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The Hired Girl

I have an aunt who lives most of the year in a small milling town where my uncle is foreman of the mills. Maids are at a premium in that part of the country and it would tax the brains and ingenuity of a diplomat to get and retain a girl, as all who do not marry find something to object to and move on.

I have a very vivid remembrance of the maid-of-all-work my aunt had in her employment the summer I visited her. But really she was not a maid, she was a hired girl pure and simple, one of that large, heavy-footed, rather indolent type. Her name was Signa Lingerlof and she was a Swede. She had large, blue, marble-like eyes and a face about as expressive as a hard oak dining table. Her hair was a dirty straw color and hung in strings about her face. As to her attire, it was always neat and indeed that and her reputation for good cooking were the two points on which my aunt hired her.

She was extremely sentimental, as I learned the day she came. We drove to meet her in the car and every millhand we passed on the road caused her to give me an ecstatic pinch and exclaim, "Oh, der bane a man."

My aunt is very careful to have her children eat regularly. She allows no lunching between meals, so all of those heavenly but indigestible foods such as doughnuts, banana frappe and various kinds of pie are never served at her table. It was in
reference to this established law of my aunt's household that
Signa showed her large-hearted kindness. For on days when
my aunt was away she would cook for us some of these forbidden
dainties and we would eat them hastily, but with great relish,
from the kitchen table.

Signa was very religious, she had a Bible verse for every
occasion. But as my uncle said, her verses were from the re-
vised version, for certainly no Bible student would recognize
any of Signa's. The one church in this town is Methodist and
to this church Signa repaired every Sunday morning at 10:30,
though services did not begin until 11 o'clock. When we came
in half an hour later we would spy Signa's cerise and green
hat in the front row and during every pause in the sermon
we would hear her loud and vociferous "Amen."

But Signa was not a religious fanatic by any means. She
was very fond of singing popular songs, her taste in these not
being of the best. Among her favorites were, "Who Were You
With Last Night?" and "Why Don't You Spend Something
Else Besides the Evening?" But though she sang in the ap-
proved ragtime fashion her feet did not move in time to the
music and Aunt was continually reminding her that we had
lunch at 12:30 sharp.

As I have said before Signa was kind-hearted to a fault
and always fed all "Weary Willies" who came to the back door
and thus made a veritable Hoboes' Paradise out of the house—or
rather the kitchen. Indeed, it was through this generosity
of hers that her little romance started.

Uncle Frank had hired one of the millhands to mow the
grass and tend the flower beds and do other odd jobs about the
house. To this man Signa always offered something in the
way of a repast after his arduous labors. One evening after
Signa had fed him custard pie in the kitchen he took her out
riding. About 9 o'clock, as we were all sitting in the living
room, Signa burst in upon us, exclaiming: "I bane did gone
an' done it!"

"Did what?" cried Aunt excitedly.

"I bane tied up," cried Signa.

"How! When! Where!" shouted Uncle, looking wildly for
ropes and strings.

"Mit Chimmie," cried Signa, and we all began to see light.

"Do you mean you've joined Jimmie in the holy bonds of
matrimony?" asked Cousin Charles, and thereby got a freezing
glance from Aunt.

"Shure, I bane married," said Signa. "Chimmie wanted
it done quick, right off der bat. He's got a fine yob in Arling-
ton and we bane goin' termorrer. I thought I'd give yer
notice," and she flounced out.

"Oh dear?" said my aunt, "where on earth will I get an-
other girl?"

"Great Scott!" said my uncle. "Where will I get a man
to take Jim's place?"

The next morning Signa left. The last moment she whis-
pered hastily in my ear: "There bane a mince pie I baked
in a box in der woodshed."

Thus passed Signa out of my life. —N. W., '19.

---

MY RICHES.

Ain't got money nuff to buy
No masterpiece of art;
But all the pictures in the sky
Put gladness in my heart.

Ain't got what it takes to go
To hear them artists sing;
But there's a muddlerlark I know
Whose song beats anything.

Can't afford no mansion fine
With everything in style;
But all the big outdoors is mine,
And heaven, all the while. —V. O., '19.
The Convict

As the dark girl rode home from school in the crowded street car that bumped and scraped over the crossings, she could not help but notice the headlines of a newspaper which a fat man, who sat opposite her, held in his chubby hands. The three-inch letters in red were: "Convict Escaped from State Prison—Supposed to Be Hiding Near Outskirts of City."

To Audrey Granville the words seemed to have an ominous meaning. She lived on the outskirts of the city with her mother, her brother and little sister in a poor but well-kept little farmhouse, quite distant from any neighbors. Suppose the convict had gone in the direction of her home? Her mother would be alone, unable to call for help or assistance. They had no telephone. The girl wished she were home and looked out of the window impatiently whenever the car stopped. At last it arrived at a little wayside station and the girl jumped off hurriedly. Her home lay a mile down the road.

Vague fears whirled in her brain. She hurried as fast as possible and when she saw the thin spiral of smoke coming up from a shallow valley her doubts and fears left her. Evidently her mother was home and safe. Arriving home, Audrey gave her mother an unusually big hug and hurried out to the bare little kitchen to prepare the evening meal, singing as she went. At the supper table she mentioned the fact that the convict had escaped, but said nothing of his whereabouts, for her mother was a frail, nervous little woman, subject to heart trouble.

After the supper dishes had been washed and put away, Audrey played a few old-fashioned melodies on the organ to please her mother, and then began her evening studies. Long after the children were put to bed and her mother had retired, she was still working over an apparently difficult problem in physics. The room was very quiet. Nothing was heard save the ticking of the mantel clock and the busy scratching of

Audrey's pen. She worked eagerly, for she was now certain that the was getting the correct solution. Suddenly the clock boomed forth the hour, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven.

Goodness! She had told her mother that she would surely be through by 10 o'clock. Anyway, she had the right solution and now for a good, cold drink of water. She tiptoed noiselessly to the kitchen so as not to awaken her mother. As she dipped the cup into the bright tin bucket of clear, sparkling water and was bringing it to her lips a slight sound arrested her motion. Yes, there it was again, a slight creaking of a loose board, as though someone had stopped oh so softly upon it. Audrey's sharp ears were on the alert. There it was again! It came from the direction of the pantry. She placed the cup very gently on the bench beside the water pail and reached quietly for her brother's shotgun which hung on the wall above the bench. Then she tiptoed over to the pantry door and opened it gently, standing behind it as she did so. At first she was afraid to look, but finally, hearing no sound, she summoned up all her courage and looked quickly, although she knew the risk she ran. There, crouching under a shelf, she saw something in stripes! Blue and white stripes! Yet they had a familiar look. Where had she seen them before? She had heard that convicts wear striped suits! This convict had bare feet and-and-red hair! Why-why! It must be—it was her brother!

"Jimmie?" she shrieked, "Jimmie! Oh! Jimmy, how you scared me!"

Twelve-year-old Jimmie straightened up in his blue and white striped pajamas. In one hand was a large wedge of pie, in the other, a donut.

—G. B., '18.

“I'd like to be a hero,”
Said little Chauncey Smith.
“But I do not like the instruments
That they make a hero with.”
An Owl Lark

The following, being a true story from beginning to end, may not be considered a "thriller," as only imaginary stories are really exciting. But we, the four in this plot, have had the thought of our wrongdoing lying as a heavy weight on our respective consciences so long that we feel forced to unburden ourselves. We have no way of letting the two victims in this story know of our guilt unless we publish it in The Olympus, and that is why we have bribed the editor to let us make our confession here. But let us say, before beginning our tale, that all who are expecting something along the line of Victor Hugo will be severely disappointed and had better seek reading matter elsewhere.

It was 7:30 o'clock on an evening in early March and already dark, when four girlish figures might have been seen creeping stealthily through the yard of an old long-vacant house. Upon reaching the alley that ran at the back of the house, the four figures made a quick, light dash across it and into the neighboring yard, where they dropped down behind a convenient bush, gasping with laughter and shaking with excitement.

Now four good-sized high school girls, sneaking around like bandits, are enough to arouse the suspicions of respectable neighbors, behind whose landscape gardening they endeavor to conceal themselves. But when giggles and murderous insinuations are stage-whispered under their very windows it is time for investigation. At least, so it was in our case. Shortly after we had carefully arranged ourselves behind said shrubbery, the young son of the house proceeded with the investigation.

The first Senior endeavored to help him. "Archibald," she managed to whisper loud enough to bring him to the hiding place, "we are waiting for some girls to come along so that we can scare them. Do you care if we hide here?"

"Sure not. I didn't know who ya was at first," he replied and started off to town. Well, that was one obstacle out of the way.

"Gee," remarked the Sophomore regretfully. "I wish I could tell such a big one without even a blush."

"Why, I did blush," said the Senior indignantly. "You couldn't see me in the twilight, that's all."

"Kids! Jiggers! Here he comes!" Dull thud behind the landscape gardening.

"O-o-o-h! He's comin' right past us." The Junior was truly frightened, but she rose to her knees to get a good look at him anyway.

"Humph! 'Tisn't him at all," she reported. "I'm going to have one good stretch straight up before I do the sharp-shooter act again."

Then we all got to our feet, pecked around the bush and flopped flat again. Another dark form was emerging from the shadow of the trees. A familiar-looking square package stuck out from under his arm.

"H-h-s! Note the candy," flung the second Senior over her shoulder where she lay sprawled out occupying a good deal of the space about the bush.

"I'd like to know how anyone is going to note anything with you pigging all the view," said the Sophomore aggrievedly. The good-natured Senior promptly moved over to give the Sophomore room and we all focused on the boy.

"’Tis Henryk," whispered the Sophomore, who was taking advantage of her new position and, having forgotten her proximity to the edge of the terrace, suddenly shot down the bank. Upon reaching terra firma once more, she exclaimed dramatically, though in a whisper, "What sacrifices are made in Love's name, my sisters, and oh, what bones are crushed and bruised in the cause thereof."

Amid gales of suppressed laughter the three others hauled her up into their midst, keeping a watchful eye on the boy, however, whose lagging steps had just carried him to the house.
First he tiptoed up and looked in the window. Having satisfied himself that the girl's father was not in and the girl not entertaining other friends, he walked up the front steps—but not in. Oh no. Upon reaching the door the awful thought struck him that he didn't have money enough. He took out his purse and counted its contents carefully. Yes, it was all there. Then, oh terrible thought, his hat was not at the right angle. He shifted it first northeast, then southwest, then due east, then back to northeast again. After unfastening and fastening his gloves at least ten times, he shouldered the candy, figuratively speaking, and rang the bell. He arranged his face carefully into the usual lines for a "perfectly-delighted-I'm-sure" smile and passed from our view.

But we did not retreat, for we had come to see it all and so waited to watch them depart. They soon emerged, but paused at the foot of the steps. Wouldn't it be awful if they should take the car? But apparently they preferred the cheerful agony of shank's mare and turned down the street. As they passed beneath the street light we saw, oh sad to relate, that the youth's collar bothered him. This time our laughter was not silent. After they had passed on some little distance we considered it safe to rise and hold another conference.

"Let's tag 'em down the street."

"No, let's run down the next one and then cross so we'll pass 'em, see?"

"Well, they've got a head start. We'll have to hurry."

Clompity-clomp! Away we went with the noise of a battalion at full speed on rough roads. Here and there people thrust out wondering heads, but little cared we. The first crossing was reached. "They're on ahead," someone gasped, and on we clomped. At the end of the second block the Junior kicked a syrup can clear across the street and we were sure it could be heard for miles. We crossed to the next street and sighted them on the other side a little in advance.

"Pretend we're going somewhere and have to hurry," said the first Senior, whose faculty for fibbing is without parallel, and she and the Sophomore crossed the street with the Junior and second Senior close behind. Our fair friend knew our voices and so did Henryk, whereupon both began to talk loudly, but no louder than we. The Sophomore asked, "What time did Jane say we were to come?" five times as they crossed the street and as many times the second Senior replied, "At 7:30 sharp," while the first Senior informed the world in general three times that she always bated to be late, as for the Junior, she was too far gone for utterance. We soon came up with our fair friend and her escort and the former inquired sweetly, "Why the grand rush?"

"Why, hello!" we all exclaimed in unison and then each of us said it alone. We entirely forgot to answer the girl's question, but rushed swiftly by. Two blocks farther on was a church with three flights of steps leading up to it. This was our goal and thither we hastened with all possible speed. On reaching the corner we dashed up the farthest steps and onto the platform above. Here we again executed the "flat-flop" and anxiously awaited the passing of the couple.

Our fair friend was talking very nicely and the young man was endeavoring to look nonchalant and at the same time trying to see how many times in a half second he could button and unbutton the top button on his overcoat. Thus they passed from our view.

"Let's go to the show and sit behind them," exclaimed the Sophomore. "Empty your pockets. See if we've got enough."

A search brought to light, or to semi-darkness I should say, two nickles, one red button with green stripes, a pencil stub, two pennies and a snapshot.

"No hopes at all, and besides I really am due at Jane's this minute," said the second Senior.

"What time did she say we were to get there?" asked the Sophomore mockingly.

"At 7:30 sharp," said the second Senior.

"And I always did hate to be late," said the first Senior.

"Sufferin' cats," said the Junior, whose slang expressions are not those commonly used by the elite.

We sat on those steps and laughed until our sides ached
and our eyes were so dimmed with tears that we failed to note
the wondering gaze of passersby. When we had laughed until
we were very hoarse and extremely weak we all arose and limped
off to see the second Senior safely to her destination, for she
really was going to Jane's home, which was in the opposite
direction.

Oh, yes, 'twas funny at the time, but alas, those who know
not a burdened conscience cannot sympathize. We are none
of us able to look our fair friend in the face when we think
that we have basely spied upon her. It is terrible to have a
conscientious conscience.

Now, having confessed our sins, we hope that our fair
friend and Henryk, who lives in another spot, but to whom
we are sending a copy, will freely and willingly forgive us.

—Sad Soph., Sorry Senior.

SPRING.

Oh drowsy haunting days of Spring
When wild flowers bloom, and robins sing,
And school days lengthen, like a year
And oh! Spring fever then we fear.

And in the cool recess of the woods
The cedar logs with moss-grown hoods
Send up sweet odors of the earth,
While sunbeams cheer the trees with mirth.

With hearts as calm as lakes that sleep,
We long to from the school room creep
And hasten to the wave-kissed shore
And see the home of books no more.

When from our dream we then awake
And find a Latin test to take:
Oh! Spring, why should you tempt us so
When we're attending school, you know.

—K. P., '19.

My Cobweb Fairy
(An Original Fairy Story.)

Many years ago there lived a tiny fairy, so tiny, in fact,
that she wore long, flowing gowns to make herself appear
taller. Cobweb was her favorite material for these gowns.

One day the king sent a message to her, asking that she be
the partner of his son, a gallant prince, at a ball soon to be
given.

She was very pleased and ordered her servants to procure
for her gown the finest cobweb in the surrounding country. In
two days they returned bearing the news that they had dis-
covered an extra fine web, very soft and shining, but it was
guarded by a regular ogre of a spider. They said if the
princess would go herself to the spider, he would give her
one as a gift.

On the back of a butterfly she went to the stronghold of
the spider, where he, with a graceful bow, bade her enter and
select the material best suited to her wishes. He led the way
to the tower where the webs were kept, and as she bent to
examine one he seized and bound her.

He left her with the declaration that she should become
his wife. Outside he proceeded to slaughter her train of serv-
ants. One fly, alone, escaped, and bruised and bleeding, made
his way to the king, before whom he knelt and told the story.

Immediately the prince clad himself in his armor and,
mounted on a dragon-fly, went to the rescue of his lady. The
spider shot an arrow through the prince's mount, but as the
fly dropped to the ground, the prince crouched behind it and
launched his spear with great force into the heart of the
spider. The prince soon found the beautiful fairy maiden
and broke the cords that bound her. Together they set out
for the castle, taking with them material enough for twenty
gowns.

It was a long, tiresome journey to the castle, so when a
big black and yellow bumblebee flew up and offered to take
them home, they gladly accepted.
Nested in the down on the back of the bee, they jour-
neyed to the castle, where, as this is a fairy story and must
end as one, they were married and lived happily ever after.

A SPRING SONG.

The springtime is coming, soon will it be here,
The fairest, the merriest time of the year,
When all the brooks ripple and sing their delight,
When birds are a-wing from the morn to the night;
The breezes that sway all the fresh, pretty leaves,
Drift down from the mountains, and in from the seas.
The prettiest flowers then gladden the eyes
Of the children who eagerly seek for each prize,
For the blossoms so gay
In their springtime array,
Seem brighter and fairer on each sunny day.
The clouds that are sailing across the blue sky,
Are as white and as pure as the snow that did lie
But a short time ago on the low meadow side,
That slopes down where the river flows shallow and wide,
And the willows that sway their green tips in the stream
Are winking at last from the long winter's dream,
While spring winds are whispering for all to arise,
And rejoice in the warmth of the shining blue skies.
The orchards are fair,
With blossoms so rare,
And the sweet fragrance comes on the soft, gentle air.
—E. G., '17.

An Incident of the Civil War

One beautiful sunny afternoon when the cooling breezes
rustled through the leafy trees, seventeen-year-old Betty
Pacqua sat in the living room of an ancient house in the southern
part of Virginia. She was cutting yards of snowy cloth into
bandages and thinking of a certain handsome young officer in
the Confederate army and if some of the bandages were wider
than others Betty was not aware of the fact. Indeed, so vivid
was the reverie to her mind that she did not see the little pick-
nanny performing antics on the lawn for her benefit, though
apparently she was looking straight through the open window.
Neither did the distant rattle of musketry or the deeper roar of
of cannon disturb her thoughts. With the exception of the
little pickaniny and Betty there was not a soul on the planta-
tion, for the few faithful slaves that remained were helping the
soldiers dig trenches and her father and mother had been
called to the death-bed of a relative.
The Union army was encamped about a mile to the north,
but Betty did not fear their nearness because the Confederate
army had moved to within a scant quarter of a mile from her
father's plantation and the negroes all had instructions to run
for help whenever the Yankees made a raid.
The rolls of bandages had grown into a large pile on the
little tea table when Betty was suddenly awakened from her
reverie by the sound of unfamiliar footsteps across the veranda.
The footsteps ceased for an instant and Betty waited for the
peal of the brass knocker. When it did not come after a
moment of breathless suspense Betty decided to investigate,
but before she could push back her rocker a click that she
recognized as belonging only to firearms caused her to spring
to her feet in alarm, overturning the table and spilling the
bandages right and left. Whirling around, she found her-
selves face to face with a Yankee soldier pointing two revolvers
at her. He was one of those egotistical ruffians who never do anything that hasn’t personal gain in it. Betty instinctively realized this and instantly thought of her mother’s silverware, which was kept in a curious old-fashioned sideboard near the fireplace.

Overcoming a desire to scream Betty drew herself to her full height and looked at the man with her haughtiest manner. She firmly believed in upholding the dignity of the house at all times.

“What do you want here?” she asked icily.

“Neow, don’t git mad,” advised the Yankee coolly, his harsh voice contrasting sharply with Betty’s soft Southern accent. “What’s the men? Any of them about here?”

“Of course not!” snapped Betty, then instantly realized her mistake. “But there’s plenty of Confederates near here,” she added hastily.

“Poh, they can’t hurt me,” he said contemptuously, as he began to slowly walk around the room, poking an investigative revolver barrel into vases and boxes, as though he expected to find valuables stowed away in them. Betty glanced about her. What could she do? What if he tried to open the sideboard? It was locked and Betty resolved that she would never tell where the key was. Just then the sight of a small black face gazing with mingled curiosity and fear across the window sill, gave Betty an inspiration. She looked toward the Yankee and saw that he had not yet discovered the presence of the pickaninny. With a shrewdness that did credit to her years she began picking up the rolls of bandages, skillfully working her way toward the window. Then when the soldier’s back was turned for a moment, she drew the child to her.

“Run to the camp, Ebenezer,” she whispered hastily, while keeping one eye on the prowling soldier. “Go as fast as you can and bring help. Run around by the back way so he won’t see you leave. Now go!” she implored, giving him a shove to start him on his way.

Ebenezer disappeared just in time, for the soldier, hearing the whispered sound of her voice, turned around and eyed her suspiciously, but found her simply stacking bandages on the window sill.

“Who is there?” he asked, starting toward the window.

“No one,” she answered in well-feigned surprise. This was true, for Ebenezer was for once acting as if he had life in him and was speeding down the road to the Confederate camp as if the demons were pursuing.

His suspicions allayed, the Yankee turned his attention toward the ancient sideboard containing the silverware. Betty watched him with tensely-drawn muscles as he laid one of the revolvers on a lounge near by and attempted to pull the top drawer open. It was locked. He tried the next and the next and found them the same. He turned around and Betty smiled. That smile, by a slip of a girl who apparently did not fear him in the least, aroused a stubborn streak in the soldier’s nature. A couple of strides placed him in front of her.

“What’s the key to this?” he demanded, waving the revolver before her face. “Hand it over or I’ll break it open.”

“I won’t—I can’t,” cried Betty. Then all the pent-up anger within her burst forth and she threw discretion to the winds. “How dare you come here! What right have you lowdown thieving Yankees to enter our homes and rob us of all we have? Isn’t it enough that you are trying to take the slaves from us that you stole from Africa and sold to us, until the law prohibited further sale? Haven’t you anything else to do but make raids on helpless women and children? You don’t find our men robbing Northern homes or threatening unprotected women and children. Now you just dare to break that chest open and you’ll pay for it,” finished Betty with a passionate gesture of her hand toward the sideboard.

A dull red mounted to the tanned cheek of the soldier and he backed away as if her fiery speech would burn him. For an instant he stood irresolute, then the stubborn streak reasserted itself.
“I'll break it open if it is the last thing I ever do,” he exclaimed angrily, adding a few ornamental oaths to emphasize the threat. Recklessly, he threw the remaining revolver on the lunge beside his companion and picked up the tongs from the fireplace. With this he began prying at the bottom drawer, dropping on his knees in order to be nearer. The wood splintered and cracked, but the lock refused to give. Betty watched him, anger alternating with despair. Would the Grays never come? Had Ebenezer failed her? He was not very dependable and even now when everything depended on him he might be loitering on the way. She could not know.

Some unseen power must have drawn Betty's fascinated gaze from the soldier to the lunge where the revolvers lay, just out of his reach. At sight of them a wild scheme flashed through her mind and the necessity of the occasion filled her with the daring of her forefathers. The man's whole attention was concentrated on his task. Two quick, stealthy steps and the revolvers were in her hands. Almost at the same instant that her hands touched the guns the Yankee sprang to his feet, but too late. He found himself facing his own guns and inwardly he cursed himself for the fatal oversight.

"Now," cried Betty triumphantly, "you get out of here, and do it quickly, too."

Afraid to turn his back to her, he began to back out of the room, cursing every step of the way. It was a slow process, but he finally reached the veranda, closely followed by a bright-eyed, pink-cheeked girl. He had reached the steps and Betty was standing in the doorway keeping the guns carefully trained on him when she saw a sudden, startled look of dismay leap into his eyes as he shifted them from her face to the corner of the house. Betty looked too. There at the corner stood a half dozen soldiers in the beloved gray of the South. With a yell of defiance the Yankee jumped down the few steps and fled down the long brick walk toward the gate where a beautiful black horse stood impatiently tossing her mane.

"Halt!” cried the stern voice of the officer in command.

“Halp, or we'll fire.” The man glanced back, but continued his headlong flight. He was fully two-thirds of the way to the gate ere the command to fire was given.

A sharp report, a cry, and the Yankee fell, mortally wounded. The soldiers, followed by Betty, ran to where he lay. One of the men raised his head from the ground and gave him some water from a canteen. With a gasping breath the wounded man opened his eyes and caught sight of Betty standing in front of him, her face stricken with the thought that she was partly responsible for the tragedy enacted before her eyes.

"You are the cause of this,” he cried furiously, shaking his fist at her and adding an oath. With a gasp and moan he sank lower in the soldier’s arms and a few minutes later he died. One of the men led the half-fainting Betty into the house, while the rest searched his body for identification papers. Some dispatches were found on him, and, though they were not of vital importance, they saved the Southern army from a blunder.

Arrangements were made for the transfer of his body to the Northern army and the magnificent mare was given to Betty. She was passionately fond of horseback riding, but the sight of the horse always reminded her of its master’s tragic death and she was not sorry when a few weeks later the mare was stolen from the stables by a band of Yankees.

—Peggy, '17.

“A fool and his money soon part.” Some people never have the chance to play this kind of a fool.
In order to make our Commencement number as successful as possible, it was necessary to economize on our Spring number, so we could not have as many new cuts and as much material as we would have liked. But please remember, before you criticize, that there are a great many things to be considered in the making of a school paper and not least of these is cost. This is not an apology—merely an explanation.

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"HIGH SCHOOLISHNESS."

That it is a very good thing to "see ourselves as others see us" applies to high schools sometimes as well as to people. In a recent college paper an editorial appeared under the title "High Schoolishness," which criticized the spirit brought into the college by students entering from the high schools. According to this article, the objectionable characteristics of this "too strong high school spirit" are, namely, a tendency to dominate in the affairs of the school, a negligent attitude toward scholarship, in which study is merely a shift to "get by," a selfish interest in one's own affairs and a lack of interest in the affairs of others, a disregard of government and lastly, failure on the part of the majority of the students to check this harmful spirit by influencing public opinion in the right way.

This spirit is all right in high schools, where it belongs, says the editorial, but it is very injurious to the high standards of the college.

The question is, is it all right to have this spirit in our high schools and does it "belong" there? Evidently the college student's opinion of high school standards is very low indeed. Certainly the student who desires to dominate in the affairs of school life, who believes that the less studying done the better, who is interested only in his own affairs and who disregards the laws governing the school is just as injurious to the best welfare of the high school as of the college. Moreover, this type of student does not represent the average type of high school student. Of course, you will find him in the high school as well as in other places. It would be a very exceptional school
indeed in which there were no indications of this spirit. It is hardly fair, then, to label a spirit, found in other places besides the high school, and found in the minority there as “High Schoolishness.”

But since we do have some of this harmful spirit in our school, let us consider the remedy for it suggested in the editorial. This is public opinion. The majority of students have the power to control public opinion in any school and by using this power any spirit not in harmony with our best standards can be checked.

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**SPELLING.**

Great interest has been aroused all over the state this spring in spelling contests. Of course, we as high school students, have progressed far beyond such childish pursuits. Perhaps our long-suffering English teachers feel that we have been progressing in the wrong direction. To judge from their remarks, some of our theme papers make the simplified spelling lists look mild.

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**OUR DEBATE TEAM.**

We are always proud of the teams that fight for our school against other schools whether in football, basketball or baseball. One of our teams which has been doing its full share of fighting and winning, too, for O. H. S. is the debate team. It has won all three of the first contests and only one more remains on the schedule. If we win that we stand a very good chance to win the Southwest championship. Even if we don’t our record is unusually fine this year.

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**OWNERSHIP.**

When The Olympuses are distributed do you feel that it is really your Olympus? Of course you have paid for your subscription and we do not intend to dispute that it is your property, but there are different kinds of ownership. Don’t you think, for instance, that the man who has planned and helped build his house feels more pride in the possession of it than the man who buys one already made? In this respect school magazines aren’t so very much different from houses. If you have helped make this Olympus, even to the extent of dropping a joke in the joke box, you can’t help but feel more interest in it. When all of the students begin to feel this way our magazine will be really worth while.

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If the children come home exhausted from examinations, it is no wonder. Fancy the strain they have undergone to evolve such answers as these, which were selected from those given New York pupils in a recent examination:

- “The chamois is valuable for its feathers; the whale for its kerosene oil.”
- “Climate is caused by the motions of the earth around the sun.”
- “The purpose of a skeleton, something to hitch meat to.”
- “A blizzard is the inside of a hen.”
- “The alimentary canal is located in the northern part of Indiana.”
- “The government of England is a limited mockery.”
- “The qualifications of a voter at a school election are, that he must be a father of a child for eight weeks.”
- “Gender shows whether a man is feminine, masculine or neuter.”
- “Four animals belonging to the cat family are the father cat, the mother cat, and the two little kittens.”
Whereas, the Seniors have been piloted safely through the
Old Testament stories and United States history and have
come to the end thereof, and

Whereas, said class have paid their dues on a specified day,
namely, February 14, thereby presenting the treasurers with
a handsome valentine and removing much worry from the
minds of said treasurer's, and

Whereas, five members of said class did nobly strive for
and win the basketball championship, said members being
Hudson, Levy, Barnes, Morris and Zambrelin, and

Whereas, Susan Haley, with much courage, did stand before
the entire assembly and fasten the colors of said class upon
the silver cup, and

Whereas, more members of the said class did secure the
highest number of points in the Hexathlon, thereby gaining
another victory to be recorded in the annals of said class,

Be It Resolved, That we, the remaining members of said
famed and illustrious class, do hereby extend a vote of thanks
to the above-mentioned champions for these victories.

At a class meeting held recently we elected our class officers
for the coming half year. Here they are: President, Maurice
Springer; Vice-President, Dewey Martin; Boys' Treasurer,
Truman Trullinger; Girls' Treasurer, Charlotte Scully;
Sergeant-at-Arms, Laurence Rollman; Class Editor, Esther
Bergh.

Even though we have failed to win many games in basket-
ball this year, we have a good team nevertheless. Those who
are on the team this year are Bohac, Springer, Junk, Roberson,
Benson, Fishback and Ouellette. Maurice Springer is
captain of the team this year.

We have failed to win any games from the Seniors and
Sophomores, but that is not due to our lack of skill in the
game. Both games we have played with the Freshman team
have turned out victorious for us.

At our last class meeting it was decided that the dues for
this semester would be $1. However, those who failed to pay
up for the first semester will be required to hand over $1.50. In
order to make our Prom the great success we want it to be,
more of the Juniors will have to pay up. You will be surprised
to find how much better you feel after paying your class dues.
Try it and see!
our thanks to all of the track team men, individually, but time and space do not warrant us that pleasure, so we give three rousing cheers for those who took part in the Hexathlon.

Before these notes are out, the second Hexathlon meet will have been held, in which the Sophomores expect to be the winners.

A class meeting was held February 7 to elect officers for the semester. Those elected were as follows: Walt “Jimmie” Brazel, President; Levy “Porky” Johnson, Vice-President; Elizabeth “Lizzy” McElroy, Girls' Treasurer; Wilbur “Web” Morford, Boys' Treasurer; Ernest “Ernie” Barnes, Yell Leader.

At the next class meeting, held only a short time ago, we selected the class flower. A motto and a yell were not available at that time.

We must ask, politely of course, that the Sophomores please don't hang to their pennies so closely. Class dues are due.

Maybe some day in the future,
In my records I will find
Something written while at High School,
Which will surely bring to mind
The dear old High School building,
Sitting one block west of Main,
With the old electric call-bell
Just above the arch of fame.
I can see the office plainly
Across the hallway from the stair.
I can see the “Deacon” talking
To all the teachers there.
I can see the large assembly
Packed with students to the brim.
I can hear the different classes
Yelling class yells full of vim.
And the cane-rush and the tie-up
Clearly stamped upon my brain,
Bring back scenes of happy school days
In the building west of Main. —H. B., '19.
FRESHMAN
NOTES.

The Freshmen were unfortunate in basketball this season. Perhaps the most evenly-matched game that we played was with the Juniors, when we scored 19 times to their 20. But an unsuccessful season does not necessarily mean a poor team, and it certainly does not in this case. Several of the five, although fine players, were extremely light. If this is the trouble it is up to the “big guys” to turn out next time. After quite a few changes the following team was chosen: Right guard, Waldo Stantz (captain); left guard, Harold Butcher; center, Ruben Ames; right forward, Harland Harris; left forward, Oscar Bullock.

All political matters were settled at the mid-year election. The following officers were chosen: President, Waldo Stantz; Vice-President, Gladys Meyers; Secretary, Mary Owings; Girls’ Treasurer, Florence Willey; Boys’ Treasurer, Chauncey Johnson; Yell Leader, Johnny Lyman; Class Editor, Frederick Johnson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Dennis Hurley.

The class colors and flower did not suit us, so we changed the colors from purple and gold to gray and red and the flower from a white carnation to a red and white carnation.

After the election a special boys’ meeting was held, in which Harold Weston was elected track captain and Bob McClane baseball captain.

At the track meet the following boys represented the Freshmen: Harold Weston, Harland Harris, Robert Shaw, Dennis Hurley, Waldo Stantz, Bruce Girth and Glenn Shaw.

The class treasury needs replenishment, so “shell out.” Two bits isn’t much by itself, but in union there is strength.

Anyone who has a spark of baseball intelligence is wanted for the team. Those who are not athletically inclined can be utilized as “rooters.” Make ’em yell, Johnny.

WHY I CAME TO SCHOOL.

Frances Lamborn—“For the fun of it.”
Dan H.—“To make an impression.”
Mildred G.—“Oh, I don’t know.”
Marie L.—“Just to kid around.”
Harold Mc.—“To get acquainted with the girls.”
Malcolm—“To reduce.”
Gladys H.—“Don’t ask me.”
Carl Z.—“To learn to dance.”
Mary C.—“Ask someone who knows.”
“Scully”—“To keep things going.”
Muriel T.—“Nothing else to do.”
Mildred S.—“To help the teachers.”
Wake up! Where's that "pep" that has been in evidence in the halls? It is never present at the games. Basketball games are almost devoid of enthusiasm. The team is playing exceptional basketball. At present they are at the head of the City League and stand a splendid chance of winning the "Big Cup." Those playing on the team this year are: Neal Hudson (captain) and Leonard Levy, forwards; Walter Brazel, center; Hubert Overton and Brad Barnes, guards; substitutes, Maurice Springer and Wilbur Morford.

The class basketball games didn't have the necessary support. But nevertheless, the Seniors won the cup. Those on the Senior team this year are: Neal Hudson and Leonard Levy, forwards; Ted Morris, center; Carl Zamberlin and Brad Barnes, guards.

The Seniors appear to be the only class capable of winning any of the class events. First, the football honors were won by the class of '17. The basketball cup was the next to fall into the hands of these unconquerable warriors, and last but not the least, the Hexathlon shield became their property. This was quite a surprise for everyone had surmised the Sophs would be the champions. Two new records were made in this indoor track meet: Dorsey Cunningham, '18, fence vaulted 6 feet 1 inch. Leonard Levy, '17, ran the 50-yard potato race in 12 2-5 seconds.

Note.—Look over carefully the manly physical forms of our valiant warriors. "Purty good looking bunch, eh?"
Seniors, Interclass Champions.
From left to right—Brad Barnes, guard; Leonard Levy, forward; Neal Hudson, forward; Carl Zamberlin, guard; Ted Morris, center.

Before the Olympia-Montesano debate, a short debate assembly was held. The assembly room had been decorated with pennants by a committee from the Girls' Club. Mr. Loomis, coach of our debate team, told of the especial importance of this debate in view of the fact that the same question was being debated in the legislature. The legislators were invited to attend the debate, and as one senator said, it might not have been time wasted.

On February 21, an assembly was held to award the basketball cup to the Seniors, champions of the interclass contest. Mr. Rhode "unveiled the cup" and presented it to Neal Hudson, captain of the Senior team. Manager Duxbury urged more students to attend the Wednesday night basketball games at the Y. M. C. A. between the High school and different city teams.

Mrs. Granville Pike, of North Yakima, state president of the Audubon Society, who is remembered by the high school students from her last year's visit to us as the "bird-woman," talked to us on Tuesday, February 27. Mrs. Pike first told of the organization of Junior Audubon Societies and urged the students to join. She also told of the bird house contest, which is open to both the boys and girls. A $5 prize is offered for the best bird house. Owing to the difficulty in getting the assembly room dark Mrs. Pike could not use her
lantern slides, but her explanations of the German food stick
and model bird houses were very interesting and instructive.

Much interest is being taken in the operetta "Priscilla,"
which will be given by the Glee Club the last of March. A
very large cast is practicing almost every night under the
supervision of Miss Nelson.

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

To Helen Scobey, Golfer.
She hit the bally pill three hundred yards,
And sank it for a three where par is four;
She never played so well, and yet she bowled:
"I never played such awful golf before."

To Fritz Sargeant, Ball Player.
He swung the cumbersome willow with échat,
And showed his bat was not an ornament;
He hit three ninety-two, and then he growled:
"I wonder where me battin' eye has went?"

To Ernest Smith, Runner.
He did the hundred yards in under ten,
The fastest time he ever made, and cried,
In tones of grief that showed a stricken heart:
"It seems as if I cannot hit my stride."

To Ted Morris, Bowler.
He made the biggest score of his young life,
And earned a niche in bowling's hall of fame,
He bowled two eighty-five, and then he groaned:
"Gee whiz, I certainly was off my game."

To the Rest of the Schools, Books as Well.
I don't know what the moral is, myself;
So take it any way you care to treat it;
And yet, since I'm a dub at every game,
I can't help speculating, "Can you beat it?"


The Glee Club is still practising faithfully and enjoying
it. It particularly enjoys the days when Miss Nelson gives
selections of great masters of singing on the gramophone. As
the year advances the degree of difficulty of the songs the club
practices advances accordingly. All the members of the club
are eagerly awaiting the next practice, when they can begin
on an order of new music which has arrived this week. Thanks
to Miss Nelson's excellent choice, all know that the new pieces
will be pretty.

Since the operetta has really begun its earnest work, the
Glee Club has suffered a diminution to about half of its
original number. At first the operetta boys and girls were
carefully drilled separately, but recently the full cast meets
each practice day. We are all anticipating the date when we
may hear the operetta and congratulate the cast and their in-
structors on their success. For, of course, it can't be any-
thing but a success!

The orchestra has once again covered itself with glory by
playing at the second and last home debate of our illustrious
team. Its next known public appearance will be at the May
Festival, quite a time distant, it is true, but already Mr.
Gerwick is planning what selections to use. Until the Operetta
is successfully out of the way those remaining after school
hours on Thursdays will miss the familiar strains of the orchestra, for the Operetta must have the room for practice.

Since the last Olympus edition a new branch of music has begun in our midst, a Ukelele Club, under Miss Florence Clark's leadership. It began with a membership of seven shortly after our enforced vacation. They meet for practice on Tuesdays and expect to make their debut March 7 before the Girls' Club. Though this Ukelele Club is still in its infancy we look for great results from it in the future. Selah!

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN.

February 19—We had an assembly today which lasted an hour and twenty minutes. This is the second assembly we have had this week.

February 22—Mr. Loomis laughed out loud.

February 28—Cora Holmes got mad and told Mr. Aiken how to run the High school.

February 24—Mary Weston arrived at school at 8:30 this morning.

February 25—A yelling contest was held this noon, at which the Freshmen won the banner.

February 27—The Juniors defeated the Seniors three times in basketball.

February 28—"Bob" Forbes failed to score any points in the class track meet.

March 2—Edna Ward got 80 in her Geometry test.

March 3—Mr. Gerwick told the History pupils that everyone would get AA this six weeks.

March 4—It was estimated that nearly everyone would flunk in penmanship this semester.

March 5—Mr. Rhode's Chemistry class won the record in the last fire drill.

March 6—Gladys Holcomb broke a test tube in Chemistry Lab. This is the first one Gladys has broken.

March 7—Miss Clark said she had decided not to assign any more themes for Tuesday, as she thought a little vacation would not hurt the English class.

Shortly before Christmas the Girls' Club held a candy sale which was a complete success. The proceeds were used in buying clothing and toys for some of the poorer families of Olympia for Christmas.

Our program given on December 20 by the Dramatic Club, whose president is Irene Collier, was an excellent one. Following several appropriate songs an interesting play was presented by the girls of the club. The play was written by Dorothy Beach. On this occasion the mothers of all the girls were invited and immediately after the program delicious refreshments were served.

At our next meeting the life of Mme. Schumann-Heink and an interpretation of her music was given. Dorothy Beach gave a paper on the "Life of Mme. Schumann-Heink" and five of the vocal numbers of the brilliant singer were given on the phonograph.

On January 24, another interesting as well as instructive program was given. After short announcements of interest to the club by Irene Springer and Mary Jane Sams two piano solos were given by Muriel Newcomb and Marjorie Holcomb. Mrs. Funk, who is well known to the girls of the club, gave a reading on "Choosing Life's Work." In this she gave an idea
of the many fields of work open to girls and also emphasized scientific housework as an interesting line of work. This vocation is just at its beginning now, but Mrs. Funk believes that in the near future scientific housework will become one of the leading vocations for girls and women.

At our last meeting on February 21, Mildred Graham delighted her audience with three piano solos. Then followed an election of officers. Our new officers are: President, Dorothy Beach; Chairman of the Vocational Committee, Nancy Wilson; Chairman of the Personal Affairs Committee, Glenna Magill; Secretary and Treasurer, Ada Myers.

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**Dramatic Club Notes**

The Dramatic Club has been working on two sketches since their first public appearance at Christmas time. The first of these sketches was presented before the Girls’ Club on March 7 and showed clever work and good drilling.

Earlier, an afternoon of J. M. Barrie was given. Frances Bullock read parts of his “Biography of Margaret Ogilvie.” Irene Collier, president of the club, told of Peter Pan and Dorothy Rose gave us “Maude Adams and Her Plays.”

We feel sure that some time in the not so far-distant future the talent that is coming to light in the club will be starring on Broadway.

—D. B., ’17.

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The second year girls of the Home Economics Department are working on their contest dresses, which they expect to have finished the latter part of March. Last year the girls were allowed a dollar and a half, not including pattern, while this year, due to the H. C. of L., two dollars are allowed for total cost.

The Freshman girls are working on their first garments cut from a drafted pattern. They are extremely proud of their handiwork.

The first year girls are now studying cuts and prices of meat from “Principles and Application.” Now that the pastry lessons are finished the Sophomores are also studying, in more detail than the Freshmen, the meat lessons.

In “Textiles” the Sophomores are beginning the study of wool. Just before the final test on “Wool” the girls will have collected the principal samples of wool materials.

The Sophomore and Freshmen girls were sorry to lose members in their Home Economics classes. A number of girls who studied Home Economics have moved away since the beginning of the year.

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He put his arm about her waist,
The color left her cheek,
But on the shoulder of his coat
It stayed about a week.—Ex.
On January 5 the team departed by way of the N. P. for the city of Elma. Although no one met us at the train, we did not meet with any serious mishap, for Mr. Loomis succeeded in safely steering us through the congested traffic to The Hotel! After the usual evening repast—olives—we betook ourselves with great fear and trembling—chiefly about the knees—to the school building. Although the building is larger than ours, the crowd—fifteen counting the judges—was so large that they hung one poor little fellow out on the fire escape, to prevent any serious disaster, in case things got too warm during the course of the argument. We had occasion to tug at our collars, all right, for the Elma debaters fairly made us dance to keep up with them. However, the judges took pity on us for having to come so far and gave us the decision. The trip home was delightful, despite the serious effects of too much ice cream (?) and olives, on one member of the team in particular. (The editor would like very much to tell you about the cap, the radiator, the peanut hulls, and snoring episodes, but space is limited.)

Our next encounter was with Montesano on the home ground. Fortunately, we had the negative of the question, and though the contest was close, we were victorious for the third time. Nothing more need be said concerning this debate, for those who were present know all about it, and those who weren't are not interested.

The final debate is March 9 at Kelso. If we win, it puts us in line for the Southwest Championship.

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**DEBATE NOTES**

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**GERMAN**

Es gibt kein schöener Leben als Studentenleben.

Was du lernst, das lerne recht;

Was du machst, das macht nicht schlecht.


Letzte Woche hatten wir in unserer Klasse ein kleines Programm. Wir studierten die Gebrauchliche (customary) Ausdrucke (forms) und Vokabeln (list of words) fuer Vereinszunger (club meetings) und dann sangen wir einige Lieder und Fraulein Townsend spielte das Klavier dazu. Es gefällt uns immer sehr wenn unsere Lehrerin sagt, dass wir ein Program haven koennen.

Wo keine Gerechtigkeit (Justice) ist, ist keine Freiheit, und wo keine Freiheit ist, ist keine Gerechtigkeit.

Fraulein Sylvester—"Burney, was hast du da?"

Burney J.—"Nichts."

Fraulein Sylvester—"Dann du bist weg, du störst damit die Klasse."

The second year German Class has decided to take up a collection to buy Herr Mottman a loud needle to use on his vocal records during class. Also they are planning a candy sale to buy him a new watch. When he cranked his Ingersoll in class one day the commotion seriously injured the eardrums of one or two members of the class.

—F. T., '17.
ALUMNI NOTES

Helen Shaw, '16, is employed in the office of the Industrial Insurance Commission.
Lillian Spinner, '16, is teaching school at Miami this year.
Eva Countryman and Frank Summerville, both members of the class of '16, are attending the state university at Seattle.

In Memoriam to
MRS. HOFFMAN,
Who Was
MARGARET WILSON, '11.
Died January 30, 1917.

Lena Tope, '15, is bookkeeper at the Olympia Knitting Mills.
Two girls of the class of '16, Phoebe Workman and Pensa Turner, were married recently.
Delight Connors, '15, has entered the Swedish Hospital in Seattle to train as a nurse.
Norman Hayner, '14, is teaching school this year.
Mabel Springer, '11, and Philip Norcross, '12, were married on February 14.
Merle Morford, '16, who played on the O. H. S. basketball team last year, is playing on the Tacoma Athletic club team of Tacoma this year.
Stella McArley, '16, is employed in the State Treasurer's office.
Ella Chambers, '16, is teaching penmanship in the Yelm schools.

EXCHANGES

Every month the Exchange Department receives school papers and magazines from all parts of the country. This is the way we have of identifying ourselves as a school and of meeting other schools and becoming acquainted with them. It seems a shame that the editors are generally the only ones to derive any benefit or enjoyment from this most valuable communication. Some of the papers are intensely interesting and we suggest that some provision be made whereby they may be placed in the library for reference. Then, O. H. S., please compare The Olympian with other papers, see where we are falling short and then don't be a knocker—stop and consider if you are doing anything to improve that weakness.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Chevron, Albion, N. Y.: "You have the right idea in publishing the picture of your faculty. The headings of the different departments are clever. Why not have a more attractive cover?"

The Lens, Washington High School, Portland, Ore.: "Your Christmas number was splendid. The stories, verses and jokes are especially good. A few pictures and better grade of paper would be a great improvement. Let us hear from you again."

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

Tolo, Franklin High School, Seattle, Wash.—Yours is a very attractive and lively little magazine. Your departments are very interesting, but where is your Exchange Department? Have we overlooked it?
Snapshots, West High School, Green Bay, Wis.—New exchanges are always welcomed with joy by the exchange-seeking
editors. We are more than pleased with your magazine. There evidently has been no lack of endeavor in putting out this issue. Aside from your clever cartoons we wish to compliment you on the neatness of your ads.

 Tacoma, Wash.—We receive no more attractive magazine than The Tacoma, but we believe it lacks a bit of humor throughout—it is a trifle stiff. Stories of school life, cartoons and more cuts would add greatly to the "vim" of your paper.

 Lens, Washington High School, Portland, Ore.—The cover to your class issue is especially attractive. The pictures of school activities add greatly to the "life" of your paper. The Exchange Department of your December number shows the work of a careful critic.

 The Black and Gold, McKinley High School, Honolulu, T. H.—We are very glad to welcome you to our exchange list. Your paper is one to be proud of. We especially like the cover to your last issue, because it is suggestive of the country from which it comes.


 CLIPPINGS.

 Girls' Club—In some high schools the Girls' Club places a question box in a conspicuous place. At the regular meetings the questions are answered by competent people. Sometimes this necessitates having someone outside of their school or city lecture to them. In this way some very interesting as well as helpful questions are answered.

 The Black and Gold, Honolulu, T. H.: "Mendel Borthwick, with his 'cute little eyes,' has gained many admirers, especially among the girls."

 AN OBEDIENT WITNESS.

 "Now, sir, I hope we shall have no difficulty in getting you to speak up," said the lawyer, in a very loud and commanding voice.

 "I hope not, sir," shouted the witness at the top of his lungs.

 "How dare you speak to me in that way?" cried the enraged lawyer.

 "Because I can't speak no louder, sir," said the plumber.

 "Have you been drinking?"

 "Yes, sir."

 "I should infer so from your conduct. What have you been drinking?"

 "Coffee," hoarsely vociferated the witness.

 "Something stronger than coffee, sir, you've been drinking. Don't look at me like that. Look at the jury. Did you have something in your coffee?"

 "Yes, sir."

 "What was it?"

 "Sugar."

 "Now, sir," stormed the judge, "what besides sugar did you have in your coffee?"

 The plumber collected his forces, drew a deep breath and, in a voice that could have been heard a block away, bellowed out: "A spoon! A spoon, and nothing else! Now are you satisfied?"
HE WANTED TO KNOW.

A small boy was watching a chemist analyze some water one day. "What are you doing with that water?" he asked.

"Analyzing it," replied the chemist.

"And what's that?" persisted the boy.

"Finding out what it is composed of," explained the chemist.

"And what is it composed of?" queried the lad.

"Two-thirds of hydrogen and one-third of oxygen," said the chemist.

The youngster looked in surprise at the chemist. "Ain't there no water in it?"

Mr. G.: "I want a man's comb."
Clerk: "Do you want a narrow man's comb?"
Mr. G. (always careful of grammar) "No. I want one for a fat man with rubber teeth."

"Yes," he said, "death stared me right in the face, and in those few seconds I thought of all I'd ever been."

"Quite a little directory of names," said his companion.

Leota O.: "What have you your umbrella up for? It isn't raining."
Pinky Me.: "I know it isn't, but I hate mist."
L. O.: "I've noticed you don't mind it when it's dewy."
(Dewey.)

The sighing lover led a heart,
The maid for a diamond played,
The father came up with a club,
And the sexton held a spade.—Ex.

Mr. Gerwick: "Who followed Edward VI."
Soph.: "Mary."
Mr. G.: "Who followed Mary?"
Fresh.: "A little lamb."
L. S.: "Say, did you hear about the excitement last night?"
B. J.: "No, what was it?"
L. S.: "A bunch of oysters got steamed."

Gladys H.: "How did you like the nice little present I
made for you with my very own hands?"
Ted: "It was lovely, but there is one question I should like
to ask."
G. H.: "And what is that?"
Ted: "What was it intended for? My mother said it
was a cushion, but Dad thought it was a tobacco pouch. At
present I'm using it as a penwiper."

Has anyone noticed a coolness between them?

All of the teachers can be bluffed some of the time.
Some of the teachers can be bluff all of the time.
But it doesn't pay to bluff all the teachers all of the time.

Mr. Gerwick: "Phyllis, what occurred at Laneville in 1801?"
Phyllis: "Don't know, unless maybe a lunatic escaped from
the asylum."

Miss Benson: "What is a periodical sentence?"
Pupil: "It's a sentence that ends when it comes to the
period."

She: "Why do your folks call you Bill?"
He: "Because I was born on the first of the month."

"Johnny, why do you always insist on having the largest
piece of pie? Isn't your brother entitled to it?"
"No'm. He was eatin' pie three years 'fore I was born."

J. P.: "Gee, I wish I had her address so I could write
to her."
M. P.: "Well, why don't you write to her and ask her
to send it?"

HEARD IN THE HALLS.

"Hello, nut; where you goin'?"
"Say, got your lesson? I haven't."
"Jiggers, here comes the Deac."
"Meet you downstairs."
"Hey there, Mary, did you go to the dance last night?"
"Anybody seen my English?"
"Gee, I wish we would have an assembly."
"Who's the new girl?"
"Have you seen Dan's tie?"

There was an old man from Tacoma,
Who met a sweet girl from Point Loma,
Who said, "If you can,
Please find me a man."
And he straightway picked out Mr. Thomas.

Miss Collier (in General Science): "The moon has a great
effect on the tide."

Jimmy B.: "It has a greater effect on the untied."

Freshie: "Teacher, which is right, Bob or Robert?"
Teacher: "Why, Robert, of course."
Fresh: "Then would you say, there goes a Robert-tailed
dog?"

Miss Gregory (in Senior Eng.): "Fred, at this time what
title was bestowed upon Macbeth?"
Fred S.: "He was called Thane of Chowder."

Mr. Bings (at restaurant): "My plate is damp."
Mrs. Bings: "Sh, my dear, that's soup. They only serve
small portions in war time."

Fresh: "Where shall I sit?"
Senior: "In a seat, of course."
LAUNDRY AD.

Don't kill your wife. Let us do your dirty work.

__________

F. S.: “The barber would only shave one side of my face when I went to get a shave.”

G. M.: “That right? Which side did he shave?”

F. S.: “The outside.”

Raymond J.: “While crossing a street did you ever stop to think—”

Jimmy H.: “Yes, and I went to the hospital three months for thinking.”

__________

Ted M.: “Can you suggest anything that will make the girls fall for me?”

C. Z.: “Put your feet out in the aisle and if they don’t fall it won’t be your fault.”

D. B.: “I had a fall last night that rendered me unconscious for several hours.”

S. B.: “You don’t mean it! Where did you fall?”

D. B.: “Oh, I fell asleep.”

Fred S.: (reading from “Proverbs”): ‘Fools often ask questions that wise men cannot answer.’ Well, that explains why I flunked in my last six weeks' tests.”

__________

There was a handsome young Mr.

Who met a maid and he Kr.

The maid didn’t mind,

She responded in kind,

For she was only his Sr.

__________

Ella G.: “Hazel told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.”

Mary T.: “She’s a mean thing. I told her not to tell you that I told her.”

Ella G.: “Well, I told her I wouldn’t tell you she told me, so don’t tell her I did.”—Ex.

__________

“Come on, let’s skip the seventh period.”

“Naw, I need the sleep today.”

Ray M.: “The dentist said I had a large cavity that needed filling.”

L. S.: “Did he recommend any special course of study?”

Miss Gregory: “When was the Revival of Learning?”

Senior: “Just before the last exam.”

__________

Miss C. (in Soph. English): “What is irony, Katherine?”

K. Peters: “Irony is when you say something and you mean just the opposite.”

Miss C.: “Have you an example?”

K. P.: “Well, if a young fellow was proposing to a girl and she said ‘No’ when she meant ‘Yes,’ that would be irony.”

Dorothy B.: “Was Tom Blake on that committee? I didn’t see him.”

Helen S.: “No wonder. He was so much ‘behind the bushes’ no one could.”

__________

Miss Clark (in English): “Evelyn, where does the address go in a friendly letter?”

Evelyn: “Down in the left-hand corner with the kisses.”

__________

Little Johnny: “Papa, what is a fortification?”

Father: “Why, a big fort!”

Johnny: “Well, then, is a ratification a big—”

Father: “Not now, dear, I’m busy.”
NOT FAR WRONG.

James was halting and stammering through a Latin translation while the teacher was trying to help him along. "Sinister" was the word she wanted him to say.

"Come, James, surely you know the word for 'left.'"

James (after much scratching of his head): "Yep, I know. Spinster."

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Professor: "So you confess that the unfortunate young man was carried to the pump and there drenched with water. Now, Mr. Smith, what part did you take in this disgraceful affair?"

Undergraduate: "The left leg, sir."

A. M.: "Why have the Germans named their submarines Jokes?"

I. S.: "I don't know, why?"

A. M.: "So the English can't see them."

Curious man to neighbor loading furniture into moving van:

"Are you moving?"

Tired neighbor, viewing yard strewn with pictures, chairs, etc.: "Oh, no, just taking my furniture for a ride."

Teacher: "Tommy, give me a sentence with the word 'income' in it."

Tommy: "Pa opened the door and in came the cat."

When the donkey saw the zebra,

He began to switch his tail.

"Well, I never," was his comment,

"There's a mule that's been in jail."

Johnny wrote a poem,

Thought it awful fine.

Sent it to a paper,

Then went off to dine.

When he came from dining

He wrote another one,

Voted it was the best of all,

Sent it to the "Sun."

Johnny became famous,

Wrote an awful lot.

But Johnny says in private,

"I am a poet—not!"

Mr. Rhode (in Physics): "Obed, what happens to bodies when you heat them?"

Obed: "They warm up."

Miss Collier (in Botany): "Wilbur, you are not working."

Wilbur M.: "Oh yes ma'am. I'm working my mouth."

Ted M.: "I hear your club member is quite a socialist."

Christy: "Yes, he must be. He wears my ties, smokes my cigarettes and writes notes to my girl."

Jean B (in Chemistry, watching Burney Jones weigh some chemicals): "Burney, could you weigh my brains?"

B. J.: "These scales don't weigh that small."

English is only a word.

Algebra only a number.

Latin a verb or a noun.

Commercial a slumber.

Penmanship only a pen.

Life is only a tear.

Death but a guide.

To a judgment of fear. —E. A., '20.
Mr. Aiken: "The soldiers at George Washington's funeral marched with arms reversed."

Ted M. (picking up hair brush instead of looking glass): "Gee, I sure need a shave."

Miss Gregory: "Can anyone name something which is uplifting?"

Ole R.: "Yes ma'am. A derrick."

H. S.: "What yuh doin'?"

W. C.: "Want me to help you?"

Irene S. (in Cicero): "I have forgotten what 'fortasse' means."

Miss F.: "No doubt."

"Are you fond of music?"

"Music!" exclaimed the enthusiastic young woman. "I am perfectly devoted to music. I could dance to it all night."

Mr. Rhode: "Philip, can you name any example of perpetual motion?"

Philip: "Yes, sir. John Walthew's tongue."

Miss Collier (in Botany): "Charles, what is a nut?"

Charles: "I don't know."

Miss Collier: "You ought to, you have enough examples."

Telegraph Operator: "Madam, I can't read this."

Dear old lady: "Send it as it is, the party at the other end will know what it is."

"Your dad is an old crank," said Ray, who had been calling on Hazel, and had been told by her father that 11 o'clock was time to go. Dad overheard the remark. "Crank is necessary in case of the lack of a self-starter," he retorted.

Mr. Rhode (in Chemistry): "Can't you remember how you make cake?"

G. M.: "No sir."

Mr. R.: "Well, you know how to make mush, don't you?"

M. L.: "What has eyes, but can't see; legs, but can't walk, but can jump high as the Washington Monument?"

Emma H.: "I don't know, so spring it."

M. L.: "A hobby horse."

E. H.: "How can it jump as high as the Washington Monument? It can't jump at all."

M. L.: "Well, neither can the Washington Monument."

Mr. Gerwick doesn't believe in self-flattery.

Mr. G. (in Algebra): "Now, class, look in front of you—you see there is absolutely nothing here—"

(In Ancient History): "If any of you are having trouble come to the office the fifth period. I'm always vacant then."

Mrs. Hicks (relating burglar scare): "Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there under the bed I saw a man's legs."

Mrs. Wicks: "Mercy, the burglar's?"

Mrs. Hicks: "No, my husband's—he had heard the noise, too."
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