"It's not his heart that's so bad," said Mrs. O'Brien, leaning her brown elbows on the gate through which her caller had just passed. "All young boys are frisky."

"Granny McDowel will have it that Parson Brown was a lively lad himself, in his young days," chuckled the other.

"She told some things that wouldn't wear out his stern doctrine. For myself, I believe that to spare the rod, but—"

A clatter of hoofs suddenly rang out and down the village street at a mad gallop tore a black pony, ridden by a red-haired boy of sixteen. The horse flew by like a flash. Fifteen rods farther on an old bridge spanned a swift stream. The parson's lad tried to check his horse as he neared it, but the pony's flying feet struck a rotten plank and it gave way. The lad was sent headlong into a clump of brush, while the pony crouched in a groaning, quivering heap on the bridge. A crowd quickly gathered. Some one mercifully put the animal out of his misery. Then the dazed boy was helped to his feet, scratched and shaken, but uninjured. When he saw the pony's fate a sharp sob escaped him; refusing all friendly
offers, he turned and hobbled toward the parsonage with a white, set face.

"If the parson had seen the look that the boy gave the pony he would think that punishment was already meted out," said good Mrs. O'Brien with much concern.

"A sound thrashing will help him to forget the sight," the blacksmith retorted. But neither of them guessed the sequel. That night, while Parson Brown knelt in his dingy little study his prayerless lips shut, and great drops of sweat dropping from his face a slim figure swung from the window above and stole away in the darkness. Toward morning the parson's son lay down to sleep under a thick hedge, but his dreams were not of the stormy parting, only of Black Beauty, lying lifeless on the broken bridge.

In Corrigan's lumber camp, number three, great excitement seized the men. Big Dan, one of their favorite men, had made a trip to Garry's camp and had caught the small-pox. Sheehan had been detailed to nurse the patient, and the bunk house was quarantined.

"Shure 'tis the plague an' we'll ketch it av the blankets!" wailed Tim O'Slaughnnessy.

"Shut up," said the cook savagely. Nevertheless, before morning four more men were stricken. But short as the force was only Sheehan could be spared to nurse them. Late that evening as the superintendent came across to give an order he surprised a slim figure stealing to the bunk room door.

"Go back, Brown!" he said sternly, to the red-haired boy. "Don't you think Sheehan has his hands full enough now?"

A lump rose in Aleck's throat. A year ago he had nursed his father through a severe attack of pneumonia. The horror of those long nights was with him yet, and Sheehan had been kind to him.

"I wanted to help him, sir," he said. "I am strong and I am used to sickness."

"I've sent to Camp Four for help," he said. "Go back; at least till you're needed worse."

Aleck obeyed. But at dawn word came that Camp Four was turned into a hospital. Some preacher from down the river had stopped over and was helping nurse the sick. When Barney Le Duke, the fellow who was summoned to help Sheehan, fell ill, Aleck again asked the superintendent if he might help Sheehan. This time his request was granted.

The next three weeks stayed in Aleck's memory like a dream. Day and night it tended fires, brought water and made gruel. The tide turned at last; the men began to sit up and walk feebly about. The cook sent Aleck to his bunk with the orders to sleep till he had permission to get up.

"I can't sleep till you've promised to send this," he said, holding out a soiled note.

"It's a long day before his daddy'll get it," he said, reading the address as Aleck moved away. "No mail for a month yet. I'll keep it, though."

Before morning Aleck had a raging fever. The convalescents, who had come to regard the boy as their good angel, took turns at watching by him. Then one day a big, grizzled man presented himself at the bunkhouse door.

"I've come to help out wi' the nursing," he said.

It was the preacher from Camp Four. McDermot drew him inside. But before his greeting was finished Aleck's wistful voice rose suddenly from behind them.

"I'm sorry, father, so sorry," it pleaded. "I'll be careful next time." The big man started as if struck a blow. His face blanched.

"Who's you?" he asked in a strained voice.

"It's Brown, the lad who has helped nurse," answered McDermot.
The big man crossed the floor and dropped on his knees beside the bunk.

"Aleck! Aleck!" he sobbed. Have I found you at last?"

One bright April Sunday morning Aleck awoke to find a familiar face bending over him. Just then big Dan came in with a large bouquet of flowers which he placed in Aleck’s hand.

"'Tis Easter day," he said. "'Tis they bring flowers at Easter."

"Aleck, lad," the preacher said, "I was hard on you that night. You have asked my pardon again and again in your raving. Tell me, lad, do you forgive me?"

The men rose and stole softly out into the Easter sunshine; only big Dan, sending one curious glance back, saw Aleck and his father clasped in each other’s arms.

AGNES TAYLOR, ’11.

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TWILIGHT

The sun has set and the evening twilight has begun. The shadows that have been lengthening since noon have disappeared. The light in the west is fading and the darkness from the east is increasing. The work of the day is done and the work of night is about to begin. The animals that move about in the daylight are seeking shelter and refuge for the night. While the animals of night are beginning to stir. It is the twilight. The time when man, perhaps of all others, is given to thought, meditation and reflection.

The certainty of day, of light and of knowledge are about to be replaced by the uncertainty of night, of darkness and of ignorance. It is the time when man seems to become a part of nature. Objects that were distinct in the light of day are becoming obscure and fantastic shapes take their place. Naturally the increasing gloom causes him to think and he is led to wonder at the works of creation. If he happens to be on a vessel in mid ocean, when the sea is calm and the sky is clear, he sees the sun go down as it were into the very ocean and tinge the water with red, purple and gold, and as the sun disappears he sees nothing but the vast deep on every side. No land in sight but as far as the eye can reach the vast illimitable, unchanging sea. He is reminded of the time in the age of the world when water covered the whole earth. When there was no land above the sea, when storms were raging incessantly and he wondered at the length of time since that period.

But if he should be on a ship and a storm be on the deep, if the ship is disabled, sails ripped and rudder broken. If the clouds are flying and the hurricane is rushing, when the waves are roaring and the monstrous deep is raging and the wrath of the mighty element seems to be turned against the ship; when the breakers have been seen in the glimmering with sprays flying high above the rocks and in the relentlessly increasing gloom, the roar of the sea goes rushing on the shore, what a twilight is that! To think that darkness will soon envelop the ship and despair will take possession of all on board.

As is said—'Tis a fearful thing in winter to be out upon the blast and to hear the captain shouting cut away the mast.

And in that same twilight on shore in the fisherman’s cottage there is anxiety and dread. To quote from an author:
The twilight is sad and dreamy.
The wind blows wild and free.
And like the wings of seabirds flashed the white caps on the sea.
But in the fishman’s cottage there dwells a ruddier light.
And a little face at the window peeps out into the night.’’

What tales do the roaring ocean and the night winds tell
Bleak and wild as they beat at the crazy casement tell that little child.
And why do the roaring ocean and the night winds wild
And bleak as they beat at the heart of that mother drive the color from her cheek.’’

Twilight also falls on the mountains. And if we should be in the Alps the sun would go down and the twilight would settle in the valleys, while the tops of the mountain peaks would be bathed in gold, but as it increases, if the evening be clear, the stars appear.

As is written: The stars are forth, the moon above the top of the snow shining mountains beautiful. I linger yet with nature, for the night hath been to me a more familiar face than that of man. And in her starry shade of dim and solitary loneliness I learned the language of another world.

Yet as the twilight fades a storm may arise, as Byron describes it:

“The sky is changed, and such a change.
A storm and night and darkness,
Ye are wondrous strong.
Yet lovely in your strength.
For along from peak to peak the rattling crags among leaps the live thunder.’’

Not from one lone peak, but every mountain now has found a tongue and answers through her misty shroud back to the joyous Alps that call to her aloud. And this is in the night, most glorious night, thou wert not sent for slumber.
Let me be a sharer in thy fierce and far delight, a portion of the tempest and of thee.

The magnificence and the grandeur of the storm almost inspires one with the thought of the poet. That:

“When sailing on the blast my shade shall ride,
Or deep in mist descend the mountain side.
O let no sculptured urns mark the spot where dust to dust returns.’’

If it should be a clear twilight in May on the prairie and we should watch the paling of the twilight. In the west we would see the tiny ray from the evening star first appear. We watch it and by its steady light we recognize it as a planet and by its brightness we recognize it as Jupiter. The rays of star light are messages from worlds in flames that are whirling in the unbounded space. Now night falls and the evening twilight is gone. Then comes the morning twilight, when Venus, the morning star, in all her beauty, heralds the approach of day. When darkness is dispelled by light. When despair gives way to hope. Great and wonderful are the works of creation and greater far and more marvelous is their creation.

ED OLDFIELD, ’09.
EDITORIALS

When the ladies of the Civic Improvement club called for helpers to beautify Olympia the High school students willingly gave their assistance. Friday the 16th was the day set aside. The school grounds were divided into four sections, the senior class took charge of planting the trees on the parking strip about the grounds, the other classes planted flowers, hedges, rose bushes on the campus.

There is much interest taken in starting this good work, now let's keep it up. Each year add something to the grounds which will beautify them.

The May issue of the Olympus will be given the compliment of the Senior class. That does not mean that everything will be given by that class, but it means that they will stand for the financial side of the issue. The staff plans to make the issue in the form of an annual if enough interest is shown. Do not hesitate to hand in an article, a cartoon or a picture of your class team. Do not force the editors to beg for material for the last issue, they have had to do that all the year. Give them good support in their last effort to put out a good paper.

Material must be in not later than May 20.

Again the '09 class holds the track championship of the school. The victory was won April 15 in the interclass meet held at athletic park. Once before, in 1907, this honor was ours and we congratulate our boys.

The cast for the Senior play has at last been selected. The play will probably be given on the seventh of May.

The Senior class extends its welcome to Genevieve Boardman of Puyallup, who has recently joined our class.

On Friday afternoon, April 16, 1909, Russell Callow, president of the class, placed a bottle containing the names of the Senior class and the members of the faculty among the roots of the class tree. It is planned that if a class reunion is ever held the bottle will be taken up. The Seniors will plant a piece of ivy at the southeast corner of the building and the numerals '09 will be planted in white flowers in the grass on the north terrace.

Fred Steele, who has spent the past several months east of the mountains for the benefit of his health, is expected home in a few days to graduate with his class.

Mr. Loomis calling roll in 12th Eng. "Gray" class: "He has scarlet fever."

Mr. Loomis: "Hoke," Frank L. "He has the fever, too." Mr. Loomis: "Spring?"

Civics class, Wellman to Mount, who had just finished a recitation on the inventions of 1870: "When was steam invented?"
JUNIOR NOTES

Thursday, April 15, 1909, Mr. Kreager threw open for settlement the block on which the O. H. S. is located. There were four different tribes of homesteaders, namely: Juniors, Seniors, etc. Being the same as the opening of any reservation as soon as the block was thrown open the big rush was on. The Seniors were there first by about 32 seconds and after looking the claims over and seeing that in what short time which remained until they graduated they couldn't put in enough improvements to hold their claim so they took the job of fencing the whole section with trees.

Next up rushed the Juniors and grabbed the north half of the section, and after planting a few dozen roses and setting out a hedge, also cutting the grass, it will look very fine.

Then the only thing left was a strip of land on the west side, on which was located a pile of wood. This was to be fenced in with climbing roses and of course the Sophomores were too dignified and so it was left to the poor little, insignificant, down-trodden Freshies, so back to the woods they went.

The date on which the Juniors' and Seniors' reception will be given is May 5, 1909, at the Woman's club and there we intend to show the Seniors a "time of their lives," which will surpass all former ones.

The members of the Senior class, each and every one, express his heartfelt sympathy for Tillie Hardin, who is confined to her home with scarlet fever.

M. E.: "Don't think me foolish, but how do they get the engine around a curve?"

SOPHOMORE NOTES

This semester is going, going, and will soon be gone. Wake up Sophomores! Let's see if we can't do better. Of course it's rather late to begin now, but as the old saying is, it's better late than never.

Don't forget that this is another month and class dues are due again.

Where, oh, where, has my Polly gone (polygon),
Where, oh, where, can he be!
With his limits short,
And goose eggs long.
Oh, I wonder where is he!

Mr. Helm, Anc. Hist.: "Bernice what did Amelius do?"
Bernice (hesitating): "Nothing, he just died."

Trairs in Caesar: "The Germans deprived many ships of life."

Blanche in Mod. Hist. to Mr. H.: "Why did they call the followers of James I. Jacobites?"

Lloyd's voice (from back of room): "Because they used St. Jacob's Oil."

There are meters at home.

But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.
FRESHMEN NOTES

Freshmen! Freshmen! Freshmen! Get some spirit; turn out to the games; pay your class dues; wake up, for we have the largest class in High school, therefore we should have the most spirit. Six weeks exams. are now over and vacation is in view, so get in and dig, it is only for a short time.

The Freshman class is glad to welcome a new member, Esther Boardman from Puyallup.

Miss B. (in English): A female woman.

Freshmen you may congratulate yourselves for we are the first class to have our roses planted. Boys get the trellis made and we will have our work completed first.

Mr. L. reading: The ears stopped to let the people see the "Devil's Slide." "I suppose anyone could slide there as well as he, for this is a free country."

Mr. Helm: "Gardner, how do they tell the age of a duck that was buried in the rocks many centuries ago?"

Gardner: "Why, just look at his teeth."

G. G.: "How did fish get into Crater lake?"

Mr. L.: "Well how did that Indian that was drowned in Hewett's lake get into the bay?"

G. G.: "I never saw him?"

Mr. L.: "Why does gravity affect animals."

Boy: "If there was not any gravity animals would fall off."

The first baseball game of the season was with St. Martin's College. The visitors were defeated by the close score of 3 to 1. Gaston pitched for Olympia and allowed the college team but two hits. Fitzgerald's home run in the sixth clinched the game for Olympia.

The second game of the season, also the second victory, was with the Chehalis High school. The day was too cold for the pitchers to get warmed up, consequently the large score of 12 to 8 was made. Heintzelman knocked a home run in the fifth, Haskell knocked a three-bagger in the eighth with three men on bases.

On the third of April we played Lincoln High in Seattle and received the first defeat of the season, score 4 to 2. Although Olympia outbattled Lincoln we were unable to push the necessary number of runs across the plate. Haskell pitched a fine game, allowing the fast Lincoln High team but six hits. We have a return game with Lincoln on the 24th which the boys are certain they will win.

We played Franklin High of Seattle on April 6. As the Franklin team had to catch a train the game was ended
at the last of the ninth inning with the score 3 to 3. Franklin scored three runs in the first inning on account of infield errors by Olympia. Olympia made two earned runs in the sixth inning and one in the eighth through an error on the Franklin team.

Puyallup defeated us 4 to 1. Boatman, Puyallup's pitcher, struck out 11 Olympia men and allowed but one hit off his delivery.

Olympia defeated Tacoma in a fast and exciting game April 17. Up to the eighth inning the score was 9 to 2, then owing to Haskell's lame shoulder and several errors Tacoma scored six times, but after that our men held them safe. The game ended with the score 9 to 8 in Olympia's favor. Olympia made twice the number of hits that Tacoma did and half the number of errors.

The turnout for the games has been decidedly poor, although Olympia has played better ball than most of her larger opponents. As a rule about thirty high school students out of 240 have attended the games. Most of the support has been from the town people. You can't expect even a good ball team to win games without good support.

The first track meet was the interclass track meet April 15. The Seniors won the meet with 60 points, the Juniors were second with 41 points, the Freshmen third with 25 points. Gaston took the most points, getting 29; Stocking was second with 22 points; Davis and Heintzeleman were tied for third with 16 points each.

The team is working hard for the Southwestern track meet to be held here May 1, 1909. Teams from Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Centralia, Chehalis and Olympia will enter the meet.

Aberdeen won the meet last year but we are confident of getting it this year.
PERSONAL

Annie Schively, '08, has made the second girls' rowing crew at the University of Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lang have announced the engagement of their daughter, Winifred Lang, of the class of '05, to Adolph Schmidt, son of Leopold Schmidt Sr., of Tumwater.

Mr. Kreager is requested by the domestic science girls not to talk to the waitresses.

Mable Holloman (in arithmetic): One hundred acres will pasture 37 1/2 cows.

Often those who shine behind the footlights don't shine anywhere else. —Ex.

Selection from a Senior's notebook: "Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, whose children were slain by Apollo and Artemus, while she herself was turned into stone on Mt. Sibylus in Lydia, where she weeps throughout the summer months."

Hanson Berg (in Junior English): "Drydan lost his poet, poet—"

Miss Biglow: "Poet laureate?"
Hanson: "Oh, yes, he lost that ship."

Mount (in English): "Milton didn't write "Paradise Regained" until after the death of his wife did he?"

Mr. Helm (in Hist.): "When was the revival of learning?"

Mills: "Before the last exams."

Teacher (angrily): "You are the biggest fool here."

Pupil: "Sir, you forget yourself." —Ex.

I know you won't believe it,
But yet 'tis really so.
The other day in geometry,
Miss Smith said 'I don't know.'

Paul: "Well, I'll be hanged."
Grace: "What's the matter?"
Paul: "I am suspended."

Miss Biglow: "What kind of a writer was Jane Austen?"
Hanson Berg: "She wrote about home scenes. I don't know whether you call that biography or autobiography."

"The Cardinal," Portland, Ore., contains a very interesting article on "Russian Schools." Portland High boasts of four active debating societies.

An article in the "Pacific Wave" states that Brown University, Providence, R. I., has entered the big baseball meet to be held in connection with the A.Y.P. Ex.

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