LA TAUSCA PEARLS
and ADD-A-PEARLS

The
Easter Gift For Her

TALCOTT BROTHERS
Jewelers and Opticians.

A tap of the toe
— And it's ready to go

WHEN help is so scarce and so high-priced,
to glide a Hoover one's self is an econom-
ical solution of the cleaning problem. Without
its seeming to be work, the carpets are thoroughly
beaten, swept and suction cleaned, crushed nap is
straightened and colorings given new life—all in a
brief interval.

THE HOOVER
ELECTRIC SUCTION SWEEPER

Only The Hoover, however beats and sweeps besides vacuum cleaning.
Its patented Beating-Sweeping features are the reason. So superior is The
Hoover that it far outsells all others and its makers have become the
world's largest. We invite you to a demonstration.

OLYMPIA LIGHT & POWER CO.

Olympia Door Co.
SECOND AND JEFFERSON STREETS.
PHONE 78.

Lumber and Mill Work. Get Our Prices.

Mill Wood—Green & Seasoned

J. F. Kearney & Co.
GROCERS

Phones 780-781-782. 427 Main Street.
OLYMPIA DAIRY PRODUCTS CO.

BUTTER, ICE CREAM,
MILK AND CREAM

DEALERS IN BUTTERMILK AND COTTAGE
CHEESE. SEPARATORS.

J. L. JORGENSEN.

316 WATER STREET. PHONE 10.

FOR
Lumber : Lath : Shingles
GLASS, WINDSHIELDS, BOXES AND
GENERAL MILL WORK

Go To
Buchanan Lumber Co.

FOURTH AND WATER STREETS.
PHONE 412.

OLYMPUS
Published Quarterly By Students of the Olympia High School
OLYMPIA WASHINGTON
Vol. XVII. No. 2

CONTENTS
SPRING NUMBER--1919

"A Tale of Old Crow Creek" .................. 5
"The Love Affairs of Susie Perkins" ........... 11
"Spring Is Here" ................................ 16
"How Did Skinny's Father Know?" ............ 19
Editorial ........................................... 25
Athletics .......................................... 27
Society ............................................. 29
French Club Notes ................................. 30
Music .............................................. 31
Manual Training ................................ 33
Home Economics ................................ 34
Cheenakeetah Campfire .......................... 32
Senior Notes ...................................... 35
Junior Notes ...................................... 37
Sophomore Notes ................................ 38
Freshmen Notes ................................ 39
Alumni ............................................. 40
Exchanges ........................................ 41
Jokes ............................................... 42
A Tale of Old Crow Creek

A mid-winter day was ending in Crow Creek, Sioux Indian Reservation. Behind low hills the sun had hid and the mysterious gloom of a winter night was coming down, palpitant with whispers and tiny breezes. They swirled the snowflakes into a mad dance about some weary ranchman, stinging his face, taunting him, bewildering him, teasing him, leading him on, struggling with desperate strength through the blizzard, stumbling and falling, until, his nerve gone, an overpowering desire for sleep and rest and warmth forces him to his knees. Then in abject surrender lying down on the snowy carpet, he is finally buried in the white shroud of winter death. Soon the wind dies away in a plaintive murmuring and the stars come out in the clean-swept sky.

The snow lay everywhere this evening, seeming a dead thing. In the woods the trees were naked; pitiful they looked in their bareness. Indian tepees were scattered in their midst, and sometimes a log cabin, a rare sight, stood in a clearing with a wisp of smoke issuing from its top. In the Agency, lights began to appear in various buildings. The mess hall and the hospital were bright; the dormitories showed a few glints behind closed shutters; the Government hotel with its long low front and many windows, thru which showed the light of wall lamps, was the most conspicuous building, while the Post Trader’s large store stood out with its brilliantly illuminated interior. A few belated Indians could be seen within pawing over trinkets, fascinated by loud colors and bizarre patterns. And so another night had fallen, fraught perhaps with the breath of adventure.

The lounging room of the Government hotel was a plain, ugly place. The walls were covered with green paper and a calendar or two hung on them. In one corner there was a counter and a desk, and in the center of the room was a pot-bellied stove at red heat. At the present moment it was the center of attention. Chairs were ranged around it, creaking under the bulk of hardy plainsmen and teetotum Indians. The room was filled with a blue haze of tobacco smoke, provoking stifled coughs from a boy of about fourteen who sat in a dark-
ened corner away from the stove, listening to tales from the men gathered about it.

There were Burns, the plump travelling man; Courtright, the manager of the company which was to build the new girls' dormitory in the spring; Charles Le Croix, a French-Canadian breed with the best education and the vilest mouth of anyone there; John Little Elk, a brown, squat, wrinkled Indian in a baggy blue suit, Chief of the Indian police; Charlie Ross, a young man who wore curiously wide pantaloons, and Uncle Lee Merrill, a lank, long-mustached Southerner. "Uncle Lee is the best of any of these," thought the boy in the corner. "All the rest do is boast, but Uncle Lee never talks; he does things." Such were the thoughts of Barry Lathrop, the son of the manager of the hotel.

The supper gong sounded (in Crow Creek it was always supper at night, for dinner came at noon), the men rose lazily from their chairs, and one by one filed into the dining room. It was a large, oblong room with yellow wall-paper and frequent oil lamps. There were two tables in it: one, which almost extended the length of the room, was for the Indians; the other, extending the width of the room, was for the whites alone. It was placed close to the front windows, enabling diners to look up the road to the Agency store, the Catholic church, and behind these the few foothills, which in summer time would be covered with delicate flowers and wild-rose bushes.

At the present time the Agency store alone could be distinguished, by the lights in it. Barry ran to his Uncle to be placed next to him. Mrs. Lathrop came in to take her place at the head of the table, and to minister to her guests. She was a slight woman with a pretty face and a wonderful manner which set you at ease immediately. In truth, she was not at all the women you would expect to find in a ramshackle Government hotel which dated from the sixties.

The boy looked upon the table with evident distaste. "Mammy," he said, "ain't you ever going to have anything but fried potatoes and canned corn and beanc for supper?" "Barry," she answered, "you'll have to make the best of it. you're not in the East any more, where Grandma can fill you with doughnuts and waffles and banana cream pie and cake." Then she closed the door.

Mr. Lathrop was not there, having driven to Chamberlain to see his brother on various matters. There was not much talk going on at the table, the men being preoccupied with filling their stomachs. Food was shoveled into their mouths in wholesale quantities. It was plain that Horace Fletcher and his dental gymnastics were unknown here. But after the business of eating was over they leaned back in their chairs and talked. They were interesting too, these men from all over the States—not native sons, narrow and provincial in outlook, who lived merely in their little state-world. Le Croix had been to Europe and taken courses in the best universities, Courtright was a middle class Englishman of democratic instincts, Ross a Scotchman from "Glasgow way," and Burns' domicile was in Chicago.

The night grew late as they sat and told their tales, and it was all that Barry could do to keep his eyes open. The tables had long ago been cleared and the Indians, with the exception of Little Elk, had been scattered. The wind had risen and like a terrible monster spirit moaned around the house. It reminded Barry of the poem his mother had read him about the wind with its "'Who-o-o-o'—it groaned and whistled in high notes and died. It shrieked like a demon of the air with tremendous wings flying through the black sky; it spoke like a human being, it rose in volume like the tone of an unearthly organ, it sounded like the clashing of swords, it cried like a coyote on the plains, and as swiftly hastened away. The wind seemed to vibrate on some hidden chord in Barry's being, to take him out of the present and into the never ending night of eternity, "knowing neither time nor space."

"It'll be my guess," spoke up Burns, "that we'll be havin' a rarin' tarin' ol' blizzard 'fore morning and I bet I won't be able to get to towp tomorrow."

"Sometimes," murmured Le Croix, with an air of prophecy, "I'm going to leave this God-forsaken spot with its horrible winters and go to a warmer place."

"I don't doubt but what you will," laughed Ross. "Perhaps you'll go to a warmer place than you desire."

Merrill rose and swinging Barry up into his arms, said, "I've got to get this kid off to bed or his mother'll raise the dickens with me. I'm going to hit the hay."

"Me too," grunted Little Elk, and the others also left
Mrs. Lathrop answered, "Of course, but take good care they don't leave unexpectedly, this old place would never do for a jail."

Barry from a seat by the fire watched them. Parmley was plainly tired out, the bootleggers looked done up, but not half as dejected as he supposed they would.

Lee led them to a room off the office where there were two beds. He made a bunk for Parmley on the floor. There was one window in the room facing the woods. The men stripped off their boots, rolled under the blankets and to all appearances went to sleep in a trice.

Upstairs Barry lay in his bed, unable to sleep for excitement. Two bootleggers under the same roof with him! They had not looked much different than anyone else. He had always imagined such men to be different in some way, but he could not tell, perhaps meaner, grimmer, more gigantically terrible. There was no romance to these. One was young, hardly over twenty, he thought, but from rough life on the plains looked much older. The other was a stocky man with a fat face, sneering lips. His eyes were bad, shifty, faded, whitish blue eyes. Perhaps the young one wasn't as bad as the other one. And it was true, he was not. Easy money or the prospects of it had drawn him into the game. He had no definite sense of right and wrong and as he lay on his cot he mentally vowed never to try bootlegging again. Not because he thought it was a crime, but because he wished to avoid such positions as he was now in. No, not on his tinfoil, he wasn't going to do another stunt like this and risk the "pen." He had heard Whitey tell of the "pen," and curse it over and over again. If only he could get away; he'd go straight. God, he hated the thought of the "pen." Its confinement, how did anybody stand it? As he turned these thoughts over and over in his mind his companion in crime gently touched him. "Keep quiet, old Parm's sawing wood I think," he whispered. "We can get out of the dump in a jiffy and beat it to Yellow Dog's cabin in the woods. He'll get us across the river and then we can make a run for it." He said this in a moment, in much less time than it takes to tell it. He rose up cautiously. The marshal never stirred. It was pardonable, in the condition he was in. The shifty-eyed one pulled on his boots in a second, the younger doing like-
wise. It was but the work of a moment to lift the weak sash and jump out. The wind had died away and a million stars hung complacently in the sky. They seemed like guardians. Perhaps it is true that each one of us has a star, for as the two stood for an instant in the snow, a star fell flaming in the sky. One was to fall—who? A few yards away were the woods, a dark mass of shadows in the night.

(To Be Continued.)

SO TO SPEAK.

A progressive young fellow left the farm and got a job in the city. He wrote a letter to his brother, who elected to stick by the farm, telling of the joys of city life, in which he said: "Thursday we ante'd out to the country club, where we golfed until dark. Then we motored to the beach and fished there."

The brother on the farm wrote back: "Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we went to Med's and pokered till morning. Today we muled out to the corn field and gee-hawed until sundown. Then we supped and then we piped for a while. After that we staircased up to our room and bedstended until the clocked fixed."

The Love Affairs of Susie Perkins

"Gee, I'm lonesome, awfully sad,
It's a long, long time since I've been glad,
But I know what I'll do by and by
I'll eat some worms and then I'll die;
And when I'm dead you just wait and see,
They'll all be sorry that they picked on me."

Thus sang Susie Perkins, drawing out the last two lines so that they would have been pitiful if the listener didn't own a sense of humor. Now our heroine possessed three foremost distinctions which will be here set forth. First, a bunch of straw colored hair which was always hanging artistically around her face and was usually in her eyes, which, by the way, were blue and watery. Second, a voice that sounded like a saw which had lost all but one tooth and was bewailing the fact by breaking the heart of some innocent log. Third, last but not least, two feet that were continually trying to trip each other up and often succeeded, much to the disgust of Susie and the amusement of the spectators.

Up till about two weeks before this story opened Susie had been a perfectly sane, happy person, contented with her job as a helper in "The Golden Rule," the best hotel in Moorville (and the only one). Hiram Beaker, the hired man on the adjoining farm was keeping company with her and she had considered him "perty smart." But one day in the last of September her peace of mind was destroyed and her quiet manner of living was entirely upset. One reason was that Miss Reed, the new school teacher, had arrived the first of the month and had caused a considerable stir in the society of Moorville. Being a quiet, pretty little thing with smart
clothes and nice manners she became immediately the center of much envy and admiration.

Since Miss Reed’s advent Susie had been trying to copy her clothes and succeeded in making a dress of bright green trimmed with red, which resembled her model insomuch as they both had ruffles in the back.

The real cause of the perturbed state of mind, however, was the coming to Moorville of David Stockton from the city of New York. He made the little town his headquarters while painting a series of pictures for one of his wealthy patrons. His arrival caused Susie to renew her efforts in remodeling her wardrobe and of all the creations any dressmaker ever turned out for novelty and unusualness she had them all outclassed. Her feelings toward Hiram even seemed to undergo a serious change and he couldn’t account for her attitude toward him. He still came to see her regularly on Saturday night, but she was always touchy and would study him awhile and then look off into space without explaining her silence.

The reason for all this change was that Susie, though keeping company with Hiram, found her ideal embodied in David Stockton and she was struck still worse because he was an artist. Had she but known that the worthy gentleman had already become infatuated with Miss Reed she would have been spared considerable trouble and loss of sleep. But as it was she continued on her path of dreams and often peeled potatoes and put the potatoes in the garbage can and boiled the jackets. Such is the way of love!

Whenever David happened to be present at the hotel table and Susie had to wait on him she could almost hear his heart beat. She became so agitated one evening while serving that she poured half a glass of water down his neck. He took it like a gentleman though and endeared himself to her just that much more.

Finally things came to such a pass that Hiram decided to do something desperate. Each day it became plainer and more apparent that Susie was losing her regard for him and for no accountable reason. Going to her one evening he said, “Lookit here, Susie, I don’t know what is the matter with you and me, but if you are riled again me ‘cause I’m chewing tobacco I can fix that. I lived onet without and I reckon as how I can agin, so if it’ll please you any I’ll quit now, by heck.”

This was quite a concession for Hiram to make and Susie knew and appreciated the fact, but she soon forgot about his unselfishness in the excitement of watching for the return of David. Hiram went away swearing softly to himself and more unhappy than when he came.

The events of that night will long be remembered by the people of Moorville. There was enough excitement to wake the natives and furnish them a topic of conversation for some weeks to come. But the strangest part of it all was that Susie was responsible for it.

After Hiram left she sat for some time looking out into the night, then began closing the windows preparatory to retiring to her room in the attic. The electric lights which the hotel boasted were not connected with her room so she had to use an ordinary lamp. Noticing that the lamp was nearly empty she brought the oil can in and filled it and while thinking about her darling David thoughtlessly set it on the stove and went to her room.

About eleven o’clock that night the oil which had been gradually heated finally exploded with a terrible noise which was heard all over the town and brought people rushing from all directions to the hotel, which was by that time in flames. Before the one-horse fire engine arrived on the scene the citizens made futile attempts to extinguish the fire in the rear of the hotel with garden hose and such, but they made no headway.

The proprietor and his family ran from the building in their night clothes, but the spectators did not have time nor the inclination to laugh at their appearance. In fact, they were getting anxious about the three other people in the building, for Miss Reed, David and Susie. They could not understand why they didn’t leave the hotel because it was really dangerous for anyone to approach it on account of the flying splinters and debris.

David, bursting from the door fully dressed, explained
his delay. He began asking wildly for "Helen." All of the people were anxious to tell him that she was in the building yet and he finally learned from the excited chatter of several women what they were trying to tell him. Avoiding the restraining hands of the crowd he rushed back into the hotel, and was soon engulfed in the smoke and darkness of the fire.

Helen had of course been awakened by the explosion, but when she had recovered from the shock she found that part of the ceiling of the kitchen had been blown off and since her room was directly over it the smoke and flames were pouring into her room. She struggled to the door and managed to gain the hall, but there she was overcome by the heat and dropped in a dead faint on the floor of the hall.

What had become of our heroine during all of this excitement? Susie had been rudely awakened from a lovely dream by being forcibly thrown on the floor and she was too stunned for a time to comprehend the seriousness of her situation. Then in a flash she understood the reason for her sudden fall in the world when she thought of the oil she had left on the stove. Running to the door she flung it open and ran down the attic stairs. Just as she reached the bottom the last step gave away and she fell in such a position that she sprained or broke her ankle. Susie was within about five feet of Helen Reed and a sudden horror came over her, would she have to lie there and watch Helen burn to death?

Before she had time to ponder this long however she heard someone running up the stairs and recognized the figure of David Stockton with his arm up over his face. Her first thought was, "Why, he is coming to save me." There flashed into her mind a scene in a movie she had seen with Hiram some time before. The tall, handsome hero ran into the burning mansion and finding his sweetheart, he had picked her up tenderly and carried her out of the fire. So following the example of the heroine in the picture Susie figuratively tained. Her heart beat wildly when she thought of being rescued by David and she waited impatiently for him to reach her. What was her surprise and dismay then when he passed right by her, and going to Helen Reed, carried her away. "Why, I don't believe he cares for me at all," Susie sobbed. Realizing that she must get out of the hotel soon if she wished to live Susie began calling wildly and was not at all surprised when the name she called turned out to be "Hiram."

As if in answer to her call Hiram came rushing madly up the stairs and joyfully picked Susie up and carried her away as tenderly as the hero had in the movie. Everyone sent up a cheer when they almost fell out of the building in their haste. It was well for them that they had got out when they had because about three minutes later the frame work of the Moorville hotel fell in ruins.

During the weeks which followed, Susie had plenty of time to ponder her love affairs and came to the same conclusion that artists were not made for her and made Hiram supremely happy by setting their wedding in December. After her period of convalescence from the shock she had sustained and had fully recovered from her burns, Susie went around with a light heart and her tone had changed from "Nobody Loves Me" to "K-K-Katy, Beautiful Katy."

—B. C., '20.

THE OLD, OLD SCANDAL.

"Take this seat, my dear,"

Winter bowed politely;

"I get off just here."

Spring accepted brightly.

With a jolt, ear-splitting,

Stopped the ear—and bang!

There was Winter sitting

In the lap of Spring!—Ex.
Spring is here, and in her retinue are to be found not only blue skies and bird notes and scattered flowers, but a goodly assortment of inspirations, particularly poetical. (Alliteration unintentional.) It is just one of the symptoms of spring fever prevalent among temperamental individuals. We feel a not-to-be-squelched impulse to warble on in rhymed words of woods and pools and clouds and love—oh, anything. We find that several among us have been favored with visitations of the Muse. Note the prevalence of this impulse among the Juniors.

A HARP WE PLAY.

The plan of Life is a golden harp, and the string on which we play
Is ours by the right of the life we've lived from our birth to our dying day.
Perhaps the string is a string of gold—if the heart is clean and true,
And we've lived the life that was given us in the best way that we knew;
Perhaps the cord is a silver one, if our life has not been wrong—
Or a gilded one as our life is gilt—has been one weak, silly song.
Sometimes our string makes harsh discord with notes of neighboring strings,

They flat or sharp in disregard of the strain that our heart sings.
And no one else may strike our chord—it, we, ourselves, can't buy—
Its value measured by our deeds—it's not ours for a lie.
So strike your note of Life so clear that it may echo wake,
And at the close of your span on earth a golden cord may break.

MAUD MULLER.

(With Apologies to Whittier.)
Maud Muller on a summer morn
Heard the toot of an auto horn;
She saw the judge go whizzing past
And said, “Gee, ain't he goin' fast!”

The judge he saw her standing there
And admired her face and auburn hair.
He stopped his bus, requesting a drink.
“Surely,” she said, and her face turned pink.

She lowered the bucket down into the well,
The water was cold and as clear as a bell.
She set a cup within his reach,
He took a swig and thought, “Some peach.”

He cranked his bus and grabbed the wheel,
And threw her a kiss from his automobile.
She set her teeth and never flinched,
But took his number and had him pinched.
—O. K., '20.

What's the use of anything
Everything means you?
If I can't have everything
Then anything won't do.
—J. B., '20.
A BALLAD OF FAR CATHAY.

When I was king in far Cathay
And you were a maiden fair
I rescued you from a robber band,
Thou of the golden hair.
We fled away in the dead of night
Through the desert of Burning Sand
The stars above heard my pledge of love
As we raced to the Flow'ry land.

The dawn had broke from the eastern sky
Like a lass' blushing cheek,
The birds sang soft in their nests aloft
A lullaby low and meek.
There on the brow of a rocky mount
With a steep road winding down
My castle stood with its stony walls,
And the donjon high and brown.

We climbed the trail to the postern gate
And the ponderous door swung wide,
"Our lord has come," is the vassals' cry,
"And he hath brought his bride."

—Edw. A., '20. (He hopes).

THE FOREST.

In a forest is a pool
Where the water sparkles cool,
Where the trees so tall and green
And graceful forms are often seen.
With cheery sunbeams from the sky
Little birds are flitting by,
Giving forth to one and all
Their golden voices which enthrall.
Would that I were ever there
Midst the joy and balmy air.

—M. O., '20.

How Did Skinny's Father Know?

"Ma," said Skinny Martin, as he sat down to the supper table, "I'm goin' to learn ta hop."
"Hop!" His mother really seemed surprised. "Why, Raymond, I should think you would know how to hop by this time. You've hopped around here all your life."
Skinny stuffed his mouth full of beans to hide his look of disgust at his mother's ignorance.
"Aw, I don't mean hop. I mean dance!"
It was his father's turn to look up.
"Why all the sudden wiggular aspirations?" he asked, scrutinizing his son's face and easily recognizing the red that crept into Skinny's face and neck.
"Why-a-heck. A feller's gotta learn sometime, don't he?" vainly attempting to hide his mounting red in an enormous mouthful of macaroni and cheese.
Mr. Martin winked significantly at his wife.
"And who is going to teach you, Ray?" he asked, casually. Skinny was encouraged.
"You said once that ma was quite a hopper. Maybe she'll teach me."
"Of course I will," said Mrs. Martin, catching another wink from her husband. "When do you want to take your first lesson?"
"Oh, any time between now and Saturday," by this time wholly at his ease. "We're going to have a little hop then, and—oh yes," as if recalling a prepared speech, "I want to beat Tub Harris sure. He's always boastin' of his superior knowledge, but this'll take the wind out of his sails. Gee! He sure thinks he knows it," and from no other cause than that Skinny's face got red again.
"To be sure, to be sure," said his father, pretending not to notice.
Skinny got up from the table and reached for his cap.
"I gotta go up town and see Bill Downs," he said, and disappeared.
Mrs. Martin looked at her husband across the table.

"Do you suppose that Raymond's in love?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Martin. "But don't worry. It'll do him good. Besides, he won't last long."

Skinny indeed was in love. Head-over, head-over heels in love. As he strolled up town on that lovely June evening, his thoughts centered entirely upon a comely young maiden, who rejoiced in the voluptuous cognomen of Lorinda Winderall, and who had come to stay two weeks—precious, precious weeks, that Skinny—at the home of her friend, Betty Moore.

Skinny strolled up within half a block of the Moore household and gazed languishingly at the front window.

"Lucky, lucky window," he breathed softly. "If you only knew what a jewel, beautiful sparkling jewel, you guard tonight! You just can't appreciate it, old top. I wish I had half that chance."

A loud sigh escaped his lips, and his head drooped slowly downward as a look of intense suffering spread over his features. His neck cramped, and he straightened up with a jerk.

"I wish she'd come out," he muttered, as he glanced again at the window. As if the gods willed it, the door opened and two young ladies stepped out, advanced to the street and came straight toward Skinny. Skinny's heart leaped. He felt that a stirring event in his life was about to take place, and so it was. As the girls drew nearer, his feet seemed possessed with a desire to escape, and Skinny, unable to resist, consequently found himself behind a bush before he was aware of defeat. The young ladies passed unsuspectingly by, and Skinny, depressed to the lowest stages of mortification, slunk home, entered the back door and crawled up stairs to bed.

But it was wonderful how one's spirits revive over night. Skinny discovered this fact as soon as he awoke the next morning. The event of the night before seemed to him as a fanciful result of ignorance and juvenile cowardice owing to extreme youth. But now he knew more. He was older and more experienced. He'd show 'em. Just wait till he learned to hop. He'd take his first lesson today. Yes, this morning—no, right now. And so, feeding his mind with delightful visions—the one predominating being of himself and his lovely Lorinda gliding over the polished floor with the ease and grace of a swan, while the crowded galleries looked on with awe and admiration, especially Tub Harris. He hopped down stairs with a peculiar swaying motion of his head and shoulders, his right arm forming a small circle with his stomach, the size of which varied inversely as the magnitude of the vision, his left projected stiffly out to the side, while his feet propelled him with measured steps toward the kitchen. Just outside the door he resumed his natural shape plus a very satisfied expression, opened the door and accosted his mother, who was preparing breakfast. Needless to say, Skinny quitted the kitchen still ignorant of the Terpsichorean art, but with the promise of instruction at 2 o'clock that afternoon. Skinny was "there with bells," and had been since half-past one. Thirty minutes later, beautiful Terpsichore had lowered considerably in his estimation, and it was but the perpetual vision itself that coaxed him to the parlor each afternoon for a lesson. To attempt an explanation of his improvement would be an infinitely small task, as there is almost nothing to be told. And yet, Skinny continued to dream dreams of Paradise and to think mighty thoughts of self-adornment in adventure and romance.

Saturday night came at last. The instant Skinny awoke that morning he was aware of that peculiar sensation that seems to penetrate the very bones when one awakes on the morning of a long-looked-for day. He dressed quickly and rushed down stairs to breakfast. His father perceived with a grim Skinny's jubilant spirits, and flashed a wink at his wife. It was almost becoming a habit with Mr. Martin to close his eyes at his wife when Skinny was around.

About 10 o'clock Skinny went up town carrying a surplus of energy that just had to be let out on something. The fated object of this overflow was a group of boys, standing on a street corner, in deep discussion. Skinny ambled up at about 12 miles per hour, and whacked the nearest with all his force between the shoulder blades.

"Look out! Gosh, man! Gee! Look out! Whadya doin' there anyway? Want ta kill a guy? I'm no punchein' bag," and the afflicted rubbed his back with vehemence, scowling blackly at Skinny.

"Aw, gwan, tender. That's nothin' but a little love tap," Skinny here displayed a mixed expression of disgust and superiority.
"Love tap, huh? Believe me, boy, I'd hate to be your Jane. She'd look as if she went thru a washin' machine before she even realized ya wanted to get acquainted."

The discussion had halted at Skinny's dramatic entrance, but now that the stricken man had almost recovered, it was pursued with renewed interest.

"What's the news? Let a guy in on it, won't cha? Don't be hogs."

As the result of this request, Skinny was excitedly informed of a "new guy" who had recently appeared and who was creating a formidable impression upon the young men inhabitants of the town, in that he wore the most fashionable clothes; possessed features judged (by the boys) as pleasing to the feminine eye; strolled about with a cigarette hanging from his lower lip (a special trait enviable to all youths), and, on the whole, apparently hailing from the city.

"Where is he? Show me 'em," said Narcissus.

"There he is. See? Over there in front of the poolroom," and immediately all eyes turned toward the cynosure. "Huh!" said Skinny, and his feeling of disdain made itself manifest upon his features. "So that's him, is it? Huh! What does he know about war? He never combed his hair with a whistling bullet."

"Just look at him swing his cane and puff his pill, would ya," said a little fellow who had hardly acquired perfect manipulation of the "joy stick," therefore watching enviously the ease of manner in which his model emitted large puffs of smoke.

"Huh," grunted Skinny again, the look of contempt spreading into a sneer. "That poor crumb couldn't smoke clover without burnin' off his eyelashes," and the fearful scowl that followed bid fair to change Skinny's features permanently.

The next instant he felt a hand grab his arm.

"Look, Skinny! Look! There comes your Jane." Skinny's heart jumped and his knees weakened. "Huh? Where? Well, I'll be jiggered," and his face turned a beautiful maroon. It was indeed the young lady whom Skinny much admired, and her hostess, Betty Moore. They were on the opposite side of the street and walking toward the young man whom all but Skinny envied. As the girls approached, the model, catching sight of them, straightened up, felt his tie, brushed an imaginary speck off his coat and began to energetically twirl his cane, which at the right moment left his hand (accidentally, of course) and deposited itself upon the sidewalk immediately in front of the two young ladies. (It was a good act and deserves honorable mention.) With a blush, an apology and a smile the young gentleman stepped forward and plucked his cane from the sidewalk, tipping his hat and murmuring something to the effect of "How awkward of me." He then stepped back with a bow, and having finished his part, 'till next time, he retired within the pool hall.

Skinny and his gang observed all this with open mouth, especially Skinny. His jaw dropped when "his fondest hope" smiled in acknowledgment of the gallant gentleman's apology. The small boy possessed sufficient knowledge of jingling hearts to realize the decrease in motion at that moment going on in Skinny's breast, sought to comfort with, "Gee, Skinny, she smiled at 'im, didn't she? Maybe you'll get 'er back tonight at the hop, though."

Instead of being comforted, as was intended, Skinny's face again assumed a most decidedly gloomy expression. His mouth closed and opened, and there came forth: "Get 'er back? Say, guy. How can I get 'er back when I never had cr, never even wanted 'er? Tell me that, will ya?" And Skinny turned away in disgust barely in time to miss the knowing grins of sympathy that spread themselves over the faces of his comrades.

But Skinny did "want 'er" badly. With the idea of intoxicating manliness, he retired immediately after supper to the bedroom, to prepare an especially elaborate toilet. He contemplated application of his father's razor, but after a prolonged and careful study of his lineaments, he concluded that it was as yet unnecessary. Still the obliteration of those pimples on his chin would be an improvement. Needless to say—I leave it to the boys—that after a great deal of rubbing, picking and squeezing, Skinny gave up in despair and turned to more possible attainments. Things proceeded smoothly up to "tie tying time." Here Skinny lost a great amount of perspiration, a cuss word or so, and a vast amount of patience before he gained a suitable looking knot, a dirty collar, and a couple of torn ties.
At last, satisfactorily attired, Skinny started, late in spite of early preparations, for the dance hall. His heart smote his ribs as he neared the door and he stopped on the threshold, wiped off his shoes with his handkerchief, and ran a small pocket comb several times through his hair. Summoning his courage and assuming an unconcerned expression, Skinny stepped inside, carelessly threw down a dollar, swaggered into the dressing room and hung up his coat and hat. Again bringing forth his comb and mirror, he combed his hair, scrutinized his chin, replaced the comb and mirror, took a deep breath, stepped into the dance hall proper, wearing what was supposed to be a charming smile, and beheld his ladylove being swirled over the floor in the arms of the "new guy," smiling up into his face and, on the whole, looking as if the present position was satisfactory for all time. The charming smile on Skinny's face slowly faded to a sickly grin, and the orchestra seemed far away. Poor Skinny! His castles came tumbling down around his ears. As a last resort he tried to catch her eye, succeeded, and gained—not even recognition. Poor Skinny, indeed. Broken-hearted and with his eyes brimming over with tears, he pulled down his coat and hat, and slunk past the ticket office out into the night.—O. K., '20.

OYSTERS' NIGHT THOUGHT.

(From the "Oyster's Garden of Verses.")

In autumn when the leaves are dead,
They take us from our Oyster-bed.
And all the winter long they keep
Us up, without a wink of sleep.

And doesn't it seem hard to you
When spring is here, and skies are blue,
And we should like so much to stay,
We have to be in bed by May?—Ex.

OLYMPUS STAFF.

Editor ........................................ Nancy Wilson
Assistant Editor .................................... Levy Johnson
Business Manager .......................... Harold Troy
Assistant Business Manager .......... Hubert Overton
Advertising Manager ................. Walter Braezl
Athletics .......................... Hewes Eddy, Elizabeth McElroy
Society .............................. Anna Springer
Music .......................... Florence Willey
Manual Training ........................ Wilbur Morford
Domestic Science ............... Sibyl Chambers
French Club ............................ Dorothy Rose
Cheenakeetah Campfire ............. Evelyn Chambers
Alumni ........................................ Mary Jane Sams
Exchange ................................ Ottmar Kottick
Jokes ........................................ Mildred Munby

CLASS EDITORS.

Clifford Van Iderstine, '19
Frederick Johnson, '20
Doris Hall, '21
Harold Horton, '22
Days are getting longer now. (In proportion to our assignments, n’est-ce pas?) When all the outside world is as gay and colorful as a Djer-Kiss advertisement we feel an overpowering restlessness, a “honing” for a sunny bank somewhere on which to lie stretched out, watching the clouds without thinking or moving, and just be so utterly lazy that we wouldn’t care if ants started a colony in our hair or a vagrant bumblebee deposited his honey in our ear. But it’s rather comforting to know that it’s spring to everyone and there are countless numbers of people who dare not “slump” in their work just because skies are blue and things are beginning to grow. So let’s try to “buck up” and keep our mind on isosceles triangles or French verbs or Latin prose or whatever our special bogie may be.

We are publishing our prize-winning story, “A Tale of Old Crow Creek,” by Edward Anderson of the Junior class, in two installments. Continued stories are a new feature of the Olympus. The two other stories that received honorable mention in our recent contest are also printed in this number. You will note that one of them is illustrated. This also is something unusual.

We are glad to say that our contest was a decided success. The student body have evinced greater interest in this second number of the Olympus than in the first, and we are sure that you will all agree that it is far superior to the first number. All our paper needs is a little boosting.

Through an oversight we failed to express, in the last number of the Olympus, our appreciation to the Bookstore for the beautiful service flag they presented to us. It now hangs in a conspicuous place in our assembly hall to remind us of the many boys from our school who answered the “call to the colors.”

Basket-Ball

The basket-ball season, at present, stands just “fifty-fifty.” We have won two games and lost two. The games we lost were the first two played and our opponents had been playing at least two weeks more than we found possible. This of course gave them a great advantage. In spite of this handicap the games were close. Montesano losing out ahead by a score of 27 to 26, and Puyallup coming off victor, 17-15.

The games we won, however, were not so close. Centralia receiving the small end of a 27-15 score, and Shelton being fairly annihilated to the sweet musical strains of 42-13.

The boys are fighting good stiff games all the way thru and are at it hard from the first whistle to the last. As for Montesano and Puyallup—just wait! Revenge is sweet!

The attendance at games hasn’t been of the best, but it is improving, and more interest on the part of the student body is evident than was at first shown.

At present the line-up is as follows: Faulkner, center; Overton and Morford, guards; Stentz and Brazil, forwards; Troy, Kisor and Tyler, substitutes.

Last, but still first, comes Coach Lee. He has certainly displayed a remarkable ability for good honest effort, and sure is some hustler. If any one man can be said to be responsible for the steady improvement of the team, that man is Lee.
CLASS GAMES

The class games have not been very well attended, but still, altho the turnout for the teams has been poor, most of the games have been lively. The seniors are far ahead, having won all their games by decisive scores. The juniors are next, having won all their games except those played with the seniors. The poor little freshmen have not got away with a single game. Still, we'll have to admit they're a scrappy bunch and they've the makings of one or two good players in their line-up. Their principal handicap has been their size.

By the time this issue is out the basket-ball season will be practically over, but I again say, let's all get behind the athletics, both school and class, and boost for all we're worth!

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Under the able leadership of Miss Lemon, girls' athletics have at last been organized. Miss Lemon was formerly physical director at the University of California, and we are indeed fortunate to have her as a director.

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday classes in physical culture are held during periods 3, 4, 6 and 7. The girls are slowly but surely becoming very graceful, altho you may not think so from the amusing noises that are heard, those periods, in the assembly.

On Tuesday and Thursday nights, after school, the girls practice basket-ball, and teams will soon be organized. The different classes met and the following were elected as managers:

Freshmen—Grace Cheas.
Sophomore—Willabelle Hogue.
Junior—Birdie Churchill.
Senior—Katherine Peters.
Elizabeth McElroy was elected manager of all the teams. There has been a good "turn-out" from all the classes but the senior class. Senior girls, turn out, if you want a team. Don't let the lower classes get ahead!

SOCIETY

An assembly of special interest was held Friday, February 12, when Mrs. Van Eaton presented the High School with a picture of Frances M. Willard. The assembly was presided over by Mrs. H. M. Wallace, who introduced Mrs. Van Eaton.

Following Mrs. Van Eaton's little talk on the life and principles of Frances M. Willard, Senator Davis of the College of Puget Sound, also gave a short but interesting talk. Then followed the unveiling of the picture.

The series of singing assemblies now held on every Wednesday afternoon are proving to be very popular with the students. It is a new form of recreation in the High School and is a very enjoyable one. The assemblies are under the direction of Miss Holmes and the Girls' Glee Club.

GIRLS' CLUB.

The first meeting of the Girls' Club was held on Monday, March 3. Mary Jane Sams was elected president, Phyllis
French Club Notes

Recently we received a letter from our French orphan whom we adopted near the beginning of the year. It is as follows:

Paris, le 5 Fevrier 1919.

Bien cher Monsieur:

Je vous remercie beaucoup du dons de 45 francs done que vous m’avez envoyez. Je vous en serait bien reconnaissante. Depuis trois mois que je suis orphelin de Guerre, moi et ma mamin nous avons de rieu de personne meme pas un secours. Ma mamin travaille bien paimnement pour apporter le besoin a la maison et vu la cherent de vivres nous sommes bien malheureuse et je suis a charge. J’apprends depuis deux mois le metier de mecanicien mais je ne gagne rien pour le moment. Donc, Monsieur, vos dons seront une plaisur et nous aidera a vitre.

Merci beaucoup et mercie pour ma cher maman. Recevez, Bien cher Monsieur, un affectueuse baiser d’un petit orphelin.

GEORGES LEEAU,
St. Pierre en Port.

Bien cher Monsieur, voila ma nouvelles adresse pour le moment.

Georges Leeau,
18 rue Foureroy 18, Paris.

ORCHESTRA.

The reason the orchestra has not been heard more in the past is because there have been so many other school activities. However, the orchestra was heard March II, at one of the musical assemblies, and was a great success. The program rendered was as follows:

"Star Spangled Banner".......Sung by the School
"Little Beauty"..................Three-step
"Camp Fire Girls"..............Two-step
"Valis Doris"....................Waltz
"Plantation Songs".........Medley
"Happy and Gay".............March
"Some Pumpkins".............Characteristic March

Levy Smith is a new member of the orchestra, taking the part of second violinist. Several others have spoken to Mr. Gerwick about joining, but as yet have not been to a practice.

GLEE CLUB.

The fact that 45 girls are enrolled, and that at every meeting several ask if it is too late to start, shows that the girls enjoy this class and evidently tell others about it. It
has been planned to have a musical assembly every Wednesday. There have been several such assemblies and they seemed to be enthusiastically received. The school song books were lost in the fire so each pupil gave ten cents toward buying new ones.

---

Cheemakeetah Campfire

"Yoo-hoo, Lizzie, coming to Campfire tonight?" still echoes the familiar refrain.

I really believe some of the Freshmen don't know we have such a thing—but Ah, it ain't like they was th' only ones—they's some Seniors who don't know the difference between the Cheemakeetah Campfire and the G. A. R. (With all due apologies). Cheemakeetah ain't nothin' t' be sniffed at, crede mihi. Our talent! For instance, there's our orchestra. Why, when Dorothy Rose gets started on that fiddle! She's our infant prodigy. She saws away with that delicate Kriesler touch with utter disregard for her hostess' rare brie-brac, et cetera.

And hikes! Oh, boy! There's where—"Say, Front, page Sibyl Chambers." Sibyl, here's where you shine at last. Last hike we nearly had a casualty. Billy Hooge was sitting on a fence, her pedal extremities "Gish-fashion," when lo, to her amazement a ferocious beast came racing madly toward her like nothing was in its way but atmosphere. A lil' refrain kept running through her mind while sitting on that fence, which in ancient parley goes somewhat like this: "Obatipui, comae steteruntque, et vox fanefulus haesit," which when translated reads:

"Here comes a cow
After me.
If I don't move
Where shall I be?"

She moved.

We have meetings every Wednesday night—and food! We allus have the bestest food—but then, we have to do something to keep Lizzie in the Campfire.

---

Manual Training has been under a serious handicap this year. A shop to be successful needs certain power machinery, such as emery stones, saws, lathes, etc. This was impossible under the church system. Due to trouble with the motors and wiring the installation of these in the new building was delayed for a long while.

The shop has by no means been idle, however. About thirty drawing tables were constructed. One of these would ordinarily take the student the greater part of the year, but by efficient methods in production, these were completed in record time. The boys in addition to these have contributed bleachers and back boards to the gymnasium, umbrella racks for the entry way and a number of other articles in the completion of the building. A number are working on projects of their own. This includes several library tables, phonograph cabinets and numerous small articles as foot stools, jewel boxes, etc.

The construction of a veneer press has added a new phase to the shop work. Veneering consists of gluing very thin pieces of choice wood to the core of ordinary material. Very beautiful effects may be obtained at a moderate cost in this way. A large saving of material is also possible as the core need not be perfect. While veneering has been attempted here in the past years, little was accomplished because of the lack of a suitable press.

First year classes in the use of wood working machinery are being conducted by Mr. Liddell. This is a big concession to the first year men. Prior to this term only second year
students were allowed to operate the machines. This course includes wood turning.

A night class has also been organized to enable students to work overtime. The great interest taken in shop work is evident by the number who attend.

Mechanical Drawing has not been neglected. Second year students are working on problems in isometric and orthographic projection.

The first year course consists mainly of geometric problems and drawings of different tools. The usual shop problems are also drawn by both classes.

---

**Home Economics**

**Pies.**

(Sung to "Smiles."")

There are pies made by my mother,
There are pies by Sister Sue,
There are pies made by the negro mammy,
There are pies made by the Frenchman too,
There are pies made by the Irish biddy,
There are pies made by the Japanese,
But the pies made by the Olympia High School
Are the pies that appeal to me.

The usual routine work is being done in the Home Economics department now. Although it is proving exceedingly interesting to the participants, it would probably not be exceptionally so to the casual reader.

---

**CLASS NOTES**

---

**Seniors**

**AS TIME PASSES.**

A Modern Play in One Act.

Place—Olympia, Main Street.
Time—Present.

CAST.

*1st D. S.* 2d D. S.

1st D. S.—Hey! Wait a minute and I’ll go with ya.
2d D. S.—Well, you’ll have to get a wiggle on as my Ingersoll says that we’ve got just five minutes to escape going to the office.

1st D. S.—Oh, we’ll make it easy, there’s just nine blocks to go. Say, you should have been to the class meeting we had the other night. The one we had on the 27th of February.

2d D. S.—Why, what did they do?
1st D. S.—What didn’t they do. They voted on everything from a strike to appropriations. First, they voted to give a play, if there is to be no operetta. The next morning in the assembly, Ernie Barnes appointed a committee to see Mr. Breckner about giving the play, but I didn’t get to school on time that morning, so I don’t know who was on the com-

*Note. D. S. does not mean here Domestic Scientists, but Dignified Seniors.*
mittee. Then they elected new officers. Donald Faulkner was elected to the presidency, Hubert Overton to the vice-presidency and Elizabeth McElroy was made treasurer. But they voted down the best motion.

2d D. S.—What was it?

1st D. S.—The senior ball. That was one thing that I sure was in favor of.

2d D. S.—What in the world did they vote it down for?

1st D. S.—Oh, it was a bunch of crabs that hate to see anyone else have any fun unless they can be there too, and as they don’t dance, they voted it down.

2d D. S.—Well, I wish I had been there—there would have been one more vote for it, anyway. Say, have you heard how the inter-class games have come out?

1st D. S.—Sure. Gee whiz! we had those juniors going seven ways for Sunday from the very beginning, the same as we did in football. And to think that the season is nearly over, the year, too, almost gone, and graduation all but looking us in the face. Do they ever have such a thing as a class picnic toward the end of the year, here?

2d D. S.—I don’t know for sure, but I hope they have one this year, and if it comes up for a vote, I shall certainly vote for it. I think this class of ours should have more social activities than it does. Here it is our last year in High, and so far nothing to remember but the class champ and work. The class ought to drink a little Jamaican ginger and see if that wouldn’t arouse a little pep.

1st D. S.—And I’m thinking the same thing all the time. I don’t see—Oh, ye gods! There’s the bell, and we two blocks away. It’s the office for ours, so we might as well take our time, now. Such is life! (Exit slowly.)

Slow Curtain.

Finis.

Juniors

We don’t have to wait for spring to come in order to become poetical. We’re already that way. According to the dictionary, poetry is “the emotional interpretation of nature and life thru the imagination, in beautiful and metrical language,” but according to the English students it is a bunch of nonsense with every other line rhyming and to be read in a sing-song voice.

Charles Tyler is our president this semester. This is Tyler’s first year in our school. The vice-president is Ottmar Kotick; secretary, Ethel Ayers; treasurer, Dorothy Rose and Elmon Christopher, and yell leader, Waldo Stentz.

With Newton Grim as captain, our basketball team consisted of Arthur Marshall, Pete Otis, Pat Young, Oscar Bullock, Elmon Christopher, Ottmar Kotick and Harold Robertson. Our school is well enough to win a game from the “freshies,” but lost two games to the seniors. However, the team played much better in the last game than in the first. Now that the gym is in the school, it doesn’t take much trouble to step down and boost for the team. (This is a tip to the class.)

Well, fellows, it takes three things to put the prom over—money, more money, and still more money. So the class has had to charge three times the usual dues, and maybe that won’t be enough.

Yours truly,

THE OFFICE DOG.
The long-looked-for basketball season has arrived. The sophomore team had no difficulty in winning the games played with the "freshies," but we are not able to surpass the juniors. The line-up of our team is as follows: Lester Darling, captain and center; Ralph Lindsey and "Pogy" Wilder, guards; Henry Hudson and Clair Dickenson, forwards, and Paul Holloman and Teddy Eads, substitutes.

At the mid-year meeting the following officers were elected: Ronald Wilder, president; Lester Darling, vice-president; Sibyl Chambers, secretary and treasurer, and Willabelle Hoage, yell leader.

The president announces that the class members must pay their class dues. Kindly hand these to Sibyl Chambers.

We are glad to welcome thirty-six new members to our class this year, and they are to be congratulated for having escaped the travels from church to church, which the students who entered in September had to undergo. This part of the class will carry with them through life the pleasant memory of having entered high school in the first days of our beautiful new building.

We have now a splendid basketball team, consisting of the best men of the freshmen class, Fred Convery being captain. So come on, freshmen, and get ready to make a basketball record which we all expect to see soon, and don't forget the baseball season, too, which is almost here, and if the weather man will only be so kind as to let us have a little sunshine, it will certainly be appreciated.
ALUMNI NOTES

Truman Trollinger, '18, and Harold Macnamara, '18, are working at the state house and “sedaning” around after hours.

Loretta Clarke, '18, is attending the U. of W. this semester.

Maurice Springer, '18, who has been in training at the Presidio, has been discharged and is now employed at the Olympia Door Company, trying to emulate Jim Hill by starting at the bottom to work up.

Helen Scohey, '18, is working at the shipyards in Seattle — no, no—stenographic work.

Ralph Haycocks, '17, who has recently returned from the S. A. T. C. in Tacoma, is now working at the bookstore. It is said that he passes out the text books, even though he never looks inside the covers at the printed pages.

Mildred Miles, '18, and Jean Bowman, '17, are doing stenographic work for the Industrial Welfare Department.

Hazel McClellan, '17, is teaching school near Yelm this year.

EXCHANGES

All on account of that measly little gent called the “fin,” we published no “Olympus” the first quarter; neither did we exchange, having nothing to exchange. Receiving nothing from us, we received nothing from other schools, and having received nothing, we published no exchanges the second quarter. Thus the reason why you searched in vain for an exchange column in our paper. We did, however, during the third quarter, receive a “Tahoma” from the Stadium High School, Tacoma, and we wish to thank them for their thoughtfulness. Their paper proved satisfactory and interesting in all respects, especially so the cartoons. We wish to compliment K. Elder. The Tahoma’s “Index to Advertisers” also proved a novelty which we expect to adopt.

If our receiving list is as great as our dispatching list, the next edition will be assured of an exchange column well worth reading.
JOKES

SKULE NOATS.

In are noo skule theys lots a funnie things in are skule. We gotta get to klass on time or we git are grades took down—but that aint wats funnie. In poetically language I sez in appreachashun of it:

O butiful skule made ov brick,
To U i aint got know kick!
Your piano, deskz and window silz,
-Makes my spine ithe with skratchy littel chiltz.

They was somethin comicke happened the other day. Mr. loomus laffed. It shure was funnie.

The juniors been written poetry in there klas, some orful good—One went like this. It comes as it follows:

'Tis spring
The birds sing.
The miseltow
Bursts thru the snow.

Pete Otes sez hes goin to B a poet for a liven, and play the violin on the side. He sez he is going to foller the call of art for a trade, so then he kan B tuff & smoke a cigarette and his mama wont git orfter him.

Friday the 7 per. the chandeliers got to swayin vilent an nigh jarred loose whole Mr. loomus, rescuing his preeshus seat diagraams madly rushed outlook the assembly him thinken they wuz a fire. Later Hubert told us it wuz Lizzie fell down in Jim. Mr. Web in goin to put more skrews in the schandiliars ef Lizzie keeps on in Jim.

Ernie has trubul with his footo—he sez he cut it but we got our idee to. Livin off the store iz bad enuf, but livin on it iz to much for Ernie's foot.

They is a lot a tak about a play the Sr's is going to giv. I've ben heren the girls saien that they wasn't goin to be in any ole pla, but I bet a nickl that every girl is praktesin dramaticeks evry nite B4 of her merrer, sez i.

Gee, Leve Joneson is gitten fat, an Mabel Turner is gitten thin proporshunl. Just like you take somethin offin wun side and squashin, & put it on tuther. Leve sez hes goin to take up dansin to reduse. I herd that he had a date with Doris Piere for the Girls returm. I think that Girls Return is a dirtie trik. Girls make me sick anywa. It seemes to me that when the boys haz ben good enuf to give them danses all yer they kud kep em & not returm them now. It shure will mak the boys fel chep.

Mid Mumbie and Ev Chamberz is orful kopey katx. (Lotz of katx in this skule.) First Mid will hav bangz an then Ev an vise verse.

We got to havin singing semblies in our skool and theys doin well—we wuz singin "Amerika i luv U" one day an Mis Holmes made us stand up—that wuz her mistak, her thinken it was the S. S. B.

Customer—I want a piece of meat without fat, bone or gristle.
Butcher—You'd better have an egg, ma'am.—Ex.
WOULDN'T YOU BE SURPRISED IF

Lizzie McElroy laughed in assembly?
Mr. Breckner got out of breath?
Levy Johnson grew a pompadour?
Owen Hughes sat still?
Mable Turner failed to recite in Old Testament Stories?
Genevieve R. said she didn't know?
Nancy Wilson were reprimanded?
Harold Troy came at 8:45?
Ernest Milliron giggled?
A Freshie sassed a Senior?
Mr. Loomis closed an eye?
Frances L. wore the same dress two days in succession?
Mary Owings smiled at Charlie?

"There should be a national holiday called Junk Day, when every house, barn, shed, garage, etc., should be relieved of all its junk."
"That's right, old man, but do you realize how little there would be left of many a happy home?"—Ex.

CHEVROLET
POWER
ENDURANCE
ECONOMY

PHONE 533 AND LET US SHOW YOU.

When Mike Flaherty abandoned South Boston for Lynn and hired a cottage with a bit of a back yard, the first thing he did was to hurry back to the Hub of the Universe and purchase a monkey. "Divil a wurrd" of his scheme would he disclose to his old cronies in Boston. But afterward he let out: "'Twas like this: I chained the monk to a shtrick in my yar-r-d, and the coal trains do be passin' all day forennst, and on iv'ry ear-r do be a brakeman. In one wak, begorra, I had two tons of coal in me cellar, and the monk never wanst hit."

The Bookstore
Remington Typewriters and Typewriter Supplies.
Fountain Pens. Fine Stationery.
Late and Popular Fiction.
School Supplies. Office Furniture.
Kodaks and Supplies.
Engraving.

PICTURES AND PICTURE FRAMING.
WE DO KODAK DEVELOPING AND PRINTING.
MAY WE DO YOURS?
410 MAIN STREET. OLYMPIA.
PHONE 1.
Kneeland Barber Shop

KNEELAND SHINING STAND
For Ladies and Gents.
Joe Rollman.
Cor. Fourth and Main Sts.

Gladys (at a basketball game—Jimmie having knocked down one of the Centralia boys)—Gee, Jimmie sure has strong arms.

Gauthier's Clothing House
310 East Fourth Street.
Three points in which we know Kirschbaum Clothes excel—
FIT! STYLE! VALUE!
Come In and Get Into a Suit.

Mr. Gerwick says: "Patriotism is the backbone of America. Our task is to train that backbone and bring it to the front."

MAX FINDEISEN JEWELER
108 East Fourth Street.
Olympia, Wash.
DIAMONDS, WATCHES.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Capital Steam Laundry
H. W. Jeffers, Prop.
518 East Fourth Street. Phone 46.
Have your rugs cleaned by the most perfect rug cleaner made. We have the only up-to-date rug cleaning equipment in the city.

Helen Lord—Oh, Jinny, is my tongue coated?
Jinny Kuhns—Foolish child, does grass grow in a race track?

OLYMPIA AUTO SUPPLY CO.
H. N. STICKLIN, Prop.
We Have It or We Will Get It or It Isn't Made.
Cor. Fourth and Franklin Sts. Olympia, Wash.

Waldo—What are you wearing a bucket-blue tie for?
Christy—Why do you call it bucket-blue?
Waldo—Well, it's pale blue.

J. E. KELLEY
THE OLYMPIA HOUSEFURNISHER.
GOOD GOODS, RIGHT PRICES.
WHY PAY MORE.
Phone 247.
502-508 East Fourth Street. Olympia, Wash.
We are wondering who it is that Artie Marshall is in love with. When the Juniors had to write poetry for English, this is what he handed in:

Two hearts that yearn
For love's sweet prison,
What's his is her'n
And her'n is his'n.

Pete—Well, I guess Charles will soon be our best man.
Lizzie (blushing)—O, Hubert, this is so sudden.

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

SHOES OF ALL KINDS.
Moderate Prices.
EKREM SHOE COMPANY
423 MAIN STREET.

You never miss the sunshine until the shadows fall.
You never miss the money until collectors call.
You never miss the laughter until the sorrows come,
You never miss the music until the song is done.

Variety Store
The Store That Sells Everything.
JAMES LASITYR.
422 Main Street.

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

You never miss the doctor until you're lying ill,
You never miss your dinner after you've had your fill.
You'd miss each thing I've mentioned if it always passed you by,
But you'll never miss the liquor although the nation's dry.

CITY DYE WORKS
CLEANING, PRESSING AND REPAIRING.
301 West Fourth Street.
Olympia, Wash. Phone 684.
Young Men

The new spring Suits are here. All the new kinks; correct to a line. Patterns that show pep, personality and prosperity.

DONT WAIT—COME IN WHILE THE ASSORTMENT IS GOOD

GOTTFELDS  211 EAST FOURTH STREET

One day when Miss Gay was writing Caesar prose on the board for the class to correct, she heard frequent giggles in the back of the room. On setting her eyes on the victim said to Irene: "What's the matter?"

Irene: "Oh, I am just laughing at Verna's form."

Bolster & Barnes

GROCERS.

THE HOME OF BLUE RIBBON BREAD.

Phones 48, 49.  Cor. Fourth and Columbia Streets.

Wills—I should like to see a pretty waist that would fit me.

Green Clerk—Gee, lady, I would too.

NEILSEN'S

211 EAST FOURTH ST.

"THE BEST AT THE FOUNTAIN"
"EXTRA FANCY FRUIT"

THIS SPACE DONATED

BY YOUR FRIENDS

Prigmore & Sears

Beulah Christensen (in U. S. History)—I left my excuse down in the assembly.

Mr. Gerwick—Well, you can just slip down stairs and get it.

Miss Connel (in Shorthand class)—What have you next Harold?

Harold Kearney (puzzled)—Gee, I 'd know. It looks like you.

Hobnob

With the best fellows at the biggest boys' club in America

Y. M. C. A.

---0---

SWIM AFTER BASEBALL.

PLAY TENNIS WITH YOUR BEST GIRL.
IN CICERO.

Allan White after superhuman efforts succeeds in closing the window.
Evelyn C. (rapturously)—Ah, Samson!
Nancy W. (caustically)—Uhhh, he needs a haircut.

DONATED BY

Mitchell Hotel

OLYMPIA BAKERY FOR
Goodeta Bread
SANDISON & THOMPSON

Miss Gay—Dorothy, how do you pronounce "Jubet Veciissum"?
Dot Rose—You bet we kiss 'em.

DIAMOND BRIQUETS
Fine for Heater, Furnace or Fireplace
HERMAN MALLORY
Phone 683.

Willa—When do your conflicts come?
B. Kearney—That sounds hard. I don't believe I'll take it.

Crane's Place
F. A. LYNN, Mgr.
Home-made Pastry.
Our Motto: "None But the Best."
Juicy Steaks, Oysters, Ham and Eggs, Etc.
Phone 583.
Olympia, Wash.

Phone 68.  405 Main Street.
Miss Clark—Which would be correct, three of us boys, or two boys and myself?
Doris—I think two boys and myself would be better.

Lloyd V.—Have you ever taken chloroform?
Orval K.—No, who teaches it?

TROY & STURDEVANT
Attorneys-at-Law
OLYMPIA, WASH.

FOR GOOD SERVICE
OLYMPIA BATHS
W. Klaumbush, Prop.

TOILET DELIGHTS
Nyal's Face Cream
Nydenta Tooth Paste
Hirsutone
HUGH ROSS
The Druggist.
We Lead, Never Follow.
Phone 260, 530 Main St.

OLYMPIA REPAIR SHOP
CHAS. D. LINDLEY, Prop.
Storage Batteries and Ignition Work.
Machine Work of All Kinds.
Motors Rewound.
234 West Fourth St. Phone 50.
Moralist—Are you laying something away for a rainy day?
Old Soak—Not on your life! I have all I can do these days to lay something aside for a dry day.

APPROPRIATE STYLES IN FOOTWEAR
FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN
Washington Shoe Store
327 MAIN STREET.
OLYMPIA, WASH.

Freshie—Why does Levy call Katherine "Hinge"?
Senior—Because she's something to adore.

ESSEX
HUDSON
E. C. TEW
MOTOR CARS
600 East Fourth St. Olympia, Wash.
Phone 335.
DON'T BE A WAR TIME HERO AND A PEACE TIME SLACKER.

A Victory Loan is soon to be floated by the United States.

It is well to remember that it takes money to bring the boys back home.

The debts which this Victory Loan will pay have already been running for three or four months.

Get ready to help when it comes. Make it snappy!

Olympia National Bank
"The Bank of Service and Courtesy."

The Roman was a rogue,
    He erat was, you bettin,
He drove his automobilis,
    And smoked his cigarettum.
He wore a diamond studibus
    And elegant crevatum,
A maxima eum laudi shirt,
    And such a stylish hattum.

USE WHAT YOU LEARN
SAVE WHAT YOU EARN

The combination of learning, earning and saving is the full human motor equipment.

Education is a first class spark plug, but it can produce no power from an empty tank. Saving will fill the tank and keep it filled.

If you are earning while you are learning, a savings deposit account is the place to store your reserve power.

CAPITAL NATIONAL BANK

Dodge & Lindley CLEANERS

He loved the luscious hic, haec, hoe,
    And bet on games and equi,
Sometimes he won and others tho,
    He got it in the nequi.
He winked (quo usque tandem)
    At puellas in the forum,
And sometimes even made (um-um)
    Those goo-goo oculorum.

N. P. FARIS
The Tailor

Aims to please his customers, and give them the best of clothes.

The Spring and Summer Woollens and fashions are here for your inspection.

OLYMPIA, WASH.
WASH IT AND POLISH IT!
It Looks Better!
We Do It!       W. A. McNutt
With Olympia Garage Co.
EXPERT WASHING, POLISHING, REFINISHING.
Olympia, Wash.

Doctor—Your throat is in a very bad state. Have you ever tried gargling with salt water?
Skipper—Yes, I've been torpedoed six times.

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY ON GAS, OIL
AND TIRES AT
HEWITT DRUG STORE
TUMWATER.

Ernie says that "Next thing we know only chimneys and garbage piles will be allowed to smoke."

Olympia Cafe
Open Day and Night.
We Serve
Chinese Dishes,
Steaks and Chops.
122 East Fourth St.
Olympia, Wash.

QUICK SERVICE
Anderson Transfer
PHONE 314.

Mills & Cowles
Spalding
Sporting
Goods

He loved her sincerely, but like many another poor wretch he could never articulate around the lump in his throat when the impulse to tell her seized him. One evening, ensconced on a park bench the unhappy man found the courage to put one arm around the object of his affections and not being repulsed, proceeded to lock his arms around her. Finally after violent attempts to swallow the lump he gasped out: "How am I progressing, my love?" And she replied: "You are holding your own, my dear."

HUNGRY? Stop at the
OLYMPIA CAFETERIA
And Satisfy That Hunger.
MRS. HILDEBRAND, Prop.
530 Main Street.    Olympia, Wash.
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO SCHOOL WORK

Jeffers' Art Studio
Corner Fifth and Washington Streets.

Capital City Creamery
ICE CREAM.
"Best In the World."
Phone 55. We Deliver.
Fifth and Columbia Sts. Olympia, Wash.

J. C. PENNEY CO.
197—Busy Stores—197.
A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION.
Olympia, Wash. Martin Bldg.

We are offering merchandise at practically Pre-War Prices

Mottman Mercantile Company

DUBBSINE FOR THE SKIN

Continual use of this preparation prevents the oily appearance of the skin. An application for Eruptions, Blackheads and all Skin Diseases, It makes the Skin Healthy, Clean and White.

DUBBS' PHARMACY
**White Cross Dental Offices**

DR. W. L. GREGG, MGR.

PHONE 564. OLYMPIA NATIONAL BANK BLDG.

Customer (angrily)—Waiter, there's a dead fly in my soup! This is the second time such a thing has happened.

Waiter (sympathetically)—Oh, poor things! It's boiling 'em as kills 'em!

Mutt—Jeff, I never can remember how to spell banana.

Jeff—Why, that's easy. Just an "a" after every "n."

Mutt—Oh, yes, that's all right, but I never know when to stop."

---

**Feist & Bachrach**

Successors to Rosenthal's.

Phone 237.

408 Main Street.

ATTRACTIVE APPAREL AND ACCESSORIES FOR EASTER WEAR.

EXQUISITE BLOUSES KID GLOVES

CORSETS, HOISERY, UNDERWEAR and LINGERIE.

NEW SILKS AND DRESS GOODS.

WASH GOODS AND LINENS.

FULL LINE OF EASTER GOODS.

---

**Job Printing**

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

We invite criticism.

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

ENGRAVED STATIONERY FURNISHED.

---

**Washington Recorder Pub. Co.**

58—PHONE—58.
Bronson
Motor Car Co.

THE GARAGE
You Can Recommend To Your Friends.
Next Door to Mitchell Hotel.

The
Ford-Cogswell Studio
The only one in Olympia where photos of the highest photographic excellence are made
FATTEN UP YOUR BATTLING AVERAGE WITH OUR SPORTING GOODS.

We'll give a certificate good for $5.00 worth of Sporting Goods to the student having the highest batting average at the end of the season. Come in and see about it.

A COMPLETE LINE OF SPORTING GOODS.

Van Arsdale Hdwe. Co.

RYZON BAKING POWDER
Cook book free with every can this month only.

--PHONES--
593--594

Reder & Phillips