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'Twas at Tommy Allen's little shoe-shine parlor across from Dubbs on Decker Avenue of the Big City that I met my old side kick, Honkey McGee. In ten minutes we had a table and a bottle between us and Honkey made me acquainted with his share of the "Old Man's Swath" since we parted six years before. As we sat there emptying various bottles and our pocket-books, along came a little boy leading a man by the hand. He sat down, rapped smartly for service and proceeded authoritatively to place his order.

"'Tis a frightful thing to contemplate the world as governed by our younger generation," said Honkey musingly after they had gone out. "'If everybody was set to work makin' ice-cream and candy, wouldn't we have a glorious time tho'? That little boy that just went out reminded me of a case I came across when I was working the little town of Pewano, Michigan, two years ago. Had a strong line of ladies'
perfume; a combination cork-screw, can-opener, screw-driver, bottle-opener, stamp-licker, cigar-lighter, whet-stone and manicuring outfit, all for 39c. The day after I hit town I saw the candidates of an election that was coming off the next week, and believe me, I made up my mind that I'd stay there a week if my grandmother died the next day.

"An election in a town like Pewano, about five thousand inhabitants I imagine, is always a mighty interesting event, but this particular election bid fair to enter a red letter in the annals of the town's history. The only competitor for his office of village assessor that old man Swindt had run up against in the last nineteen years turned out to be his only daughter. Of course that fact in itself made the election uncommon, but that wouldn't have kept me in a burg like Pewano. No sir. I had no more intentions of staying for just that, then a rabbit has of going into a lion's den for safety. But the minute I saw his opposing party, I decided on the spot to stay and prove that old John Swindt had been kiddin' the public out of a good assessor for the last nineteen years. There's no deserin' her, Sam. It can't be done. Strawberries and cream and sapphires and Venus is all I can say. Naturally I done some casual inquirin' concerning the details of the opposition, but nobody seemed 'specially anxious to separate themselves from any information along that line. I afterwards learned that three-fourths of the population was drummers and travelin'-men like myself who had decided on Pewano as THE residence district of the world.

"Miss Swindt and her father lived in a big, square, clumsy lookin' house at the edge of the town, and it didn't strain my powers of calculation much to see that this was the place to demonstrate my talent for salesmanship. So I got my line well in hand and went up to the house. She came to the door herself and Sam, honest, I had to swallow twice to keep from breaking my precedent of prohibiting stage fright to interfere with the line of my noble profession.

"'Madam,' I said, 'allow me to present to your olfactory apparatus the swellest smelling ladies' perfume that ever resided in the same satchel with the niftiest 39c combination cork-screw, can-opener, screw-driver, bottle-opener, stamp-licker, cigar-lighter, whet-stone and manicuring outfit that was ever demonstrated before the most beautiful lady that a salesman ever witnessed,' and I took off my hat. I couldn't help it, Sam. 'Twas the one time in my life that sentiment got the best of my business. She never said a word—just looked at me cool as a cucumber and shut the door in my face. I didn't mind that much, 'cause I was so used to it, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the curtain move the least, tiny bit as I walked away, but I tho't to myself,

"'Missy, you'll have to learn how to treat a peddler before I exchange your name to McGee, and I'm afraid politics won't help you much. You better let your old daddy keep his job.'

"I found out from an old shoemaker who claimed that he fixed the shoes that covered the feet that upheld the frame of Abraham Lincoln, something of the young lady's history. Seems like her mother died when she was born, and she'd had her own way ever since. Her old man spent his wad on her and finally his monthly income when his wad was gone. Clothes. Nothing but clothes. She insisted on the latest styles and plenty of them. Had a private dressmaker for her aprons. Must 'a' been pretty hard on poor John to stand all that expense, but they say he didn't kick. Paid all the bills he could and charged the rest up to the dust and let the weather settle it. Yesir. It must 'a been a fright.

"Anyway, 'bout two weeks before I hit town, she'd taken it into her head to go to Europe. 'Twas the only time old John ever kicked. He couldn't 'a' done anything else. His daughter wantin' to go to Europe and him broke and own' money. She musta' raised an awful fuss, as the old man got a little stove and went to hatchin' in his office. Some said she kicked him out, but it was too hard for me to believe that a person with such a lovely face could negotiate such a temper. Anyway, before they knew it she had her name up against her own father's as candidate for his office. And there wouldn't 'a' been nothin' to it. She'd 'a' made that office by a three fourths vote. It 'ud 'a' been a plain case of the 'Job that provided the money that bought the gowns that charmed the boys that cast the votes that elected the girl that wanted the job that provided the money that dad had in the first place.'

"Well sir. That first week after I hit town I done a heap of figgerin'. Sam, you know when a woman gets a bit o' politics, there's no stoppin' 'er. She'll rare ahead in spite o' hell and never stop to think that she got her beginning from a mere man's rib. So I figgers that Miss Ruth won't
get elected as long as her name's Swindt and mine's McGee.
It cost us exactly $4,721.49, but I got every one of 'em and
her old man got his office without a vote against him. But
I wasn't done then, not by a long shot. The hardest part
of my job was yet to come. Two days I stuck around town
before I got what I wanted. It was six feet tall, and wore
black whiskers that curled at the ends. I rounded it up in
a hotel and we parleyed for an hour. When we came out he
was $500 richer than I was but we had 'er all planned out.
That morning Miss Swindt was to get a message stating that
if she would come to the little park behind the city hall at
half past ten that night, she would receive certain inside
dope concerning her failure of election. We'd planned the
regular 'villain-hero' stuff. Whiskers was to attack her and
then I'd jump out and gently knock the idea out of his head
with a club.'"

Honkey took his feet down from the table and stretched
himself.
"Well, you might as well take me around and introduceme," I said grinning.
"Oh. You'll have to ask Whiskers to do that," said
Honkey. "I stuck around 'til midnight, but they never showed
up. He'd married her that afternoon and they'd left for
Europe."

Ottmar Kotiek, '20.

Life is real, life is earnest;
And it might be made sublime
If we weren't so busy
Learning Latin all the time.
All are dead who ever wrote it,
All are dead who ever spoke it,
All will die who ever learned it,
God give them rest!
I think they've earned it.

---

Escape

The "Hungry Kid" bore a deep hatred for his partner,
"Whiskey Jim." Both were of the down and out kind, who
bummed the saloons for free lunchees and occasional drinks.
The "Hungry Kid" by chance had won the love of a bar maid,
and about the time he had decided to pop the question, the
burly "Whiskey Jim" had cut him out.

The "Kid" could not take the matter lightly, and thus
the cause for his grievance. The days rolled by, and the
smouldering flame of hate grew within him. His eyes fol-
lowed "Jim" covetously, never seeing his good traits, but
pouting upon every little defect or fault and brooding over
it until it took on a form of outrageous proportions. It was
but a short time until he began to brood over his thoughts,
and then the event happened.

One drizzly night he stole over to "Jim's" bed and cut
"Jim's" throat.

No sooner was the deed done, then his control was gone,
and with it his courage. The horror of the crime struck him
with terrible force. Immediately pictures of the gallows,
the dark cold dungeons, and the rock pile at Sing Sing gather-
ed before his vision. He felt sick and shaky. He glanced
again at the huddled figure, then cast away the knife, grabbed
his hat and fled.

Down the dimly lighted streets of Seattle he hurried,
His slim and stooped figure slipping along the shadowed
walls. Now and then a policeman accidently strolled near
him, and caused him to hesitate and grow weak in the knees.

Well down on First avenue, he turned and headed for the
steamship company's office. Forcing himself, with great ef-
fort, to a calm attitude, he entered the office and bought a
third class ticket. He hurried on board and went below. Ten
minutes later the boat east off and the "Kid" was headed for
Alaska.

He did not show up until the deep hoarse whistle of the
boat announced its arrival at Skagway. The "Kid" waited
until night and slipped ashore. Catching a train he arrived in
White-Horse, and then at the first opportunity worked his way as a "Roust-a-bout" to Fairbanks.

After a few days of rustling, he located in a cabin north of town. It was the kind built by the hunter, trapper and miner, with one window and door, and dirt roof, in which always was bedded a growth of the prolific fireweed.

He did his best to hide the outward affects of the crime, but in spite of himself, he acted queerly. People noticed it and thought, perhaps he was possessed with streaks of insanity. Since it was not the custom to inquire into people's personal affairs, no one thought to question, and he was left much to himself. He was glad of it, and in the rush of berry picking and securing supplies for the winter, his fears partly left him.

Quickly the winter came and with it the freeze up. Thru the winter he passed much of his time alone in his cabin.

The mournful howls and weird cries of the Malamute dogs and "huskies," and the continual darkness, added greatly to the torture of his mind.

Sitting by the fire thru the long evenings, his mind ran on the crime he had committed. He could not rid himself of the thoughts. He became so convinced that he was going to be caught that he stayed more confined to his cabin and seldom went down town.

On dark wild nights when the wind whipped up the powdery snow, rattled the window and the stove pipe, he could not force himself to go outside the door. He was haunted with the feeling that some one was out there waiting for him.

Spring came, the snow began to disappear, and the willows to bud. All nature began to take on a warmer aspect. The continual Chinook winds hastened the melting of the snow, and the inhabitants predicted a big "break up." The river was raising the ice day by day, and gradually the ice weakened as the thawing weather continued.

Rumor floated thru the town that government officers of law were at work looking for a criminal wanted for the murder of a man in Seattle: The news sent the "Hungry Kid" to his cabin, with black dread lurking about his heart. He locked himself in his cabin and seating himself on a "canned goods" case near the window, waited for the deputies. Thus the afternoon wore into evening.

Wearyed by the constant watch, he tried to go to sleep. His nerve-racked condition would not let him. Several times he awoke with a start, to find himself shaking, and wet with perspiration.

On one of these occasions he was so disturbed that he forced himself to get out of his bunk, and look out of the window. A number of yellow lights moving toward his cabin caused him to gasp and lean on the table, until strength came to his aid again. The wind was rising again outside, and the weird howls smote his ears.

The effect served to throw his mind into a panic. He trembled violently, a hard lump gathered in his throat. A gust of wind rattled the door latch. The criminal whirled about, expecting to see an officer covering him with a gun. There was nothing there. As he stood panting for breath, and staring at the door, his eye caught his reflection in the looking glass, which hung there, over the wash stand. He scarcely recognized the features. They looked horrible. Those pallid, gray, colorless cheeks, white, drawn mouth, and wild, staring eyes, made him shiver. The sound of a cottonwood limb, breaking in the wind, caused him to jump like one shot, and spin around to the window again. The lights were getting nearer. He saw lights at other points, too. He was being surrounded. He knew it. In a few minutes he would be in the hands of the law.

Thoughts and memories flashed thru his mind. Why had he been such a fool, to kill "Jim." He felt remorseful, and wished that he could bring "Jim" back again. But the lights! They were drawing nearer, the circle was closing in fast. What should he do? Should he attempt to escape, or should he face the ordeal?

On the wind came the same weird howl of the Malamute. It sounded like a soul stricken cry of some mourner over the loss of loved ones.

To the "Kid" it spelled death, and caused him to sink to the floor in sheer weakness. He was prostrate again. All resolves, courage and will power were gone. Staggering to his feet, he thought only of escape. He must get away. He sprang to the door and gave it a wrench. It was locked. Another demoralizing panic ensued. He tried to find the key; it wasn't in his pocket, and he had forgotten where he had laid it. All the time the law was closing in on him. He
Johnny Bull, American

Through the haze of tobacco smoke drifting upward to the dingy ceiling came the sturdy tones of John Alston's voice, punctuated at regular intervals by the squeals of protest from the old chair in which he was slowly rocking. "I tell you, if we had somebody besides that old grandmother in the Chair at Washington, D. C., we'd have had this war over long before we did!" he affirmed aggressively.

The yellow light from the unshaded electric globe brought into dim relief the face of another man, sitting with his elbows on his knees, and pulling thoughtfully at a stubby black pipe. Time was ripe for the re-opening of the issue perpetually at stake between the two. "Yes!" drawled he, "I s'pose if we'd had an Englishman in the Chair, old Bill Kaiser would have made tracks long before he did; huh, old Johnny Bull?"

"That he would! I tell you the English are the fighters! They wouldn't sit around with a quill over one ear trying to compose the next note! Although I have lived in this country ever since I was a year old, I am glad to say that I am not so blinded with your flaunted Americanism that I can't see the good points in other nations!" And John settled back in his chair.

"Aw, yuh mean that you're so damned obstinate that yuh can't see anything but England, England, all the time England! You sure musta had old Johnny Bull, himself for a father!"

"Not at all! I claim that I am as good an American as the average, but I can say this much, that there are times when I would most certainly rather have been the Englishman that I wasn't, than an American, and I have been a voter in this country for forty years. In this last war did England stall at entering the conflict as the United States did? They did not!" John glowered at his companion. The men were fast friends, but James Heneock Miller, bachelor, and John Alston, widower, never could agree and didn't pretend to. The old house, which had been the mutual abode of the two, ever since the last of the latter's children had married and departed, had warmed to the heat of many an argument.
"Uh-huh. But then we weren't in condition to fight as was England, who carries a chip on her shoulder and has to be ready. President Wilson held things until we got into some shape to scrap. A fine mess we'd have made of it if we'd plunged in with nothin' to back us up, I'll say. But when we did get started, those Germans trotted right back to Berlin. What your Englishmen did wasn't much, now let me tell you!" Old Jim was also warming up to the debate.

"You know very well that England held thousands of men in reserve to train raw recruits, and fought, too. She prepared and acted at the same time. I do not minimize what our American boys have done, but the English fleet and army have done more, considering the resources of the two countries. Do you appreciate the fact that it was the British who kept the German hordes at bay, till the United States got ready to fight?"

"Aw, dry up with such talk! And you call yourself an American! Your family sure oughta left you in England, once you were there, and then maybe you'd be satisfied. You made me tired," and Jim knocked the ashes from his pipe preparatory to retiring.

"I say, Jim, sit down again." John hastened to change the subject, and Jim sat down grudgingly. He was not the man to endure passively such conversation as had just been concluded. "I think I'll go tomorrow noon to register. I certainly want my say-so in this election. Those Democrats need to be shelved," he continued, ingratiatingly.

"Yuh can't do no more than vote straight Republican, and you've been a-doin' that for forty years. Seems to me your constitution needs a change." And the argument was resumed along lines of politics until bedtime.

The next noon John ate his lunch hurriedly in order to register and be back to work on time. As he walked rapidly in the direction of the city hall, his mind ran back over the argument of the preceding evening. Down in his heart he asked himself if he was as proud of his relation to America as he was of the English blood coursing through his veins, and his immediate answer was in favor of the latter. As he neared the building he resolvedly put his meditations from him and prepared to take care of the affair in hand as soon as possible.

Presently he was confronted by the registration officer, and began to answer the questions put to him.
by the window, one hand holding the curtain aside, as he sought the solution of his problem in the night. From the very stillness of the figure it was evident that it had held that position a long time. A single moonbeam touched the stern countenance and strayed off across the old iron bed with its undisturbed quilts. The rest of the room was shrouded in a darkness as deep as that which enveloped the man's heart and mind. He shivered unconsciously in the chill air, a mouse gnawed in a distant part of the old house, the clock sereched off the minutes—but he made no move to retire. He was facing a situation such as he had never conceived. All the pride of the stubborn old Englishman and his British blood, some of it the blue blood of his grandmother Stanley, rallied to make a stand against a hitherto unsuspected force which was drawing him into his foster land.

"Very well," thought he, grimly, "let them take away my vote. Why should I, the son of another John Alston, once a member of the Queen's bodyguard, care for this country? England is superior in every way to this provincial land. Father has told me of its wonderful development, its customs, and traits, and ability. Why of course it is—and yet—I believe I do care for these United States. But why? Why? Can I renounce England? Can I retract my assertions to Jim and the other fellows? I can't! What would father think, and mother, and old Uncle Thomas, if they knew? I contemplated a remembrance of the land which gave them birth—the land which gave me birth? But, then, this America gave me Elizabeth, and my children, and grandchildren—if only she had lived it would be easier. What can I tell my son and my daughters—that their father is not a citizen of the country they love? They are Americans by birth and I am an Englishman!"

Long and bitter was the struggle which raged in the old man's soul. It lasted into the wee, small hours of the morning. Side by side he placed England and America, and built up comparisons. Little by little he identified, and came into full realization of the love he bore his foster country. Gradually England receded in the man's affection, and his pride wavered, bent and broke.

With the dawning of a new day came the light of a new life for John Alston. "I am going to become a real American, and merit a voice in the government of the greatest republic on the face of the globe. I do not want to be an Englishman! America has given me the best in my life, and I—Why, now that I think of it, I wouldn't go back to England under any consideration. Queer I haven't discovered it before!"

That morning John spoke gravely of the affair over the breakfast table to Jim. Jim's face softened as he listened, and his eyes grew moist. At the close of the recital he sprang to his feet, and drawing one rough hand across his eyes, he extended the other to his friend with the exclamation, "Johnny Bull, you're a bigger man and a better American than I could ever be!" And John went, with Jim at his side, at the first opportunity, to take the steps which would make him a legal nephew of Uncle Sam.

—Ethel Ayres, '20.

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED

How your fountain pen is always dry when you need it?
How popular a shoe repair shop is?
That Buddy never goes to the dentist's alone?
How green the wees Frosh are?
Orval writing mystic verses?
Who flocks with Willa?
The expressive language used in U. S. History Class—Taboo! etc.?
What wears Mary's shoes out?
Who Bobby has fallen for?
and all the other deep problems around school?
Who Knows?

Sir Frederic Seymour, an enterprising young Englishman, tall, straight and handsome, had finally solved his problem and received his reward.

Frederic Seymour had for some time been working in a large English manufacturing plant, partly owned and controlled by his father. In connection with his daily labors Seymour had been working on a machine, which he thought, once installed, would greatly increase the net earnings of the firm. It had been successful beyond all expectations, and now he was to receive his reward, which was to be a six month's vacation, with all expenses paid. He might do whatever or go wherever he wished.

After much thought and deliberation he finally decided to make a visit to every large country of the world in which he thought perhaps he might find things of interest.

The place which he longed to see most was Paris, that beautiful city of lovely women, laughter and gaiety, of which he had heard so much, yet had not been able to see. So packing his trunks he decided to catch the first boat possible to this widely talked about city. Had he known what was awaiting him there, perhaps he would not have started upon his vacation in so gay a spirit.

Upon his arrival in Paris Mr. Seymour sought out the most beautiful and stylish hotel in the city and registered there. For a few days he enjoyed himself immensely, visiting the various great churches, art buildings, dives, and cafés, for which the city was noted.

On the evening of the fourth day of his arrival as he was entering the great arched entrance of his hotel, after an eventless day of sight-seeing, he noticed a young French lady, apparently trying to attract his attention. He had a chance to examine her closely as she stood under the bright lights of the arch and he found her very good to look at. It seemed as if in her the art galleries had missed a very beautiful picture.

Her figure was straight and full, her head adorned with a great mass of wavy brown hair. She had a beautifully shaped nose, a chin to match and a complexion that fitted to nothing that he could think of except the expression of 'peaches and cream.'

Young Sir Frederic was drawn out of his stupor by the young French girl's repeated motions and as she left the hotel steps and started to walk down the street he hastened to approach her.

Upon introducing himself, the beautiful young lady smiled warmly upon him and so he found it very easy to start an interesting conversation. He noticed, however, that she did not mention her name, or give any facts about herself. On the other hand she seemed to get a surprising amount of information out of him in a very short time, in a very clever manner, without his suspecting at the time that he was ever being quizzed.

They had walked perhaps a mile, Seymour thought, when the young lady, whom he had fallen in love with in their short walk, stopped and told him he need go no further. Seymour protested, saying it was not safe for a young girl to be wandering about the streets of Paris alone at night. She rejected all his pleas of further friendship and protection, and at last, almost in impatience it seemed, she took a small square card out of her pocket and hastily writing a few words upon it, thrust it into your friend's hand, hailed a passing taxi and soon disappeared down the street.

Seymour turned in a very sober frame of mind to find his way back to his room. He was not wildly excited over the evening, yet why had so beautiful a girl, who could make him fall wildly in love with her in so short a time, take it upon herself to use so mysterious actions? Why had she called his attention to her in the first place? She had gained nothing by it. Was she of mind or could it be some beautiful daughter of rich parents, who was slightly deranged and had funny ideas about passing the time away?

These questions and others slowly floated thru his mind, and as he approached the hotel he thought of the card in his pocket. So as he came to the desk of the hotel clerk he put the request:

"Will you please interpret these words for me, my friend? My knowledge of French writing is rather vague."

"Certainly, sir."

"Well," demanded Sir Frederic, "can't you tell me the
meaning of a few simple little words without letting your eyes pop halfway out of your head?"

"Certainly, sir. Just a moment, sir, I will call the manager, sir."

"Well, why the devil," muttered Seymour, as the manager advanced waving his hand with the card in it in a most excited manner. He burst out talking while yet some ten feet from Seymour.

"Are you the young man who has this card in his possession?"

"I am," returned Seymour, coldly. "Need it excite you to an untimely death?"

"None of your sass, you young English pig. Get out! Get out of my hotel! May the devil rest on my chest if I ever let such as you remain here. Here, take your vile, filthy, murderous card and go from my hotel."

"I have enjoyed myself very much; I think I shall remain."

"You shall not remain, I will have you arrested if you do not leave."

"Arrested? Do you mean to tell me I could be arrested for what is written on that card? Why, the most beautiful young woman in Paris wrote that there."

"Arrested, you young scoundrel! Yes, you could be arrested; you could be hung by the courts of Paris for such as that. Will you leave my hotel now or shall I call the police and have them take care of you?"

"Never mind, I will go," answered Seymour, "and since you will not tell me what is written on this card, I swear that I shall find out, and come back and smash that ugly face of yours if it takes the rest of my life."

Sir Frederie left the hotel quietly a few moments later, headed for more friendly quarters. Instead of deserting the place entirely, he moved to another hotel, where, he thought perhaps he might find more congenial company.

The mysterious writing ever uppermost in his mind, he decided to consult the elevator boy as to its meaning. So the next evening when there was no one else in the cage but the operator boy and himself, he confided the subject nearest his heart.

Handing the lad a gold half crown he asked if he would be so kind as to tell him the meaning of the writing.

The lad read the writing and by the time he had finished, his face was as white as the card from which he read. No amount of argument or money could persuade the boy to talk; however, and Sir Seymour proceeded to his room greatly troubled in mind. He had firmly decided, however, to keep the card in his possession and see the thing through.

To his surprise a few moments after he had reached his room the manager arrived and told him he must leave the place at once. Seymour wondered what could have happened to make the manager appear so white and shaken. Remembering the threats he had received at his first place of inquiry, and desiring to avoid any more trouble he packed his trunk.

Sir Frederie had many adventures while trying to solve the riddle on the card, but try as he might, he never had any success.

Finally, he decided to come to America, where, he thought perhaps people who could, would surely have no scruples in telling him the meaning of a few simple words, which he himself could not read.

Here, however, he met with the same trouble as he had in Europe, and finally in a rage, he bethought himself of the fact that his father could read French and several other foreign languages and that he could find the key by simply writing to his father about it. So making a copy of it he mailed it as quickly as possible. He was now in a happier frame of mind than he had been for weeks, for he would surely know on the return mail, what the mysterious and strangely beautiful French girl had written.

What was his surprise and consternation, when upon receiving the expected letter from his father, he read that he was disinherited and dishonored, and that all advances of money would be stopped at once. What troubled him even more was the fact that not a word was mentioned of the matter about which he had written.

On looking over his resources he found he would have just enough to reach England. Once there he might perhaps win his father over to his side once more.

**Boarding the first boat** he immediately set sail. While on the boat Sir Frederie struck up a very close friendship with a young Frenchman. They had found that they had so many things in common that they soon became very confidential.

One evening near the end of the trip, while they were out on the deck chatting about various things, Seymour told his
friend the story of the beautiful French girl, the card, and the various incidents in connection with them.

The young Frenchman's curiosity was at once aroused. Seymour, however, refused to show him the card saying he would never show it to anyone again, since he had lost so many friendships through it already.

The young man was persistent, swearing that the words should have no effect on their friendship, no matter what the meaning might be.

The men had begun to walk the deck in their earnestness, Seymour saying very little and wondering if the time had at last arrived when he should be able to find out the meaning of those few words which had puzzled him for so long.

Yes, he thought it had. He would show his new found friend the writing, and, well, if he lost his friendship he would still live. The voyage was almost over and he would probably never see him again, anyway.

With the question decided in his mind, he reached in his pocket and drew out the card. The young Frenchman reached eagerly for it. The vessel gave a lurch as a savage gust of wind swept across its decks, tearing the well worn card out of Sir Frederic's hand, away the wind carried it, and with a shrill wail of delight dropped it into the ocean. The sea regained its calm and the wind died to a soft whisper as the vessel proceeded on its way.

Orval Kisor, '20.

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Ad Manager ................................. Virgil Otis
Assistant Ad Manager ...................... Arthur Marshall
Athletics ....................................... Charles Tyler
Musie .......................................... Ottmar Rotich
Society ......................................... Mary Owings
Alumni ......................................... Willa Carnsew
Exchange ...................................... Ethel Ayers
Domestic Science ........................... Bernice Schultz
Manual Training ............................. Orval Kisor
Jokes .......................................... Willabelle Hoage
Staff Artist .................................. Dorothy Hoage
Stenographer ................................ Florence Willy

CLASS EDITORS

Senior ......................................... Harry Lounsberry
Juniors ....................................... Sibyl Chambers
Sophomores ................................... Esther Lloyd
Freshmen ..................................... Wilson Tyler
A REVIVAL.

The Olympia High came to life in respect to School “pep” following a series of debates on the subject in Mr. Brown’s English classes. After deciding that the O. H. S. was absolutely devoid of any life and positively lacking in a good school spirit, discussion took place as to a means of developing a better spirit. Altho it was a well-worn topic the discussion of it was not only interesting but certainly much needed. Such subjects as O. H. S. rallies, assemblies and class meetings were discussed and criticized.

As a result of this movement we have started a decided improvement in the general attitude toward school life. Several good assemblies have been staged by the students as well as one or two live rallies. It remains, however, to be seen whether this is a lasting interest or merely a temporary outburst.

If the new spirit is to survive the test of time in this school it must be practiced by everyone until finally it shall become natural.

OUR PRINCIPAL.

Mr. Breckner in his brief term as our principal became very well liked by all the students and we are certainly sorry to see him leave that office. Mr. Breckner was especially popular with the boys because of the interest he took in school athletics. We are glad that he is in a position not far removed from the affairs of the High School. We are also glad that for a new principal we have Mr. Brown, who is well known and admired by the High students.

THE TEAM.

There is little need to speak of the High School quintet here. Everyone knows what a splendid record they made and that a faster and better High School five would be hard to find. The students recognized this fact by filling the bleachers at each game. Let’s give the baseball team the same kind of support.

Have you seen “Her Gloves?”

LIFE SAVING.

The life saving demonstrations at the Y. M. C. A. by Commodore Longfellow have aroused much interest and enthusiasm among the students. Quite a number of girls as well as boys passed the examination, while only one member of the women’s class passed. Not so bad for the High School is it?

It may be said for the Commodore that he is as good a speaker on the “wet” platform as the “dry.” Probably he is even better on the “wet” because of the added attraction of illustration.

Early in March the Junior and Senior boys decided to lay away their best suits, silk shirts, socks and ties, and to wear out their old trousers and soft shirts. The under classmen quickly followed the older boys in this program and as a result we find that flannel shirts and khaki trousers are quite the thing. The girls finally caught the idea and now they too are Hooverizing, not only on clothes, but on rouge and powder as well.

When pupils are all prohibited,
And books are scattered and gone;
And relics of notes are exhibited,
And the recitations are done:
When teachers teach each other,
Where pupils will not suffice;
We will sit on the moon and laugh, brother,
At a world that is lacking in spice.

—L. W., ’22.
free-throw just before the whistle blew, the final count being 25 to 24.

The following week Aberdeen, conceded at the time to be the best team in the League, came down for a tussle with the home crowd. The contest was full of thrills, and kept the spectators on their toes from the very beginning. Toward the end of the game, the visitors managed to get a one-point lead, which they held until the final whistle, and succeeded in squeezing out a 15 to 14 victory. This made two games lost by a single point.

The following week the blue and white cage-tossers took a merry little jaunt to Chehalis, intending to vindicate their previous defeats by a decisive victory over the Lewis County fire. But they did not reckon with the referees, who seemed to think that it was his sworn duty to uphold the rough-house tactics of the Chehalis aggregation. When the scrimmage ended, Chehalis was up top of a 15 to 13 score.

Such an unlucky start would have discouraged most teams, but Coach Brown’s battlers came back stronger than ever the night next, and broke into the win column by beating South Bend 23 to 19.

This victory seemed to be just the tonic that the local boys needed, for the following week they tore into Montesano with so much vim and pep that the visitors hardly knew what hit them. When they finally got started they were so far behind there was hardly any use of them trying to catch up. The game was interesting, tho, in spite of the lop-sided score, which was 37 to 12 in Olympia’s favor.

The following week Raymond was beaten by exactly the same score. The O. H. S. boys were now going full tilt. They had their eyes glued to the top of the percentage column and nothing could divert their gaze.

The next week, there being no league game, the College of Puget Sound came down for another tussle with the blue and white cage experts. The second meeting proved even more exciting than the first one. From the very first it was a see-saw affair, with first one team leading, and then the other. At the end of the contest the score stood 17 all, so an extra five minutes was allowed to play the tie off. During this period the visitors succeeded in getting two baskets from the field and one from the foul line, while the home boys made only one tally
from the field, thus making the score stand 22 to 19 in favor of C. P. S.

The next team to invade the local court was Centralia. This was a very important contest, as the two teams were to battle for second place in the league standing. The game was a whizz-bang affair from the blow of the whistle, but the Olympia boys seemed to have the edge, and held a safe lead throughout most of the game. Thus, by a score of 20 to 13, Olympia made another addition to her fast growing collection of scalps.

The following week the local tossers went to Aberdeen to play a return game with the fast going harbor five. This was the critical game of the season, for if Olympia lost the contest she would drop to third place, but if she won, she would be on top of the heap with Chehalis. The game was certainly a hair-raiser from the rise of the curtain. With only three minutes left to play Aberdeen made a basket that put them two points in the lead. Then Coach Brown's charges started in with a fighting spirit that could not be side-tracked, and played the Aberdeen tossers clear off their feet. They threw three baskets in as many minutes, thus beating Aberdeen on their own floor, 17 to 13.

The next night the team played a game out side the league with Puyallup, the Pierce county champions. The Olympia boys were all worn out by their hard Aberdeen trip the night before so were only able to beat theerry-pickers by 11 points. The visiting five fought desperately toward the end of the game to even the score but Olympia held fast, and took the contest 22 to 11.

There remains but one game to be played on the local schedule, and that is a return battle with Montesano. All of Olympia's chances to finish first in the Southwest Washington League depend on winning this game. At present Olympia and Chehalis are tied for first honors. A play-off may be necessary to decide the title, and if it is, every effort will be made to have the game played in Olympia.

The team deserves a great deal of credit for the climb they have made from the bottom clear up to the top. For after losing their first two league games by one and two points respectively, they won five in a row, and now stand an even chance of finishing in first place. Besides displaying a great deal of personal playing ability, the team has shown, especially in critical moments, the result of excellent coaching.

The regular first team line-up is as follows: Stenz and Koenig, forwards; Reynolds, center; Bulloch, Hempfling and Kotick, guards; Schroeder and Dickenson have also appeared in the first team line-up.

BASEBALL

Baseball prospects this year at O. H. S. are exceedingly bright. No call has yet been issued for candidates, but it is probable that the men will start turning out in a short time. The team made a splendid record last year, but are out to make an even better one this season. With five first team letter men back, and nearly the whole second team, the chances for turning out a championship nine are excellent. The following letter men will probably be seen in the first team line up again this year. R. Lindsey (captain), Calvert, Kotick, Ginder and Marshall. Morford and A. Lindsey, both old baseball men, are back in school this year, and will make a strong bid for first team positions. Aspinwall, Harpel, Ames, Norrie, Schroeder, Kisor and Robertson all played last year, and will probably be on hand when the call comes. Besides these men, there are a number of new ones who are counting on turning out this season. From all the “Dope,” it looks as if Olympia will be especially strong in the pitching department. Calvert, Aspinwall and Kisor all showed their ability to “twirl the pill” last year, while Reynolds and Williams, of basketball and football fame respectively, are said to be especially talented along that particular line. Reynolds especially has had considerable experience in other High Schools, and has quite a reputation as a whole. With Capt. R. Lindsey at the receiving end, this combination should insure a strong battery, and if their support is equally as strong, a winning team is assured this year.

Watch for “Her Gloves!”
Gleams from the Cheemakeetah Camp Fire

Seek beauty
Give service
Pursue knowledge
Be trustworthy
Hold on to health
Glorify work
Be happy

The gleams from the Cheemakeetah Camp Fire for the last few months have shown themselves in the brightness of achievement being brought forth in the honors which have been won; in the glow of health which has been shown in the hikes that have been taken as often as possible and proved enjoyable, interesting and profitable; and in the warmth of friendship, which has been more manifest at each successive meeting. These three gleams have been harmoniously fused into one glowing flame by the efficient, tactful, patient, and loving leadership of its guardian, Mrs. Helen Whiting Phillips.

There is a school in which each morning the teacher asks: "Children, what would you do if fire was to break out in this building?"

The children then repeat in chorus: "We would rise in our places, step into the aisle, and march quietly out of the building."

One recent morning Dr. Henry Van Dyke visited the school and was sitting quietly on the platform when the teacher stepped before the pupils, and instead of asking the usual fire drill question, said: "Children, what would you say if I were to tell you that Dr. Van Dyke is to speak to you this morning?"

The children promptly replied in chorus: "We would rise in our places, step into the aisle, and march quietly out of the building."

Have you noticed the sudden increase of clubs and societies in our class? Mr. Brown reports that he has in his hands constitutions for an "African Golf Club" and for a "Black Jack Club." These are open for membership.

With such a wealth of material in the Senior class, a play was inevitable. And now we are sorting over myriads of manuscripts. Many are the opinions on the merits of these divergent plays. Some like "Bottled Spirits" while other hold out for "Seven Nights in a Bar Room" or "The Last Drink."

Have you noticed that every now and then two or three of our Senior boys come to class with some of their bright young faces partly missing? Well, those are our basketball men that are playing on the first team. The tallest one is Waldo Stenz and the one with the short pompadore is Oscar Bullock. The one with the detached scholarly air is Kotick and the romantic looking one is Ronald Reynolds. They are putting Olympia High on the basketball map.

We have elected our new officers for the second semester. Virgil Otis is president; Donald Webb, vice-president; Earl Lavery, treasurer; Allen White, secretary and Oscar Bullock, yell master. A combination that never fails to work. One turn of the president forward and two of the secretary backward and the class is open. But keep the combination secret, Oh, Senior.

Can anyone solve the mystery of our lost ebony entertain-
ers? Since the Senior class school spirit assembly, we have seen no more of this quartette. Who they were or where they came from, has never been ascertained. They have disappeared as mysteriously as they appeared on that eventful day.

Our class has given a new custom to Miss Etiquette. It is quite the usual thing now to leave visiting cards in hundred lots. Allen White and Wynne Bragdon are the exponents of this new fad. They are going to give away a number of these hundred lots.

P. S.—We might add that the Senior basketball team, captained by Newton Grimm, won the High School championship. As this is only one of our many victories this year we almost forgot to mention it.

The personnel of the team was as follows: Grimm, Stentz, forwards; Reynolds, center; Bullock, Kotick, guards.

---

In memory
Ileen Gunstone
Died
February 26, 1920

At our first class meeting this semester the following worthy class officers were elected: Jimmy Jenkins, president; John Lyman, vice-president; Clare Dickenson, secretary; Doris Hall, treasurer; Harold Robertson, sergeant-at-arms, and Howard Strock, yell leader.

We wish to take this opportunity to put the troubled minds of some Seniors to rest by informing them that we are going to give them a Prom. Although the date has not been definitely set, plans are now under way. There are rumors that it will be a Leap Year Prom. Who can tell?

In the interclass basketball games we tied for second place. Our team was composed of Henry Hudson, Clare Dickenson, Harold Robertson, Ronald Wilder and Harold Norrie.

At a recent meeting of our class it was decided to purchase our class pins this year. A committee of five was appointed to select the pins, and it has been voted by all that they made a wise selection. The pins will be here some time in May.

Our class will be very ably represented in the Red Cross Life Saving Corps of Olympia. Those passing the examinations were Ruth Adair, Imogene Ross, Carl Davis, Ronald Wilder, Charles Bode, Morris Lamborn and Fred Sorensen.

Look! What's coming around the corner? Oh, it's a spring vacation, and it is certainly joyfully welcomed by those of us who found that little brother doesn't write enough like father, when we catch the spring fever and take a half holiday.

As the time drew near for us to show our school spirit in
a class assembly, we worked hard in an endeavor to do better than the Juniors, and even if no one else things so, we believe that we succeeded.

Our basketball team showed some fighting spirit and the consequences were that we won two games out of four, which gave us the same position as the Juniors and Freshmen. We are proud of two of our classmen, Albert Shroeder and Joseph Koenig, who made the High School team.

We welcome to our class the mid-year Sophomores, who have already proven their loyalty to the class in attending the class meetings, and by their support in the assembly.

Watch for "Her Gloves!"

Christmas holidays are over and we are beginning to look forward to vacation time.

Our class is booming right along and hitting on all eight. A meeting was held a short time ago at which the following officers were elected for this semester: Edward Gonyaw, president; Tracy Ditsmars, vice-president; Edith Shugarts, secretary and treasurer; Harold Chambers, cheer leader; Ward Hemphling, sergeant-at-arms, and Wilson Tyler, editor.

We were sorry to lose some of our class at Christmas when they graduated into the Sophomore class (because they couldn’t help it), but we are glad to welcome the new ones into our class.

We were well represented in basketball having Hemphling, who is a first team man, and Harvey Berlin, who is a first sub.

We have decided that our yell is too dead for a class like ours and Chambers, our champion noise-box is on the trail of a REAL LIVE yell.

We are sure that all those who saw the Freshman-Sophomore basketball game found it worth while. We felt ashamed to hurt the Sophomores but we had to show the Sophs we could play basketball, although we don’t make as much noise over it as the Sophs do.

Look out Sophs, or it will be the same way in baseball. We’re after your scalps.

TO A FRESHMAN

You must not loiter in the halls,
And never mark upon the walls,
And please don’t rough-house in the school,
Because it’s strictly against the rule.

When arm in arm, you interfere
With other students, little dear,
Be sure and note these tiny things,
Or your AA’s will all take wings,
And take it from an older one,
The study hall’s no place for fun.

M. O., ’20.
Could "Tony Faust' or "Bill Tell" but hear themselves murdered by the O. H. S. orchestra they would kick the slats off their coffins and smoke the "nails." Nevertheless, frequent calls for more by the people of Olympia show a difference of opinion. Again and again has Mr. Gerwick received requests for the use of the orchestra and each time he has responded willingly. At the first of the year various conflicts in the programs of members of the stringed orchestra necessitated a night practice, which is held in the Auditorium Monday night of each week. Fellows, here's a chance to step out without paying a cent. Bring her up here on Monday night and I'll guarantee that you'll get in free.

The regular High School Orchestra is running full blast on Tuesdays and Thursdays. They are, at present, busy work-

ing up a musical program for commencement. All is harmony and discord. Not having a chance to perform as yet, they have been saving up their pep and energy for one grand splurge at the end of the year.

High School Orchestra! What is it for? To make music of course. An orchestra practices a piece of music continuously so that it might become proficient enough to perform in public. Since, then, the orchestra's uppermost ideal is to perform in public, what better public could it choose than that with which it is most closely associated; what better audience could it choose than the student body itself? Why not open the school day with one or two selections by the orchestra?

December 19, Assembly

Football letters were given to players by Coach Brown. After which Johnny Lyman, the newly elected captain for next year, made the speech of thanks for the team. Both the Glee Club and Mr. Gerwick's Orchestra rendered some excellent and appreciated selections.
January 8, Assembly

Mr. Breckner and Allen White answered all possible questions which could be asked concerning the coming basketball games. We are glad to see the advertising cards. Some one in the Hi has some pep!

When Mr. Leland Brown’s Senior English classes decided that school spirit (the right kind) crat nihil, and that the most evident was “small town stuff,” something was bound to happen. Therefore;

January 30, Assembly

Everyone’s memory is indelibly imprinted with that most successful assembly staged by the Senior class. For awhile there were some whispers that the Junior class intended to “show up” the Seniors in a far superior assembly in a couple of weeks. But of course those were mere whispers, for who could possibly find any stunts superior to our famous cartoonist, Bruce Gerth, the graceful Scotch dancer, Miss Bragdon, or the dorkies, Oscar, Waldo and Company? Not even mentioning the other A-1 numbers on the program.

February 14, Assembly

Said Junior Assembly a real success; especially funny was Mr. Johnny Lyman, who recited and did a clog dance in negro costume. Another clever idea was the country school room, which showed before School Spirit was introduced and afterward.

March 2, Assembly

A very interesting assembly was given on the subject of life saving. Commodore Longfellow gave a really pleasing and instructive talk on the subject.

March 5, Assembly

If you for one minute are laboring under any delusions that the Soph class isn’t right there, you’ve made a mistake. From the opening of their assembly with Baldy Miles on a toy auto pushed by Fred Convery, bringing in the announcement placards, to the Animated Album stunt they were right there. Three cheers for the Soph!

March 5

A High School party was given on the 5th that was attended by an enthusiastic crowd. After the program every one went to the cafeteria for the eats.

With only three more months of school ahead of us, we find the manual training department a very busy place indeed. A great many now wish they had shown more speed in the earlier part of the year, for new ideas in the furniture line are beginning to arrive thick and fast. Half finished chairs, dressing tables, desks, davenport and complicated pieces of lathe work testify this fact. However, the denizens of the hard work department have determined, industrious looks on their faces and are making it up with a great show of energy so we feel sure that all these pieces of half finished furniture will be completed by the end of the year.

Progress in the sheet and metal work department has slowed down somewhat owing to the fact that our machinery for the department has been delayed in transportation. It is
due shortly however and you will again hear the merry ring of the hammers as different designs are being fashioned out of molten steel.

Mr. Lydell, in order to show his superiority over the rest of us, has built a little baby bug and just as soon as he can install the clock-works and put on the spools for wheels he promises to give us all a ride down Fourth street providing we will help push it up the hill again.

We surely will not forget our future manual training teacher who at present is teaching the 6th and 7th grades.

Believe us, if he ever has a troop of children of his own he will surely know how to handle them. His motto is "Treat 'em rough." Yes, Oscar is making a shining success, he always has absolute order in the room and the boys love him like a father. They also work very faithfully for him. They have already turned out several beautiful pieces of furniture, and added to this each boy has a collection of natural wood which will be beautifully polished and presented to the State of Washington some time in the future.

Have you seen "Her Gloves?"

It Was on the Map Once.

A colored infantry regiment was being mustered out, says the Argonaut, and the company commander sent the home address of every man to the quartermaster, so that each could draw his travel pay to go home. There was some difficulty about one man, and the captain called him in.

"Jackson, you gave your home address as Prince Fredrick, Md., and the quartermaster says there is no such place as Prince Fredrick, Md."

"Don't you believe him, suh; they is."

"Well, they can't seem to find it."

"Huh!" grunted the soldier. "They didn't have no trouble finding it when they drafted me."

DOMESTIC

SCIENCE

The work of the Home Economics classes was interchanged at the close of the first semester, the Freshmen girls now taking cooking and the Sophomores taking sewing.

Many attractive luncheons were served by the Sophomore cooking class before the first semester closed. First were the student luncheons in which all the girls took part, both in serving and in being guests, one-half the class serving the other half. Then all the teachers were entertained at three luncheons about seven attending each. After these a luncheon was served to the board of directors, the superintendent and the High School principal. Those present were Dr. and Mrs. Walther, Mr. and Mrs. Stocking, Mr. and Mrs. Manier, Mr. and Mrs. Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Breckner and the Hostess, Miss Grube.

In our newly furnished dining room decorated with greens from the woods and with Miss Grube as hostess all the luncheons were very successful.

Miss Grube has organized two classes in Camp Cookery for the boys. Thirty-two have taken up the work, half of them meeting on Wednesday and the other half on Friday afternoons during the seventh period. During the first part of the course the classes will meet in the cooking laboratory, but later will go to the woods and beach for practical camp cooking.

A number of the boys belong to the Y. M. C. A. and the Boy Scouts and it is hoped that the experience which is gained in the cooking classes will be of value to them in their organizations.
ALUMNI NOTES

Perhaps if some of our brilliant and clever graduates would communicate with their home towns often we might be able to make these notes more complete. But as it stands we have only heard of the following:

I. Joan Bowman, whose engagement to Bubbles Wright of Seattle has just been announced, is being entertained by her many friends in Olympia. She has been the honor guest at many luncheons and showers since the announcement. The date of wedding is not yet known.

II. Truman Trullinger, '18, who is attending the University of Washington, has recently been pledged to the Delta Chi fraternity.

III. Allys Houghton, '16, is employed by the Northwestern Mutual Fire Insurance Company in Seattle.

IV. Neale Hudson, '17, is employed at the smelter in Tacoma and is star man on the basketball team.

V. Louis Benson, '18, is playing on the freshman basketball team at the University of Washington.

VI. Mildred Ranker, who graduated with the class of '18, is attending the University of Washington.

VII. Mrs. Muriel Tamblin Mills is here on an extended visit with her mother, Mrs. Maud Tamblin.

EXCHANGES.

To the list of schools with which we are in communication, we may add the Broadway High School, Seattle, Hoquiam High School, and the State College at Pullman. From all but three of our old correspondents we have received additional numbers. The "Tahoma" of the Stadium High, says to the "Olympus," "You seem to have some good cartoonists on your staff."

"Hesperian," Hoquiam High School, Hoquiam. Your material is good. The paper might be improved by making it of a more convenient size, and reorganizing the material on the last pages.

"Broadway Weekly Whims," Broadway High School, Seattle. A live and well arranged school paper. Your reporters certainly are good. You are generous—we have five numbers from which to judge.

"The Evergreen," Washington State College, Pullman. There is nothing in your entire publication subject to adverse criticism. You have an energetic advertising manager.

"Tahoma," Stadium High School, Tacoma. We wish to compliment J. R. Trentle, '21, on the "Serenade to Spring."

"Weekly Messenger," Bellingham State Normal. You are to be congratulated on the success of your Christmas number.

Don't forget to see "Her Gloves."
MEET and TREAT

AT

PRIGMORE & SEARS

FOUNTAIN operated by
Miss Cora Moulton—Miss Geraldine Troy

FOUR BUSY STORES
Chehalis; Centralia; Olympia; Aberdeen

Father:
Roses are red
Violets are blue
Send me fifty
I love you.

Son.

Dear Son:
Roses are red
Some are pink
Enclosed find fifty
I don’t think.

Dad.

Baude’s Barber Shop

LADIES’ HAIR TREATMENT
A SPECIALTY
519 Main Street Olympia, Wash.

Nowhere to Go.
O’Hara stood surveying the body of his friend, lying in
state. Then he began to smile.
“What is there funny about that?” demanded an outraged
friend.
“ ‘Twas only last week as Clancey was sayin’ to me how
there aint no heaven an’ no purgatory. An’ here he lies now,
poor man, all dressed up and no place to go.”

J. F. KEARNEY & CO.

GROCERS

Phones 780-781-782. 427 Main Street.

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us.
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 to an economical 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.

Terms if desired. Shown on 1st floor, by the elevators

OLYMPIA LIGHT & POWER CO.

Author reading his manuscript aloud:
'When he kissed her, the blush would creep over her cheek.'

His critical chum: 'Yep, nowadays its gotta creep or it would raise too much dust.'

You would imagine that Frank Pepperdog was a hot tamale dealer, wouldn't you? But he isn't. He's a commission merchant in Jacksonville, Florida.

Paul H. Neuffer
Jeweler
517 Main St.
We specialize in
High Grade American Watches

If you can't get it anywhere else, come to us, the store that sells everything

James Lasity
425 Main Street

The Proper Retort.
"So you want my daughter, eh?"
"I do, sir!"
"Have you any money?"
"A little. How high do you quote her?"

First Flea: "Were you on a vacation?"
Second Flea: "No! I was on a tramp."

Wood and Coal
Dry Wood
Best grades of Stove and Furnace Coals
Hermay Mallory
Phone 688

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us
Two Plurals

"What is the plural of man, Willie?" asked the teacher of a small pupil.
"Men," answered Willie.
"And the plural of child?"
"Twins," was the unexpected reply.

"Who discovered America?"
"Ohio," replied the girl.
"No, Columbus discovered America."
"Yes'm, Columbus was his first name."

GAUTHIER'S
Clothing House
FURNISHINGS
Union Made Goods
112 East Fourth St.

Teacher: "Fools often ask questions that wise men can't answer."
Pupil: "That's why I flunked."

Artie: "Say Pete we're all made of dust aren't we?"
Pete: "No, I don't think you are——"
Artie: "Why not?"
Peter: "Well, if you were you'd dry up once in a while."

HARRIS
DRY GOODS COMPANY
SHOWING NEWEST SPRING MODES
Coats, Suits, Dresses, Wraps, New Blouses
Silk Underwear, Etc., Etc.

Agents for
Gossard Corsets
Trevo Schoolgirl Corsets
Butterick Patterns
Centemerei Gloves

KODAKS
Remember we are Olympia agents for KODAKS and SUPPLIES
THE BEST LINE IN THE CITY
F. G. Munson Drug Co.
"Don, did you give Louise the best part of that apple as you were told?"
"Yes, I gave her the seeds. She can plant them and have a whole orchard."

DELICIOUS! YOU'LL SAY THEY ARE!
Those Home-Made Sweets made at

The Twin Shop

"Honey, am I as dear to you now as I was before we were married?"
"Can't say exactly. I didn't keep account of expenses then."

ROBERT HOPE FRY
Attorney and Counsellor at Law

Phone 109
Byrne Bldg.

Patronize the
KNEELAND BARBER SHOP
Fully
Electrically
Equipped
P. MADSEN
Cor. Fourth and Main Sts.

KNEELAND SHINING STAND
For Ladies and Gents
Joe Rollman

Little beams of moonshine
Little hugs and kisses
Often make a maiden
Change her name to missis.

NEILSEN'S
115 East Fourth Street.

Try Our Malted Milk
"THE BEST AT THE FOUNTAIN"
"EXTRA FANCY FRUIT"

Waldo Stentz: "Good morning, little one. Haven't I met you before?"
She: "It's quite likely. I used to be a nurse in the insane asylum."

OLYMPIA AUTO SUPPLY CO.
H. N. STICKLIN, Prop.

Auto Accessories Free Delivery
Cor. Fourth and Franklin Sts. Olympia, Wash.

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us
School Togs for Olympia High Students

We have just received the first shipment of Young Men's Snappy Suits for 1920's wear. They present some very pleasing all-wool fabrics and some new models. Yoke effects and inverted pleat vents are among the new features. Styles are fitted, 1 and 2-button double or single breasted plain and belted with all the other ultra new features. Not hi priced—up to $45.00.

New Shoes, new Shirts, new Hats, new Caps and Furnishings of every description. Dress better for less.

Hi girls will be interested to visit our Ready-to-Wear Hat Shop—they are different and you save the difference.

Mottman's
The place where you can always do better

Calvert: “Are you fond of indoor sports?”
Cora: “Yes, if you know when to go home.”

“Any animal with four legs,” said the teacher, “is a quadruped. A man is a biped. Now can anyone tell me what a zebra is?”
“Yes, miss,” replied a small boy, “a striped.”

CHAS. LINDLEY
MACHINIST—ELECTRICIAN
Cylinders Rebored—Motors Rewound
234 West Fourth St., Olympia
Phone 50

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us

CAPITAL CITY CREAMERY
Phone 55

Yum Yum
Just try our fancy brick Ice Cream and Sherbets

“Will you kindly place this cigar in my mouth and light it for me?”
“What’s the matter? Too lazy to lift your arm?”
“No. I promised my wife I wouldn’t put another cigar in my mouth for six months.”

Plumb’s Place
CANDIES
SOFT DRINKS
TOBACCO
114 Fifth Street

Why walk? Buy a new Bicycle, $2.00 down and and $2.00 a week
SEE
Fred Levee
330 Main Street

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us
STATE MARKET
305 East Fourth St. Phone 126
MEATS, POULTRY and VEGETABLES
Only the best at the lowest price possible
We deliver the goods

WHY IS A MULE?
1
The mule he is a funny sight,
He's made of ears and dynamite,
His heel is full of bricks and springs,
Tornadoes, battering rams and things.
He's fat as any poisoned pup;
It's just his meanness swells him up;
It's always scheming 'round to do
The things you most don't want him to.

DUNN TIRE CO.
VULCANIZING and RETREADING
526 Main St Phone 205

W. F. BUSHELL
For good SHOE REPAIRING
520 Main Street

Every High School Student should have a
"ALWAYS SHARP" SILVER PENCIL
Something new; Only 50c

The BOOKSTORE

Post Electric Co.
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
Automobile and Boat Electrical Equipment
Wiring of all kinds
218 West Fourth St. Phone 95

2
The mule he lives on anything;
He's got a lovely voice to sing,
And when he lets it loose at noon
It sounds like buzz saws out of tune.
He stands around with sleepy eye
And looks as if he's like to die,
But when there's any dying done
It ain't the mule, I'll bet a bun.

Mills & Austin
SPALDING'S
SPORTING GOODS

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us
Portraits

We have something very novel for exchange portraits this year

Jeffers' Art Studio

Cor. Fifth and Washington Sts. Phone 270

Some folks don't treat mules with respect;
They say he aint got intellect,
That may be so, but if you've got
To go to heaven on the spot,
And want a way that doesn't fail,
Just twist the tassel on his tail.
The mule he tends to his own biz—
He don't look loaded, but he is.

—The Cottage Farmer.

Furniture, Rugs, Carpets, Majestic Ranges and all kinds of Up-to-date Furnishings

J. E. KELLEY
502 East Fourth Phone 247

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us

BE PATRIOTIC
Build Your Own Home

The Olympia Building and Loan Association
WILL HELP YOU

Ask some officer of the Association how to do it.

Freshman,
Bright Dreams
Chemistry
Many Schemes;
Tries one
Old dope
Little boy
Blown to Soap.

Meet me at

Prince's

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us
TOILET DELIGHTS
Yal's Face Cream, Mydenta Tooth Paste
and Hirsutone at
HUGH ROSS - The Druggist
We Lead, Never Follow
Phone 260 530 Main Street

Miriam stands for no rough stuff
Regardless of its source.
She left the dinner in disgust
Because the salt was course.

New Eastside Market
Jorgensen & Son
Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats, Vegetables in Season
Poultry, Butter, Eggs and Milk
Country Trade Solicited  Prompt Delivery
Phone 294

Mrs. Gasmuch is a great gossip.
Yes. She has a keen sense of rumor.

"Father, what makes your nose so red?"
"Glasses."
"Glasses of what?"

BRAEGER'S PLACE
Home of the
RUMMY CLUB
115 West Fourth Street
Olympia

TENNIS Rackets
AND
SPORTING GOODS
Van Arsdale Hdw. Co.

RIGHT GOODS
RIGHT SERVICE
RIGHT PRICES

O. R. Simensen & Son
215 East Fourth Street

"Speedy."
"That's a fine watch you have. Is it a good goer?"
"A good goer? Well, you bet your life. It can go an hour
in half the time."

The Wardrobe
Clothing, Furnishings,
Shoes for Men.
Cram & MAHLM,
Props.
323 East Fourth Street.

Thos. M. Vance
Attorney at Law
Olympia, Wash.

A young farmer's bride who recently undertook the man-
agement of the horticultural department of the farm, writes
the agricultural editor as follows:
"What can I do to make my potatoes grow? I peeled them
ever so carefully before planting them, but they haven't even
come up yet."

LAUNCHES, ROWBOATS AND CANOES
for hire at reasonable prices
at
BROWN'S BOAT HOUSE
Successor to J. A. Hunt
CITY DOCK

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us
Little words of wisdom,  
Little words of bluff,  
Make the teachers tell us,  
"Sit down—that's enough."

Be she went or am she gone?  
Has she left I all alone?  
Shall she never come to we?  
Shall I never come to she?  
It cannot was.

**THE VICTROLA**
with its wonderful catalog of records to entertain you makes a **HAPPY HOME**
Sold on Terms

**RABECK MUSIC CO.**
Phone 150; 409 E. Fourth St.

"I got a job in the cafeteria now."
"What are you doing?"
"Blacksmith."
"Blacksmith?"
"Yes, shooin' flies."

We are knocking the "H" out of H. C. of L. on everything that you wear. You owe it to yourself to investigate our prices

**J. C. PENNEY CO.**
A Nation-wide Institution
115-117-119 East Fifth Street

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us
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

'You are suffering from nervous exhaustion,' announced the great specialist. 'But I can cure you for the small sum of $2,000.'

'And will my nerve be as good as yours then?'

Hemstitching, Piecing, Buttons, Covered Pleating and Stamping

SINGER SEWING MACHINE SHOP
R. R. Moore, Prop.
All makes of machines cleaned and repaired
New and second-hand machines sold
513 Main Street

For Identification.

"Willie, I hear you've been fighting with one of those boys next door and have given him a black eye."

"Yes'm. You see, they's twins and I wanted some way to tell them apart."

BOHAC'S AUTO TOP REPAIR SHOP

HARNESS, FISHING TACKLE, GLOVES
AND AUTO ROBES

515 West Fourth Street Phone 871

Proof Positive.

"How do you know that Chaucer dictated his old English to a stenographer?"

"Look at the way it's spelled."

CITY DYE WORKS

CLEANING, PRESSING AND REPAIRING.

301 West Fourth Street Phone 664.

Olympia, Wash.

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us.
A new singer was making her first public appearance. She sang, "I shall hang my harp on a weeping willow tree-e-e," and broke on the last word.
All at once a high pitched voice shouted, "Hang it on a lower limb, sis."

"What's your time?" asked a man who rushed into the clothing store.
"Twenty minutes after five," said the brisk salesman. What can I do for you?"
"I want those pants," said the caller, leading the way to the window and pointing to a ticket marked "Given away at 5.20."

Plenty of it appetizingly prepared and daintily served; beautiful surroundings and a cordial welcome.
These you will find at the

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us
With a Flying Start

Every school boy interested in athletics knows that advantage that means in any kind of contest.

It is half the victory for the man or team that has it unless there is a fall down in the finish.

Thrifty habits formed early give you the flying start in the infinitely more consequential game of life you enter when you leave school, a game you have to play whether you want to or not.

To be able to save in the beginning is the flying start you most need to succeed. This bank is anxious to see you take advantage of it.

Capital National Bank
OLYMPIA, WASH.

A professor of sciences, well known for his absent mindedness, was engaged in a deep controversy one day with a fellow student when his wife hurriedly entered the room. "Oh, my dear," she cried, "I've swallowed a pin."

The professor smiled. "Dont worry about it, my dear," he said in a soothing tone. "It is of no consequence. Here"—he fumbled at his lapel—"here is another pin."

Spark's Hydraulic Hoist

For Sand, Gravel and Wood Trucks
Efficient—Simple—Strong
Made in Olympia by
Parrott & Hahn
MACHINISTS
309 W. Fourth, Phone 213

E. G. TEW
Motor Cars

ESSEX HUDDSON

600 East Fourth Street
Phone 335
Olympia, Wash.

A young theologian pictured in glowing words the selfishness of men who spend their evenings at the club leaving their wives in loneliness at home.

"Think my hearers," said he, "of a poor neglected wife all alone in the great, dreary house, rocking the cradle of her sleeping babe with one foot and wiping away her tears with the other.

Welker's Cash Grocery
GROCERS

Phone 268 
426 East Fourth

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us
Savings Accounts

There isn't a youngster in Olympia who should be without a Savings Account. The younger they are—the probability is that the bigger their accounts will grow.

We have a great many Savings Accounts growing up here at the Olympia National Bank for boys and girls. Don't let YOUR youngsters be handicapped

DIRECTORS
P. M. Troy; P. C. Aller; E. E. Flood; Wm. Huntley
Senator Edwin T. Coman

Olympia National Bank

"I say, who was here to see you last night?"
"Only Mable, father."
"Well, tell Mable she left her pipe on the piano."

Pete: "While I was in Africa I killed a lion thirteen feet long."
Artie: "That's some lyin."

If You Are Going to Build

Come in and let us show you our plans and photographs of beautiful homes and other buildings. We take pleasure in telling you what we can furnish these homes for

Buchanan Lumber Co.
FOURTH AND WATER STREETS.
PHONE 412.

"I'm in the dark as to how these bills are to be paid," said Mr. Hardup to his wife.
"Well, Henry," she said as she added another one to the already large pile, "you will be if you don't pay that one. It's the gas bill."

We represent the very best insurance companies of America. See us before investing in
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Otis & Brown
Olympia, Washington

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

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us
Olympia Door Co.
SECOND AND JEFFERSON STREETS.
PHONE 78.

Lumber and Mill Work. Get Our Prices.

Mill Wood—Green & Seasoned

"What's the noise?"
"Nothing: only night falling."
"Sounds more like day breaking."

"The Seniors are not what they used to be."
"What did they use to be?"
"Freshmen."

B. G. WILLISTON
CANDY, FRUIT, TOBACCO AND CIGARS
TRY OUR MALTED MILK

Phone 68
405 Main Street

Two festive ones were ambling home at an early hour after being out most the night.
"Don't your wife miss you on these occasions?" asked one.
"Not often," replied the other, "she throws pretty straight."

MAECKE'S
The bakery of quality
L. C. Maecke
Prop.
420 East Fourth St.

Donated by members of the
PI DELTA UPSILON

What's the last thing that Shakespeare did?"
"He died."

Mr. Stentz: "Son, can't you possibly cut down your school expenses."
Waldo: "Well, I might get along without any books."

SEND YOUR DIRTY CLOTHES TO THE

STAR LAUNDRY

309 Main Street
Phone 254

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us
THE "OLYMPUS" MANAGEMENT WISHES
TO THANK ITS ADVERTISERS FOR
THEIR SUPPORT

LET US PATRONIZE THEM, FOR
THEY PATRONIZE US

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.

53—PHONE—53.

High School Students: Please patronize advertisers; they patronize us
Young Men's
Spring Suits

All the new spring styles in smart, stylish lively models and patterns for young men are now in stock. Suits with the smartness, quality and style of a "Twin Six," as serviceable and economical as a Ford.

You will find in our large assortment just the suit you want at the price you want to pay.

GOTTFELD'S
211 EAST FOURTH STREET OLYMPIA, WASH.