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Olympia, Washington

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1919
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OLYMPIA WASHINGTON
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The King of Dreams

Once there lived a man, young and hopeful, whom we shall call John Masters, in lieu of his true name.

He was born in a tenement on the East Side of the greatest city in the world, where his sweet English mother taught her young son a love for beauty. As he grew to manhood a desire for the beautiful things of earth became the whole of his ambition, and he strove to rise from his poverty and to obtain the power of what he thought was beauty—buying gold, but it slipped from his clasp like quicksilver, and gradually his despair made existence agony.

When he came home at night in the flowering spring, past the park where youths sat vibrant beneath the trees feeling the stir of love in their hearts, and the moon hung over them from a cloudless sky as she has hung over lovers for countless aeons, he felt no answering pulse in his heart. Perhaps the girl in the bookshop on the corner gazed at his upright, broad-should-
ered figure a little longer than she did at others, uttering a sigh as she turned back into its cavernous gloom, but John Masters never knew. Perhaps when the clouds of a rainy week has disappeared and the sun gleamed over the towering peaks of the city, flicking gold beams on the waters of the bay and renovating the dusty corners of the town, John Masters might have seen, and thanked God, but—he did not.

The beauty that John Masters saw in his dreams was the beauty bought by heavy soft gold coins, and not the beauty that every one of God's creatures may partake of.

A night came in mid-summer when John Masters cursed life, and sought forgetfulness in the hop joint of Li Han Chang. There a pill was cooked, and placed in his pipe, and while he drew deep draughts of the poppy into his lungs, he was carried into dreamland.

Visions came of beautiful gardens with flashing fountains, whispering cypress and strange exotic fruits, slim maidens and purple peacocks, tiger eyes burning deep in the jungle and swamps of overpowering orchids.

The next day Masters did not go to work. Instead he sat in the park, and dreamed again those wondrous dreams of India and Turkestan. In a tree nearby two birds were nesting, and sang of their happiness in shrill bursts of melody. Not far down the park children played, laughing at life, and across the street a woman stood with a baby in her arms and a smile on her face; there was light everywhere but in the darkened mind of John Masters. Breezes had blown away the city odors, and swept the sky till it was heavy blue, shaking the tops of young trees and rippling the waters of the bay.

Again that night and for many nights after John Masters came to the den of Li Han Chang that he might drift farther into the fatal land of false dreams. The line of a poem came into his mind,

"But when night comes, every man is a King of Dreams."

Winter came, and December, when the snow fell white in the night-time to be blackened and dirtied in the day by trampling feet. On Christmas Eve John came to Li Han Chang, and smoked his fill. Once too often he "cleaned the card" and when the slit-eyed Oriental came to his bunk he had gone on that East and Greatest Adventure. Perchance the girl in the bookshop searched for his broad shouldered figure in the holiday throng, but John Masters did not know. Perhaps when perfumed spring came back next year the wise old moon would shine through silent trees upon the heads of bright eyed youths in the park, but John Masters would not know.

Think! Out in that buoyant city of the millions there was the beauty of the ages waiting for a man to come and claim it, the beauty of pulsing life and the joy of youth, the beauty and the mobile face of the sky, the beauty of the thundering City of Man, and there was the beauty of love that makes all things beautiful, even the most pitiable and the most wretched. John Masters had never seen these beauties for the eyes of his soul were blind, and he had chosen to smother in the poppy death of the den of Li Han Chang.

When the soul of John Masters stood before the Great Eternal, stripped of its clothing of dreams, face to face with the Great Question, "What have you done?" It stood forth and said, "All Powerful, I sought for beauty, but I found it not upon earth, but in gorgeous dreams which now have left me. The earth is barren of beautiful things."

Then spake the Great Soul of the Universe. "Ages ago I gave the earth Nature, and Nature is beauty. All else is false, for man cannot create the Everlasting, and it is only the Eternal that is true. You did not see my beauties for soul-blind you were. So tonight I send you back to earth, your soul to be born again in that same tenement of the East Side where it was born years ago. Now you shall see Me wherever you walk."

The Supreme Thought came winging thru blackness of eternity to earth. The wall of a new born man child suddenly smote the ears of a young father in a ramshackle tenement on the East Side.

E. A., '21
A Warning to Freshmen

(After Longfellow's Hiawatha)

At his desk one winter morning
On a cold and frosty morning
Sat the bright and sunny Loomis,
Sat he gazing at two freshmen
At two green and awkward freshmen
At a boy and girl, both freshmen.
They were talking, oh so friendly,
Friendly talking were these freshmen
Of their lessons hard and dreary,
Old and long and dry as ashes.
Gazed Mr. Loomis hard upon them,
Then his eyes he rolled in wonder
Rolled in wonder of these freshmen
Till they caught his eye in horror,
Horror of the words to follow.
Moved his lips as if to whisper
Whisper to these freshmen children,
Up he got and straightway wandered,
Down the aisle behind them wandered.
Up he went unto these freshmen,
Said he to them in a low voice,
In a low voice full of meaning,
"Do you know my little children
All the bylaws of this high school?
All the laws that we go under
In this high school of Olympia?
Take your seat, my little laddie,
Talk no more to freshmen girlies,
Girls with their hair in pigtails.
It is foolish, oh my children,
Mark my word and don't forget it."

—S. C. '21.

Never Too Late

"Going to the prom?"

The question was infectious. Like a wave of influenza it spread thru the Dormitory, invaded the class room, scurried thru the halls, capered over the Campus, in the woods, on the lake, everywhere. Everyone had it. Tall, solemn seniors bent their august dignity just enough toward the Juniors to put the question. Laughing girls chanted it merrily as if it were a new song. Sage professors deigned to permit a slight revulsion of their severe facial mask as they inquired politely.

"Going to the prom, Professor Hastings? Ah yes, to be sure. Yes, I think I will attend."

Ned Burle had not entirely escaped the effects of the disease. West, his roommate had hurled the question at him and a pretty little Senior girl had summoned enough courage to ask the stern faced recluse if he was going.

"No," he answered, as if the question were an obviously foolish one, "No, I'm not going."

"You should," said little Helen Mercer. Then as if abashed as her forwardness, "But of course we don't understand."

He had not thought much about the matter, except of course that he was not going. That was certain. What would he do at a prom? He would be conspicuous. He could imagine the curious glances he would receive—the sly grins from his class mates as they whispered—"there's Stoney-face. What's he doing here?" The conversation around him would be stilted and unnatural. All would feel the presence of a stranger—someone that did not belong to the "clique."

What would he do? He couldn't dance. The mere thought of attempting such a stupendous undertaking sent queer little chills scurrying up and down his spine. He could only stand and look on—but this was likely to bring ridicule upon him or at least censure.

He would have no one to talk to unless he strained his reclusive spirit by beginning a conversation with one of the young men he had always termed one of the "gang." Even such a conversation would be dull and uninteresting. The young men that usually are prominent in society have little
time to indulge in the luxury of reading old masterpieces and studying Blackstone. They would sense the difference. Talk would be commonplace, dry, devoid of interest, a mere cloak to hide irritation felt toward this strange young man, in such strange surroundings and so obviously out of place.

"No," he would answer. "No, I'm not going."

Nevertheless, he read the daily college paper with the full column announcement and program of the Prom. He read it with interest although avowing to himself that he was a fool to waste time on such frivolities. The time could more profitably have been spent on Blackstone or Plutarch. But still he read every word of the account and listened with interest to an enthusiastic conversation between West and Putner that evening in their room.

"Big," laughed West. "I'll say this Prom will be big—the biggest in the history of the College. Why everybody is going. Think of it, Put, the one big chance in a life time to meet all the pretty girls you want to. Oh, boy. I wouldn't miss it for world's!"

"Weouh," ejaculated Putner. "I'm so full of pep that I can hardly hold myself down. Great Caesar's ghost, would I miss it? Would I pass up a million bucks if some one offered it to me?"

"Are you taking anyone," asked West.

Am I! I'll say I am. Do you know that little brown-eyed girl that you pointed out to me one day—the one with the picture hat and dimples—well I'm going to take her. Her name is Constance. Jack introduced me yesterday and I didn't let any grass grow under my feet till I got the date."

"Well, don't forget me at the Prom, old man. And I'll remember you, too. Do you know that pretty, blue-eyed, golden-haired girl that always sat in the front row of the grandstand at the football games? Well, I'm going to take her—sure come around, Put. We'll exchange dances. Or, say, I know what we can do. Dad is bringing the Packard down next week and we can use that. We'll go together."

Burke shifted uneasily in his chair and tried to find interest in Caesar, but the words were a mere meaningless jumble. What was the matter with him. The Prom—couldn't he get the thing from his brain? He would be glad when it was over—when the excitement had died out and he could bury his head in Plutarch or Blackstone without hearing the question hurled at him "Going to the Prom?" Well, two weeks more and the interrogative would be obsolete. After that there would be comments on the events of the evening—the supper, the dance, new friends, and a myriad of other subjects. All would be treated with laughing comments, humorous little episodes, perhaps a bit of satire and then the excitement would die down and the Prom would be forgotten.

Burke experienced another emotion as he listened to the conversation—a little twinge of envy or was it jealousy? And lonely—was he lonely. He laughed suddenly so that his classmates turned hastily about and then resumed their conversation with a whispered comment on Burke's eccentricity. Lonely—he wasn't lonely. Why he had Dion and Brutus and Caesar right here before him with Plutarch. Nevertheless, in the letter that he penned to his mother he said, "I wish it were all over, Mother, and I could come home. I'm so homesick here at College where no one understands me."

After his classmates had left the room he went to the mirror and studied his face thoughtfully. He was not bad looking although his cheeks were rather thin and pale. His features were regular, his mouth suggested a touch of humor that might have been added to his character with the right environment, his eyes, brown and rather wistful were not unpleasing.

As he watched another face appeared. A countenance with the same regular features and yet with rugged, healthy cheeks, with laughing brown eyes and merry mouth.

"I should have mingled in society instead of giving all my time to Blackstone."

He went back to his studies as if ashamed of this sudden outburst. He had never acknowledged this before. Law had been first. Law had been his every thought. But now it seemed that he had missed something in life—something more vital—more worthwhile.

"Oh, boy," ejaculated West, as he readjusted his cravat for the tenth time. "Just one more hour."

Burke looked up from Blackstone which he was only pretending to study and watched the slim youth in silence.

"Got to meet Put at quarter after," went on West as he brushed his mass of brown hair.

Burke turned back to his study of statute and common law. A statute is mandatory when it directs the performance of an act; a statute is prohibitory when it forbids the commitment
of an act; a statute—Oh, rats!—the Prom. He closed the book with a bang and began to drum nervously on the desk.

"Daphine is a little queen," said West, enthusiastically. 
"Whenever I look at her I get giddy. Eyes that hold a thousand little lights—lips that—"

"Oh, shut up," broke in Burle. Girls, girls—don't you ever think of anything else?"

"You're a crank," laughed West, good humoredly. "Why don't you forget yourself once, Burle, and come out and have a good time. A bit of nonsense, now and then, is needed by the wisest men."

"A nice epigram," said Burle. "But how is one to enjoy a bit of nonsense when there are the circles of society to contend with and there is no circle that I fit into," His tone was bitter.

"Do you know why?" asked West. "Because you don't try to make yourself interesting and agreeable. You don't share our pleasures—you don't dance or play football or baseball—Oh, what's the use? Well, I've got to be going. So long, Burle. Hope you enjoy Blackstone."

And he was gone. Burle sat staring at the closed door in amazement. Was West right? Was he surly and ill-dispositioned? Was that the reason that he had few friends. And—hope crept into his thoughts—could he win friends if he changed—if he tried to be interesting and entertaining—if he laughed and talked and danced.

The telephone jangled noisily.

"Hello," answered Burle. "Who is wanted? West? No, Ned Burle? ME? Who is speaking, please? Helen Mercer? Oh, your brother is ill and can't take you to the Prom. That's too bad. What? No—it isn't bold—it's wonderful—it's grand—it's—" he broke off for want of adjectives. "I'll dress and be right over," he cried jubilantly. "And Helen, I can dance. I've been taking lessons secretly for two weeks. And Professor Bell says I'm wonderful—for a beginner. Yes, yes, yes, I'll be right over."

—H. L. '20.

A Christmas Dream

One winter's eve when the sky was gray, and all the ground was white,
Good old Father Santa came a stealin' thru the night,
He halted at Olympia and climbing up the hill,
Scurried thru the High School at his royal wish and will.

He stepped into the office, and there he saw a sheet,
With names of High School students upon each column near.
He took his faithful fountain pen and marked a double A,
Where he tho't that such a grand and glorious mark would pay.

Along in 1920 when report cards came around,
The heart of nearly every student gave a gladsome bound,
"Snap out of it! Wake up George!" came from down below,
And his bubble quickly vanished, for 'twas but a dream you know.

Free Verse

He stood on the bridge at midnight. 
He had a flashlight.
He was very cautious, and pulled up a line,
Fur o'er the darkened waters came a sound-as-of-a-dog barking.
He stopped and listened, but resumed his task.
He hauled the cord, he raised something to the decking,
He knelt,—he laid the flashlight on the flooring, he was very careful, Le was very busy, O, what was he doing?
He was only fishing.
Maybe it was Mr. G. —The Office Dog.

Adam Jackson, tenor flat.
Sang and ran with both his feet,
Hard as nails and hard to beat,
Adam Jackson never sat.

Adam Jackson lost his head,
Stood too long while he got wed.
Now Adam Jackson's suffer'gethe
Stay from home, while there he's "set."
So all young men (with thots matrimonial)
If you for love (or "Pa's" patrimonial)
Are about to try a second testimonial.
Beat it right quick on the yer' best motoroil!
If you don't, you'll rue it anon
When three your chilluns or Susan or John
Keep you t'hum while wifey's gone,
And wish you'd followed this moral, my song.

Do You Know

That there are now, December 15, enrolled to date 447 students, against 374 of one year ago today?
That the increase in the Freshman class this year is exactly equal to the increase in total enrollment? And that the Freshman class comprises a little more than forty-five percent of the school this year?
If you are a boy, and are taking Manual Training that you are one of eight-one others that can boast a majority of twenty-six over the fellows of last year's classes?
How your athletic record stands under the heading of Football from 1901-1919? If not, then here it is. Out of 111 games played, Olympia won fifty-four, lost forty-six and tied 11.
That you Juniors and Seniors who aren't taking chemistry are missing something? Seventy-five pupils are taking that subject this year, nearly twice as many as last year.
That the first circus that ever appeared in Olympia showed on the site now occupied by the Kneeland Hotel building and at this date, November, 1867.
That forty-nine years ago a committee of Vigilantes was formed to take care of a band of incendiaries that infested Thurston county? They seem to have changed their tactics and moved further south in the last fifty years.
That the first governor of the territory's mansion is still standing northwest of our High School building?
That there are 12,003 High Schools in the United States?
The absence of a debating society or discussion club of some sort is very noticeable in our high school. Several years ago we had a very creditable debating class and our teams compared favorably with any of our opponents, but at the time of the "flu" epidemic, it was discontinued and nothing of the sort has been taken up since.

A discussion club ought to have a decided value in a high school, as it would not only train one to speak in public, but would have other values, as an educational factor. Men and women in every line of business are called upon to speak in public on subjects concerning their own profession, and on matters of public interest as well. A previous experience in speaking, such as a debating society offers, would certainly prove of considerable advantage to a person. Then, too, there are many subjects of popular interest and importance which are not covered by any study in the regular schedule, but which could be discussed nicely in such a club. Other schools have literary, science and debate clubs, why shouldn't we? Its success would be assured if some of the boys who so strenuously object to the laws of Aristotle in Physics class were to become interested.

Did you ever have something hit your head so violently that you rumpled your hair and masticated your pencil in trying to find the unlocated pain? Now in most cases in our experience, gained from personal observation and otherwise, that "something" proved to be a thought! Perhaps the thought of a good joke, a rousing story, or perchance a poetic fancy. Now, what is the use of having all these jokes, poems and stories dashing around uselessly in your head, perhaps causing some sleepless nights? Why not share these thoughts with other people, for what is the use of knowing clever, amusing things and not sharing them? The girls will no doubt say, "Why not just tell each other our thoughts?" But, since boys are supposed to be such silent, sphinx-like creatures, it would probably be best if everyone would just take a few moments when a brilliant thought hits him, write it down, and hand it in to some member of the Olympus staff.

In looking over the exchanges from different high schools and colleges in Washington and other states, it is a surprising fact that the large majority of school publications are in the
form of newspapers. In a school magazine it is clear that the news must be out of date by the time it is published and necessarily its field of action in that line must be limited.

It will probably be some time if ever that the Olympus is materially changed in form so it is important that the points on which the success of the magazine depend, should be developed. The principal section in a school magazine is probably the Literary Department and it is there that our attention should be directed. A few of the students are interested in raising the standard of the literary work but if any progress be made there will have to be a decided increase in the quality and quantity of actual work submitted—stories and poems and articles. The success of the school quarterly should be a matter of concern if not to all the Hi students at least to the majority of the upper classmen. Such is far from the case at present.

Girls! The football season is over, but basketball comes on with a rush. Do you fully realize that it is your influence which goes a long way toward winning the games? We know that it was not always the most cheerful warm weather when the football games were played, but the basketball will be entirely different. Many games will no doubt be played right here in our own Gym, so there will be no danger of contracting old bug-a-boo flu while watching the games. Hurry up, girls, powder your noses and let the boys know you are behind them.

If the fire drills progressed as rapidly as does the line of march at noon or at 3:15 there would be no danger of anyone burning to death should a fire consume our building. However, at the four bell signal everyone assumes an attitude of extreme indifference and boredom as languidly the procession wends its way down the stairs. It would be a real though distressing surprise to many if an innocent fire drill proved the real thing. Let's put a little more life in the next drill and try to get down in a reasonable length of time.

The famous Olympic games and the international yacht races will be resumed shortly, after their enforced vacation during war times. The history of these contests and races is a story of friendly rivalry and clean sport. Rarely do school teams make as fine a record as have these teams of the nations.
The 1919 football season ended the day before Thanksgiving when the blue and white warriors played their final game with the Pierce County Champions, Puyallup. The Saturday before this game the Olympia boys played the fast Auburn eleven at Auburn. It was a ragged game that the local battlers should have won easily, but the long auto drive seemed to have taken the pep all out of them, especially as the game was called immediately upon arrival, so instead of piling up a large score upon their smaller opponents, they allowed the diminutive squad to hold them to a 0 to 0 tie. You would have hardly known it was the same team that played the champion Puyallup outfit the following Wednesday. This battle afforded a great deal of satisfaction to local football supporters, as the O. H. S. boys played as they never had before. The Berry Pickers were unable to gain an inch thru the heavy Olympia line, so resorted to forward passing, but this also failed to net yardage. The Olympia bunch, on the other hand, went thru the Puyallup line for big gains, and scored repeatedly on forward passes. The local boys were penalized for a total of 80 yards, one penalty costing a touchdown, but even this failed to make the final score look complimentary to Puyallup, who managed to draw the goose-egg of a 40 to 0 score. This game finished up the season in pretty good shape for
Coach Brown's castoffs, making a total of 3 games won, 3 lost and 2 tied. The O. H. S. boys scored a total of 104 points to their opponents' 75, and suffered only one really bad defeat during the whole season, that one being administered to them early in the season by Chehalis. Chehalis again defeated Olympia later in the season by 1 point. The third game lost by the locals was to Hoquiam, by a score of 6 to 0. Olympia beat Centralia and Montesano by fairly good margins and whitewashed Puyallup. The two tied games were with Auburn and Hoquiam. Following is the 1919 football record in detail:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>O. H. S.</th>
<th>Opponents</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Montesano</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>Chehalis</td>
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<td>26</td>
<td>Centralia</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>Hoquiam</td>
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<td>Auburn</td>
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<td>Puyallup</td>
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<td>104</td>
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Much credit is due our coach, Mr. L. P. Brown, for the creditable showing made by the High School eleven this year. The O. H. S. football "mentor" has worked untiringly with the squad ever since the first of the season, and has spent a great deal of time in "doping" out the signals, and in drilling the teams.

Following is a short review of the Olympia Gridders who will receive First Team Letters:

Orval Kisor, left half, second year—Skirts the ends for many long gains. A clever broken field runner and a "bear" at catching and breaking up forward passes.

Charles Tyler, right half, first year—The fastest man on the team. A clever open field runner, and good at carrying back punts.

John Williams, full back, first year—A first class line smasher and is as hard as rock, also possesses the "educated toe" of the team.

Wilmer Morford, quarter, first year—The lightest and most dangerous man on the team. Squirm thru the line for big gains and was never known to miss a tackle.

Howard Strock, left end, first year—His specialty is break-

ing up the opposition's interference, and then nabbing the man. Very little yardage was ever made around his end.

Virgil Otis, left tackle, first year—Is noted for his uncanny ability to diagnose and mess up his opponents' plays before they are fairly started.

LaChanee, left guard, first year—A fast going, hard hitting lineman. When he hits, he hits like a ton of brick.

Lyman, center, first year—Plays the pivot position like a veteran and fights from the blow of the whistle.

Channing Aspinwall, right guard, third year—Plays the game with vim and grit, and is as steady as the Northern Star.

Fletcher Fiehback, right tackle, third year—Is a bulwark of strength on the offense, and on the defense. He spills plays with astonishing regularity.

Ronald Wilder, right end, first year—Takes an especial delight in running down on punts, and nailing his opponent before he moves out of his tracks.

William Strock, guard, first year—A natural born fireeater. When his opponent hits him he at once conceives the density of ivory.

Ralph Lindsey, end, second year—When a man started around his end he was a "gone bird" because Lindsey had a peculiarity of never allowing a man to get by him.

Reuben Ames, guard, first year—A steady reliable lineman, always on the job, and always ready to give his best.

George Calvert, Captain and quarter, second year—A hard line plunger and a sure tackler. When he has run his course the referee usually holers "first and ten."

Sdroeder and Robertson have both appeared in the first team lineup, and were voted letters by their team-mates. Robertson had charge of the team in the last game and showed that he could deliver the goods as quarterback. Schroeder played in the first Hoquiam and Chehalis game and much is expected of him next year.

The following men will receive Second Team Letters:


The football letter men feel very much indebted to the girls of the Junior and Senior classes and the women of the P. T. A. for the splendid banquet given them at the close of
the season. It was certainly a success from every standpoint and should be repeated every year.

At this banquet John Lyman, center on this year's eleven, was elected captain of next year's team. Lyman is a hard worker and every inch a scramper and under his leadership a pennant-winning outfit is expected next year.

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**BASKETBALL**

A basketball meeting was held the first Monday following the end of the football season, and almost 60 boys signified their intentions of turning out. Most of the fellows have already had more or less experience in basketball, but there is also plenty of green material for the coach to work with. From the men turning out, the following will probably form the first team squad: Stenz (captain), Kisor, Reynolds, Peters, Kotiek, Dickenson, Marshall, Christopher, Lounsberry, M. Mills, Bullock, Wilder, Mortford, Hempfing, Convery, Berlin and Grimm. Stenz and Kisor are the only two letter men in the above list, but the rest of the material is good, and it is highly probable that Olympia Hi will be represented this year by as clever a bunch of cage ringers as she ever had.

An interclass tournament is being planned that will include 6 teams, the four class teams and one representing the 8th grade. This will give the coach a lineup on his material, and will also serve to stimulate the interest in the game. The first team schedule this year will be one of the best that has ever been arranged. Olympia is a member of the Southwest Washington League, including such teams as Montesano, Chehalis, Raymond, South Bend, Centralia and Aberdeen. Two games will probably be played with each of these towns, and the team having the highest percentage at the end of the season will be declared the Southwest Washington Champions.

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**SWIMMIN NOTES**

Us gurls sur dew hav a fine time on tuesday P. M. (afternoon). Miss enyart say the bigeners glass iz advancing wunderfully well, they hav our permissun I sez, so go two it. But why shouldn't vera new comb float—no rezum at all.

& that advanced klass their regular anitt killer mans thats wut! When Sibul duz that shallow dive—well ther'z no doubt

wat its shallow enuf seaing as how she duzn't go under the water. Win and Lillyann dived two. They all had to wate about 15 min. (minnits) until the watur went back in the tank. Sum' herd them on main Street, eye mean the pepul were on the street. But wen mary Dives we all set and watch her and gaze and wunder how itz did, we've all herd about 2nd natures.

Mr. Kase all ways like tow sea us kum he sez we all no our own suits, but we think he must be feeling us. He tells us about knew holes in the bottom uv the tank se we think sum of the boys must hit bottom wen they dive.

And they got sum speshul musik four us two. We han here sweet stranes float in the kraks.

Yes indeed taking every thing, that iz sum klas.

---

**NON-FICTION BOOKS FOR OUTSIDE READING.**

"How to Make Brass Jewelry"—Hank Hudson.
"Thirty Years Behind a Fiddle"—O. Kotiek.
"Chemical Mixtures and Explosions"—Kisor & Bullock.
"Farm Life North of Olympia"—Reuben Ames.
"Travels in a Flyver"—Hal Gardner.
"Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking"—Baldy Miles.
"Ninety Yards for a Touchdown and Back Again"—Chas. Tyler.
"How I Broke Away from Cigarettes"—Allen White.
 Paramount Short Stories—of handsome, dashing heroes who dive into the icy water just as the beautiful maiden is sinking for the fifth time and rescue her from the brink of death; of bearded villains who kill the hero in the first chapter; of courageous heroines who nobly drain the bottle of poison as they exclaim, "Prison bars do not a prison make, so there, Jack Dalton, this poison I'll take"—these and a thousand more have the Seniors constructed. Truly the spark of genius that has lain dormant has flamed in a fire of achievement and the works of Poe and Hawthorne recede into the insignificance when compared to our masterpieces.

Now that football is over, we have donned the basketball uniforms in anticipation of another victory for the redoubtable Seniors. Into the limelight steps Waldo Stantz, Oscar Bullock, Newton Grimm, Ottmar Kottick, Elmon Christopher, Roland Renolds and a number of others who will defend the Seniors' honor.

Have you noticed that one-third of the orchestra this year are Seniors. Florence Willey plays the piano; Ottmar Kottick first, violin; Elmon Christopher, drums; George Gunstone, saxophone; Carroll Peters, cornet.

We are very sorry to lose Miss Rogers, who has become very popular during her short term here.

We are glad to welcome to our class Roland Renolds, who comes from Elma High.

Razz, Jazz, Siss, Boom, Bum!
Juniors! Juniors; Twenty-one!
(Loocomotive)

Too bad, Juniors, that we were beaten in the Olympus Subscription Contest, but our turn will come next and we will have a chance to beat the Juniors of the coming year. Everybody knows we're a peppy bunch, so don't forget to live up to a good name and pay your class dues. As Juniors we will have to spend a little more money this year than formerly, so don't kick, but help the class treasurer along in the good work.

Our school spirit was shown at the many football rallies. Ye class scribe is inspired to pen a few lines which go to show that even the dignified members of the class were not the least enthusiastic.

The Treasurer was there with her squawker,
The President was there with his yellers,
The Vice President in a car with a honker,
And the rest of us there like good fellers.
Olympia Hi School, Olympia, Wash.

Dear Susie: At last I have gathered up enough pep to answer your last letter, and I will tell you about the Class of '22.

There hasn’t been much going on here for the last few weeks. The Freshmen have become a part of the school and so aren’t as amusing as before. A pleasant sense of anticipation is in evidence as the Christmas Holidays approach.

We held a class meeting last month and were surprised to learn that as Freshmen we had contracted a debt for the class picture for the Oculus. It isn’t the easiest thing in the world to collect class dues as some of the class have a surprising ability in evading debts. The treasurer told me the other day that only about half the class were paid up and unless something is done on the part of the other 50 per cent drastic measures must be taken.

Basketball is becoming the topic of the day and we can soon teach the Freshies what the short end of a long score is like.

Semester grades and Christmas gifts are becoming more prominent specks on the horizon and for some of us, one is as unpleasant as the other is pleasant.

Hoping there will be more news for the next letter,

I remain your true Chum “2.”

Hurrah! Christmas is almost here and many Freshmen are wondering what Santa Claus has in store for them. Since the football season is now over I’d like to call your attention to the fact that seven of our members are entitled to second team O’s, as the following: McKinney, Berlin, Hudson, Johnston, Cowell, G. Mills and M. Mills. They all played bang-up ball and kept their bigger opponents guessing.

Basketball is now coming into prominence and many veterans and grade school stars will comprise the blue and rose quintet.

Not only in athletics do we shine, but we are well represented in the Hi School orchestra by: Ruth Hoage, Harold Nelson, Pauline Planeich, Pearl Smith and Robert Johnson; violin, and Deibert Ruehy, clarinet.

Please remember that Miriam Elwell is Class Treasurer and takes care of your twenty-five cent dues, which all good Freshmen pay twice a year.
The first appearance of the Hi School Orchestra was made before the Parent Teachers' Association of the High School November, 1919. Two selections were rendered. Those present highly appreciated the fact that the Orchestra limited itself to two selections. The second appearance was before an "assembly" in which the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs staged a tremendous impression on those who had classes the next period. At that assembly Miss Rogers, leader of both Glee Clubs, closed the program with a vocal solo, which was encored many times. Another musical assembly is being planned in which more individual talent will be demonstrated.

December 6 the Washington School children presented a pageant, "Autumn Days," at the High School. The Orchestra rendered several selections.

The Orchestra, by the way, under the able instructions of Mr. Gerwick, is progressing very rapidly. Miss Helen Watson and Miss Mildred Bateson, are really doing wonderful work on the violin, accompanied, of course, by Miss Florence Willey. Those who entered this year also deserve much credit for the intense interest they take in making good.

An assembly was held November 11 at which Mr. Yantis made a splendid address commemorating Armistice Day.

The Young Folks Dancing Club gave a peppy dance in November. But the lack of Hi School dancers was certainly evident, as the floor was turned over almost entirely to the "U" crowd.

On Wednesday afternoon, November 24, we had an as-
assembly at which were presented, for the first time, our extraordinary Boys’ Glee Club and also the Girls’ Glee Club. Then our beloved Miss Rogers sang and played so well for that no one failed to realize what a genius we are losing.

Another of those ever good “hops” was staged Friday, the 28th of November, but the desired Hi School steppers were still absent. Do the Hi School bunch prefer movie shows to the hop?

A short assembly was held Wednesday afternoon, December third, at which Mr. Tyler gave an excellent address launching and advocating the sale of Red Cross seals.

A new, permanent institution, and voted by everyone a decided success, was introduced into the High School Friday evening. It was a sumptuous dinner given in the Cafeteria by the P. T. A. and a committee of senior and junior girls. Just ask the football boys about that grand fruit salad. From the way it “got by” it certainly decided the repetition of it each year. After the dinner, which was beautifully served by the girls, who were dressed in white, the boys elected the football captain for the next year.

YOU KNOW

She gripped the wheel and they sped away
Regardless of the traffic laws.
And the reckless pace caused the car to sway—
But, she couldn’t fall out, because—

'TIS TRUE

Mrs. Marshall came into Artie’s bedroom, where he was industriously using the punching bag.
Art: You kin guess, ma. Pete Otis took my girl to the movies.

At the beginning of the year Mr. Lidell was given one thousand iron boys to spend on furnishings for the sheet and metal works department. We have given our word of honor not to tell anyone about it, because other sections of the school might get jealous, but Mr. Lidell has already spent $1200 of the $1000 promised him, and he says he is going to spend the rest of it on easy chairs and davenports so the ladies will have something to lounge about on when visiting our department.

Say, girls, why can’t we get together on this proposition. About eleven o’clock every day as we toil at our benches the delicious smell of cooking is wafted to our part of the building. Now, if you will drop around occasionally with something to soothe our pangs of hunger we will guarantee to amuse you
while you are visiting us, and rest assured that you will receive a pressing invitation to return again.

Some of the boys are making some very strange things for sheet metal workers. For instance, Morford is making a hope chest. We wonder what he has to hope for except for the worst. Bullock and Hudson are making brass rings. May the best man win. Newt Grimm is turning out a loving cup. Fishback makes up a bunch of speeches. Artie makes love while the rest of us make lots of noise.

AN AD

He saw an ad from day to day,
And muttered: "I defy it;
Their stuff may be just what they say,
But I'm not going to buy it.''
As time wore on he made remarks
It would not do to mention,
For he was mad because that ad
Was forced to his attention.

But in a week, or two, or three,
He said: "There's no denying
The way that ad gets hold of me—
The stuff may be worth trying."
For just about a fortnight more
He dared mere words to win him,
And then the ad completely had
Aroused the spender in him.

Next day he drifted in a store
And quietly expended
A few big iron dollars for
The stuff the ad commended.
He found it filled a long-felt need;
Its excellence surprised him;
And now he's glad because the ad
So deftly hypnotized him. —Exchange

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

The Home Economics classes have made great headway the last few weeks, both in cooking and in sewing. The cooking is especially evident, as pleasant odors fill the halls just about noon time, so even if the rooms are on the third floor they are not the least noticeable.

The second year girls have been baking bread with very good results. It may not be "like mother used to make," but considering the inconveniences the girls are to be complimented. They are now getting ready for the luncheons, which will be served soon—so teachers be prepared to enjoy them when the time comes.

Menus will be planned and the dining room furnished for the luncheons during the next few weeks so the program for the girls is fairly complete.

He criticised her pudding,
And he criticised her cake,
He wished she'd make the biscuits
That his mother used to make.
She didn't wash the dishes,
She didn't make the stew,
She didn't mend the stockings
As his mother used to do.
When one day this man had growled
And whined the whole day thru
She took a course in cooking
As every good girl should do.
ALUMNI NOTES

Ray Lewis '16 who was recently discharged from the navy is employed by Max Findeisen.

Ted Naden '19 is attending Cornell and word was just received of his pledging to the Sigma Chi fraternity.

Gladys Holembl '19 is employed by the Loyal League of Washington, under the jurisdiction of Governor Hart.

Katherine Peters '19 is employed at Talcott Brothers.

A number of alumnae who are attending colleges near Olympia spent Thanksgiving at their homes, and are anticipating their Christmas holidays here.

Paul Avery '17 is employed at the Rose-Nepple Garage.

Maurice Springer '18 is attending the university and has pledged to the Delta Kappa Epsilon.

Grace Thompson '19 is taking a post graduate course.

Alice Jennings '18 is teaching at Chambers Prairie.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Springer are the proud parents of a baby boy, born November 19, 1919. Mrs. Springer, formerly Louise Hartson, graduated with the class of '14 and Clarence graduated with the class following.

Louis Benson is attending the University of Washington, and is pledged to the Lambda Chi Alpha.

EXCHANGES.

Several more schools have been added to our correspondence list—one away off in Milwaukee. (How our fame has traveled.) And again all but one of the various school publications are in the form of weekly newspapers. This fact makes it a little hard to pass judgment on their respective merits, for, being a school with a magazine, we have developed no standard by which to judge them. They emphasize school news at the cost of literary, art, and exchange departments. So it is largely through comparison with other papers received that we may make criticism.

"The Scroll"—Washington High School, Milwaukee, Wis. A beautifully organized magazine. Your whole staff is to be congratulated on their work. There is but one thing subject to criticism in the entire publication. In your "Locals" the notice of the death of a student is in no wise differentiated from the other items of that department.

"Willamette Collegian"—Willamette University, Salem, Ore. You have a regular paper,—the real thing. Fine school spirit. We hope you "pulverize Pacific."

"The Weekly Messenger"—Washington State Normal School, Bellingham. You seem to have hit a happy medium between a newspaper and a magazine, presenting your school news, and having a distinct "editorial" tone, as well. Your reporters do fine work.

"Student Opinion"—Washington State Normal School, Ellensburg; "Whitman College Pioneer"—Whitman College, Walla Walla, and additional numbers of "Reed College Quest"—Reed College, Portland, Ore., and the "Totem"—Lincoln High School, Seattle, were other papers received.
JOKE5

TEACHER'S NEXT MOVE

The boys of the schoolroom were lighting matches in school and the teacher got tired of it and put on the blackboard. "Don't light matches; remember the Chicago fire."

Little Johnny got to thinking and at the noon hour he erased what his teacher put on the blackboard and put in its place:

"Don't spit; remember the Ohio flood."

I had a girl,
She done me dirt,
I did not know
She was a flirt.
Them that's not schooled
Let me forbid,
To be so fooled
As I was did.

Doris Hall—Why are kisses like the creation?
Shyly Chambers—They are made of nothing and are very good.

Forestry Maid—And what, sir, are they manufacturing from that tree?
Hardy Lumberjack—They is making shakes out of that stuff.
Forestry Maid—Ah, I perceive. And do they market them to the modern dancers?

(Lines Overheard at any Dance)
"Look at them doing the shimmy."
"Really, you smoke too much."
"Somebody's coming—oh, Jimmy!"
"Helen? Oh, no; I'm in dutch."

"What is the piece that they're playing?"
"Haven't I met you before?"
"Gosh, I got in without paying."
"Thank you—I'll see you some more."

"Look at that man; he's been drinking."
"Oh, I'm so glad you cut in."
"There's Myrtle Parker—she's winking."
"Where in the world have you been?"

"Must you spend all your time kissing?"
"Listen to that for a jazz!"
"Dammit, my tickets are missing!"
"Gee, what a fast line she has!"

"Heavens! Don't squeeze me so tightly!"
"You have the seventeenth dance."
"So I just told him politely."
"When did you get back from France?"

"Why, it was simply delightful!"
"Oh, what a prickly old beard!"
"Gladys is perfectly spiteful."
"Goodness, that's just what I feared."

"Please, Mr. Hart, don't be silly."
"I have the next one with Tom."
"You've kissed my powder off, Billy."
"That was a peach of a dance."
One rainy afternoon Aunt Sue was explaining the meaning of various words to the young nephew.

"Now, an heirloom, my dear, means something that has been handed down from father to son," she said.

"Well," replied the boy, thoughtfully, "that's a queer name for my pants."

He told her that he loved her,
The color left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed for many weeks.

Mrs. Maloney was before the judge, charged with assault on Policeman Casey. She had been unusually attentive throughout the proceedings, and now the Judge was summing up the evidence.

"The evidence shows, Mrs. Maloney," he began, "that you threw a stone at Policeman Casey."

"It shows more than that, yer Honor," interrupted Mrs. Maloney; "it shows that or hit him."

Elderly Aunt—"I suppose you wondered, dear little Hans, why I left you so abruptly in the lane. I saw a man, and oh, how I ran!"

Hans—"Did you get him?"

Mistress—"Did the mustard plaster do you any good, Bridget?"

Maid—"Yes, but, begorry, mum, it do bite the tongue."

"Why is Jones growing a beard?"

"Oh, I believe his wife made him a present of some ties."

A cautious look around he stole,
His bag of chink he chunk;
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.

O. Bullock: "Why is a woman deformed when mending stockings?"

Allan White: "I'll be the goat, spring it."

O. B.: "Because her hands are where her feet ought to be."

Chas. Tyler (at Sunday School)—And the father of the prodigal son fell on his neck and wept. What did he weep for?

Doc Frye (brightly)—I guess you'd weep, too, if you fell on your neck!

Webb—When is a girl like a ship?
Lavery—When she is attached to a buoy.

Everything is ages old,
Everything's been said;
Everything that's known's been told,
By people who are dead.

But never mind about all that,
Just this one thing is true—
We have to have more jokes, and so
It's simply up to you.

She (to the conductor)—Which end of the car shall I alight from, kind sir?

He (Newt Grimm, the conductor)—It matters not, fair damsel, both ends stop.

Gent—How do you like that cigar I gave you, old man?
For 200 bands off that brand they give you a gramophone?

Gentleman—You don't say! If I smoked 200 of those cigars I wouldn't need a gramophone; I'd want a harp.

Four hundred million lives exist
On one square yard of ground.
Four hundred million forms have plenty
Room to turn around.

"Great, holy, sufferin' catfish, Bill,
Do them poor things wear pants?"

"Of course not, nuts, it's only just
A little hill of ants."

"Boys," said the Sunday School teacher to his class, "you should never swear or get angry or excited. I never do. Now to illustrate, you see that little fly on my nose. A good many men would get angry at that fly, but I don't, I never lose my temper. I simply say: 'Go away, fly—go away!' l-x-b-x Confound it; it's a wasp!"
Pete Otis: "Maxine, why is a kiss like scandal?"
Maxine: "I don't know."
F. O.: "Why it goes from mouth to mouth."

Wilfred was sitting upon her father's knee watching his mother arranging her hair.
"Papa hasn't any Marcel waves like that," said the father, laughingly. Wilfred looking up at his father's bald pate, replied: "Nope; no waves; it's all beach!"

"All right on behind there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.
"Hold on!" cried a shrill voice.
"Wait till I get my clothes on!"
The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.

Bob Clarke: "What can I get in a pair of shoes?"
Clerk: "Your feet if we have shoes large enough."

"I pay as I go," declared the pompous citizen.
"Not while I'm running these apartments," declared the janitor. "You'll pay as you move in."

Waldo Stentz: "I wonder how many girls will be disappointed when I marry?"
Ottmar Kotiek: "How many do you intend to marry?"

Fishback: "Is it true that wine will bleach people's hair?"
Kisor: "Sure. I've seen lots of people, including myself, made light headed with it!"

Waldo: "May I leave a few tracts?" (Buckeye recipe books.)
Lady: "Certainly you may, leave them with the heels toward the house, please."

Pogy: "Do you like to fish?"
Jean: "I should say I do."
Pogy: "What do you catch the most?"
Jean (perfectly innocent): "Oh, I seem to catch Pogies the easiest."

Mr. Brown: Sorensen, did you whisper today?
Sorensen—Yes, wunst.
Mr. Brown—Strock, should Sorenson have said wunst.
Strock—No, he should have said twist.

Toastmaster (to chairman of public dinner)—Would you like to propose your toast now, my lord, or should we let 'em enjoy themselves a bit longer?

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Quality
Exclusiveness
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Before an individual of limited means can invest money systematically he must first learn to save it systematically.
The first step in financial progress is education in saving. It precedes and prepares the way for everything else.
Knowledge of how to figure interest is of no particular value if you never have an investment to figure interest upon for your own advancement.
The way to have this investment is to begin saving now, in which undertaking this bank offers you every facilitating encouragement.

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OLYMPIA, WASH.

Miriam E.: "Jinny, why is a lawyer like a restless sleeper?"
H. Lord: "I don't know."
M. E.: "Why first he lies on one side and then on the other."

Christy: "Why are your cheeks like a span of horses, Jinny?"
Jinny: "Why? Don't keep me in suspense."
Christy: "Because there is one on each side of a wagin' tongue."

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Olympia, Washington

Phone 533

A college professor noted for his concentration of thought, returned home from a scientific meeting one night, still pondering deeply upon the subject that had been discussed.

As he entered his room he heard a noise that seemed to come from under the bed.

"Is there some one there?" he asked absently.

"No, professor," answered the intruder, who knew of his peculiarities.

"That's strange," muttered the professor, "I was almost sure I heard some one under the bed.

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For Ladies and Gents.
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Allen—I want the life of Caesar.
Mr. Hitt—Sorry, but Brutus got it long ago.

Mr. McClelland—Why is A B C a triangle?
Pupil—Gosh, can't I see it?

THE OXFORD BOWLING ALLEYS
BILLIARS
POOL
TOBACCO
and
and
CIGARS

A milliner endeavored to sell to a colored woman one of
the last season's hats at a very moderate price. It was a big
white picture hat.
"Law, no honey!" exclaimed the woman. "I could nevah
wear that, I'd look jes' like a blueberry in a pan of milk."

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511 Main Street
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Auto Accessories Free Delivery
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A lady going out for the day locked everything up carefully and for the grocer's benefit left a card on the back door.
"All out. Don't leave anything," it read.
On her return she found her house ransacked and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added,
"Thanks, we haven't left much."

"We Don't Please Everybody—But We Try."
SHOES OF ALL KINDS.
Moderate Prices.
EKREM SHOE COMPANY
423 MAIN STREET.

"I want some cigars for my husband for Christmas."
"What kind, madam?"
"Well, I don't know exactly; but he is a middle aged man and always dresses in black."

Save Now or Suffer Later

That's the ultimatum facing the person who is spending—instead of SAVING these days.
High earning power and low buying power combine to give the best reason in the world for a person "pinching the pennies."

Building a big bank account here at the Olympia National Bank is about the most profitable thing you can do with your money.

Olympia National Bank

"The Bank of Service and Courtesy."

A mountaineer of one of the back counties of North Carolina was arraigned with several others for illicit distilling.
"Defendant," said the court, "what is your name?" "Joshua," was the reply.
"Are you the man who made the sun stand still?"
Quick as a flash came the answer: "No, sir; I am the man who made the moonshine still."

Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady at dessert if he would not venture on an orange. "Madame," he replied, "I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

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"Uncle Toby was aghast at finding a strange darky with
his arm around Mandy's waist.

"Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his ahm 'way from round
yo' waist," he indignantly commanded.

"Tell him yo'self," said Mandy indignantly. He's a puf-
fect stranger to me."

White Cross Dental Offices

Dr. W. L. Gregg, Mgr.

Phone 564. Olympia National Bank Bldg.

The inventor of a new feeding bottle for infants sent out
the following among his directions for using:

"When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed
and laid in a cool place under the hydrant. If the baby does
not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."

"Cy" Taxi

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C. Nommensen

Wm. M. Evarts asked by a lady if he did not think that
woman was the best judge of women, he replied: "Not only
the best judge, madam, but the best executioner."

Benevolent Gentleman: "My little boy, have you no better
way to spend this beautiful afternoon than by standing in
front of the gate, idling away your time?"

Boy: "I ain't idling away my time. There's a chump in-
side with my sister who is paying me ten cents an hour to
watch for pa."

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Mills & Cowles

SPALDING'S
SPORTING GOODS

A spunky little mule was trying to throw his dark rider and in kicking about caught his foot in a stirrup, upon which the darky cried out in frightened tones, "Say, if you se gwine to get on, I'se gwine to git off."

"Now, Tommy," said Mrs. Bull, "I want you to be good while I'm out."

"I'll be good for a nickel," replied Tommy.

"Tommy," she said, "I want you to remember that you can not be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

Prince's
CHRISTMAS CANDIES
LUNCHEONS

"Mr. Brown," said the lady at a festival, "Won't you buy a bouquet to present to the lady you love?"

"That wouldn't be right," replied Coach Brown, "I'm a married man.

Lamborn: "Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows?"

C. Dickenson: "You win, brother, what's the answer?"

Lamborn: "Because they can't go off without a beau and are all in a quiver 'till they get one."

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