiser, right guard; Paul Avery, right tackle; Stenz, right end; Charlie Lynmen, quarterback; Doby, left half; Earnie Barnes (captain), right half; Bodie, full back; Bryan and Hudson, substitutes.

An Irish soldier coming out of ether in the hospital ward after an operation, exclaimed audibly, “Thank God! That is over!”

“Don’t be so sure,” said the man in the next cot, “they left a sponge in me and had to cut me open again.”

And the patient on the other side said, “Why, they had to open me, too, to find one of their instruments.”

Just then the surgeon who had operated on the Irishman stuck his head in the door and yelled, “Has anybody seen my hat?” Poor Patrick fainted.
Manual Training

Buzz! Buzz! goes the industry of the shop through every available minute of time in the school day. Everything is now well on its way and none of the most precious time is wasted. The department began this term by several important side issues which consumed some time, but only served to strengthen the vim of the workers. The first undertaking was a horizontal bar, which was erected at the rear of the building. It now serves for recreation during the noon hour. The department has “done its bit” too, in the great cause of the present day. By request of the Red Cross workers the boys made a number of knitting needles for the loyal women. It was done to save the cost of the manufactured needles. In addition to all this, about forty copies of songs were blue printed for the Glee Club. This was very much appreciated.

Mr. Porter is on the job with as much ginger as ever. It was through his active supervision that he organized the great movement for the Y. M. C. A. War Work fund, which resulted in the O. II. S. pledging ninety units, or nine hundred dollars.

A fuming cabinet has been constructed for furniture finishing. The article to be fumed is placed in an air tight compartment and exposed to the fumes of concentrated ammonia, for a period of several hours, thereby causing a dark and beautiful color. Oak is the best adapted to this because of certain acids which it contains, but other woods may be fumed. Several pieces of work have been very successfully finished by this process.

Home Economics

Although not always applicable, this plan has been recently submitted to newly-wedded conservationists. Save a biscuit today and kill a German with it tomorrow.

The girls in the Home Economics Department, under the direction of Miss Osburn and Miss Grube, have been doing their bit in helping to solve the food problem. The Home Economics students of this year, together with former students of the subject, gave a recent demonstration to the Olympia women in which economical dishes showing substitutes for meat, wheat, sugar and butter were made. Invitations announcing the demonstration were sent out by the Girls’ Club. They also provided typewritten copies of the recipes, which were handed out to the women. It is thought that this will make it easier for the women to fulfill their food pledge.

There was a large crowd of visitors. Even a few men, charmed by the delicious odor, came in to learn how to make war bread.

Miss Boone, the emergency Home Economics lecturer, assisted by six of the High school girls, gave, on the last two days of the Teachers’ Institute, a demonstration somewhat similar to the one just mentioned, for the benefit of the teachers attending the institute.

In addition to the demonstrations a number of attractive exhibits showing food rations and substitutes for meat and wheat created much interest.

In the Freshmen sewing classes some Red Cross work is being done along with the regular work. After the girls have finished their own sewing they fill in their spare moments by hemming sheets and pillow cases.

On account of the high price of sugar, instead of learning to make ordinary candies as had been the custom in previous years, it has been decided that the plan suggested in the December number of the Woman’s Home Companion will be carried out to some extent, at least that of making Christmas sweets of popcorn and brown sugar.

So none of you need expect fudge and pinuche in your Christmas stockings, but look for popcorn balls.
Assembly

The musical assembly given by the Students' Committee is one that will surely be long remembered.

Gladys Holecomb, chairman of the committee, introduced the musical artists of the assembly.

Miss Josephine Gray's solos gave great pleasure and showed her exceptional ability.

Virgil Otis, our accomplished violinist, favored us with two solos, which he rendered exceedingly well.

Miss Marjorie Holecomb, one of Olympia's most talented pianists, afforded us a great deal of pleasure with her selections.

We are very proud indeed of our musicians.

Music Notes

A very enjoyable musical assembly was held the first Tuesday in November, at which we heard Miss Marjorie Holecomb in a group of piano solos; Miss Josephine Gray in vocal solos and Virgil Otis in two very pleasing violin numbers.

Owing to the crowded conditions of the Reed house, where the Institute reception was held, it was impossible for either the Orchestra or the Glee Club to accept the invitation to appear on the program. It was also impossible for the Orchestra to give a program during Institute week, as most of the boys had planned to work during their Thanksgiving vacation.

GLEE CLUB

Members of the Glee Club should certainly consider themselves lucky in having a supervisor who is able to make the chorus work so interesting as well as instructive. At one of their recent classes a concert was enjoyed which consisted of Graphonola records of all the instruments of the orchestra, while on December 5, the Graphonola reproduction of Handel's 'Messiah' was heard.

Work on the Operetta is progressing rapidly. It will be given near the last of January, assisted by the Orchestra.

UKULELE CLUB

The Ukulele Club is with us again this year with a larger enrollment than ever before. The twelve enthusiastic members represent all classes of the O. H. S., not excepting the Post Graduates, for this comparatively new branch of music is gaining steadily in popularity.

Their initial appearance of the year was before the Institute reception on November 26, when they gave several pleasing selections.

.. Debate Notes ..

The Debate class, after several months of work has fully prepared for the first debate. The first clash will come shortly before the beginning of the Christmas vacation and will be held in the High school auditorium. The sides are evenly matched, with Dorsey Cunningham, Robbins and Troy or Moford supporting the affirmative and Royal, Johnson and Andie Cunningham opposing the negative. The question is the one selected for the interscholastic high school debates; Resolved, That in Cities of Ten Thousand Population, or Over, Local Control of Local Public Service Utilities Is Preferable to Control by a State Public Service Commission."

The contest promises to be more interesting and instructive than the previous interscholastic debates. The questions for the rest of the year will be of mutual interest and instructive worth. This work needs backing. The student body can help by attendance with the characteristic "pep."
**Girls' Club Notes**

On November 5 the girls held their second meeting. The program included the following numbers: Vocal solo, Helen Dodd, accompanied by Beatrice Kearney, of the Freshman class; piano solo, Marjorie Holcomb. Phyllis FitzHenry, of the vocational committee, introduced the speaker, Mr. Hughes, of the Industrial Insurance department, who spoke to us on the subject of vocations.

A few weeks ago the Girls' Club, with the cooperation of the Home Economics department, gave a food demonstration. Invitations were sent to all the mothers. War bread and other things, which demonstrated ways in which wheat, fats, sugar, and meat may be conserved, were made. It was a great success.

Two plays are being practiced regularly and will soon be given before the Girls' Club and maybe before the assembly.

Some of the future meetings are going to be devoted to Red Cross work.

Miss Gay has been appointed in the place of Miss Grizzle as faculty adviser.

In order to make the Club a real success and make it more enjoyable for all, every girl must attend and when asked to contribute something to the program, do it if she possibly can.

---

**Latinæ Res**

Great Caesar's soul is a merry old shade,
He laughs at the sorrow that he has made,
His contumelies are awful
His conquests unlawful,
And yet 2,000 years in the grave he's been laid!

---

**THE SCHOOLBOY'S DREAM—Conclusion.**

Boy: I don't know anything about those things. I don't have time to look them up. But I'll tell you one thing—I hate this old book of yours. It wouldn't be so bad if it had any sense to it, but what's the use of all those ablatives, datives, subjunctives, purpose clauses, indirect questions, infinitives with accusatives for subjects, all jumbled up together in such a crazy patchwork quilt that it gets upon a fellow's nerves? Say, where could a fellow find out about those conquests of yours? I think I would like to know about them.

Caesar: In the manner of Cicero, my fellow-countryman, I could exclaim, "O tempora! O mores! Hace magistri intelligens. Discipuli haec vident. Error tamen vivit," and add with feeling, "O miseri commentarii, O miseris Caesar, O miserrimus puer." You read and yet you do not read, for you read without comprehending. You make of my work which I had thought would speak to men of plans carefully formed, of leadership unrivaled, of boundless ambition and growing achievement, of fears and hopes and living deeds, a complicated puzzle of words and phrases which at the best but pleases you to solve, yet lacking soul, cold and dead.

Boy: All that may be very true, but a fellow can't do everything. I hate Latin anyway. It's too hard—takes too long to learn. I'm going to drop it next semester. Father said I might.

Caesar: All failure is divided into three parts, one of which the "Gay-Guy" possesses, the second the "I'll-quitterians," the third those who in their own languages are called
"Can't's," but in ours "Dulls." Of all these the Dulls are the bravest because they are the farthest away from the hope and inspiration of success. To which tribe, young man, do you belong? Or do you not scorn to be counted among these barbarians and prefer to claim citizenship in the great city of Victory, whose brave warriors have subdued all the world by living up to the martial watchword, "Veni, vidi, vici!"

Answer me.

Boy: "For a long time, O Caesar, I have been living in the land of Failure, but I guess I'm tired of it now. I don't like the ways and customs of the folks that live there; so I'm going back to my native city just as soon as I can, and I hope I may some time say as you have said, "I came, I saw, I conquered." But I'm too sleepy now, Mr. Caesar. I'll have to wait till tomorrow morning. (Head drops on desk.)

Caesar: Bene dixisti, puer fortissime. Vale, mi amice, vale. (Exit Caesar.)

Boy: What a funny dream, I do declare! But I guess after all I did get a glimmer of the truth. Anyway, I don't think I'll drop Latin yet. (Looks at clock.) Eleven o'clock! Well, no wonder I'm tired—the Land of Nod for me!

---Classical Journal.

The Latin room is the tomb of dread,
Instead of the body, the ghost is instead,
For ages and a day, they come together
Caesar and Dread, two birds of a feather.
The Ghost of Caesar and the Ghost of Dread,
Two fellow companions in the same rough bed.

---A. W., '20.

Frances Lamborn (translating Virgil): Dido was unmindful of how great a god sat upon her.

---ALUMNI NOTES---

Ida Stomner, '17, is attending the State College at Pullman.
Percy Raymond, '16, has entered the College of Puget Sound in Tacoma as a Sophomore.
Mildred Stenger, '17, has been appointed clerk to the surgeon general in the War Department at Washington, D. C.
Ronald Fishback, '15, was married recently.
Irene Collier, '17, is employed in the office of the Council of State Defense.
Ethel Brael, '15, is a stenographer in the Capital City Iron Works.
Ronald Kegley, '15, is attending Pullman.
Georgia Springer, '10, is attending the State Normal School at Bellingham.
Ray Overulae, of the class of '07, is working in Montesano.
Ethel Grimm, '13, and Gladys Grimm, '34, are both students in the Bible University at Eugene, Ore.
Ralph Haycox, '17, has a position with the Buckeye Extract Company.
Marion Troy, '16, is society editor for the Recorder and Olympian.
Lyndle Shaw, '17, is still repairing clocks at Talcott Brothers.
EXCHANGES

We notice in the exchanges for this issue a growing tendency towards a greater number of school papers, these to be put out oftener than those in magazine form. This seems to be the fad of the day, but then we certainly appreciate our “Olympus” when we do receive it.

The Hoquiam High school gives us the “Hesperian” as a sample of their work, pleasure and patriotism. We naturally have but one conclusion to draw—they are up and doing in all the activities and work of a genuine High.

The “Reed College Quest,” from the Reed College, Portland, Ore., sends out an interesting sheet every week. A very entertaining as well as patriotic item of every issue is the column devoted to the “Soldiers Mail” or “News from Camp.”

“Willamette Collegian,” Willamette University, Salem, Ore. They have patriotism, well we know, by their excellent cartoons, if nothing else. Not any minor features are the editorial and society spaces.


CLASS NOTES

SENIORS

The football season is over and the following Senior boys have won “O’s”: Maurice Springer, Harry Lounsbery, Marshall Million and John Murphy. The second team boys who also received “O’s” are Paul Avery and Wilmur Bryan.

Should you notice any unusual oratorical expressions or fancy phrases in the Olympus just attribute it to the Senior English classes. We have been laboring long over Emerson’s Essays. However, worse will be the time when we convert our class room into a Sunday School and as “Children of Israel” start on a weary journey with “Moses in the Wilderness.”

That reminds us of a joke about Camp Lewis:
Guard: “Halt! Who goes there?”
Officer, to himself (slipping in the mud): “Holy Moses!”
Guard: “Moses, advance and be recognized.”

We feel very proud and more dignified than ever, wearing our smart class pins.

JUNIORS

Did we hear anyone say “Basketball”? Well, Juniors, it’s up to us, that class championship looks good. Why not make a clean-up on everything this year? While we lost the championship last year to the Seniors, we do not propose to have anything like that happen again.

Closing football with Jimmie Heintzelman as High school captain, we follow up with Walter Brazel as basketball captain. This is an honor, for Seniors are usually elected. We also have three of last year’s letter men, Juniors.

We must not forget to mention the Y. M. C. A. War Fund
A number of Juniors took active part in this and helped make it the big success that it was. Levy Johnson was elected Older Boy manager, while Harold Troy was Employment manager. The Junior boys showed fine spirit in their contributions to this.

By the way, we have received our Liberty Bond. Don't you feel patriotic, Juniors?

---

**SOPHOMORES**

The Class made a good showing in the Y. M. C. A. unit drive as almost twenty units were subscribed. This means that about two hundred dollars have to be earned before July, so it's up to us to get busy. One of our boys is already in the navy, so we have done our bit up to date.

After taking our six weeks tests we enjoyed a week's vacation. This was of especial satisfaction as it gave us a chance to earn some money on the Y. M. C. A. fund. In short, we had a good time and returned to school with regret.

At the recent musical assembly Virgil Otis gave a demonstration of the musical talent of the Sophomore class.

---

**FRESHMEN**

The Freshmen have been so busy studying and doing Red Cross work that they have had little time for athletics and their class activities. The boys have been busy raising money for the Y. M. C. A. War Fund. They did their part towards the fund.

A large number of Freshmen girls have not been attending the Girls' Club. You really cannot imagine how interesting the meetings are.

There are quite a few talented members in the Class. Please exhibit your talent when you are so requested. Do not let the upper classmen make us take a back seat just because we are Freshmen.

---

**JOKES**

Mr. A. in U. S. History—Victor, do you know the causes of the Revolutionary War?

Vic. (replying as though carrying on a social conversation)—No, do you?

We are told the movie
Kiss is sweet
That flickers through
About ten feet.

Junior (describing how pretty his girl was)—She has such beautiful teeth.
Senior—Beautiful teeth?
Junior—Yes, both of them.

Mr. Aiken, in assembly making announcements—When you finish reading, put the book case on the shelf where you got it.

G. Holcomb—England will soon be a republic if she changes her money to dollars and cents.
A. Springer—How is that?
G. Holcomb—She will have to give up her sovereigns.
Mary Jane—We have real estate meals at our house.
P. Greenbank—How's that?
Mary Jane—we have lots to eat.

The average man's arm is thirty inches long; the average woman's waist thirty inches around. How wonderful thy works, O Nature!

THE FOOLISH DICTIONARY.

AUTOMOBILE—From English: ought to, and Latin, Moveo, to move. A vehicle that ought to move, but frequently can't.
Cemetery—The one place where princes and paupers, porters and presidents are finally on the dead level.
Dachshund—A low-down dog.
Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out.
Face—A fertile open expanse, lying midway between collar button and scalp, and full of cheek, chin and chatter. The crop of the male face is hair harvested daily by lather, or allowed to run to mutton chops, and full lace curtains.
Hotel—A place where you usually give up good dollars for poor quarters.
Ice—Water that went to sleep in the cold.
Kiss—Nothing divided by two; meaning persecution for the infant; ecstasy for the youth; fidelity for the middle-aged, and homage for the old.
Miracle—A woman who won’t talk.
Non-conductor—the motorman.
Polecat—An animal to be killed with a pole; the longer the pole the better.
Pullman porter—a legalized train robber.
Shirt—Every man's bosom friend.
Tobacco—a nauseating plant that is consumed by two creatures, a large green worm and man. The worm doesn't know any better.
Worry—a state of mind that leads some people to fear every time the tide goes out that it won't come in again.
Zebra—the crook among horses, condemned to wear stripes for life.

Fresh. Girl—I have a date tonight.
Interested Soph.—With whom?
Fresh.—Algy.
Soph.—Algy who?
Fresh.—Algebra.

Lives of football men remind us
That they write their names in blood;
And departing, leave behind them
Half their faces in the mud.

M. Million—They tell me your dad is a crank on germs.
Maw Springer—Worse; before every meal he says, "Let us spray."

C. Christensen—D'ye know the kaiser is changin' his sox nine times a day?
T. Trullinger—What for?
C. Christensen—He's smelling de feet.

Conductor—Your fare, Miss.
E. Bergh—Oh, thank you. Do you really think so?

Let X equal the young man.
Let Y equal the young lady.
Let Z equal the chaperons.
X plus Y plus Z equals misery.
X plus Y minus Z equals bliss.

He—Where's your mother?
She—Sewing for the Red Cross.
He—Where's Sue?
She—Sewing for the Belgians.
He—Where's Lizzie?
She—Sewing on duffel bags for our soldiers.
He—What are you doing?
She—Sewing on the bunting for the reception to the Russian mission.

He (clutching waistband)—Well, if somebody doesn't sew on a few suspender buttons before long, we are due for an international scandal.
Bolster & Barnes
GROCERS.
THE HOME OF BLUE RIBBON BREAD.
Phones 48, 49.  Cor. Fourth and Columbia Sts.

Marie Lee—I’m writing to Billy.
Nancy Wilson—I thought his best girl threw him over?
M. L.—She did.
N. W.—I see and you are just dropping him a line.

Residence Phone 707.  Office Phone 533.

Capital Transit & Repair Co., Inc.
CHEVROLET AGENCY AND SERVICE STATION.
CARS FOR HIRE AT REASONABLE PRICES.
353 FRANKLIN STREET.

Esther B.—Let’s start a secret society!
Jane M.—All right. I heard a lot of secrets today.

It has been discovered by a famous scientist that excessive gum chewing will cause eppiglatus of the blowgizzard (from Latin, eppiglatissimus blowgizzardibus).

Buchanan Lumber Co.

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City Dye Works
Cleaning, Pressing and Dyeing of Ladies’ and Gents’
Clothing. Repairing Done by Expert Union Tailoress.
301 WEST FOURTH STREET.
PHONE 684.

THE BILLY GOAT.
A Billy Goat ate a tomato can,
And six pounds of iron nails.
And then to aid digestion.
He ate a peck of snails.
He laughed with roguish glee,
As through the streets he ran.
The nails and the snails can’t hurt me,
But perhaps the tomato can. —O. K., ’20

Wishing You a Merry Christmas
and Happy New Year.
If you practiced thrift and saved during the past year
you are tasting the sweets of accomplishment during
these holidays.
If you did not, now is the time to start so that you
may be among the fortunate ones next time.

The War Savings Stamps presents your opportunity.

C. J. Lord, President.  M. E. Reed, Vice-President.
S. E. Mowell, Asst. Cashier.

Capital National Bank
OLYMPIA, WASH.
OPTOMETRY means real eye service. The art of testing eyes and fitting glasses means something to those in need of eye service. Don't let a jack of all trades make any attempt to give you an eye examination. Your eye sight is too precious to be trifled with. See DR. RIDGEWAY
18 Years' Practice. Graduate Two Optical Schools.
109 FOURTH STREET. OLYMPIA, WASH.

Miss Gregory—What do you mean, sir, by speaking of 'Willy' Shakespeare, 'Jimmie' Riley and 'Bob' Burns? Junior—Well, you told me to get familiar with those authors.

GO TO THE
PEKIN CAFE
FOR CHOP SUBY AND NOODLES.
324 MAIN STREET.

Father—Son, your report for this six weeks is very unsatisfactory. Do you know that when Woodrow Wilson was your age he was at the head of the school? Son—Yep, and Pa, he was at the head of the U. S. at your age.

Washington Shoe Store
JUST RECEIVED, A DANDY LINE OF SAMPLE SHOES.
Don't Judge Us By Our Window Display.
327 MAIN STREET.
Miss Gregory, while waiting for a girl friend to call, heard a light tap at her door.
"Right this way, dearie," she called.
The door opened and the grocer boy walked in.

Pantorium Dye Works Cleaners and Pressers
PHONE 192
W. H. WILLIAMS, Prop.

When your stopped-up proboscis turns red
And you heartily wish you were dead,
And you can't taste or smell,
And you feel like—well
There's a chance you've a cold in your head.

Strand Theater
THE HOME OF FIRST-RUN PHOTO PLAYS.
EVERY DAY IS FEATURE DAY WITH US.

ELLIS' CASH GROCERY
WE BELIEVE IN SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK RETURNS. IT IS OUR AIM TO PLEASE.
FOURTH AND ADAMS STS. PHONE 820.
TO GET GOOD THINGS TO EAT THAT CAN'T BE
BEAT GO TO THE
BAY VIEW HOTEL
Third and Water Streets.

Junior—On my army application there is a place to tell
the condition of my mind. What would you advise me to
answer?
Senior—Leave it blank.

Palace of Sweets
A complete line of
Fancy Christmas Candies.

Opera House Bldg.
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The Druggist.
We Lead, Never Follow.
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WOMEN'S CAPES.
Cape of Good Hope—Sweet Sixteen.
Cape Flattery—Twenty.
Cape Lookout—Twenty-five.
Cape Fear—Thirty.
Cape Farewell—Forty.

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DEPOSITS NOW $475,000.00.

OLYMPIA BUILDING AND LOAN
ASSOCIATION

$1.00 WILL START AN ACCOUNT.

I asked her what she was doing;
After yawning she turned about,
And said as a matter of course,
"Why I'm letting the tired out."

White Cross Dental Offices

DR. W. L. GREGG, MGR.

PHONE 564. OLYMPIA NATIONAL BANK BLDG.

Senior—Do you like pop corn balls?
Freshie—I don’t know; I never attended one.

Student—What are the symptoms of stage fright?
N. J. A.—I can hardly explain, but it's when the inside
seems to be going up and the outside going down.

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**DEFINITION OF A TRIANGLE.**

To make a triangle—Pull one side out of a square and glue the loose ends together.

"How do you like your teacher, dear?" Mary was asked after her first day at school.

"I like her real well," said Mary, "but I don't think she knows much, for she just keeps asking questions all the time."

---

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**At**

**The Smokehouse**

Junior—What is there in common between your neck and your typewriter?

Soph.—Don't know.

Junior—Why, they are both Underwood, of course

---

**Fine Jewelry for Particular People at**

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---

**DAILY BREAD SHOP**

The Only Original HEALTH BREAD

In Olympia.

Fortune Teller—I see here that you are going to die in a year.

H. Kearney (greatly excited)—A year!

Fortune Teller—Yes, but I can't tell what year.

---

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323 East Fourth Street.

"The wrist watch has done much for our trade."
"Where is your trade?"
"It is mainly in Africa. Formerly we couldn't sell a
native a watch because he wore no pockets to carry it in."

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MARELE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.
QUALITY WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES.

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The youth had been asked to write examples of the in-
dicative, subjunctive and potential moods and an exclama-
tory sentence. This is what he produced:
"I am trying to pass a U. S. History exam. If I answer
twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions
I may pass. Heaven help me!"

Mme. Anna Neuffer Keady
HAIR DRESSING SHOP
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- RAY -
THEATER

HOUSE OF QUALITY AND GOOD VENTILATION.
Where You See the
PARAMOUNT AND ARTCRAFT PICTURES.
The Best Pictures.

REX BEACH'S
"THE BARRIER"
9—REELS—9
January 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 1918.

An ignorant Scotsman, who lived in the country, came
to town to see the sights. After seeing all the sights, he
began to look for a place to rest. But in vain.
At last he stopped in front of a "rest our ant," and with
impatient gestures exclaimed, "Ding bust it, every place I
come to says, "Rest your aunt," but not a ding busted one
says 'Rest your uncle.'"

Why do they make all the chemistry instruments of glass?
So the students can see through the experiments.

DODGE
Dry Cleaner
PHONE 188
Merry Christmas.
NOT HOW CHEAP, BUT HOW GOOD.
ONE MORE MINING PROJECT EXPLODED.

"Oscar, what are you doing there in that pile of bricks? What are you hunting?" asked the teacher, as she noticed him digging around in a pile of bricks by the roadside.

Child: "Well, you said ice cream came in bricks, but I'll be jiggered if I can find any."

Goods are Getting Higher.
BUY NOW
While the Getting is Good
Mottman Mercantile Co.

Pete Otis—Do you know why Uncle Sam is putting all the swell actors and all the convicts together in the army?
Herbert Greenbank—Spring it quick.
Pete—To keep the Stars and Stripes together.

TROY & STURDEVANT
Attorneys-at-Law
OLYMPIA, WASH.
Buy Your Christmas Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Candied Fruits, and Fruit, at
Reder & Phillips
PHONE 563, 594.

Two rival sausage makers lived on opposite sides of the street.
One day one placed over his shop the legend: "We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the country."
The next day, over the way, appeared the sign: "We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the whole country."
Not to be outdone, the rival put up what he considered a final statement: "We sell sausages to the king."
Next day there appeared over the door of the first sausage maker the simple expression of loyalty: "God save the king."

WOOD and COAL
ALL KINDS DRY WOOD.
BEST GRADES OF STOVE AND FURNACE COALS.
HERMAN MALLORY.
Phone 688.

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CAR.
"IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF."
ROSE-NEPPLE AUTO COMPANY.
215 Main Street. Phone 610.

Mr. Aiken (in U. S. History)—I was on the stage one (pause) going over to Tacoma.

Girl—Why don't you join the army?
Boy—I am near-sighted.
Girl—You are not, you are afraid.
Boy—Afraid! I'll show you I am near sighted. Do you see that speck up there on the wall?
Girl—Yes.
Boy—Well, I don't.

A PARTIAL LIST OF OUR
Appropriate Christmas Gifts
FOR HER FOR HIM
Manicure Sets Flashlight
Silverware Sporting Goods
Shears Tools
Flashlights Knives
Aluminumware Thermos Bottles
Carving Sets Watches

Van Arsdale Hardware Co.
318 East Fourth Street. Phone 682.
HEY, BOYS!
Some of the girls said they wished someone would give them some Sheet Music or an Ukulele for Christmas. Ukuleles are selling from $3.75 to $18.00.

Rabeck's Music House
"Everything You Want In Music."

Ev. Chambers—Tremendous crowd up at our church last night.
Irene W.—New minister?
E. C.—No; it was burned down.

The Best
FRESH AND CURED MEATS
Can Be Bought at
McConkey's Market
Phone 204. 205 W. 6th St.

Phyllis P.—I understand the German supply of iron is giving out.
John M.—Don't build any false hopes. The thought may occur to them to use the iron crosses.

For good quality and service we are noted.
CAPITAL
Steam Laundry
Phone 46.
East Fourth Street.

Try
M.E.GEORGE
When you want full value and best service in groceries.
Phone 116.
Fourth and Columbia Sts.

Mills & Cowles
SPALDING
SPORTING GOODS

Teacher—Translate rex fugit.
Student—The king flees.
Teacher—This is perfect; put in.
Student—The king has flees.

AUTO SUPPLIES
And
ACCESSORIES
Olympia Auto Supply Co.
Wotton & Luepke, Props.
Fourth & Franklin Sts.

Carver—Did you ever take a shower?
Montag—"No, is there one missing?"
Mr. Rudolph (examining the drawing of the heart)—
Where is your heart, Miss B.?
Miss B.—Mr. J. has it.—Ex.

JESSE T. MILLS
Funeral Director
LADY ASSISTANT.

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We make you a beautiful picture any time.

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and all dress occasions you will find our shoe stock complete with the newest and longest wearing models for Men, Women and Children.

HOLIDAY SLIPPERS,
RUBBERS, FINDINGS.
ARMY SHOES FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.

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Blue Serge Suits For Men and Young Men

Our Clothing stock in particularly strong in Blue Serges. Every serge we carry is guaranteed fast color, all wool, good weight, tailored in the most careful manner and as we contracted for them before the heavy advance in woolens we are selling them at practically the old prices. We would be pleased to show them to you.

Gottfeld's - 211 FOURTH STREET

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