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Borrowing.

"The old boy was awfully mad," laughed Jimmy Rown.
"You can't blame him," retorted his friend, Dan Matthews. "But, gee, it was too funny for anything. I thought he was going to have apoplexy. He roared and bellowed like a bull. I thought sure he was going to have you pinched."
"But you ought to see him change when I passed him the fifty and told him to buy a new tire."
"That cop was no fool either," laughed Matthews. "He stood there till you slipped him the five. That was a pretty dear ride for you, Jimmie."
"Well, what could I do? Helen—"
"Yes," grinned his friend, "Helen and you were coming out of the Universal Theater Saturday afternoon and—"
"She saw old Warden's car standing in front," finished Jimmie. "She said, 'Oh, what a beautiful car, Jimmie,' and I said, 'Yep. It belongs to a friend of mine. Hop in and we'll go for a ride.' 'Are you sure your friend won't care?' she asked and I told her, 'I'll make it all right with him.' So we started off."
"It's a wonder old Warden didn't hire a car and go after you."
"The old piker. I wished he had," said Jimmie regretfully. "You know, his car is the same make as Dad's big eight, and I can show dust to any car on the road in that."
"Oh, the old boy found out who had the machine," hazarded Matthews. "He knew you weren't going to steal it, so he just waited around with the cop till you showed up."
"It was worth the money, though," laughed Jimmie. "I had more fun than I have had since I entered Clayton."
"Oh, you forget," protested his friend. "Remember the time we dolled up in the girls' duds and visited those two Janes up at the seminary?"
"Do I remember? I should smile. Say, Dan, you made a pretty good looking girl with those golden curls streaming down your girlish shoulders."
"We fooled the matron all right, didn't we? But then she was cross-eyed anyway."
"If that booby kid of hers hadn't grabbed my curls we should have got by."
"Sure, but then we did get by."
"Yeh—by the door—I made it in half a jump."
"I didn't jump at all; I just vanished."

Thump, thump. A knock sounded on the door and Lester Reynolds, a classmate, burst in waving a paper.
"Say, Jimmie," he greeted, "You're always kidding us that this town is so slow. We're up with the best of them."
Get out. This burg is worse than Rip Van Winkle. It hasn't even woke up yet."
"Listen—Clayton is the proud possessor of a burglar."
"Phone for Doc Bryan, Willie."
"No kidding. Read it yourself."
Jimmie took the paper which his friend thrust at him. Sure enough, there it was. In a long, flowery column it reported that a burglar was "working" in the city. It advised housekeepers to keep a close vigil for the night visitor and to be prepared.
"Burglarizing a house isn't anything," said Jimmie depreciatingly. "I could do it myself."
"You!" sarcastically.
"You!" scornfully. "Say, what did you eat for supper?"
"Bet you five hundred," said Jimmie angrily.
"It's a go. But don't squeal if you get pinched."
"Me—by these antiquated tenth century imitation cops I can feel that five hundred already."
"Better feel again because you'll have to hand it over pretty soon."
"I guess not, Rachael."
"When are you going to pull this stunt off?" asked Reynolds.
"Oh, tonight, I guess. Say, I've got a peach of an idea!"
"Wait until I get a box to put it in," ventured Matthews.
"Don't lose it, for Caesar's sake!"
"Hold your tongue. Slide that phone across the table, will you, Less? Hello, Central. Yes, I said 259 Main. Hello, is that you, Helen? Say, you've heard about that burglar being

in town—what would you do if he visited you? You would—Say, that's the way to talk. Yes, a bottle of wine on the center table. Sure, and leave the silver all out so he won't have any trouble in getting it. We've got to treat our burglar decently or he won't stay in this town long, will he? Well, so long, I've got to study my trigonometry."


At half past twelve three shadowy figures stole across the lawn of 250 Main. Two of the figures disappeared behind clumps of holly, but the third unconcernedly walked around the house. At last he centered his attention on a broad window. With the aid of a screw driver, placed under the sash, he was able to force the window upward. Jimmie could crawl in.

By the light of a little electric flashlight the young man could see that he was in the reading room of the house. A large library table occupied the center of the room. At the left near the large fireplace was a hard wood bookcase. The glass door gave off a dull glare.
"What's this?" thought Jimmie. He flashed the light on a small card pinned to the bookcase. It read, "Silverware kept in kitchen," and a small hand pointed to the left.
Jimmie came to a door and there was another sign, "This way to kitchen."
Jimmie stopped and wiped the perspiration from his dripping forehead. "I'll see the thing out," he said determinedly.
By the large range, the porcelain wash stand and other items Jimmie knew that at last he was in the kitchen. Here was another card, "Silverware kept in top left hand drawer of buffet."
He opened the drawer and, sure enough, there lay the silverware.
"I'll make a real joke out of this," said Jimmie grimly, as he began stowing the knives and forks in a small bag he had brought for the purpose. When he had finished he made his way back to the reading room. He put his hand on the window and tried to raise it, but the sash was locked.
Thump, thump, somebody was coming down the stairs.
"Well, said Jimmie philosophically, "I guess I'm caught."
"No guess about it," rumbled a heavy voice, "You are.
You're wondering about that window. Well, it shuts and locks automatically."

"Sure," nodded Jimmie. "That's a blame good stunt, Mr. Hollester. Like fixing a trap for a rat, isn't it? Have my card, sir. May I beg yours?"

"Say, I like your nerve, young fellow."

"Where is Helen?" asked Jimmie, ignoring the remark.

"What do you know about my daughter," demanded the man angrily.

"Oh, we had a ride the other day in Warden's big car."

"That's enough, young fellow. I know Warden personally. He never loans his car."

"But we borrowed it just the same."

"What's all the rumpus, father?" came a voice.

"I've caught a burglar."

"A burglar?" Helen ran down the steps. "Why, that's only Jimmie. What in the world are you doing up here, Jimmie?"

"I came up to borrow the silverware," said Jimmie.

---

An hour later Jimmie stole carefully up the stairs to his room and quietly inserted the key in the lock. A moment he fumbled in the darkness for the bulb and found it after he had knocked the skin off his legs and bruised his knee against a chair. The room was in confusion. The lid to his trunk lay back and his clothes, collars and neckties were scattered about the floor. Papers and books lay in twisted heaps. On the table lay a card which read, "Just borrowed a few things. Paddy, the Burglar." —H. L., '18.

---

A stern old priest had issued to his people a command against dancing, believing it to be a device of the devil. Several of the young people disobeyed and attended a dance given at a neighboring town. The priest heard of what the young people had done, so while walking down the street one day he met one of the culprits. In a stern voice he said, "Good morning, child of the Devil."

"Good morning, Father," smilingly answered the pretty maid.

---

What I Enjoy When I Am In a Cheerful Mood.

The first bright rays of the rising sun awakened me that early autumn morning and with a bound I was up and unmercifully shouting a highly original and unusual song at the top of my voice. My friends groaned, threatened, entreated and finally begged me pitifully to either stop my wild demonstration or take myself and my "Hymn to the Dawn" to a lonely stretch of beach a mile or so away. But with added volume and strength, and beating time with two battered pipes, I soon had them wide awake and thoroughly conscious, and as eager as myself to be up and to crowd as many pleasures as possible into that last day of camp life.

Struggling into our bathing suits, we gaily raced through the brief stretch of woods to the pebbled beach. Ever take a swim in salt water before the sun has fairly started on his day's journey? If you have you know the thrill of it—there is nothing else like it on earth—and it is always a brand new emotion. Starting out bravely this morning, as I had every morning for three weeks, I held my breath and kept going until the icy cold waves had reached my waist. There I paused to reflect on the advisability of a sudden plunge, and gazed with half-concealed envy at the braver ones who were joyfully swimming around, stopping only to assure me through chattering teeth that the "W-water w-wasn't a b-bit c-cold!" So, with a deep-drawn breath and a last look at dry land, I disappeared under the surface, only to reappear the next instant, dripping, shaking, but triumphant.

After about ten minutes of brisk swimming and before the coldness of the Sound began to penetrate, we made once more for the beach, where, for a time, we rivaled the Hawaiian maidens at Waikiki, in a series of dances. The combination of sea, air and exercise left me feeling like a king and conqueror, and undoubtedly at the time I could have performed such feats as would have relegated Jeannette D'Arc to an obscure place in history. But lacking the opportunity, I turned my
attention to the sizzling bacon and hot cakes, and with the appetite of a healthy young animal, I at least established a record along that line which the noble Jeanne might well have envied.

I spent the rest of the morning around camp, working a little, reading a little, but mostly talking and arguing with the others, and the woods were kept ringing with our almost continual bursts of laughter. Noon came and passed before we had any idea that it was 10 o'clock, so quickly do the hours speed when one is young and carefree. At first we were undecided whether to spend the afternoon on the water or among the trees, but the day being an unusually warm one, in spite of the lateness of the season, we chose the coolness and shade of the woods. So for the next couple of hours I enjoyed one of those leisurely rambles through unfrequented ways that only experience can appreciate. Sometimes stopping to pick a few late berries or to gather some early hazelnuts, we went on, talking merrily—the only note of sadness was the thought that sometimes crept in, that this was our last day away from the noise and rush of civilization.

Nevertheless we were a decidedly happy band as we strolled back to camp late that afternoon, but just at the right time for another dip in the water. Soon we were frolicking around in the waves with the abandon, if not the grace, of any group of sea nymphs, and for an hour we indulged in all the fun and antics of water sport. Tiring of this, and feeling the approach of the dinner hour, we began our usual friendly dispute over the division of duties, quarreling in the amiable way that only a really congenial group can. This all-important question settled, the big meal of the day was quickly prepared and disposed of, just as the sun was setting in a burst of radiance that lighted up the western sky and sea.

The beauty of the scene made us long to get as close to it as possible, and jumping into the canoe, my chum and I paddled slowly out toward the sunset. Our frail craft glided through a sea of rose-tinted gold, and the wonder of it hushed our voices so that we spoke almost in whispers. We floated lazily around until the shadows of the trees darkened the waters, and a lone star above the last streak of gold in the west announced the coming of evening.

When we reached shore a bonfire was blazing brightly and we immediately took possession of some of the rugs and cushions scattered around it. Perhaps this was the part of the day I most enjoyed, when we told and listened to stories, and dreamed dreams of the years stretching ahead.

Whether in memory or anticipation, this is my ideal day of enjoyment, and it is toward pleasures like these that my thoughts turn when I am in a cheerful mood.—M. C., '19.

"Did you ever love any other little girl, Any little girl but me?
Did you ever kiss any other little miss, You must have done so too to fuss like this, Did you ever hold any other little hand?"

"Yes, but just a few, We all have to learn but we never like to practice On a nice little girl like you."

Note—The above was found on the Assembly floor, probably written under inspiration.
The Patriot on the Alert.

Syl went over to the library after school, selected a magazine, a soft chair in a quiet corner, and sat down to read.

It was Friday afternoon. The whole week he had crammed, crammed, crammed for the tests, and he felt, as his mother sometimes said she felt, like a limp dish rag. No more tests for another six weeks, Syl thought, leaning his head back against the chair and looking up through the window to the bit of blue sky outside. Oh, for something to break the monoton of school. It was study, study all the time and no credit for it, it seemed.

Syl's head began to feel drowsy. That chair certainly felt comfortable. Why read when thinking was easier and more convenient? Syl didn't seem to be in the library. He was in a barber shop.

"That's so," he reflected. "I needed a shave. I guess that's why I'm here."

Across the room the clock ticked in a corner of the wall. Syl noted it was five o'clock. There were about seven chairs in the shop and four barbers. One, Syl thought, looked exceedingly like a German. Gee, if he were over in France now he'd have a whack at those snug-faced Huns. But over here—no chance.

"Next," barked the Hun-like barber. Syl woke from his reverie, snatchet off his collar and tie and his glasses and made for the chair. Directly in front of him was alooking glass. Syl stared at his downy chin and wished that barber would get a move on. He was going up to Mildred's tonight and he wanted to look his best. Syl was off again on another train of thought. By ginger, he would propose to Mildred tonight. In eight weeks school would be over and he would have a job in his father's store, drawing $25 a week. With that he and Mildred could live wonderfully well.

Staring at the glass, Syl saw the barber standing right behind his chair. A man, well dressed, wearing a derby hat, was whispering something in his ear, at the same time handing him some papers. The barber nodded, and the stranger left. The barber turned to Syl with a shaving brush in his hand.

Where had the papers gone? Syl tried to think. While talking to the stranger the barber had held the shaving brush in his right hand, in his left he had received the papers, then he had turned to Syl in the chair. Syl knew he had not placed them in his pocket, he would have seen the movement. Then where were they? Perhaps he had placed them in the chair. Was it possible?

Syl could hardly wait until the shave was over with. As soon as it was done he sprang out of the chair, handed the barber his due, put on his collar and tie, grabbed his cap, and was off.

Syl was in a flush of excitement. What would he do? He couldn't go and say to the police, "There's a German spy in Harvey's barber shop; arrest him." He must have proof. What a fool he would be if his suspicions were unfounded. He must get those papers. Then he would know if he were right or wrong. Yet how foolish all these thoughts were. Was he too romantic? Was his imagination leading him astray? Well, he would find out.

He went home and all that evening he fidgeted about so that his mother and father were concerned for his health.

About 7 o'clock he made his way along the shady street to Mildred's home. He called, but no one answered. Then he swung back the gate and went up the walk. No one was home.

Syl decided to walk out of town into the country and get a breath of the fresh night air. He walked down the street and soon was out in the country, walking slowly along breathing the perfume of the pine air. He looked at his watch. It was 10 o'clock. Syl calculated that he would be in town by a quarter of eleven. Then he'd go to the barber shop, break in and tear that chair to pieces if need be to find what was there.

The streets were dark when he got back into town. He slipped down an alley, feeling like a thief, then through a vacant lot, and he was at the back of the barber shop. It was a two-story affair, the upper story being a rooming house, Syl judged. He tried the door, it was locked; then a window, then
another. Everything seemed to be locked. He bent down. Could he get into the basement? He cautiously tried one of the small windows near the bottom. It creaked, then lifted, and went up. Gingerly, Syl stuck his legs through. He slipped and with a bang and a grating he was on a pile of coal—in the dark.

With careful slowness he felt along the wall, turned and came to a door. His hand felt uncertainly for a knob. He found it, only to learn that the door was locked. Was he balked? No. He pulled out his knife, stuck the smaller blade through the keyhole and turned. No result. Oh, he had a shoe buttoner, and putting his knife back into his pocket, he took out the shoe-buttoner and tried the door. The lock turned and the door opened.

Syl advanced a few steps in the ghostly darkness. He encountered some stairs. Placing his foot on the lower step, he went slowly upward. He counted seventeen steps. Then another door. He tried it, too. It opened. He was in the barber shop. Now which chair was he to try? He thought a moment—the last one, he remembered, for the mirror had extended no longer than the chair he was in. A street lamp sent a few rays into the shop. By its aid Syl found the chair.

Now where was he to begin? At the bottom he thought, and began to work slowly upward, finding nothing. Now he was at the top. He pressed his hand heavily on the top of the chair as he rose. Something opened and vomitted papers on the floor. Syl could hardly contain himself. He gathered them up and, making a headlong rush for the door, knocked over a chair.

The noise sounded through all the place. Syl stopped for a second. He heard voices overhead. He couldn't find the door. He searched in agony for a moment—then found it.

"Stop," cried a voice.

Syl stopped. He seemed paralyzed. A hand grasped his shoulder. Then he awoke. The librarian was shaking him.

"Sylvester, the library is closing," she said.


An Ode to the Doughnut.

Oh, where is the doughnut,
That plebeian doughnut,
That sugary doughnut,
That Ma used to make?
So plump and so pudgy,
So fat and so stodgy,
Has it joined the past
'Long with angel-food cake?

Have some of Herb's mandates,
With the aid of adverse Fates,
Deereed that on our plates
No more we should spy
That circle so luscious, brown,
Ransom for kingly crown,
Which is now to our town,
As foreign as pie?

Welcome each sad, sad hour,
I've spent beneath thy power,
Oh, Indigestion door,
Doughnut's best friend.
Ah, but for a single sight,
Ah, for a single bite—
Doughnut, I long tonight
For the war's end. —N. W., '19.
EDITORIAL

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CLASS EDITORS.


Spring is at hand. Here and there the birds make merry with their melodies. To all appearances they have not had many endless days. Each one is fat and sleek and chipper as you please.

This is the season when one feels full of life and wants to be outside where there is plenty of room. The sunshine thaws out the chill of winter and makes life genial and cheery.

Now is the time to get busy on a Liberty garden if you have not already begun. In case you do not have a plot of ground at home to cultivate, see the County Council of De-

fense and sign up for one. This year, as never before, we see the great need of tending every available piece of ground. High school pupils can do much toward lessening the food shortage by making gardeners. Do not think that because you may have just a small plot for a garden that it is not worth cultivating. It is. A remarkable amount of vegetables can be grown on a small area if the soil is tended well. Make a garden for the pleasure there is in it, if for nothing else.

------

O. H. S. Thrift Stamp sales now amount to $381 and the selling continues. Now is your chance to serve your country by lending Uncle Sam your quarters and your dollars. Your money cannot be more safely invested. All the people and resources of the nation are back of the stamps. The U. S. A. has borrowed money many times. Always it has given its creditors a square deal. By investing in Thrift Stamps you will be making 4 per cent. interest, compounded quarterly, on your investment. The stamps began to bear interest January 1, 1918, and will be redeemed in 1923. A $5 stamp, bought during March, will cost you $4.14. Invest now and take advantage of the accruing interest.

------

There are many ways in which we can help in this fight for right. Supporting the Red Cross work is a very pertinent way. A Junior Red Cross Society is being organized in all the schools of the country. Each person, by becoming a member will greatly further the work for humanity. If you want a quarter well spent, join the junior organization.

------

Again the time approaches for the annual indoor track meet. The first meet will be between the High School classes. After this a track team will be chosen to defend the O. H. S. in a meet with the Y. M. C. A. The winner will receive the large track shield to keep. The shield is now in possession of the Y. M. C. A., having been won once by them and once by the O. H. S. Now it is up to us to prove our title to the trophy.
Under the Colors

There is now a surprising large number of boys who have attended Olympia High School in the nation's service. A service flag upon which there will be 116 stars is now being prepared for the school. This is certainly a good showing.

Denton Elberson, who, until his enlistment in January, was a member of the Senior class, has joined the navy. Will Gaston also recently enlisted in the navy.

Howard Farrington and John Wilson, who attended the Harvard radio school, have received their commissions as radio men and are serving in that capacity now. Harry Williams has received an appointment to the same school and we hope he will have as good success.

Letters from Ed Winstanley and Alfred Leach are to the effect that they are seeing plenty of action every day. The last letter from Leach tells of his carrying water to the front with the assistance of a cart and mule. A little after he was relieved by another driver, the cart, mule and driver were blown to pieces by a German shell.

The last letter from Winstanley says that they were putting up telephone lines from the observation posts, for directing their batteries' fire. It is said that the Sixth Field Artillery beat the record of the French 75 cm. The Americans fired 50 shots in one minute, a remarkable record for their short acquaintance with them.

The troops are being very well fed, judging from the menu of their Christmas dinner sent by Lawrence Rollman, who is now in France with the regiment formerly known as the Second Washington.

The menu and also his first letter from France are very interesting and give a new insight of military life and of France. There is not one complaint of conditions, but his own words describe it best.

Christmas Menu—Celery, olives, sweet pickles, cream of celery soup, crackers, roast turkey, giblet gravy, sage dressing, cranberry jelly, mashed potatoes, asparagus Hollandaise, spiced ham, candied sweet potatoes, English plum pudding, raisin cake, assorted fresh fruits, mixed nuts, California raisins and coffee.

Following is his even more interesting letter:

France, Jan. 3, 1918.

Dear Mother and Folks:

Well, Mother, I have arrived safely in France. We had a fine trip over on the transport as the weather was very mild. In fact, I didn't even get seasick. We also had a fine Xmas dinner at sea, and am enclosing the menu if they allow it to go through.

I certainly was surprised at France, as I thought a country as old as it is would be far more advanced in all ways. The houses are quaint old structures, most of them built centuries ago. They are made of stone with artistic decorations of colored rocks, so that the main part of the building is white and the decorations are red, making them look quite odd.

Perhaps you remember the French freight cars they had at the A-Y-P Exposition, little dinky cars (censored). Well, we toured France in them and saw quite a lot of interesting scenery. The engines remind me of pictures of the locomotives they used during the Civil war.

The day is divided into one of twenty-four hours, and it is now fourteen-thirty, or as we would say, two-thirty.

There are not very many people here who can speak English, so we are foreigners in a strange land, and if I soon do not learn to speak French, I will be an expert at talking with my hands.

Your son and brother,

LAWRENCE ROLLMAN.

ATHLETICS

Spring is here. How do we know? Why, the signs are unmistakable. The male High schoolites are coming to school with a certain little sparkle of anticipation and enthusiasm in their eyes. In their hands they carry their “mats” and gloves and their pockets bulge with baseballs. At noon the tennis court is utilized as a practice ground by these future Cobbs, Speakers and Wagners. Aren’t these splendid signs that spring is really here?

Soon Coach Myers will unpack the uniforms and the season will begin in earnest. The task of whipping a team into shape this spring will be no light one. With the exception of Dorsey Cunningham, our captain, and a few others, the team will be moulded of new material. But we feel certain that we will have a good team. We always have had and the old High school spirit is still here. We’ll cheer our team to victory, won’t we? They can’t lose with us behind them.

The basketball season passed quietly away at the Y. M. C. A. without even a tear or a sigh from its many friends. Sad, wasn’t it?

We like a team with lots of “pep” and fight. That’s why we are proud of our quintet this year. They played much heavier and more experienced men than themselves, but they fought with the old High school pep and fight. They played every game to win.

The team this year was as follows: Louis Benson and Johnnie Bohae, forwards; “Jimmie” Brazel (captain), center; Hubert Overton and Maurice Springer, guards; Ernie Barnes, substitute. All of these players won their letters. Mr. Porter coached the team.

We regret that we did not win the cup, but we are proud of our team just the same.

Manual Training

Under the excellent supervision of Mr. Porter, the work in the Manual Training shop of the O. H. S. has been running smoothly and progressively. In response to a desire expressed by the boys for more time, a night class has been started for Tuesday night of each week. This addition to the regular double period of Manual Training will easily enable those boys who have undertaken the more difficult pieces of furniture to complete their separate pieces by the end of the term. And it has been stated that a very handsome exhibition will take place as the result of this term’s labor. That the enthusiasm and vim of the shop work has not decreased, is shown by the fact that the night class has an average attendance of about twenty boys weekly. Night seems to be the ideal time for shop work. Under the glare of artificial light, in an atmosphere of flying sawdust, the boys peg industriously away at their work to the tune of “Good-Bye Maw, Good-bye Paw, Good-bye Mule,” occasionally looking up to add another stick of gum to their quid, or to call a cheery word to a stewing companion who had suddenly discovered that he had nailed his necktie to a finger without asking leave. At 9:30 p.m. the shop is cleaned up, and the boys return to their respective homes, leaving an echo of “Hail, Hail, the Gang’s All Here” to float around on the still night air.

As part of the Junior Red Cross movement, the boys have made 30 Red Cross boxes, which will be used for foreign shipment to France. This is, of course, charity work, and although it has taken up several regular periods, the shop never takes on a livelier aspect than when the boys realize that they are doing a bit for Uncle Sam.
.. Debate Notes..

On the evening of December 15 the Debate class met for the first time in public contest in a discussion of the proposition: "Resolved, That Local Control of Local Public Utilities Is Preferable to Control by a State Public Service Commission." With Dorsey Cunningham and Floyd Robbins sturdily holding the affirmative and Andie Cunningham, Levy Johnson and Phillip Royal battling stubbornly on the negative, the debate was a close contest from start to finish. And although the speakers were troubled with shaky knees at first, they rallied and argued with the snap and vim of veterans.

The purpose of the debate was to select a High school debate team, so no customary decision was given in favor of either the affirmative or negative. But Mr. Gerwick, Mr. McClelland and Mr. Hitt as judges, selected Dorsey Cunningham, '18, and Floyd Robbins, '19, from the affirmative and Levy Johnson, '19, from the negative to represent the O. H. S.

After several debates in the class room on a variety of questions, shaky knees and stage fright have been forgotten entirely. Since this one trouble has been overcome the class has selected a question and a date for a public discussion. The time will probably be near March 25 and the question chosen is: "Resolved, That Unions Should Permit the Open Shop." Since the question is one of universal interest at present, the debate deserves a large attendance.

The Liberty Bond raised by the Junior class was formally presented to the School Board at an assembly held early in January. Anna Springer introduced the speakers, Mr. Stocking, representing the School Board, and Levy Johnson, president of the Junior class. The latter presented the bond to Mr. Stocking, who expressed praise in behalf of the class who succeeded so well in this patriotic act.

A short assembly followed a few weeks later when the football boys received their long desired and much coveted "O's." As usual the assembly was noted for the variety (?) and "pep" with which the speeches were rendered.

The Thrift Stamp campaign was started in the High
school by a very interesting and original talk by Rev. J. R. Secor of the Methodist church.

With Levy Johnson, our enthusiastic chairman, on the job, we are sure to have a large sale of the stamps in the school.

A Junior Red Cross is being organized in the High school. Quite recently Mr. Beach and Mrs. Headlee appeared before an assembly to explain the aim of the new movement and to plead for 100 per cent. membership. The assembly closed with the flag salute and the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner."

SOME SONS WE KNOW.

John's son.  Chil's son.
Ben's son.   Berk's son.
Wll's son.  Jul's son.
Carl's son.  Ol's son.
Petter's son. Eber's son.
Dicken's son. Ander's son.
Nel's son.  Truly's son.
Wat's son.  Alver's son.
Bate's son.  Thomp's son.

Little Girl: "I want some red, white and blue to make my doll a dress out of."

Proprietor (giving the material to the little girl): "Here is your material little girl."

Little Girl: "How much is it?"

Proprietor: "That will cost you just one kiss."

Little Girl: "Mama will come in and pay you tomorrow."

On November 3, 1917, our third meeting was held. The program included: Violin solo, Mildred Mumbly; reading, Irene Petterson; talk, Mr. Aiken; vocal solo, Marie Lee; talk, Miss Gay; Spanish dance, Katherine Peters.

On December 17, a special meeting was called by the president to present the need of Red Cross work to the members. The president suggested that every girl knit a square to help make a blanket for the Belgians. A collection of 5 cents each was taken for yarn.

Late in December a play called "The Revolt" was given by the girls. The cast was as follows:

THE REVOLT.

The Ideal Husband...........................Mr. A. Dummy
Pauline......................................Evelyn Chambers
Susan Jane Mone............................Nancy Wilson
Grandma Gregg.............................Irene Wilson
Students in Grandma Gregg's School........Mary Owings, Dorothy Rose, Helen Yelverton, Alice Jennings, Ulla Upper, Gladys Bateman

As there is no dean of girls in our High school, it has been arranged to have talks given which will, to some extent, accomplish the work a dean of girls would. At one meeting, Mrs. Templeton of Camp Lewis talked on the "Relation of the Girl and Soldier." Mrs. Diven talked on the "Conduct of Girls in Public Places." This was one of the most helpful programs we have ever had.

The last meeting was held on February 11 for the election of officers. The following were elected for the second term: President, Mary Jane Sams; student activities, Katherine Peters; personal affairs, Genevieve Rabbeck; vocational, Marie Chesser.
Home Economics

The Freshmen girls finished their sewing the first semester and have now started to learn the art of cooking, not the same art that was once practiced, but the one of making economical dishes that save the material and are even better than the old dishes.

The Sophomore girls are now sewing, after spending a profitable semester at cooking. Some of the girls who made wool skirts are now wearing them to school.

Several delightful luncheons were served by the second year girls last semester. One of the luncheons, which is an annual one, was served to the superintendent and board of directors.

The girls of the Home Economics department have certainly been doing their "bit" for Red Cross along the line of sewing. The Freshmen girls have hemmed a number of sheets and pillow cases.

The French relief work is also being started among the girls. So far they have responded most heartily to this call for girls to make garments for the French. As yet nothing has been started but children's dresses, but there is an enthusiastic lot at the job and they are going to do even more than their share at this work if possible.

The girls have prepared several kinds of breads and cookies showing the use of substitutes for the food products which we are asked to save. An exhibitio of this cooking, in connection with the library exhibit on Food Conservation was shown during the first week in March in Kearney's window.

Music Notes

ORCHESTRA

Since its first appearance at the High School debate, which was held in the High School auditorium shortly before the Christmas holidays, the Orchestra has been much in demand. The morning following the debate it gave a short concert before the assembly. The student body showed its appreciation by its undivided attention and vigorous applause. The orchestra has also willingly assisted at various programs of patriotic nature. The first of these instances was its appearance on the program at one of the "mixers," perhaps better known as the "open house" held for the soldier boys each Saturday night in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. On Friday, February 15, it gave a very enjoyable 30-minute concert at the "Thrill Stamp Program," before a large and appreciative audience.

THE OPERETTA

Of course the one big event of the year was the Japanese Operetta, "Princess Chrysanthemum," which was given at the Ray Theater before a capacity house on Friday, March 1. Its great success was made possible by the tireless work of Miss Nelson, the supervisor, and also by the assistance of several members of the orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. Gerwick. A brief synopsis follows:

Act 1. Scene—The Emperor's Garden. A great feast is being held in honor of the coming of age of the emperor's daughter, Princess Chrysanthemum.

Act 2. Scene—The Cave of Inky Night. Princess Chrysanthemum, imprisoned in the Cave of Inky Night, with the aid of a magic ring summons the Fairy Moonbeam, who is about to help her when she drops the ring and cannot find it. Fairy Moonbeam disappears at the loss of the ring, and the
unhappy Princess is left to bewail her fate. Prince So-Tru manages to obtain entrance to the cave and finds the ring, which at once causes Fairy Moonbeam to return and aid him.

Act 3. Scene—Same as Scene 1. Threatened with torture, Saucer-Eyes confesses the complicity of Prince So-Sli, whom the emperor orders to instant execution. This is, however, frustrated by the appearance of the Princess, accompanied by Prince So-Tru and Fairy Moonbeam with her band.

Mary Conner made a very charming Princess, while John Manning and Creighton Hayes, in the roles of her two suitors, acted their parts exceedingly well. Channing Aspinwall as the emperor, deserves great credit. Carl Davis, the wicked Saucer-Eyes, with his jolly band of sprites, proved one of the best fun-makers of the evening, while Ottmar Kotiek as court chamberlain also deserves mention.

The Cast.

Princess Chrysanthemum, the Emperor's Daughter

Mary Conner

Maidens Attendant on the Princess:

To-To..........................Charlotte Seully
Yum-Yum..........................Florence Bateson
Du-Du..............................Vera Woodecock
Tu-Lip..............................Fanny Hershey

Fairy Moonbeam, the Princess's Good Genius..Irene Petterson

The Emperor What-for-Whi, a Merciful (?) Monarch

Channing Aspinwall

In Love with the Princess:

Prince So-Tru..........................John Manning
Prince So-Sli..........................Creighton Hayes
Top-Not, the Court Chamberlain...............Ottmar Kotiek
Saucer-Eyes, the Wizard Cat..................Carl Davis
Guardsman................................Teddy Eads
Trumpeteer..........................Allan Gunstone

Sprites of the Night: Leo Cook, William Allard, Paul Holliman, Fred Neelyha, Elmon Christopher, Clair Dickenson, Oscar Bullock.

Chorus: Esther Adams, Ethel Ayers, Ruth Alverson, Sibyl Chambers, Alice Clary, Birdie Churchill, Donna Campbell, Ruth Dunkin, Ruth Elberson, Mary Hogan, Willa Hoage,

Orchestral Obligato: Mr. John G. Gerwick, director; first violins, Hokan Truedson, Dewey Martin; second violins, Mildred Bateson, Helen Watson; flute, Ian Christopher; drums, Harold Kearney; piano, Muriel Newcomb.

A PLAIN OF A SOPH.

I wrote a theme for English,
Toiled through half the night;
Nearly caught my death of cold
To get the blame thing right.
Had to have the theme next day,
Thought I'd have it sure.
When I got to school next morn,
I'd lost it on my tour.
My English class soon came around,
My teacher called on me.
Didn't have the theme, of course—
And, drat the luck, I got a D.—E. A., '20.
ALUMNI NOTES

Lacey Jones, '13, is employed in the State Auditor's office.

Hildah Goodpasture, '17, has a position at the Temple of Justice under the supervision of Mr. Shaffer.

Carl Zumberlein, '17, is attending the University of Washington at Seattle.

Elvah Uhler, '12, is teaching in one of the city schools here.

Herndon Dalton, '16, is working for the Standard Oil company.

Ruth Holmes, of the class of 1913, was married recently to Hugh Hamilton.

Neil Hudson, '17, is still pounding the hammer at the Sloan Shipyards.

Elizabeth Chadwick, '16, is employed by the Western Union Telegraph company.

Harold McNamara, '16, is in the civil service commission at Washington, D. C.


John Walthew, '17, is attending the University of Washington.

Hans Christensen, '11, is working in Seattle.

 Mildred Lemon, '11, is a member of the faculty of the University of California.

Gene Bowman, '17, has a position in the Capitol under Capt. Zeighaus.

EXCHANGES

Certainly we are doing our “bit.” What more or what better can we do than to pursue the work nearest us and, as a sample of our industry, put out our Olympus? We are only one of the many schools standing “pat” by the duties which are, in each instance, special manifestations of patriotism.

“Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

We are gaining recognition abroad. The members of the Sacramento High school, California, send us the X-Ray which, we are sure, could not be improved upon. It is so complete in every detail and with all so full of spirit that no one could but approve and admire.

A column of page of a paper devoted to actual letters from American boys in France always produces a note of interest. The Evergreen, from Washington State College; Ocean Breeze, Weatherwax High School, Aberdeen, Wash.; Reed College Quest, Reed College, Portland, Ore., are foremost in this particular line of work. The Polytechnic, of Troy, N. Y., takes up two and a half pages listing the Rensselaer men in service.

Student Opinion, Washington State Normal School, Ellensburg: The revision of “Little Orphan Annie” so as to apply to Hoover and war conditions is so well gotten up that it could in no possible way escape notice.

The Hesperian, Hoquiam High School: Your paper is especially good with its fine list of jokes, stories and essays.

Listen, my children, you haven't heard the Juniors saying anything about the basketball championship, have you? We think not, as long as the Seniors are in O. H. S. The game which decided the contest was decidedly in our favor. Sometime in the near future we will proudly and triumphantly tie the colors on the cup. While speaking of basketball do you know that we have three men on the High School team, namely, Louis Benson, "Maw" Springer and Johnnie Bohac.

At the mid-year election of officers the following took office: President, Creighton Hayes; boys' treasurer, Merle Junk; girls' treasurer, Helen Velverto.

A big year is expected in baseball. Show a little pep, Seniors, the roosters make about one-half of the game.

The girls' treasurer reports that the treasury is low. Pay your dues. Amid the War Savings Stamp campaign and Red Cross donations save 25 cents for your class dues.

A Junior Red Cross is being organized in the school. We are striving to get a 100 per cent membership in all the classes. The Seniors have a fair start and expect to have their 100 per cent soon. Leota Otis was elected class chairman, with Irene Springer, Irene Wilson, Rochelle Bloom, Gladys Holeomb and Mildred Kotick as her committee of workers.

The Class of '19 bade farewell to their holiday fun early in January, and began the New Year with enthusiasm and added interest in class activities. There are still a few Juniors who are so burdened with outside cares that they have no time for class meetings, but in spite of these busy ones, a great deal has already been accomplished this year.

In January Levy Johnson was re-elected president of the class for the ensuing semester.

At the next meeting, the class decided on Jimmie Brazel for track captain, and an effective class yell, composed by Ernest Barnes, was adopted:

"Zip-a-Zien, Zip-a-Zien,
Juniors, Juniors, '19, '19."

The Juniors have reason to be proud of their record in the Thrift Stamp campaign, as they tied the Seniors for the highest percentage in the school.

A Junior Red Cross has just been organized by the class,
and it promises to give good service. The committee in charge consists of Anna Springer, chairman; Isa Brown, Elizabeth McElroy, Genevieve Rabeck and Frances Lamborn.

Come on, Juniors, find your "bump of class spirit" and do your bit toward making the Red Cross campaign a successful one!

A SONG HEARD COMING HOME FROM THE DANCE EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT ON THE STREET CAR.

Sing a song of traction,
A pocket full of nickels;
Six times twenty strap-hangers,
Packed in like pickles.

When the car is loaded
The "con" begins to sing:
"Plenty room up forward!
Step forward, please!"
"Ding! Ding!"

Johnny stood beside his mother as she made her selection from the huckster's wagon, and the farmer told the boy to take a handful of cherries, but the child shook his head.

"What's the matter! Don't you like them?" asked the huckster.

"Yes," replied Johnny.

"Then go ahead an' take some."

Johnny hesitated, whereupon the farmer put a generous handful in the boy's cap. After the farmer had driven on, the mother asked, "Why didn't you take the cherries when he told you to?"

Johnny said, "'Cause his hand was bigger'n mine."

Our long line of defeats has at last been broken. We won two games in basketball and the others were so closely contested that we have reason to be proud of our team. However, owing to high wages paid in the shipyards and for various reasons we have lost a number of our boys. Any new material for baseball will be appreciated. The lineup for the basketball team was as follows: Herbert Greenbank, captain and forward; Newton Grim, forward; Orville Kisor, center; Lester Durling and Waldo Stentz, guards; with Arthur Marshall and Elmon Christopher as substitutes.

The class has scored first in one thing at least, the Thrift Stamp campaign. We loaned more money to the school for Thrift Stamps than any other class and will do our part toward buying them. Since three of the class are in the navy or army we are doing our bit in winning the war.

At the class election, Johnny Lyman was elected president; Waldo Stentz, vice-president; Orville Kisor and Birdie Churchill, boys' and girls' treasurers, respectively; Harvey Fry, sergeant-at-arms, and Oscar Bullock, yell leader.
Well, Freshmen, baseball season is almost here! If Old Man Weather will only be kind, we will soon be out there fighting for a place on the class team. Only about twenty-five members of our class have declared their intentions of turning out. With Ralph Lindsey to show us the way we ought to do something. Come on Freshmen! Let's redeem ourselves for our basketball record.

At one of our class meetings this semester, John Manning was elected president; Phil Duby, vice-president; Sybil Chambers, secretary and treasurer; Ronald Wilder, yell leader. At a meeting of the boys Lester Bode and Ralph Lindsey were chosen track and baseball captains respectively.

We are glad to welcome about twenty new members to our class.

---

JOKES

I sat me down upon the grass
In the shade of a cocoanut tree.
Ten thousand cocoanuts there grew,
A wonderful sight to see.

When suddenly, as I gazed aloft
A stunning change took place.
Out of the top of each nut there sprung
A Japanese maiden’s face.

Oh, beautiful were those faces to see
Hanging upon that cocoanut tree.
Another change. Nine thousand and ten
Sprang into the faces of Japanese men.

By a weird combination of maidens and men
Whole Japs were composed, about thirty and ten.
’Twas a sight to behold, as they hung in mid-air.
Those Mongolian Japs, strung up by the hair.

By some unseen force their hair parted at last,
They dropped to the ground—’twas the Operetta cast.

FREE TRANSLATION OF VERSIGEL.
Lines 320-405, Book I.

To Aeneas in the midst of the woods appeared his mother,
Venus, disguised as a huntress. She spoke first.

"Hello, kid," she remarked. "Have you seen any of my
sisters Jazzing around here, doled up in the hide of a lynx,
chasing the wild boar and yelling like a Hun! If ya have,
give me a line on them."

To whom Aeneas replied: "Nope, I haven't seen any of
your sisters. Oh, what shall I call you, girle, for your face
is strangely familiar. Surely you are the girl from Shelton I
met at the last Red Cross hop. But have a heart, whoever you
are and lighten a poor chap's gloom, for we wander around
totally ignorant of any place to procure cats, having had
a puncture at the last corner."

Then Venus: "You've sure got the wrong line on me, I'm not from Shelton. It's just the style here for girls
to wear high laced boots and carry swagger sticks. Prigmore
& Sears isn't far off, there's a cute little Jane works there."
(We omit her life history as no woman would ever try to inter-
est a man in another woman as Venus did Aeneas with the
story of Dido). To continue: "But who are you anyway and
what d'ya come to this burg for?"

"Well, believe me kiddo, if I told you all my life story
the sun would beat it from weariness before I ran out of juice.
But, briefly, I used to play quarterback on the St. Martin's
team and then I went on a surveying trip in the Cascades. I've
had one stroke of bad luck right after another—" (We let
Venus interrupt sooner as she most surely would.)

"Oh, can the sob stuff! Buck up and be a man. You'll
come out all right, I'll bet a cookie. Well, I've got to amble
on—it's getting dark."

She turned and flashed a saucy gleam from her dark eye,
the odor of Djerkiss wafted toward him—revealing by these
motions the flirt.
Goods are Getting Higher.
BUY NOW
While the Getting is Good

Mottman Mercantile Co.

If you hear a joke
That really makes you grin,
Don't waste it on yourself.
But write it down and hand it in.—Joke Editors.

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CAR.
"IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF."

ROSE-NEPPEL AUTO COMPANY.
215 Main Street.
Phone 610.

PANTORIUM DYE WORKS
CLEANERS AND PRESSERS

PHONE 192

W. H. WILLIAMS, Prop.

LATIN.
You say "The worst is yet to come."
Ye Gods, have mercy on my soul.
I feel that when the worst is o'er
That part of me will not be whole.

"We Don't Please Everybody—But We Try."

SHOES OF ALL KINDS.
Moderate Prices.

EKREM SHOE COMPANY
423 MAIN STREET.

E. A. says:
I dinna' care for a drop of Scotch,
O' rock and rye or beer;
Gie me a quart o' Applju
And I'll be full o' cheer.

B. G. WILLISTON
AUGUSTINE & KYER and JOHNSTON
CHOCOLATES
Our Specialty.

Phone 68. 405 Main Street.
Olympia Door Co.
SECOND AND JEFFERSON STREETS.
PHONE 78.

Lumber and Mill Work. Get Our Prices.

Mill Wood—Green & Seasoned

“Willie,” said the teacher, addressing a bright-faced boy near the head of the class, “can you give me a familiar example of the human body as it adapts itself to changed conditions?”

“Yes,” was the confident rejoinder of the boy. “My Uncle Jake gained fifty pounds in less than one year, and his skin never cracked.”

Miss D.: “What do we mean by hard water?”
Mike: “Ice.”

DEPOSITS NOW $500,000.00.

OLYMPIA BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
$1.00 WILL START AN ACCOUNT.

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

Jimmie B. (on the subject of adulterations of foods):
“You can’t get fresh eggs any more.”
Mr. Myers: “Why?”
J. B.: “Because they have killed off all the spring chickens.”
Mr. M.: “Well, what’s that got to do with it?”
J. B.: “Well, old hens lay old eggs.”

Miss Benson, in English: “Define superciliousness.”
Freshie: “The state of being awfully silly.”

Olympia Dairy Products Co.
MAKERS OF

BUTTER
ICE
CREAM

BRAND

MILK
and
CREAM

DEALERS IN BUTTERMILK AND COTTAGE CHEESE. SEPARATORS.

316 WATER STREET.
PHONE 10.
A sea captain and his mate went ashore on getting into port and made for the nearest restaurant. They ordered soup. When it arrived the captain examined the queer looking fluid and shouted:

"Here, waiter, what d'ye call this?"

"Soup," said the waiter. The captain turned to the mate and said: "Blamed if you and I ain't been sailing on soup all our lives and didn't know it!"

---

**Auto Supplies and Accessories**

Olympia Auto Supply Co.
Wotton & Luepke, Props.
Fourth & Franklin Sts.

---

**Toilet Delights**

Hugh Ross, The Druggist.
We Lead, Never Follow.
Phone 260. 530 Main St.

---

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth," quoted the deacon to the minister.

"Yes," said the minister, who believed in muscular Christianity, "that is true; but they make much better time when somebody is after them."

---

**Optometry**

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.

---

**A Modern Version.**

And the Ishmaelites dimmed their lights.
Joseph was put in the rind house.
Joseph: "Now I will go up and shoot (shew) Pharaoh." Esau Jacob afar off and yet Esau no flames.
Knox Auto Service
"AND THEY DO."
Agents for GOODRICH SILVERTOWN CORD TIRES.
Corner Franklin and Second Streets.

First Coon—Mighty mean man I se working fer.
Second Coon—Wat's de mattah?
First Coon—He dun took de lines off de wheelbarrah so's I cain't set it down an' rest.

STATIONERY, MAGAZINES, ETC.
—At—

The Smokehouse

"They maintain that the human body contains sulphur."
"In what quantities?"
"Oh, it is variable."
"I guess that explains why some people make better matches than others."

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

Telephone 200. 709 Main Street, Olympia, Wash.

"Mrs. Smith always has abominable weather for her teas, hasn't she," said a woman to a man guest.
"Yes," said the man confidentially, "she never pours but it rains."

Mills & Cowles
SPALDING
SPORTING GOODS

He: "Why is that dog howling?"
She: "Because he is lazy."
He: "A dog doesn't howl when he is lazy."
She: "Yes, he is sitting on a thistle and is too lazy to get up."

FRESH, CURED AND
SMOKED MEATS
—At—
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FINE CUT GLASS, STERLING SILVER, TOILET SETS and PLATEWARE.
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WE SELL EVERYTHING TO WEAR FOR LESS.
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197 BUSY STORES.

Phone 894. 115 to 119 Fifth St., Martin Bldg.

"When are you going to graduate, and in what course?"
"In the course of time."

"Why do those two girls both hate you so?"
"I once innocently remarked that they looked alike."

M. and D. PHARMACY
Expert Druggists.

KNEELAND SHINING STAND
For Ladies and Gents.

Joe Rollman.
Cor. Fourth and Main Sts.

"Why are kisses like olives in a bottle?"
"Because after you get the first the rest come easy."

"How can I prevent chapped cheeks?"
"Stay away from cheeky chaps."

Meet Me at
CONVERY'S
FIFTEEN-CENT STORE.
OLYMPIA.

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The Palm

N. E. GEORGE.
213 East Fourth.

The Star ★ Laundry
DOES ONLY FIRST CLASS WORK.
GIVE US A TRIAL.

PHONE 264.
205 MAIN STREET.

Mr. Loomis: "Sit down and rest your bones."
P. Royal: "I feel more like resting my head."
F. Robbins: "Well, that is what he said."

At the village store—"I want a half pint o' vacuum; ma's broke her cleaner."

Marg.: "Paul ought to join the aviation corps."
Midge: "Why?"
Marg.: "Oh, because he goes up in the air so easily."

A Splendid Combination
for students who are doing their own cooking.

Electric Coffee Percolator
Makes ideal coffee; operates at the dining table, serving coffee fresh and hot when wanted; operates without attention.

Electric Grill, With Ovenette
Bakes, broils, toasts, fries quickly and economically.

Olympia Light & Power Co.
City Dye Works
Cleaning, Pressing and Dyeing of Ladies' and Gents' Clothing. Repairs Done by Expert Union Tailoress.
301 West Fourth Street.
Phone 684.

Mr. Aiken: "Define society, Charlotte."
C. Rogers: "It is the grouping together of people to share each other's fortunes and misfortunes."
Mr. Aiken: "Well, that might be a wedding."

Try Our
NEW FOUNTAIN.

DAILY BREAD SHOP
The Only Original HEALTH BREAD
In Olympia.

Christy: "Why do you act so foolish?"
Cupid: "I slept under a crazy quilt last night."

Mr. Girwick: "Now wait a moment; just one more question before the next one."

Bolster & Barnes
GROCERS.
THE HOME OF BLUE RIBBON BREAD.
Phones 48, 49.
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TO GET GOOD THINGS TO EAT THAT CAN'T BE BEAT GO TO THE
BAY VIEW HOTEL
Third and Water Streets.

Miss Gregory: "Hubert, what is a mongrel dog?"
H. O.: "A cur."
Miss Gregory: "Then, Hubert, what do you understand by a mongrel play?"
H. O.: "A dog show."

Bohac Harness Co.
New Assortment of Auto Robes
FISHING TACKLE AND LEATHER GOODS.
AUTO TOPS REPAIRED.
WEST FOURTH STREET.

Miss Benson: "John, what is a point of view?"
John: "Oh, let me see."
Miss B.: "Come now, that is an easy question."
John: "It isn't the question that bothers me, it is the answer."

FOR QUALITY—FOR SERVICE.
Capital City Creamery
Phone 55.
Fifth and Columbia Sts.
Olympia, Wash.
“Say, did you know that Noah was a baseball fan.”

Innocent F.: “No, what did he do?”
H. K.: “He pitched the ark and put a dove out on the fly.”

WE SELL
SHOES
OF THE BEST QUALITY AT
THE CHEAPEST PRICE.

Our Aim is to Please.
WASHINGTON SHOE STORE.
327 Main Street.

Wilbur (at high school dance): “Hey, Jimmie, did you bring that girl in a pink saeque?”
Jimmie: “No, ya poor nut, we walked.”

“Are you Hungary?”
“Yes, Siam.”
“Well, come along, Isle Fiji.”

REMEMBER THE
Y. M. C. A.
JOIN AND ENJOY ITS PRIVILEGES.

“Bang!” went the rifles at the manoeuvres. “O-a-a-h!” screamed the pretty girl—a nice, decorous, surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the arms of a young man.

“Oh!” said she, blushing. “I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon.”

“Not at all,” said the young man. “Let’s go over and watch the artillery.”

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OLYMPIA, WASH.

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MAKER OF
Distinctive Portraits
THAT PLEASE.

PHONE 270.

Corner Fifth and Washington Streets.
**WOOD and COAL**

ALL KINDS DRY WOOD.

BEST GRADES OF STOVE AND FURNACE COALS.

HERMAN MALLORY.

Phone 688.

A little Irishman, who had just been drafted, was being examined by a doctor. The doctor found the Irishman all right except for a little stiffness. He explained by saying: "I'm sorry, but you are a little stiff."

The Irishman's blood rose when he said: "Begorra, an' you're a big stiff."

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Doctor: "My dear madam, your husband's distressing symptoms are entirely due to a poor circulation."

Lady: "How true, doctor! He is a newspaper proprietor."

Mr. Thoma (while speaking about dietaries): "If there is anything I can't stand it is to have a woman dictate to me."

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