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Dedication

TO THE SENIOR CLASS
As a reward for their industrious efforts in the Football Ticket Contest, we dedicate this issue.

Brandon, seated on a bench reserved for substitutes, rested his hand on the bail of the water pail. For only a moment he held it over the clear water, then he withdrew it quickly. But in that brief space of time a white powder had slipped from his palm and dissolved in the liquid.

Guiltily, he looked around, but the other substitutes were intent on the game. Grim, silent, impassive, they reminded him of Indian warriors. Just as these helmet-clad players sat, with blankets wrapped about their shoulders, with faces stolid and expressionless, the Indians had squatted before their tepees in the days of Boone, Carson, Cody and all of those old pioneers whose names are immemorial in history.

Brandon was trembling from head to foot. Cold chills ran up his spine. His face was as white as chalk and the muscles in his jaw twitched convulsively. His gaze, full of apprehension, wandered toward the grandstand.

It was a cold November day. The spectators were dressed in heavy overcoats and thick Mackinaws. The substitutes were wrapped in large blankets, in the center of which was a big "Y."

Harvard was being beaten back. Yale, playing terrific line plunges and long end runs, was slowly pushing toward the goal. Brandon, white and trembling, was glad in his heart that Yale was the stronger team and yet he was about to commit an act which would banish their hopes of winning.
Despite an effort to keep his eyes away, Brandon's gaze wandered to the big man standing near the grandstand. The man was frowning at him, his heavy eyebrows meeting in a dark line. His black eyes met Brandon's threateningly, commandingly.

This was Downly. Downly ran a billiard parlor in the city and it was hinted by many that gambling was carried on in the back rooms of his establishment. However, the police, although vigilant, had been unable to secure damaging evidence.

Brandon's mind flashed back to the day he had first entered the establishment. Out of curiosity and desire to learn how a gambling place was carried on, he had gone in. It was all new to him and he was interested. The click of the ivory ball as it circled the roulette table, the spat of a card as someone threw it forcibly on the table, the chink of chips, the jingle of money, the low hum of voices, all were strange to Brandon. They gave him a thrill and stimulated his keen imagination.

He had joined a group of men gathered around the roulette wheel and looked on interestedly.

"Ten on the green," said a man at his elbow.

The operator spun the wheel. The little ball rolled swiftly around the table, then slackened in speed and finally settled on green.

"Two to one on the green," the operator commented, shoving twenty chips across the table. Two turns of the wheel the man stayed out, then, at the third turn, swiftly placed his chips on the same color.

"You win," the operator said disinterestedly, as the ball again stopped on green.

This time the winner of the chips let three turns of the wheel pass, then, as the operator spun the wheel the fourth time, he again bet on green.

Brandon waited with bated breath. His eyes were eager and a little wild with excitement. Fast the little ball rolled, then slower and slower and finally stopped—on green.

Brandon drew a deep breath, then hurried over to the counter.

"Give me fifty dollars' worth of chips," he said, "and be quick about it."

Stuffing the markers into his pockets, he hurried back to the table.

Once, twice, thrice, four times, the operator spun the wheel, but Brandon did not play. He stood there waiting, motionless, silent.

The man, who had won three times in succession, had moved back to give Brandon room and stood a little distance from the table, grinning slightly.

Brandon, however, did not notice him. He was placing his ten chips on the green as the operator spun the wheel the fifth time. Brandon waited, tense and eager. Slowly and more slowly the ball rolled, then settled on green.

"You win," the operator said, shoving over twenty chips.

This time Brandon waited till the sixth spin of the wheel and again placed his chips on green. Again he won. For three hours he had played and two times out of three he was successful. But the sequence game became too slow for him. He ventured chips on black, on red, on orange, on yellow, and still his luck held. He had about three hundred chips now, equivalent to fifteen hundred dollars.

"On yellow," Brandon called, placing all his chips on that color. He had resolved that if he won this time he would quit for the night.

The operator gave the wheel a spin. The little ball darted around, then slackened in speed. Slowly it rolled up to the yellow, hesitated an instant and rolled over on black.

"Why didn't I quit," Brandon groaned. "What a fool I am. Fifteen hundred lost on one turn. I'll never try that thing again." But when he said it he knew that he was not telling the truth. The next night he had gone again and after that it had become a habit. But he was not always as fortunate as on the first night. He lost heavily. He pawned his jewelry and lost that. He sent letters to his father, pleading for more money and when that arrived it went the way of the first—into Downly's pockets.

A week before the big game of the season Downly had called him into his room.

"How about that five hundred you owe me?" he had demanded. "I want it."

"But I can't pay you," Brandon argued. "The fellows
won't loan me any more. Dad refuses to give me any and I haven't anything to pawn."

"Do you think I'm going to wait forever?" Downly said with an oath. "I want that money by Saturday or---" he paused threateningly.

The days rolled by. Saturday came and Brandon had gone to plea for more time.

Downly did not seem to want the money as badly. He even opened the conversation with another subject.

"You play on the Yale football team, don't you, Brandon?" he asked.

"Well, not exactly. I'm a substitute half back."

"But you're with the squad. You're near the water." Brandon was then puzzled. What was it to Downly whether he was a member of the squad or not? And why did he ask if he (Brandon) was near the water?

"Who is your best player?" Downly asked.

"Smith—he is the best half back in the state."

Downly's eyes narrowed. "You're going to do something for me, Brandon. If you do this that debt will be cancelled. If you don't, either you pay tonight or---" he struck the table with a huge fist. "You'll know the reason why."

Brandon leaped to his feet. His eye flashed angrily.

"You sneaky loafer!"

But Downly interrupted with a harsh laugh. "Save your breath, Brandon. I'm not going to make any threats, but---" he paused, "...anyone that knows Hugh Downly will tell you that you better obey orders."

Brandon's train of thought was interrupted by the call of "Water" from the field. It was the one-minute intermission between quarters, and the players, with parched throats, stood waiting to sup the cool liquid.

Brandon felt that Downly was eying him threateningly. Although he did not look in the big man's direction, he sensed that the gambler was watching his every movement.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp---" It was the old familiar tune the Yale rooters were singing, but the words had been changed into an appropriate football song. Brandon cast a look in their direction, then his slouched shoulders suddenly straightened and his head lifted. He looked ever in Downly's direction and deliberately grinned at the man.

"Smith's hurt," someone called. "Hurry up with that water."

Brandon saw that this was true. Smith had fallen to the earth and did not stir when his teammates tried to revive him. Picking up the pail, Brandon hurried toward the group.

"Clumsy fellow, that water carrier," someone said in the bleachers. "He has stumbled and spilled that whole pail of water."

But when another player dashed water on Smith's white face it failed to revive him. A doctor hurried onto the field and bent over the injured player.

"He has been playing with three broken ribs," the physician stated. "Fainted from pain. That lad had the right spirit, with a capital R."

"Take Smith's place, Brandon," said the captain resignedly.

"Who's that?" asked a man in the bleachers, as Brandon, his heart thumping wildly, lined up for the play.

"Brandon, I guess," another answered. "Only a fair player. No snap and pep like Smith's got."

Then Brandon began to play the game of his life. Low and hard he hit the line and with such force that he went through for big gains. He put every ounce of his strength into the attacks and, as he played, new confidence came to him. It was exhilarating to dodge in and out among the players, sidestepping one, straightarming another, circling another, but always making big gains. Painfully during the play he heard the "Tramp, tramp, tramp," and noisily the cheer immediately afterward, "Raw, raw, raw, Brandon."

Then, with but one minute to play he summoned all of his strength and plunged across the goal line for a touchdown. Yale had won by his efforts.

Brandon did not resist when the players lifted him on their shoulders and carried him triumphantly around the field. In fact, he was too tired. In a weak voice he protested, laughing, almost blubbering in happiness.

Brandon's story really ends here, but who can resist the temptation, after the way he so nobly sacrificed himself, to make Dame Fortune treat him a little more kindly in the future and save him from the clutches of the gambler Downly.
at present. Who can resist that temptation when it is within their power to do these things. Listen—
That night, Brandon, seated near an open window, which looked down upon the campus, read the headlines in the paper.
"Gambling Den Raided. Downly killed in—"
Brandon lifted his head. The oncoming night had blotted the details from his view. He looked out of the window. Around a bonfire a number of students were imitating an Indian war dance. Faintly, like the first rumble of an approaching thunderstorm, he heard the song, "Tramp, tramp, tramp." Then, as if a storm had burst, "Raw, raw, raw, Brandon."
—H. L., '18.

The Knocker

Dudley Mannering was from "the city." His tailored suit and overcoat, his correct footgear, his ultra-smart hat, all spoke of the excellence and ability of a city tailoring and outfitting house. Not only his clothes, but his negligent air of ease and sophistication and his rather bored expression of countenance gave evidence of the fact that he was wont to sojourn among the metropolitan haunts of a large city. Dudley's father had come to the middle-sized Middle Western town of Terry on the chance that he might find a more lucrative position open to a lawyer of his undoubted ability. Besides his son he had brought an elderly aunt to keep house for himself and the motherless Dudley and had moved into an old, aristocratic house, in picturesque disrepair, on Pine street.

The advent of Dudley caused a social upheaval among the "younger set" in Terry, as the Morning Clarion chose to call the boys and girls of high school age, whose fathers were prosperous farmers, grocers or merchants. The girls lionized Dudley from the first and thought his patient resignation to the undoubted drawbacks of a "burg" like Terry really quite admirable. Not so the boys. Dudley's air of supreme indifference to any affairs of Terry, his oft-recurring remarks concerning the pleasures of the metropolitan place last graced by his presence, proved to be irksome in the extreme. They chose to speak of him in very unflattering terms to the girls on any and every occasion that offered itself and they were rewarded by the remark that all that mattered with them was simply an acute attack of jealousy.

One night there was an informal gathering at Helen Langdon's home and during the evening, "egged on" by Helen and some of the other girls, Dudley recounted some of his previous adventures.
"Oh, Terry is a good little burg," he said in his kindly, patronizing tone, "but it lacks jazz. Excitement simply does not exist here and that one thing is what makes existence
tolerable. 'Why, honestly, I'm almost to the point where I'm ready to make a little myself for the benefit of the natives.'

"Excitement, eh?" murmured Fred Wells, who was standing on the outside of the circle of admiring girls surrounding Dudley. He repeated the words slowly and after a few moments of careful thought a bright grin overspread his features and he said in a careful whisper to the boys next him: "Say, after you've piloted the girls home, meet me down in front of Daly's. I've got a plan I want to talk about."

About a week later Fred invited a number of the boys of his own age to an informal "stag" party at his home on a farm a mile from town. The boys were to come out early in the evening and spend the night, permission being granted by Fred's mother to hold such a party during her absence from home. Dudley was among those invited and professed to be greatly pleased, though his smile broadened perceptibly when he was informed that Fred would take them out in his car and they wouldn't have to "loaf it."

The boys went out about 6 o'clock and after a dinner, composed of all the varied and undigestible edibles dear to the heart of the growing youth, they went into the living room to "cut up." In the midst of their noisy hilarity the telephone rang and a moment later Fred's father came in to announce that one of his neighbors' cows was sick and they wanted him to come over. Following his advice to the boys to behave themselves, he winked elaborately and walked out.

The boys turned in at an unusually early hour, seeking their respective rooms with many manifestations of weariness. Dudley was to share Fred's bed, an honor which he did not appear to properly appreciate. After his sacred pre-retiring rites, consisting of applying vaseline generously to his pompadour and cleaning the evening grime from beneath his nails, he climbed in, cleverly wrapping four-fifths of the covers around him and pushing Fred to the wall.

Dudley had just dropped into a sound sleep when he was awakened by someone shaking his shoulder and calling loudly, "Get up! Get up! There's a fire."

Dudley sat up stupidly in bed, sleepily advising his bedmate to go with all due speed to a place unmentioned on standard maps, and inquired, "What's all the fuss about?"

"There's a fire, I told you," said Fred, who was getting hastily into his clothes, "in the house across the street. Harris and Jim have gone down the road for help. We'll get our hose out. I've roused the other boys. Get a wiggie on," and he dashed out.

Dudley took his advice, though in a rather more leisurely manner than Fred, going first to the window to ascertain the size of the fire. It seemed to be inside of the house, upstairs, there was little smoke escaping, though the red glare from behind the windows was strong and bright. When he came down stairs he found the other boys already busy with the hose and water. He sauntered coolly up and inquired, in a don't-bother-to-mention-it-if-there-is-tone, if there was something he could do.

Fred was just ready to reply when the upstairs window in the burning house was thrust up and the boys saw in the red glare, a girl leaning far out. She, too, saw them and called in a loud, agonized voice, "Someone come up and unlock this door so that I can get out. The bolt on the outside has stuck—" she fell back from the window in the middle of the word, leaving the boys shaking with excitement.

"Jove! I forgot someone had moved in there," exclaimed Fred. "Go drag that girl out, Dud. We'll train the hose on that window."

Dudley went. There was no alternative unless he wished to be branded a coward. Besides Dudley had fed his mind on literature of the paper-backed novel type, in which the beautiful but ill-starred heroine is continually being kidnapped, caught in burning buildings, or forced into a marriage with a Sioux chief, from all of which situations she is rescued by the handsome, dauntless hero. The present situation being much like one in the gem of literature entitled "Dashing Dan; A Thrilling Tale of the Northwest Mounted Police," appealed to him as being unusually sensational. As he jerked open the crazy door and dashed up the rickety stairway he thought fleetingingly of a Carnegie medal.

He reached the second floor, slid back the rusty bolt and stepped inside. From either side of the door two tall figures, with faces obscured by masks, stepped out, seized him roughly, and in a moment he was gagged and bound to the post of the bed. The two figures turned and went silently out and Dudley, feeling alarmingly sick, heard the bolt slide to. For a moment
the world whirled dizzyly and darkly, but for only a moment, then Dudley looked toward the window and saw—no fire—nothing but the last flare of that red powder used in amateur theatricals.

After Dudley had recovered from the first shock of surprise he naturally began to consider the motives back of such an action on the part of the mysterious men. Could it be some of his father's enemies? No, that surely was not the solution, for the men could not have been sure that he would be the one to come inside without having the boys in on it, and that was absurd. But perhaps they were after the whole crowd of boys. He hadn't heard any more noises from below, nor seen the lights reappear in the windows across the road. Yes, that was it. Hold them for ransom, no doubt. Gosh! Excited chills played tag down Dudley's spinal column. He began immediately to plan the details of the deed. He was just picturing in his mind the tumble-down shanty far back in the woods, near a lonely lake, to which the boys were all to be taken, when a most unearthly, weird, blood-congealing groan sounded from outside of the locked door. It was followed by another a little louder and more prolonged that died away in a fitful moan. Dudley's flesh actually crept, he did not dare even to breathe, he was frozen into a statue, motionless, waiting in a breathless fear for the next groan, straining his ears to the utmost to catch the slightest sound from the hall. The groan came again and with it a rattling as of chains and a strange blue light, shining through the keyhole and under the crack of the door.

This was the introduction to a night of horrors, a night of strange noises, mournful sighs, groans, subdued shrieks, of ghastly tappings above and below, of lights, pale blue and red, of rattlings and clankings of chains, of creaking boards. Long before morning Dudley's reasoning ability was gone. While he thought he was to be shanghaied he had been, though a trifle nervous, still pleasantly thrilled, at least his captors were flesh and blood individuals with ulterior motives. But when the supernatural element began to present itself, then Dudley's pleasant thrills vanished. Indeed, after a while he ceased to feel any emotion but a dread, sinking fear that clutched at his madly racing heart like an icy hand.

With the first streak of dawn the noises and lights ceased, and when Dudley heard the cocks crowing their summons to the wintry sun he thought it the most welcome sound that had ever reached his ears. At first he attempted to convince himself that the spectral part of the night's adventures was only the result of an overworked imagination. But they had been too real for that explanation, so Dudley gave up, and fell to pondering what connection there could be between the ghosts who had held high revel in the hall and the two masked men.

He was still endeavoring to solve this problem and pondering what the next move would be, when he heard the front door of the house open and shut and several pairs of feet mounting the stairs. A moment later the door was unlocked and in walked Fred Wells and his house guests.

Before Dudley had time to speak Fred began in a properly dramatic tone and with the manner of one who has rehearsed his part often, "Dud, we've come to apologize for last night's treatment. We'll admit it was a caddy thing to do, but we hope it has achieved its aim. You expressed a desire for excitement, we decided to supply it to the best of our ability. You look slightly puzzled, perhaps it is the identity of the two masked men—they were Jim and Harris. Jim acted the dual role of the maiden in distress and the mysterious captor. As for Father, we got him out of the way so that he might not be involved in any complications that might arise from our deed. Of course, our plot necessitated the telling of a few lies, we hope they're white and—but honestly, Dud, we apologize—humbly. Come on over home now, there's hot coffee to quiet your nerves and you can sleep until 1 o'clock and then we're all going to the Terry-Smithfield game at Smithfield. And—er—we'll not mention this, you know, and you don't need to either."

It would be difficult to describe Dudley's emotions, as his ropes being untied, he walked over to Fred's. Anger, wounded pride, mortification, a sense of injustice, all struggled for expression. But he said not a word and after drinking his coffee went upstairs, presumably to sleep. But sleep did not come for some time. Lying there in the darkened room he endeavored to recall past conversations. He recalled the many times he had glowingly described the city high school. He remembered with a hot blush the way he had sneered at the Terry football team and the poorly-equipped gymnasium, the
fun he had poked at the town library, at the theaters, at—oh, countless things. Somehow despite the night's treatment, he began to feel a little better toward the boys. He dropped to sleep in a softened mood.

That afternoon he went to the game with the boys and was quietly nice to all of them, and they in turn exhibited a new and subtle difference in their manner toward him.

The boys would have felt gratified could they have overheard a conversation between a Smithfield rooter and Dudley during the game.

"Oh, yes," said the Smithfieldite kindly. "Terry has a good football team. But I guess that's about all she does have. No excitement is there?"


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EDITORIAL

OLYMPUS STAFF.

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CLASS EDITORS.


Do you like a good Olympus? Of course you do. Well, here is the secret of having such a one; everybody work for it.

Begin right away to cudgel your brains for something good for our next issue, stories, cartoons, poetry, jokes or whatnot. Then don't be too modest to hand it in.

It seems real good to see the state prize in the essay contest come again to the O. H. S. It is a further pleasure to know that the second best paper also came from an O. H. S. student. Out of all of the many essays entered, Katherine Johnson's was the best and Florence Townsend's next best.
"Education is capital invested for the future." Further, the interest we get then is going to depend largely on the interest we take now. A blank note doesn’t bear any. If you are in the D class, you have drawn a blank. That means you had better draw again. When you do get started on the climb, don’t stop halfway up. Go to the top.

Haste makes waste in one sense of the word. Thoughtlessness makes more waste of another sort, namely, waste of food. So long as we have plenty and things are running their usual course we are inclined to fatten the garbage can. Indeed it is a mystery why some of those articles haven’t had apoplexy or the gout. Certainly it isn’t our fault that they are not so afflicted. We have given them every opportunity to be in the past. Now, matters are changing and should change more. We are realizing the great necessity of conserving our food supply. Instead of waiting for want to come, we are using our forethought to advantage for the future. Waste not to want not, applies to all. Let yourself think on this national issue. Then act by doing what you can to stop the waste.

Do you know how to read? Foolish question you say. Not at all. Very few persons do. Certainly we read things in a way, but seldom in the right way. We get the thought, but make no distinction in the rate which certain things should be read. The "Weekly Messenger" of Bellingham gives a good plan to follow.

In reading, you should first classify the article under one of four groups and then read it at a rate which such content determines. "Transient" matter, such as newspapers, ought not to require more than ten minutes to read. "Light" material, including novels such as those of Rex Beach, should be completed in not more than three hours. "Thoughtful" articles, including those things which are read for information, such as histories, should be read at the rate of from thirty to seventy pages an hour, depending on one’s previous familiarity with the subject. Lastly are the "serious" writings, such as those of Shakespeare and Milton, and especially the Bible. There should be no haste in reading these. Plenty of time should be given for thought and meditation.

Rapid reading is largely a habit and can be acquired by proper practice. Aim to read some of all four classes, but give no more time to one than the content justifies.

Our new department for the O. H. S. boys under the colors will, we hope, prove especially entertaining. This is only one of the many ways we may show our interest in them. If you have friends in camp, send them an Olympus. There is nothing quite like news from home.

Advertise the ads. Patronize the advertisers. Make the business man feel that his ad in The Olympus was worth the price.

If you like The Olympus, tell your friends about it. If you don’t, tell the editor.
Under the Colors

The following are the names of several former students and graduates of the Olympia High School who are in the military service of the United States. These boys are scattered in a territory extending from France to Hawaii. Ed. Winstanley and Alfred Leach, who are both in training camps in France, are nearest to the "grim reality," while Desmond Chambers, who is in the land of "grass skirts" and "hula hulas," is farthest from it. Incidentally we might add that the letters from Demy are to the effect that he likes the life fine.

Fletcher Fishback, Gerry lemon, Heber Morford, Walter Draham and Harold Shaffer are all in the Washington Coast Artillery. "Fish" is stationed at Fort Flaggler and Gerry and "Fi" at Fort W. H. Harrison in Montana, where they are doing guard duty at the mines. Draham and "Shaft" are in the sanitary corps of the Coast Artillery, Draham being in Butte, Mont., and "Shaft" at Fort Worden, Wash. Reed and Ward McKinney, Ray Dalton, Earnest Mallory and Wallace Mount are at Camp Lewis in the Oregon Ambulance Corps.

Jack Heermans and Charles Fullerton, both graduates of the High school, are the only two graduates who have received commissions in the officers' reserve, trained at the Presidio. They were both made second lieutenants. Charles Fullerton is with the Coast Artillery stationed at Fort Casey, and Jack Heermans is a lieutenant in the National Army at Camp Lewis.

Stephen Chadwick is in the second officers' reserve camp at the Presidio and we all wish him good luck in procuring a commission.

Selwyn Harris is the regimental major sergeant of the Sixty-fifth regiment of Field Artillery at Fort Kearney, Cal. None of us are surprised in learning that Jesse Leverich, who is in the signal Corps of the Second Washington, is the master signal electrician of his company, for while in high school Jess was very well acquainted with things electrical.

With some other boys he built one of the first amateur wireless stations in Olympia at the High school and his work in the army is therefore right in his line.

There are naturally not so many boys in the navy as there are in the army, but we are sure that John Dunbar, Delta Smith, Howard Farrington, Harry Williams and Harold Bulcher will make up in character what they lack in numbers.

In looking over these names, examples of the kind of men all over the country who are in the service of the United States, one is quite sure that the Huns still have their worst scrap before them and that the heads of the German nation have greatly underestimated the manhood of the United States in their sneering contempt of our soldiers.

In closing, we would like to request that anyone who has any information of former students or graduates of the Olympia High school who are in the service of the United States will give it to Maurice Springer and help make this new department one of the strongest and most interesting in the Olympus.
ATHLETICS

A football assembly opened the season this year. The main purpose of the assembly was to sell season tickets and the secondary aim was to create a little "pep" in the student body. To carry out the latter purpose, Coach Myers arranged the team on the platform in their regular positions, and gave a short talk, naming the positions which the players occupied and briefly stating the duties and responsibilities which rest on the line men. Jimmie Heintzleman, this year's captain, gave a brief talk on the team's prospects. He pointed out the fact that the harbor teams are considerably weakened by the loss of players who have joined the army. With these two out of the question and Montesano with practically no team at all, the championship lies between Everett, Chehalis and Olympia. Some of the other members of the team touched on other points, mentioning the co-operation of the student body as a vital factor in the winning of the championship. Levy Johnson emphasized this point and Leota Otis, president of the Girls' Club, discussed it briefly. Next, season tickets were sold by the representatives of each class. When the contest, which takes place annually, came to a close, it was found the Seniors had won by selling to the largest percentage of the class. To wind up the assembly Truman Trullinger led the student body in the old High school yells and cheers.

About twenty-five men turned out for football this year. Among them are Jimmie Heintzleman, Levy Johnson, Ray Johnson, Walter Brazel, John Murphy and Wilbur Morford, all members of last year's victorious team. In addition to these, Maurice Springer, Mark and Channing Aspinwall, Hurley and Otis have won places on the team. A number of second team men of last year are back. Marshall Milhon, Harold Troy and Bollender deserve mention.

Coach Myers has been sending the team through hard practice. A game between the first and second teams occurs every night, to give them experience and develop the team in speed and team play.

Six games have been scheduled: October 13, Chehalis, at Olympia; October 27, Montesano and Olympia; November 3, Centralia, at Centralia; November 10, Montesano, at Montesano; November 17, Chehalis, at Chehalis; November 24, Centralia, at Olympia.

Alumni 7, Olympia 6.

This game was mainly a try-out for the team. It gave Coach Myers a line on the men he wished to use in really important games. At times the game was close and exciting. In the third quarter Ray Johnson made the first points of the game by a touchdown. Olympia, however, failed to kick goal and this lost the game for them. By a long pass to one of their men over the goal line, the Alumni scored a touchdown and kicked goal, thus winning by one point.

Chehalis 14, Olympia 6.

From the beginning of the game until the final whistle blew the team fought like demons. In the first half Olympia, by a series of long end runs and line plunges scored, but failed to kick goal. In the second half, however, Coach Myers made a touchdown and kicked goal. The score stood 7 to 6 at the beginning of the last half, but Olympia, weakened by the removal of Heintzleman and Ray Johnson, was unable to make another point or keep Chehalis from scoring.
Manual Training

Under the competent management of our new supervisor, Mr. H. R. Porter, the efficiency of this department has been held up to par with the other departments. Mr. Porter, who comes to us from Washington State College, had his previous training school at Cheney and has had four years of experience in High school work.

He is chiefly interested in the students acquiring both speed and efficiency. The first few days were spent almost entirely in an effort to develop these essentials. A large cabinet was made in two days for the Freshman class supplies. Another large cabinet of individual drawers for the Mechanical Drawing instruments, which was started last year, was finished hurriedly and is now awaiting the arrival of individual locks before being installed in the drawing room.

The most approved practice in shop drafting is being thoroughly fixed in the minds of the students. Isometric and cabinet projection have been finished in the second year classes, and Architectonic projection is just being taken up. In addition a number of working drawings for the year's projects have been made.

The many projects for the year's work are very promising and some are well on their way, but Mr. Porter is not hurrying the students into their work because he wishes them to become thoroughly convinced as to what they wish to attempt, so that there will be no dissatisfied workers. Taking it in general, there are to be made one dozen library tables, probably six piano benches and nearly as many tables and chairs, writing desks and a half dozen Morris chairs. Considerable work in caning and inlaying will be done. Lathe work is also given.

Above all the "safety first" slogan is being taught, as this is very essential to this kind of work, where dangerous machinery is about. A new guard has been made for the band saw, which greatly increases the safety of the workers, and a guard is also being planned for the "jointer." A set of safety rules has been posted conspicuously in order that every student may read and profit thereby.

The big idea in the shop is to keep busy every minute. Our motto is "No Slackers Wanted."

Debate Notes

The Debate department of the High school this year promises to be the most interesting and the most instructive ever conducted in the O. H. S. The class is also one of the largest ever held.

Through lack of participants and the financial cost of reaching distant high schools, the debate will be purely and entirely local. The members, Dorsey and Audie Cunningham, Philip Royal, Levy Johnson and Floyd Robbins, will all appear in the first debate. The first debate will probably follow an expected challenge from the Alumni members of former teams. Watch Coach Loomis lead his army to victory.
Assembly

One of the important features of the third week of school, was the assembly held on Wednesday, September 19th, at which the state prize, given by the W. C. T. U. for the best essay on "Alcohol and Its Relation to the Government," was awarded to Miss Katherine Johnson by Mrs. H. M. Wallace.

Mr. George F. Cotterill first gave us a short but interesting talk on the subject of the essays and the contestants thereof. We are proud, indeed, to acknowledge that this is the second time that one of the O. H. S. students has won this prize.

The first of the student assemblies, very recently held, was presided over by Audie Cunningham, president of the Senior class, who introduced the speakers, Mr. Howard E. Waterman and Mr. C. J. Lord. Their subject was on the much-discussed question of the Liberty Bonds. Their talks were equally interesting and influential. They impressed upon us why it is the duty of all Americans to subscribe to the Liberty Loan, and they urged the High school to organize.

As a result the Junior class has clubbed together and has succeeded in buying a fifty-dollar Liberty Bond. As was expected the Juniors "came through" splendidly and it is hoped that others will follow their example. The bond will be left as a memorial to the school when the class graduates.

The football assembly was undoubtedly a live one. Mr. Myers, the coach, and the first team players, gave us rousing good speeches just full of "pep." With the whole school behind them we are expecting a lot from our team.

Another interesting assembly held lately was of importance to both teachers and students, as the vital subject of Food Conservation was discussed by Mr. O. C. Goss, County Superintendent of Schools, and Mrs. Daniel Setchfield, who is an expert along these lines. Pledge cards were passed out and everyone was urged to help conserve the food that is most needed by our allies.

The Olympus assembly was enthusiastically received. Speeches were made by Miss Katherine Johnson, former editor of the Olympus; Dorsey Cunningham, present editor; Harold Kearney, of the advertising section; Elizabeth McElroy, representative of the Girls' Club; Irene Springer, alumni editor; Mildred Miles, joke editor; Denton Elberson, of the manual training department, and Audie Cunningham, business manager. The week's campaign was started and is progressing very rapidly.
Girls' Club Notes

The Girls' Club is growing every year and it is hoped that this year it will be a greater success than ever before.

The Club has a splendid start this year. The officers elected at the end of last semester are as follows: President, Leota Otis; treasurer, Frances Lamborn; Elizabeth McElroy was elected head of the Student Activities Committee; Phyllis FitzHenry of the Vocational Committee and Catherine Peters of the Personal Affairs Committee. We regret that Miss Grizzle, our faculty advisor, has gone away. A new advisor will be appointed soon.

The purpose of the first meeting, which was held October 8, was to explain to the Freshmen girls about the Girls' Club and to welcome them as members. Talks were given by the officers. These were followed by a program, which included the following numbers: Reading, Loretta Clark; piano solo, Isabella Mullinger; vocal solo, Doris Pearse, accompanied by Miss Marjorie Holeomb.

DOMESTIC — SCIENCE

Can you bake spice cake
That tastes just "jake?"
Can you make lemon pie
Without a sigh?
We can.

Can you bake war bread?
That's what I said.
Can you live without meat
And cook without wheat?
We can.

Right at the beginning I wish to state for the benefit of all uninformed Freshies that the girls who leave the building one period and return the next are not enjoying the privilege of a morning walk, but are going over to the Reed house for their sewing lesson.

As the sewing room was needed for other classes, it was decided to give the sewing at the Reed house this year.

There has also been a change in the schedule this year. The twenty-five girls enrolled in second year Home Economics
are taking cooking the first semester and will take sewing the last semester, while the sixty-three now enrolled in first year work, who are taking sewing the first semester, will take cooking the second half of the year.

There have been many complaints because it was not cooking that was conducted away from the school building. One long-suffering student expressed the general sentiment by this remark, "What am I to do? Heavenly smell and then they expect us to study? Gee! I wish I had a cold!"

Three O. H. S. girls represented the Home Economics department at the Yakima State Fair. Anna Goodpasture was representative in sewing, Alice Jennings in canning and Mary Jane Sams in cooking. We were assured that the trip was enjoyed by all the girls and we have heard the vague rumor that more chaperones will be needed at that annual event next year.

It was the regret of all the High school when Miss Grizzle, one of the Home Economics teachers, left to take up her new work as extension leader for the State College. Miss Grizzle was faculty advisor for the Girls' Club and took much interest in it. She was loved by all the girls and will surely be missed by them. We are glad to welcome in her place Miss Osborn, who formerly taught at The Dalles, Ore.

**Orchestra.**

Under the able direction of Mr. Gerwick, the Orchestra has already gained an excellent start on the work for the year. It has, at the present time, an enrollment of fourteen, nine violins, two flutes, a cornet, the drums and piano, with the promise of a clarinet in the near future. All are enthusiastic over the work and are waiting with pleasant anticipation for the new music which has been ordered.

**Glee Club.**

The fact that sixty-five girls have taken up Glee Club is proof of the interest manifested in this work. An Operetta has been chosen by Miss Nelson and the cast selected. Work will begin on it about November 1.

While as yet neither the Orchestra nor the Glee Club have given any public demonstration of their ability, both have been honored by an invitation to appear before the Teachers' Institute in November.
ALUMNI NOTES

We are well represented at the University this year by Malcolm Leghorn, '16; Walter Crombie, '16; Ted Morris, '17; Brad Barnes, '17; Merle Morford, '16; Don Heermans, '15; Elizabeth Mottman, '12; Carl Loke, '17, and Vera Sinclair, '16.

Margaret Main, '16, has returned to Wellesley, where she will enter as a Sophomore.

John Dunbar, '07, and Marie Rowe, '14, were married in Olympia, early this fall.

Dorothy Beach and Florence Townsend, both of the class of '17, have entered Bellingham Normal.

Thomas Blake, '17; Lawrence Flagg, '17; Harry Coulter, '16; Alex Dana, '16; George Mason, '16, and Dena Whitney, '12, are attending the State College at Pullman.

Susan Haley, '17, is attending the Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis.

Gladys Cline, '16, is a stenographer at the navy yard in Bremerton.

Word has been received here of the marriage of Muriel Tamblyn, '17, and Lawrence Mills in Fairbanks, Alaska.

The marriage of Lieut Charles Pullerton, '14, to Dorothy Lang was a recent event.

Lester Moyer, '17, is attending the University of Montana.

Anna Mumby, '16, is attending the University of Oregon.

Alice Grimm, '16, is attending the Eugene Bible University.

EXCHANGES

Through the Exchange Departments of the educational centers, very much in the way of interest and benefit is derived. Why should we not, therefore, patronize this source of information to further our own needs in this one of many possible ways?

So far in our new year the "Weekly Messenger" of the State Normal School at Bellingham, is the first on our list. Of course we of the High school think more of the comic would be entirely appropriate, but then—we are not Normal students.

Here's to the "Wigwam," from North Yakima. It is a very lively and up-to-the-minute sheet, but are four jokes the total?

Three cheers for the 'Loneolnian.' They are already publishing a breezy paper full of life and the so-called "pep" now so much in demand. Especially good are the stories in this number.

"The Spectrum," J. H. S., Portland—A pleasant surprise to us is the number of original poems found in your paper. A novel department for "Bits of the New Books in the Library" is an attractive feature as well.

We have also welcomed the "Whitman College Pioneer," Walla Walla and the "Reed College Quest," Reed College, Portland, Ore.
Latinæ Res

Mi Vergil est de te
Brevis via ad insaniam
Fropter te freno
Alius menis aut sic
Perlegendi te scio
Mittet me reete infra
In meum sepulcrum.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S DREAM.

(A boy is seated at study with a copy of Caesar before him.)

Boy (sleepily)—"Cum esset Caesar—Caesar—in ceteriore Gallia, ita—ita—uti supra demonstravimus crebi ad eum rumores affere—affere—bantur—" (hend falls on book).

(Enter ghost of Caesar. Boy stirs in sleep—stretches—becomes aware of the apparition.)

Boy—"Great Caesar's ghost, what's that?"

Caesar—"Vocamus me!"

Boy (aside)—"That sounds like Latin. Wonder who he is."

(Aloud)—"Talk English—this isn't school. Why don't you say something?"

(Becoming frightened)—"Great Caesar! Who are you anyway?"

Caesar—"Dixisti. Sum Caesar quem omnis orbis terrarum maximum Romanum appellavit."

Boy—"'Sum Caesar,'—wait a minute. Oh! that's easy—'I am Caesar.' But say, you don't mean it, do you? You're not really Caesar, the Caesar who wrote this book? Where have you been all this time?"

Caesar—"In inferiore terra in hibernis."

Boy (making a dash for his book)—"In ceteriore Gallia in hibernis—Say, Mr. Caesar, you have two words wrong, and you ought to know, since you wrote it."

Caesar (paying no attention to the boy's remark)—"Cum in inferiore terra esset crebi ad me rumores afferabantur litterisque item, magistrorum certior siebam omnes pueros puellasque contra meos commentarios conjurare equosque inter se dare."

Boy—"Oh, now I've caught on! You didn't fool me this time. If you'd talk book language all the time I'd know what you are driving at, provided you didn't use the words in chapter two, for I haven't looked up those words yet; so of course I don't know them. But I know what you said this time all right. You said, (speaking slowly and from time to time referring to the book) 'While I was in the lower world frequent rumors were brought to me, and I was also informed by the letters of the teachers, that all the boys and girls were conspiring against my commentaries and were exchanging horses—horses—ha, ha!—we don't call them horses, we call them 'ponies.' But I haven't got one, honestly I haven't."

(Rises from his chair in his excitement.)

Caesar—"Sit—(boy falls back into his chair with a thud)
—mihi negotium ut de his rebus cognoscam."

Boy (aside)—"I thought that was an English word, it came so sudden and emphatic like."

Caesar—"Sis—""

Boy (weakly)—"Yes, sir."

Caesar—"Tu auxilio mihi."

Boy (wildly)—"This is the most confusing conversation. My head fairly swims. One minute I hear a real sensible English word, then the next minute some of that tiresome old Latin is tacked on to it so that it might be heathen Chinese for all I know about it."

Caesar—"I take mercy upon you. If you cannot speak my language I shall oblige you by speaking yours. Now, my lad, come tell me, what do you think of my conquests in Gaul, my diplomacy, my generalship, my—"

(Id terminabitur in proximo Olympo.)—Classical Magazine.

Iaeobulus Hornem
Sedebat in cornem
Edens Saturnaleium pie
Inseruict thumb
Extraxit plum
Clamans, Quam acer puer sum I!
PSALMUS DE VITA.

Ne nihil ne dies lugubri carmine vitam
  Vanae umbrae similem praeterea sees nihil—
Mortua sunt vere quaeque sunt dedita somno
  Nee sese omnia habent sie ut habere putes.

Vita est verum aliquid! Res est perstrenna et acris!
  Nee vitae finem ferre potest tumulus.
Terrena omnia sunt, ad terram teta redibunt—
  Non hoe de nostro dieere fas animo.

—Classical Magazine.

Well, Seniors, at last we have attained the goal toward which we have been working all these long years. The seats by the windows are ours for awhile. During the first week of school a few small Freshmen, who evidently were attracted by the beautiful green of the meadows outside, directed their wandering footsteps toward the row by the windows intent upon settling there. “Placuitur aspecta loci” so to speak. But sad to say, they soon found out that the coveted seats belonged to dignified Seniors.

Our first disappointment this fall was our defeat in the Junior-Senior football game. The score was 31 to 0 in favor of the Juniors. We might mention here that this is the first year some of our boys have played football. Let us give them our complete support.

We are proud that the Seniors won in the football ticket contest, having sold 67 tickets (which number is greater than that of our class). No mention of it was made in the assembly, so probably most of you are not aware of the fact.

This year we have three Seniors on the Debating team, Andie and Dorsey Cunningham and Philip Royal. They are all efficient students and will, we’re sure, win many victories for the O. H. S.

A class meeting was held a short time ago to decide on a class pin. There was a great deal of discussion over the shape, size and price of it. A vote was finally taken and a pin decided upon. A special design is being made for the girls desiring rings.

The treasurer reports that little money has been turned in. “Charity begins at home,” so loosen up, Seniors. Don’t spend all your money on Liberty Bonds and smokes for the
soldiers. The dues are only 25 cents this year. "We believe in economy."

Owing to lack of time and the crowded conditions of the building there will be no class play this year. The assembly is being used by the Glee Club and Orchestra.

We are glad to welcome to our class several new members, Alta Jeffers, Pearl Gingrich and Clyde Stull. We hope they will enjoy our High school as much as we do and derive the full benefits of its pursuits and pleasures.

All ready Juniors? All ready Seniors? The whistle blew and the game was on. The Seniors received, but were downed before they made much yardage. Both teams fought hard, but from the first the odds were with the Juniors. The goal line was crossed three times in the first half and twice in the last for touchdowns. When the final whistle blew the score was 30 to 0 in favor of the Juniors.

This did not win the championship. The Freshmen still had to be reckoned with. They went down to defeat also, to the tune of 18 to 0.

This makes the second time we have won the school championship.

At the Yakima State Fair, Edwin Naden and Mary Jane Sams, representing Thurston County, won second place in the Manual Arts exhibit. They are both Juniors.

Several class meetings have been held. At the first the
following officers were elected: President, Levy Johnson; Vice-President, Wilbur Morford; Girls’ Treasurer, Frances Lamborn; Boys’ Treasurer, Harold Troy; Athletic Manager, Levy Johnson; Yell Leader, Earnie Barnes; Sergeant-at-Arms, Doris Pearce.

Who said the Juniors are not patriotic? Just look at that Liberty Bond. It speaks for itself.

We are glad to welcome the following new members to our class: Syble Rutledge, Irene Peterson, Ernest Milliron, Doris Pearce, Hokan Truedson and Birdie Inman.

The Sophomores were on a vacation this fall as far as athletics were concerned and consequently lost the first three contests. However, we were outnumbered two to one in the cane-rush and tie-up. We were also handicapped by lack of material in the inter-class football game as several of our best players hadn’t begun school until but a few days before the game.

This year Dennis Hurley, Harold Weston, Chauncey Johnson and Virgil Otis represent our class on the school team.

Most of our class is back now and there is no reason why we shouldn’t win a few of the inter-class basketball games. If all those physically able would turn out we could
produce a good team. The rest of the class should go to the games and boost our team and if the players can't win the game maybe we can.

At the semi-annual election a new set of officers were chosen, namely, President, Orville Kisor; Vice-President, Birdie Churchill; Secretary, Johnnie Lyman; Girls' Treasurer, Geraldine Troy; Boys' Treasurer, Paul Groenbank, and Yell Leader, Oscar Bullock.

After the election we changed the class yell and decided on the one following:

Rip Rah Renty,
Rip Rah Renty,
Sophomores, Sophomores,
Nineteen Twenty.
(Repeat.)

The Freshmen are here as usual and not so green as one might think. We won the cane-rush from the Sophomores with a score of 4 to 2. Another noble feat that proved our ability was the tie-up, in which we were the winners, scoring 7 to 3. We also were the victors in the Freshmen-Sophomore football game with a score of 13 to 0. Sorry to say we lost the football game to the Juniors, but we are going to do better next time.

At our class meeting, which was held early in the school year, Mark Aspinwall was chosen as president, and is also our athletic manager. Ruth Royal and Phil Duby were elected as treasurers and treasurers they really are. Doris Hall is secretary and Ronald Wilder, yell leader. The class colors are pink and blue. Our yell is:

Razz, Jazz, sis bum bum,
Freshmen, Freshmen,
—21
(Looseotive)
BEST VALUES IN
Suits . Coats . Dresses
AT-
ROSENTHAL'S

Old Lady—You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?
Newsboy—No ma'am, but I can stake you to a pill.

A man buying a tombstone for his wife's grave had "My
Light Has Gone Out" engraved on it.
A few months later he was married and decided the en-
graving was no longer appropriate. So he went to buy a new
stone, but upon the suggestion of the engraver he had en-
graved just below the other writing, "But I Found Another
Match."

Dear Friend:
I am going to make a
resolution for next year.
Mama has left the buying
of the groceries to me, and
I have made up my mind
that all of next year I am
going to go just one place
to get our groceries, be-
because I never have to
make a trip back with
something mama does not
like, and she says we do
not have to pay too much
where we trade for what
groceries we buy.

Your friend,

JACOB.
P.S.—A store always
gives you better attention
when you give them all
your business. We will
never quit buying from

REDER & PHILLIPS
PHONES 593, 594.

STOP AT
HEWITT'S
DRUG STORE
While Passing Through
TUMWATER.

Jacobson's Market
CHOICE MEATS AND
VEGETABLES.
LET US SUPPLY THAT
THANKSGIVING TURKEY.
322 EAST FOURTH ST.
PHONE 76.

Mother (giving her history to a caller)—I was born in
Illinois, my daughter was born in Oklahoma, and Baby Joe
was born in Oregon—
But Mamma, (speaking from behind his mother's chair)
how did we all get together?

CAPITAL CITY BAKERY
BEST BREAD AND PASTRY IN THE CITY.
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE.

115 West Fourth Street.

Most Learned Doctor: The bright auburn shade of my
hair is too pronounced. What shall I do?—Iona Ford.
We suggest soaking it over night in bluing. This would
make it a delicious lavender shade, which is very popular
among the Eskimos of Zululand.

Washington Shoe Store
JUST RECEIVED, A DANDY LINE OF
SAMPLE SHOES.
Don't Judge Us By Our Window Display.
327 MAIN STREET.
She—What do you think of my new gown?
He (blushing)—I think it's ripping.

He—Each hour I spend with you is like a pearl to me.
She—Aw, quit stringing me.

"What does this sentence mean," asked the teacher,
"Man proposes, but God disposes."
A small boy waved his hand frantically.
"Well, Thomas, what does it mean?"
"It means that a man might ask a woman to marry him, but the Lord knows whether she will or not."

Teacher—Do you know the population of New York?
Mamie Baekrow—Not all of them ma'am, but then, we've only lived here two years!

The only Christmas gift your relatives and friends cannot buy is your photograph.

At Christmas time thoughts turn to old days, old times and old friends and your photograph will be most welcome then.

Now is the time to have them taken.
Palace of Sweets
A GENERAL LINE OF CONFECTIONERY.
FOUNTAIN SERVICE.
Opera House Bldg.
J. RITNER, Prop.

Olympia Grill
A Fine Place to Eat After the Dance.
Opp. Rex Theater.

R. Bloom—How inconsistent the government is. For their officers' training camps they say they want applicants who can handle men.
M. Renker—Yes?
R. Bloom—And yet they won't let us women enlist.

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

A little girl rushed into the drug store and handed the druggist a note, saying, "Ma wants this quick."
The note read, "Please send me a dime's worth of calomel and soda for a man in a capsule."

FRESH, CURED AND SMOKED MEATS
-At-
L. G. Ramberg's
GROCERY AND MARKET.
PHONE 158.

TOILET DELIGHTS
Nyal's Face Cream
Nydenta Tooth Paste
Hirsutone

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

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

ANOTHER FORD STORY.
A man was escorting his Packard down the street. He came to a corner and, as the law requires, he put out his arm to signal that he was going to turn. Along came a Ford behind him and ran up his sleeve.

Drs. H. W. and K. L. Partlow
Rooms 221-222
Safe Deposit Bldg.,
Olympia, Wash.

BAUDE'S
BARBER SHOP
THE SHOP OF EFFICIENCY.
SCALP TREATMENT A SPECIALTY.
519 MAIN STREET.
OLYMPIA, WASH.

"What kind of a collar do you call that?"
"An aeroplane collar."
"Aeroplane? How's that?"
"Oh, it makes your neck soar."

STATIONERY, MAGAZINES, ETC.
-At-
The Smokehouse
DODGE Dry Cleaner
Phone 188
NOT HOW CHEAP, BUT HOW GOOD.

At a military tribunal in the border district the other day, one member asked the applicant, a shepherd, if he knew of any reason why his work could not be undertaken by a woman.
"A woman once tried it and made a mess of it."
"Who was she?" inquired the chairman.
"Bo-Peep!" answered the shepherd.

BOHAC HARNESS CO.
All Kinds of
LEATHER GOODS, FISHING TACKLE, WORK GLOVES.
West Fourth Street.

Dear Teacher: Please excuse Johnnie's absence from school as he fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother.

B. B. BARBER SHOP
214 East Fourth St.
CALL AND SEE US.

C. H. Bethel
ALL KINDS OF
SCHOOL SUPPLIES.
Three Blocks from School

TO GET GOOD THINGS TO EAT THAT CAN'T BE BEAT GO TO THE
BAY VIEW HOTEL
Third and Water Streets.

E. McGrath—What is the greatest operation ever performed?
D. Pearse—Search me.
E. McGrath—Why, Lansing, Michigan.

Bolster & Barnes
GROCERS.
THE HOME OF BLUE RIBBON BREAD.
Phones 43, 49. Cor. Fourth and Columbia Sts.

Mr. Myers (in Chem.)—Now, if anything goes wrong with this experiment, we will be blown sky high. Step a little closer so you can follow me.

Ray Johnson—What makes the tower of Pisa lean?
Levy Johnson—I don't know or I'd take some.

Buchanan Lumber Co.

PHONE 412. FOURTH AND WATER STS.
**Winter Wheat Flour**

**BEST BY EVERY TEST.**

Sold By

**J. F. Kearney & Co.**

Phones 780-781-782. 427 Main Street.

The employer of a Polish servant maid who has learned to speak English was telling of her experiences with the telephone. After its use was explained to her she was eager to answer every call. One day a ring came and she jumped to the instrument.

"Hello!" came through the receiver.

"Hello!" answered the girl, flushed with pride at being able to give the proper answer.

"Who is this?" continued the voice.

"I don't know!" exclaimed the maid, "I can't see you."

**REMEMBER THE SOLDIERBoys AT THE FRONT—**

Presents Must Be Sent By November 15th to Reach Them by Christmas.

We have a nice assortment of suitable gifts to choose from. Look them over before buying.

**CAPITAL PHARMACY**

Phone 101. Cor. Fourth and Main.

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**INSURANCE THAT INSURES.**

**SAMS & PETERS**


**OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON.**

"The kaiser’s credit is certainly good."

"How's that?"

"Why, whenever he wants an advance, he promptly receives a check."

**HAPPY HOME CANNED GOODS.**

**GOLD SHIELD COFFEE.**

**THEY ARE THE BEST.**

**F. D. COOK**

Phone 1021R1. Tamwater, Wash.

To buy her hat took half a day,

So careful her selection.

But when she tried it on at home

It clashed with her complexion.

If what she did you're guessing at

We know she didn't change the hat.

**Residence Phone 707. Office Phone 333.**

**Capital Transfer & Repair Co., Inc.**

CHEVROLET AGENCY AND SERVICE STATION.

CARS FOR HIRE AT REASONABLE PRICES.

**333 FRANKLIN STREET.**
THE MORE EXPENSIVE TRIMMING.
Husband (wildly)—What! Do you mean to say that it
cost $39 to get that hat trimmed? Jumping Jupiter! But
that milliner's game is the limit!
Wife (sweetly)—Really? Why, I understood it costs
some men more than that to get trimmed in a poker game.

FOR QUALITY—FOR SERVICE.
Capital City Creamery
Phone 55. Fifth and Columbia Sts.
Olympia, Wash.

II. Troy.—What is the best place to hold the world's fair?
O. Bullock—Aw, you can't get me. Around the waist.
"May I sit on your right hand?"
"No, I have to eat with that."

DUESINE
This Preparation Contains Alcohol 70%.
A SOOTHING, COOLING APPLICATION FOR THE SKIN.
Continual use of this preparation prevents that oily appearance of the skin. An application for Eruptions, Blackheads and all Skin Diseases. It makes the skin healthy, clean and white.
Manufactured Only by
W. S. DUBBS, DRUGGIST.
The Quality Drug Store. OLYMPIA, WASH.

CAPITAL APARTMENTS, STUART HOTEL
Between 13th and 14th Sts.
Cor. Sixth and Main Sts.

CASCO COMPANY
306 FOURTH STREET.

CLAREMONT HOTEL FRANKLIN HOTEL APTS.
308 Fourth Street. 218 Fourth Street.

Dewey—Words are inadequate to express my love.
Mary—I know they are, Dewey. Try candy and violets.

Mother—Hurry up, Johnny; have you got your shoes on?
Johnny—Yes, Ma, all but two.

KNEELAND BARBER SHOP
WE ARE HERE TO PLEASE YOU.
EVERYTHING FIRST CLASS.
Frank Farris.

KNEELAND SHINING STAND
For Ladies and Gents.
Joe Rollman.
CORNER FOURTH AND MAIN.

HEARD IN SCHOOL.
First Fresh—Say, what's your favorite subject?
Second Fresh. (Miss Benson drawing nigh)—Oh, I think
I like English best.

J. C. PENNEY CO.
WE MAKE GOOD EVERYTHING WE SELL.
115-117-119 Fifth Street, Martin Building.
Her eyes flashed fire;
It was a dangerous trick,
When on her face
The powder lay so thick.

Irishman—Shure, sor, and I was sick for six weeks in January. I was in bed speechless and I was continually crying ‘Water, Water! Give me more food!’

Waiter (at Crane’s)—Meat today?
V. Ouellette—No, hash. I’m too tired.

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
108 FOURTH STREET.
OLYMPIA, WASH.
Miles and Miles Ahead

of the old "hit and miss" plan of saving money for
Christmas or for other purposes is our

CHRISTMAS SAVING CLUB.

The idea is to deposit a small sum each week (or
month) for 50 weeks. At the end of that time if all pay-
ments have been made, all your money plus 3 per cent.
interest will be paid you. Then you have your

READY MONEY
In an amount worth while. Ask us about the plan.

Olympia National Bank
The Bank of Service and Courtesy.

WHY THEY CHEERED.

As the regiment was leaving, and a crowd cheering, a
recruit asked, "Who are all those people who are cheering?"
"They," replied the veteran, "are the people who are
not going."

White Cross Dental Offices

DOCTORS NELSON AND GREGG.

PHONE 564. OLYMPIA NATIONAL BANK BLDG.

He—Your son did not graduate after all?
She—No; Charles has so much college spirit! You know
there are so many graduates every year that it cripples col-
lege athletics.

The Only Up-to-Date

B. S.
in the City

OLYMPIA BATHS
Wm. Klaumbush, Prop.
AN ENCORE.
Camera Man—I'm sorry, Jack, but we'll have to do that business over again where you fall off the roof into the rain barrel and are run over by the steam roller. My film gave out.

Mills & Cowles
SPALDING
SPORTING
GOODS

Miss Gay (in Vergil)—What year was Vergil born?
E. Chambers (brightly)—1900.

L. Meyers—Why do negroes carry tin pails at funerals?
C. Rogers—Oh, tell me.
L. Meyers—Because they're going blackberrying.

Olympia Hardware Co.
F. G. BLAKESLEE, Prop.
SPORTING GOODS, HARDWARE.
IF YOU DON'T SEE IT, ASK FOR IT.
Phone 201.

Office Hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Dr. Mark Rosler
DENTIST.
White House, Olympia, Wn.
PHONE 251.

AUTO SUPPLIES
— And —
ACCESSORIES
Olympia Auto Supply Co.
WOTTON & LUEPKER, Props.
Fourth & Franklin Sts.

"How much is thin plums?"
"Ten cents a peck."
"Shure, phwat do yez think I am, a burd?"

"How's the ice?"
"Tain't no good. It's too slippery to stand on and too cold to sit on!"

Olympia Canning Co.
— BUYERS OF —
FRUITS and VEGETABLES

Chinaman—You telle me where railroad depot?
Citizen—What's the matter John, lost?
Chinaman—No, me here. Depot lost.

M. and D.
PHARMACY
—
Expert Druggists.
Phone 313.

FINE CUT GLASS, STERLING SILVER, TOILET SETS and PLATEWARE.
Fine, Perfect Diamonds.
Newest Styles in Jewelry.

P. H. NEUFFLER,
517 Main St. Olympia.
MUNSON SAYS

Make this a Kodak Christmas

F. G. MUNSON DRUG CO.
Phone 657. 201 East Fourth Street.

A colored man came into the public telephone office and insisted that someone should talk for him. Upon being told that he would have to do his own talking, he approached the telephone, took down the receiver and, after turning it over two or three times and examining it carefully, said: "Boss, Ah don't believe Ah kin get dat dah t'ing in mah mouf."—Ex.

THE NEW EASTSIDE MARKET
Wm. Scheas, Prop.
Fresh, Salted, Smoked Meats, Fish.
Phone 294.

S. Musgrove
Best Line of Men's Shoes.
Expert Repair Work.
WALKER BLDG.

P. Helser—What is the greatest physical feat ever performed?
C. Scully—You got me.
P. Helser—Wheeling, West Virginia.

Food Will Win the War!

SAVE
1. WHEAT
2. MEAT
3. FATS
4. SUGAR

(This space donated by Olympia Gas Company.)

Goods are Getting Higher.

BUY NOW

While the Getting is Good

Mottman Mercantile Co.

Two Irishmen were up in the mountains hunting. The one carrying the gun saw a grouse and carefully took aim. "Mike," shouted Pat, "don't shoot; the gun ain't loaded."
"I've got to," yelled Mike, "the bird will never wait."

DEPOSITS NOW $476,000.00.

OLYMPIA BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

$1.00 WILL START AN ACCOUNT.
Palace Market

The place where you buy those choice Steaks, Chops and Fresh Meats of all kind. "T. C." and "Washington" Brand Hams and Bacon are always the best. And remember, meatless days are not empty days, for we sell Fresh Fish, Poultry, Eggs and Vegetables at all times.

THANK YOU.

Hoax—I thought you said he was a settlement worker.
Jox—He is.
Hoax—Why, he tells me he's a bill collector.
Jox—Well!—Ex.

Strand Theater
THE HOME OF FIRST-RUN PHOTO PLAYS.

EVERY DAY IS FEATURE DAY WITH US.

"I wonder whether daughter loves that young man or not? She's got us all guessing."
"Seems to be even keeping him in the dark," suggested Dad, who had noticed that the gas in the parlor was turned low.—Ex.

J. A. GILBAUGH
 Undertaker
Funeral Director and Embalmer.
Experienced Lady Assistant.

Phone 132.
East Sixth and Washington Sts.

The sergeant and the lieutenant were conversing about the new recruit.

"'E's thin as a reed, and 'e don't even look strong enough to 'elp in the store," complained the sergeant.

"Let him clean the rifles," suggested the lieutenant.

"And 'oo's going to pull 'im through?" barked the sergeant defiantly.

Dull or rainy days or after nightfall are all the same to us.

We make you a beautiful picture any time.

Ford-Cogswell
PHOTOGRAPHERS.

"Madam, are you and your family entirely dependent upon your husband?"

"Laws-a-mercy, Mr. Ossifer, do we uns look that starved?"
A. T. RABECK
PIANOS, ORGANS, PHONOGRAPHICS, MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS. ALL THE LATEST RECORDS
AND SHEET MUSIC.
EVERYTHING UP-TO-DATE IN THE
MUSICAL LINE.

A young married couple decided to be unlike other mar-
rried couples—forbearing and long suffering and patient with
each other.

"No," said the groom, "I shall not be like other hus-
bands who get cross and bang things about if the coffee is
cold!"

"If you ever did," said the girl sweetly, "I would make
it hot for you!"

And the man wondered what she meant.

Olympia Dairy Products Co.

MAKERS OF

Olympus

BRAND

MILK

and

CREAM

DEALERS IN BUTTERMILK AND COTTAGE
CHEESE. SEPARATORS.

316 WATER STREET.

PHONE 10.
Mistress—See here, this chair is covered with dust.
Maid—Yessum, I guess there ain't nobody been sittin' in it lately.

Wanted—A man on a farm. Must speak French and German and understand cows.

WOOD and COAL
ALL KINDS DRY WOOD.
BEST GRADES OF STOVE AND FURNACE COALS.
HERMAN MALLORY.
Phone 568.

Wife—Oh, George, dear, do order a rat-trap to be sent home today.
George—But you bought one last week.
Wife—Yes, dear, but there's a rat in that—Ex.

SAVE WHEAT by using corn.
SAVE MONEY by buying from

H. E. CUNNINGHAM
625—PHONE—625.

The Wardrobe
Clothing, Furnishings, Shoes for Men.
CRAM & MAHLUM, Prop.
323 East Fourth Street.

AMERICAN Shine Parlors
For Ladies & Gentlemen.
A Complete Line of Shoe Supplies.
120 EAST FOURTH ST.

L. Otis—Why is a Ford like a millionaire baby?
H. Velverton—I don't know. Tell me.
L. Otis—Because it gets a new rattle every day.

M. Springer—What was Adam's favorite popular song?
P. Avery—Oh, I know, "There Is Only One Girl In the World for Me."

Frost—Where do you get your hats, old man?
Snow—At cafes, usually, but once or twice I've been lucky enough to exchange at church.—Judge.

Study and Save and You Help Your Country to Win This War!

Each boy and girl must assist this country to win and those in school do their part by making the most of the advantages offered them. Then when Uncle Sam calls each may do his part.

The best way to aid now is to save all you can and when you have a savings account in the bank you help the Nation and are also helping to educate yourself.

Capital National Bank
OLYMPIA, WASH.

C. J. Lord, President. W. J. Foster Cashier.
Help Win This War!

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS OFFERED BY THE UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION.

1. Cook no more than necessary.
2. Patronize local producers and lessen the need of transportation.
3. Preach and practice the "gospel of the clean plate."
4. Watch for waste in the community.
5. ECONOMIZE and SAVE at all times.

This Space Donated by the MARTIN HARDWARE COMPANY.

Son—Father, what part of speech is woman?
Father—Woman, my boy, is not part of speech; she is all of it.

Guest—I have eaten many a better stew than this.
Landlord (enraged)—Not in this house.—Literary Digest.

He—How old are you?
She—Oh, I'm just in the springtime of my youth.
He—My, but you must have had a hard April.

C. J. ROBERTS
MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.
QUALITY WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Telephone 200. 700 Main Street, Olympia, Wash.

List of Advertisers

- Apartments
  - Bay View Hotel
  - Capital Apartments
- Bakers
  - Capital City Bakery
  - Daily Bread Shop
- Banks
  - Capital National Bank
  - Olympia RBs & Loan Assn.
  - Olympia National Bank
- Barbers
  - Baude Barber Shop
  - B. B. Barber Shop
  - Farris & Rollman
  - Olympia Baths
  - Klaumbush, Wm.
- Books and Stationery
  - The Bookstore
- Cafes
  - Olympia Grill
  - Pekin Cafe
- Cannery
  - Olympia Canning Company
- Confectionery
  - Nelson's Fruit Stand
  - Palace of Sweets
  - The Palm
  - R. G. Williston Company
- Creameries
  - Capital City Creamery
  - Olympia Dairy Products Co.
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  - Capital Pharmacy
  - Dubbs Pharmacy
  - Hewitt Drug Company
  - Hugh Ross Drug Company
  - M. & D. Pharmacy
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  - Frigmore & Sears
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  - The Wardrobe
- Dye Works
  - City Dye Works
  - Dodge Dry Cleaners
  - Pantorium Dye Works
- Fuel
  - Herman Mallory
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  - Bronson Motor Car Co.
  - Capital Transit & Repair Co.
  - Knox Auto Service
  - Rose-Neppl Auto Co.
  - St. John & Titus
  - Tew, E. C., Garage
  - Olympia Auto Supply Co.
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  - Olympia Gas Company
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  - Bolster & Barnes
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  - Ellis Grocery Co.
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  - Reder & Phillips
- Hardware
  - J. E. Kelly
  - Martin Hardware Co.
  - Mills & Cowles
  - Olympia Hardware Co.
  - Van Arsdale Hardware Co.
- Harness
  - Bohac Harness Shop
- Jewelry
  - P. H. Neuffer
  - Talcott Bros.
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Troy & Sturtevant.

Real Estate.
Sams & Peters.
Uhler, G. H.

Markets.
Eastside Market.
Jacobson's Market.
Palace Market.

Shine Parlors.
American Shine Parlors.

Mills.
Buchanan Lumber Co.
Olympia Door Co.

Shoes.
Ekrem Shoe Company.
Musgrave, G.
Washington Shoe Store.

Monuments.
C. J. Roberts.

Studios.
Ferd Cogswell Studio.
Jeffers Studio.

Music.
A. T. Babcock.

Theaters.
Rex Theater.
Strand Theater.

Notions.
Convery's 5c Store.

Tobacco.
The Smokehouse.

Optometrists.
G. R. Ridgeway.

Undertaking Parlors.
J. A. Gilbaugh.

Physicians.
H. W. Partlow.

Mills Undertaking Company.

Although only seventeen, he had come to "join up," and was in the recruiting office answering some questions that the sergeant was putting to him.

"Look here, young man," said the sergeant, "are you willing to die for your country?"

The recruit opened his eyes in astonishment. "No, sir," he said. "I'm joining up to make a German die for his."

Blue Serge Suits For Men and Young Men

Our clothing stock in particularly strong in Blue Serises. 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

Job Printing

We are equipped to do the best, to handle the large orders, to handle the small orders, to handle the difficult orders. This book has just been turned out of our office. We invite criticism.

WE WILL NOT DO POOR WORK BECAUSE YOU WANT A "CHEAP" PRICE.

ENGRAVED STATIONERY FURNISHED.

58—PHONE—58.