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“Oh! Please do it,” pleaded the editor of the ——. “Well if I have time, I will,” I promised, “but what shall it be?” “Oh, anything, just anything,” still bethaing for my promise. “Well,” I repeated, then as an after thought, “Maybe yes, and maybe no.”

But what should it be. That night I tried again and again but no thoughts came to me. “I will not do it,” I said to myself, “maybe—” Like lightning there came to my mind a little incident that happened last summer. We had gone camping, not to be too personal, I will just say that we migrated some few miles up the bay; with two tents, a little darling of a stove, a folding table, beds, bedding, two hammocks, plenty of books, chocolates and other provisions; and all the necessities of camp life, among them being a mirror and a cat. Of course the mirror was indispensable but wherein the cat was a necessity no one but Rose could understand. But she stoutly refused to go unless she might take her “dear Batu Khan” with her. So Caty, as we girls soon began to call him, was put in a pail, a cloth tied over it, a little hole cut in the cloth; so Caty might get plenty of fresh air, and the whole paraphernalia deposited in Rose’s loving arms.

Originally, our party consisted of six, but two of the girls could not go. So Be, the practical; Rose, the romantic; Tilly, the humorist; and I, nothing but general dishwasher; made up the crowd that at eleven o’clock on a Thursday morning, with bag, baggage, and Caty started for the good old camping ground.

We arrived at our destination late in the afternoon. The ground was in a clearing. On the north, east and south were the tall firs, while on the west was the bay.
With the help of our driver about the tent and stove, we were soon installed very comfortably in our new quarters.

That evening after dinner Rose burst out with, "Oh! girls let us build a camp fire, it will be such fun to watch the beautiful sparks fade away into the night and to sit here and sing." I fancy it would be more fun to build a fire and have the mosquitoes fade away," came from the hammock where Be had made herself comfortable.

"Yes, and almost as romantic," laughed Tilly, a general laugh followed, in which Rose gaily joined, for she never begrudges her friends a laugh at her expense.

While Rose and Tilly were gathering together some sticks for the fire Be turned to me and asked.

"Anna, did you hear a queer noise just now?"

"No, why, where?"

"Well I thought I heard one in the sleeping tent."

"What did it sound like?"

"Oh; I don't know, just my imagination, I guess. It was kind of thumpy and rumbly tho."

The girls now returned. Rose with an armful of brush and twigs, Tilly with a small, light log. When the fire was built how we did enjoy it. I played on my guitar, and we talked and sang until the stars came out one after another, until the night hawk dipped low as he gave his mighty "Hur-r-r-umph!" and until our fire burned low.

Suddenly the log slipped. A bright flame darted up, illuminating the four faces around the fire. Everyone looked at everyone else as if they had not seen them for a fortnight. Tilly was fairly caught in the act. There she sat bolt upright listening intently, with her wide open eyes glued upon that sleeping tent. Realizing that we were all looking at her, Tilly relaxed her rigid position. As she turned her head her eyes met those of Be, a long, searching look passed between. That was enough for me, I found myself listening for a noise to get scared at; and did not know whether I was going to get, or not; and was afraid that I would not.

When we went to bed it chanced (?) that I entered last with Rose. Tilly and Be looked so calm and serene that my fears were soon dispelled. Tho' once in the night, when I turned over, I fancied that I heard some unusual noise. But I attributed it to the change of surroundings.

The next morning Rose went for an early plunge before any of us were awake. She told us afterward that she had been enjoying the "colored lights on the water, the sparkling of the dew, the call of the birds, and so forth and so on, tho' she had not sewed any buttons on," when from the tent came a scream swiftly followed by two others, louder and more terrified. She began to walk rapidly toward the tent, but broke into a run as the screams continued. She reached the entrance and put out her hand to open the flap, then hesitated. Suppose—animals, ugh! no! not in Washington. Tramps—worse and worse. Maybe it would be best to enter, yet there was strength in numbers and suppose the girls needed her. Tilly's voice reached her through the din'

"There he is, hit him." Another scream from me and a peal of laughter from Tilly.

Rose opened the flap when right past her feet ran a perfectly horrible wood-rat. With a yell of "O! Help!" she jumped into the tent, and what a sight met her eyes! Chas's ruged.

It all began this way. I missed Rose from the bed and was idly wondering where she was when I heard a noise. I now had a noise to get scared at and I proceeded to do so with right good will. The queer rattly sound grew louder; it neared my bed and then ran right under it. This was too much. With a scream I sprang from the bed and ran across the room toward Be and Tilly's bed, only to find a rat at my feet. I jumped upon their bed and yelled. Now thoroughly awakened they jumped out of bed to see the rat running wildly about the floor of the tent and behind him the utterly forgotten and neglected Betu Khan, who had worked his head and fore-feet out of the hole in the cloth and there he stuck rearing, plung-
ing, and rolling after the rat and trying to get away from the bucket which pounded the floor at every move.

Twice they went around the room and every time they neared one of us, we jumped and screamed while the other two laughed. The rat was near the flap where it was convenient for him to make his final bow when Rose opened it. Catty with his impediment, not able to travel as swiftly as his ratship, was over in the corner trying to roll over a frying-pan, so she did not come in contact with him, but her living eye instantly found her forsaken pet. Oh! My darling Batu Khan, have they frightened you? You poor dear!” and she rushed at him.

The poor cat was wild with fright made a flying leap which landed him on the nearest bed, only to roll off. Rose tripping on Be’s shoes caught him as they fell. She sat up with the cat in her arms, and began to pet him, when heavy footsteps without caused her to scramble to her feet. Be rushed behind a screen and Tilly and I to dived under the bed-covers. The flap opened and three stalwart young men armed with rifles entered. They took in the situation at a glance and the foremost one, a tall, sunburned fellow acted as speaker.

“Oh! pardon us, we had been out on the bay hunting duck and fishing when we heard a call for help. We knew no other place from which it might come, so came here. May we be of any assistance to you? If not, pardon us for intruding.” And they turned to go.

“Please, wait outside the tent for a few minutes; an explanation is due you,” said Rose.

He looked into Rose’s pretty brown eyes and said, “Alright.”

As soon as they had left the tent we began to hurry into our clothes. “Oh! Rose, it was perfectly lovely of you to keep in so—the rest of us can get a look at them,—so romantic, too!” teased Tilly, while Rose,—well did she really blush? “I don’t see why you didn’t tell them to build the breakfast fire while they waited?” Bee pretended to grumble.

“Left that for you to do; it’s practical and not laden with romance, you know.”
“Well, I've a good mind to do it. Some people can be romantic even in a bathing suit.”

A few minutes found us out in the morning sunshine where the young men were 'making gay' with our hammocks and chairs. Imagine our amazement when Be rushed over to the sunburned young man who promptly caught her in his arms and kissed her. “Arch Randall, how do you happen to be here,” she exclaimed. “Ditto, cousin mine,” was the answer.

Then came introductions. Be told them what had happened, and it furnished them no small amusement. Mr. Randall then explained how they happened to be there. “There are five of us” said he, “and we are camping just around the point—have been there for a week; grub's awful! There's been nothing doing until last night when we were out in the water and heard you singing. It sounded fine.” “Say, Be, going out in the boat with us tonight, aren't you?” But he was looking at Rose.

“Of course,” said Be, “now, Arch make yourself useful before you go. Come build a fire for us,” and she started for the other tent.

“Go! who is going? Why I have invited the fellows and myself to breakfast.”

“But you are not going to take breakfast with us. You are going to go back to your own camp fire, you must not leave the rest of your friends, who will be waiting for you. Then all of you come over for the afternoon and stay to dinner—then tomorrow we will dine with you” she added mischievously.

“Will hey? Well just as you say, of course. Come on, fellows.” (With a last glance at Rose.)

But one of them had shipped away to the boat and brought us some fish, saying that they would keep the duck to entertain us with.

They returned to their camp after bidding us good-by and promising to come over for dinner, all five of them. And we reentered our tent to find Batu Khan still in his bucket. With one impulse we stooped to release him, mourning. “Dear old Batu Khan, it was you who did it.” While Rose went over to the mirror—to—ahem, read a newspaper.

“Now, young ladies,” she said, tilting her pretty head before the mirror, “you see why I always take a cat with me when I go camping.”—M. C. E.
EDITORIALS

OLYMPUS STAFF.

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NOYES TALCOTT...........................................Business Manager
STEPHEN CHADWICK.......................................Athletic Editor
EDNA WHITE..............................................Joke Editor
HANS CHRISTENSEN.......................................Exchange Editor
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ERNEST MALLERY...........................................Alumni Editor
VERA CHAMBERS...........................................Domestic Science Editor
JESSE LEVERICH, VEVA PARKER, GEL ALLEN..........Staff Artists

STAFF ARTISTS.

MILDRED LEMON, '11........................................JESSE LEVERICH, '13
BESSIE CROMBIE, '12....................................IRENE HARRIS, '14

The class of '11 are just beginning to realize what graduation really means, and we anticipate the event with less pleasure than we did a few months ago, for we know that after May 26, 1911, the most pleasant chapter of our lives is closed forever. Not from the social affairs of the school have we derived the greatest pleasure, but from that every-day companionship, which exists nowhere as in a school, and the sweetness of which we never fully appreciate until it is almost over. The very rockiest roads passed over in our high school career are now so surrounded by the charm lent by time that they hold as dear a place in our memory as do the smoother portions of our journey. Hear Sophie Irene Loeb’s thoughts on the subject of graduation:

Graduates! This is the time. The very air is full of essays on “Spring,” “Beyond the Alps Lies Italy,” “Through the Summits to the Stars,” “I Came, I Saw, I Conquered,” “Don’t Give Up the Ship,” and so on.

And they mean it, too, bless their dear young hearts. They have dreams, beautiful dreams, the gladdest of their existence. There is nothing to mar the joy of it all except, perchance, the problem of the momentous commencement gown and as to whether Clarence, whose furtive glances during the “studying” stages helped many an arithmetic problem to solve itself, will like it.

So, dear girls, a little word or two. No essay. Mercy, no! First of all that dress is the least thing in the world. If you are as poor as the proverbial church mouse, know, then, that you are rich, rich, indeed, at this time. Rich in everything and you have a chance.

Not a fighting chance, either, mark you. But you are “vantage in,” as your tennis friend cries, and quite “your ad.”

First, your youth. Think of the worn-out millionaires who would delight in exchanging places with you. Then you must have learned some problems that will no doubt make easier some future examples.

At the end of things, did you say? Because the dear old “golden rule days” are over? Not much! It is just a beautiful beginning. I mean beautiful, too. Beyond those Alps lies not only Italy, but anything you choose to make it. You are ready to come, to see, and—yes—to conquer, if you have grit enough to do it. And your ship sails on or goes down with you as you steer it. Never give it up. It is verily “Spring.”

Yes, “exams” end with the month. But it is quite up to you to be the teacher and “exams” yourself.

Seriously? No. It is time enough to be serious. This is the gala day. Laugh, have a good time. Only just remember two little words from an old fellow you have read about in the last few years. His name is Socrates. I say is, for he is much alive today. The two words are “Know Thyself.”

“Oh!” I hear you say, “How can I?” Just this: Don’t get so well acquainted with just you that you exclude everybody else. Be sociable. But get a real pal friendship with yourself and smile. Neither must you overrate that friendship and be your own enemy. You will not have any good times then.

Take to heart, then, the things that count. You have a part and a place in this round ball that is flattened at the poles like an orange.
But “know thyself” to such an extent that any man cannot say to you “I know what you should do better than you do do yourself.” It is good to “stop, look, listen” before you cross the track. The engine may be not just in view. Others may help you as to when and how, but decide for yourself when you have weighed all.

Backbone! That is the thing. If it bend occasionally, preserve enough spring in it that it can straighten right up with ease. Then have heart. The heart lubricates the joints of that selfsame backbone.

Graduates and Beginners at one and the same time? Just so. Keep on graduating at every step. But never “Quit-uate!”

Cap and gown stand not only for brains, but hearts as well. Have heart. Says the knowing John A. Stewart:

“Oh! what a thing is brain. It is man’s
Dearest possession—his very dearest.
The Creator has nothing better to bestow.”
“Except heart,” was the reply.

You cannot know what is going to happen to you, but you are the maker of your own schemes, in the main. Everything you do will eventually have something to do with you. Even now! Says Omar Khayyam:

“Yet ah! that spring should vanish with the Rose;
That Youth’s sweet-scented manuscripts should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah! whence—and whither flown again, who knows?”

The reception given April 22 at the Woman’s Club by the Juniors for the members of the Senior Class and the faculty was the most elaborate High School affair of the year. The rooms of the Club House were beautifully decorated in class and High School colors.

The reception room where the guests were received was decorated in the Junior colors, blue and gold. Over the fireplace was a huge embankment of greens which served as a background for the 1912 pennant. Streamers of the colors were draped from the center of the room to the corners, also over the windows and doors. A profusion of daffodils was used here, carrying out the color scheme.

About nine o’clock a brief program was given in this room. Piano solo, Besse Crambie; vocal solo, Blended Hayes; reading, Mr. Avery; duet (vocal), Mrs. Beach and Miss Thayer; vocal solo, Vera Chambers.

The large dining room where refreshments were served to about one hundred and fifty guests was in black and gold, the Senior colors. The tables were set in two long lines to represent the numeral ’11. The color scheme was carried out by numerous vases filled with daffodils from which were long streamers of tea-vine. At each place were small yellow boxes, tied with black ribbon, filled with salted almonds. The nap-
kins were very attractive with the gold numerals and for a souvenir each guest was presented with a blue and white pennant-shaped High School pin. Toasts were given by some of the guests. To the Juniors, Carrol Reinhart; Return, Harold Henderson; To the High School, Noyes Talcott; To the Teachers, Steve Chadwick; Undergraduates, Gordon Billings.

In the ball room where dancing was enjoyed the last part of the evening, the High School colors, of blue and white, prevailed. Suspended from the ceiling around the entire room were High School pennants between which were streamers of tea-vine. Over the curtains a quantity of tea-vine was gracefully draped. In the parlor off the dancing room, cozy corners were fitted up in the colors of the four classes. The dancing programs which bore the High School monogram made a "hit" with everyone.

The affair was a pronounced success and a great deal of credit is due the members of the class who arranged it.
ATHLETICS

BASE BALL.


The season opened with the Shelton game. Mulligan pitched the first few innings but was hit hard, so was relieved by Everett. Everett showed fine form and demonstrated that he was the best pitcher we had.


This game, which was ours up to the ninth, was lost by the weakness of the outfield. Everett held them to no hits the first seven innings, but weakened in the eighth and ninth.

O. H. S., 1. Tacoma, 6.

Once more we went down to defeat. Everett weakened and Winstanley went in. He was hit easily, so Everett came back but we could not recover the lost ground.

O. H. S., 2. Puyallup, 1.

This was our first victory. With the game played in Puyallup, on a field little better than plowed ground, we defeated both the Puyallup team and umpire. Mottman’s batting was the feature of this game.

O. H. S., 8. Puyallup, 0.

Again we defeated Puyallup, but this time on our home grounds. Their pitcher had some good curves, but could not field his position, and in the second inning his errors and a few more by the infield, allowed us eight runs.
O. H. S., 0. U. of W., 18.

Before the record crowd of the season we went down to a glorious defeat. We were clearly outclassed; the U. team is an aggregation of batters as well as fielders, and we were held for the first time to a no-hit, no-run game.

The lineup for the year has been: Catcher, Lawrence; Pitchers, Everett, Mulligan, Wistanley; First, Billings; Second, Mitchell; Third, Hoke; S. S., Hanna; L. F., Mottman; C. F., Van Eaton; R. F., Christenson; Subs., McGonigle, Fullerton.

TRACK.

The Class Meet was carried off by the Juniors with 74½ points, the Seniors second with 24½, Freshmen third, 10, and Sophs last with 1.

The team which went to Chehalis to the district meet was: Mallory, H. Lawrence, Northcraft and Garrison. Northcraft took first in the high hurdles and tied for third in the high jump. Mallory was third in the 80, and Garrison third in the half. This gave us a total of 7½ points.

Stephen F. Chadwick.
"It's easy enough to be pleasant
When school goes by like a song:
But the student worth while
Is the one that can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

Mr. Aiken (English History). "Betty, did William and Mary get the English throne because of their 'heirship'?

"I thought she was pretty.
I thought she smiled at me.
And after I had passed her
I turned my head to see.
A piece of banana peeling
My careless heel bequiled—
I cracked the curbstone with my head,
And then I know she smiled."—Ex.

Cool and collected: The ice hill.
Mr. Aiken (in Civics). “Mable Springer, define license.”
Mable S. (inquiringly). “Marriage license?”

“He called her Lily, Pansy, Rose,
And every other flower of spring,
Said she: I cannot be like all those,
So you must Lilac everything.”—Ex.

Song of the Seniors.
“Flunks! flunks! flunks!
In the little blue book they go,
And I wish that my tongue could utter
The things that I ought to know.”

Song of the Junior (heard in Physics Room).
Current Pi, current pi,
Alternating current pi,
First a current; then a fly—
Alternating current pi.”

Chemical Experiment.
I. Name—To illustrate chemical change.
II. Apparatus—A class of boys and a pretty girl.
III. Method—Let the class of boys be placed in the Laboratory; then enter the pretty girl.
IV. Result—The boys turn to rubber.—Ex.

Found in the Domestic Science notebook belonging to a Senior girl:

Lover’s Wedding Cake.

Four pounds of flour of love, half a pound of buttered youth, half a pound of good looks, half a pound of sweet temper, half a pound of self-forgetfulness, half a pound of powdered wits, half an ounce of dry humour, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sweet argument, half a pint of rippling laughter, half a wine glass of common sense.

Then sift the flour of love, good looks and sweet temper into a well-furnished house. Beat the butter of youth to a cream. Mix together blindness of faults, self-forgetfulness and powdered wits, with sweet argument and then add them to the above. Pour in gently rippling laughter and common sense.

Work it together until all is well mixed, then bake gently forever.

Query. “How long may a man’s nose be?”
Answer. “Eleven inches; if it were twelve, it would be a foot.”

A sexton at a cemetery dug a grave for the corpse of the once Mr. Button. When he sent in the bill to the bereaved widow it read:
“One Button hole, $10.00.”—Ex.

Mother (anxiously). “Johnny, why are you feeding the baby yeast cakes?”
Johnny. “The kid swallowed my fifty cents and I’m trying to raise the dough.”—Ex.

Edith Fleetwood (translating in Deutsche). “Now you can wait until a larger dumb head than yourself comes.” The door opened and in came Mr. Aiken.

A Sophomore’s Prayer.

“Now I lay me down to snore,
The cock has crowed, the clock struck 4,
And if I die before I wake—
I’ll have no —— exams to take.”—Ex.

“A jolly young chemistry tough,
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Dropped a match in the phial,
And after a while—
They found his left eye and one cuff.”—Ex.

The Undivine Comedy.

Paradise:

A shaded room,
An open fire,
A cozy nook,
And your heart’s desire.
Purgatory:
The self-same room,
   With lights a-few;
The self-same nook,
   With me there, too.

Inferno:
The room, the shade,
The nook, the fire,
The blessed chance—
   And enter sire.

Sing a song of street cars,
Seats all filled wit chaps,
Four and twenty ladies,
Hanging on der straps.
Ven der door was opened
   Der men began to rear
All der advertisements
   About new breakfast feed.—Ex.

BLANCHE BILLINGS.
"Yes, she has bewitched them! Have you observed the devil’s claw that she wears around her neck?"

MAGGIE M’LANE.
"There is little of the melancholy element in her."

MAR’ON MANN.
"What stature is she of? Just as high as my heart."
ETTA TALCOTT.
"I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name."

LIZZIE KEGLEY.
"None but the brave deserve the fair." Get brave, G.!

RUTH VAN EATON.
"And even her failings lean to virtue's side."

MARGARET WILSON.
"I like f'n and I like jokes 'Bout as well as most of folks."

MARGARET RANKINE.
"I have no other than a woman's reason; I think him so because I think him so."

MABEL SPRINGER.
"My man's as true as steel."
EDNA WHITE.
"In maiden meditation fancy free."

HARRIET CHADWICK.
"For man's a sturdy thing, and this is my conclusion."

ELSIE LESLIE
"Little, but—Oh, my!"

MILDRED LEMON.
"Is there anyone in the world who could love me?"

EDITH HAYCOX.
"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn.
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

MAGGIE HALL.
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."
VERA DINSMORE.
"In sooth, I know not why I am so sad."

KATHERINE CLAYPOOL.
"Everyone is the same to me if he can only dance."

MARTHA BUSTRACK.
"The hand that made you fair hath made you good."

KATHERINE GOODRO.
"And those about her shall learn the perfect of honor."

FLORENCE EVERETT.
"She bears a mind that envy could not but call fair."
NOYES TALCOTT.
"While I remain above the ground you shall hear from me still."

EDWIN WILSON.
"I would not be a king—enough Of woe it is to love."

MERLE HANNA.
"What men dare, I dare."

HANS CHRISTENSEN.
"But, say, now we are alone, wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?"

ERNEST BRITT.
"A man after his own heart."

HAROLD HENDERSON.
"The word knows nothing of its greatest men."
RUSSELL SALTER.
"I'm not slim enough to be thought a good student."

LLOYD MAEMORE.
"Blest with plain reason and with sober sense."

TRAVIS AYER.
"Give me the ocular proof."

HOWARD CLEEB.
"My stars! What a guy!"

STEPHEN CHADWICK.
"The elements were so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man.'"

HOLT GUERIN.
"His heart and hand are both open and free."
Hugh Lawrence.
"I was not born under a rhyming planet.
Nor I cannot woo in festival terms."

Emil Mottman.
"The light that lies in woman's eyes has been my soul's undoing."

Selwyn Harris.
"In faith, he is a worthy gentleman, exceedingly well read."

April 22nd is long to be remembered by the Senior Class, as one of those dear, sad occasions of our School life. We were invited to the Woman's Club House by the Junior Class to enjoy the annual Junior Reception. Time and labor were not spared in the gathering of the pretty spring foliage which was used in artistic profusion throughout the building. During the early evening we were entertained with a delightful program which portrayed a great deal of talent in our underclassmen.

A grand march from the ball room terminated in the dining room, where the tables were in the novel arrangement of the Senior numerals. After the dainty refreshments, the Juniors, Seniors and Faculty exchanged toasts. We then adjourned to the ball room where dancing occupied the remainder of the evening.

All too soon our delightful evening came to a close and the first break in our happy Senior life was becoming part of the past. We give our hearty thanks and most sincere good wishes to our jolly Juniors who will now take up the burdens of Seniors.

April 25th the Seniors went tripping. It was not a tour for there was but one stop. We took two launches, two
teachers, our actors and dinner and joumeyed Butler’s Covernards. We had a good practice on the dance platform, the beauty of the surrounding forest seemed to inspire our stars and even entered into the play, for a fir bough served as Fanchon’s chickeh. Then lunch! Such coffee! It was even too strong for Mr. Aiken. At eight o’clock we were finally made to understand it was time to come home, so started, but somehow—we can’t just tell how—the steering wheel caught and “The Chaperone” headed for Boston Harbor. Of course when Mr. Aiken saw this, it was corrected and we headed homewards.

A vote of thanks is extended to Captains Reinhart and Hermans and Deckhand Schively.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Beach will entertain the Senior Class Friday, May 19th.

A committee is working on a program for Class day, Thursday, May 25. Although nothing has been announced as yet, their secretiveness promises something novel and exciting.

The Baccalaureate Sermon will be delivered by Rev. E. R. Loomis at the Methodist church May 21.

The Graduation Exercises will be held May 26th at the Olympia Theater. It is expected by the board that the address of the evening will be delivered by Edwin H. Hughes, ex-President of DePauw University.

Mr. S. Last time I saw Harold Henderson he was going over on the West Side. How about it, Katherine?

Mr. L. (in the study of Hamlet). “What part of the Scriptures was that in?”

At Legislature. Kay. “I don’t get head or tail of this.”

Peg. “There’s nothing but eyes and nose.” (Ayes and nays.)

Fanchon the Cricket.

On May 11th, at the Olympia Opera House, was held the Senior Class Play. For four weeks before this date many advertisements were scattered broadcast over the city, so that everyone was informed of the auspiciousness of the occasion. Seats went on sale the day before and one hour after the box office opened the desirable seats were gone; by 6 that evening about twenty seats were left upstairs, while the parquet was completely sold out, establishing a record for quick sales in Olympia. Standing room was sold that evening to the full legal limit.

The play was staged beautifully, with special properties and costumes, the latter being designed by Miss Evaline Dowling of Everett, Wash. The electrical effects were also excellent, showing the great care and preparation made.

The cast was coached by Miss Caskin and Prof. Aiken of the High School faculty. Needless to say, a great amount of the credit is due them and their unceasing work. Many suggestions were also obtained from the Everett production of the play, as the leading members of the cast paid a visit to Everett and took advantage of the excellent production there.

Of the individual members of the cast it is hard to say all one would like, as the space is very limited. Miss Mildred Lemon’s “Fanchon” was a delight and a surprise to her many friends. In the earlier parts of the play she acted with a lightness and frivolity which showed great contrast to the more serious and deep part near the close of the drama. Miss Katherine Claypool’s “Madele” was very commendable, although to take the part of the village belle was very easy acting for her. Holt Guerin’s “Didier” stood out as being a very fine character study, as did Edwin Wilson’s “Father Barbeaud.” Two parts, really very small in the drama were played to their best advantage, namely Etienne and Annette, acted by Stephen Chadwick and Maybelle Springer respectively. Martha Bustrack as the witch showed great dramatic power. Hans Christensen as “Landry” was exceptionally good, but like Miss Claypool his work showed that the part of a lover was one easy for him to delineate. Margaret Wilson as “Mother Barbeaud” was very good in the role of peacemaker. The rest of the cast showed surprising ability.

Taken all in all, the play was a great success, both artistically and financially.

Selwyn Harris.
Senior Class History

Sept. 3, 1907. Entered High School (First Freshman class to enter Wm. Winlock Miller High School).
Sept. 4. Weaned from battle.
Sept. 10. Cane rush won by Sophs.
Jan. 27, 1908. Passed exams. with colors flying.
May 20. Class Picnic—Gallant Freshman rescues Miss Ishland from a watery grave.
May 23. Enter Sophomore Class.
Sept. 5, 1908. Spank innumerable Freshies.
Sept. 8. Win Cane Rush from Freshies.
Sept. 15. Win Pennant Fight from Freshies.
Oct. 15. Freshmen win football game.
Nov. 1. Memorial Oak broke (Ask Babel).
Nov. 5. Alpha Beta Phi formed.
Nov. 7. Soph., Girls Basket Ball team formed.
Nov. 8. Kay Claypool makes her debut as a member of the class.
Apr. 1. Sophs second in track meet.
Apr. 10. Sophs give trial scene from “Merchant of Venice.”
May 28. Class Picnic.
Sept. 7. High School opens.
Sept. 18. Two Juniors make debating team.
Sept. 20. Two Juniors make football team.
Nov. 18. Two Junior girls make basketball team.
Apr. 21. Class Wedding at Edna White’s.
May 27. Juniors give most successful reception in history of school.
May 27. Junior wins state championship in oratorical contest.

Commencement Number

June 4. Class picnic.
Sept. 14, 1910. We take the “seats by the window.”
Oct. 1. Athletic teams composed mainly of Seniors.
Dec. 21. Senior girls give “The New Professor.”
Feb. 10. Seniors give Fair for A. A.
Apr. 1. Select “Fanchion” for class play.
Apr. 22. Reception for Senior class by Juniors.
May 1. “Shall we practice or—?”
May 11. Class play given surpassing all previous plays both artistically and financially.
May 25. Class Day.

Senior Yell.
Chica-go-runk, go runk, go rah!
Whica-go-wax, go wax, go wah!
Whiz! Zip! Rah! Rah! Reven!
Seniors! Seniors! 1911!
Class Flower—White Rose.
Class Motto:
Iam tempus agi res.
(Now is the time for action.)
The most brilliant social affair of our class, the reception to the Seniors, was held at the Woman's Club House on April 22nd. The rooms were decorated in the colors of the two classes and the High School colors. A short program was given, after which refreshments were served. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing and games. The following committees had charge: Decoration, Marguerite Coulter, Blendaine Hays, Grace Ellsworth, Philip Northercraft, Gene Todd; refreshments, Bettie Streets, Charles Schiveley, Elsie Doragh, Lucile McKinney; invitation, Esther Boardman, Vestal Brownell, Grace Hewitt; entertainment, Mildred Haskell, Dena Whiteman, Hazel Maahs.

The Juniors were heard from again on the 26th, the Juniors winning the meet to the time of 74 1/2, to 21 1/2 for our nearest competitor. It was so easy we didn't like to do it, but we wanted that banner so it had to be done. We give the Seniors credit for making a good beginning, but our friends the Sophs were rather modest in their ambitions. Try again '13's.

Miss B. (in English). "Allena, you may name the poets that were imitated during the Puritan age."
Allena. "Edmund Spenser, John Donne, and John Benson" (Ben Jonson).

Mr. Mc. "Linus, what is a sphere?"
Linus. "A portion of a cube."

Miss B. Glen, you may name the Suckling poets."
Much laughter.
Maud (unthinkingly). "When Cowper was born he was quite young."
Edith F. (in English III, reciting on Macauley). "He tended bar at the age of twenty-five."

P. N. (in German). "The donkey stubbed his toe on the river."
Miss B. "Tell of Burns' married life."
Ellis A. "He loved his wife."

Boyd E. "Scott took a battleship and went out to the Mediterranean to regain his health, but he regained it too late, for he died."
SOPHOMORE

School is almost over; the Freshmen are busily engaged
"makin up Algebra and Latin notebooks." That fact alone
would be all-sufficient to tell that another school year has drawn
to a close.

Also, the Freshmen no longer sport their emerald plumage
so audaciously as in the past. Do you want more proof? Then
ask the Principal for the attendance record for the last six
weeks.

Three of our fellows have earned their baseball emblems;
"Dick" Mitchell, who has held down second base so well, "Bub"
Everett, whose brilliant twirling has won him fame and Albert
Van Eaton, who makes center field his standing ground.

First Freshy "Gimme er piece-a gum."
Second Ditto, "Naw, this's all I got, 'n pa sez its gotta last
me a week."

For those who occupy the assembly the fifth period:
If a teacher see a scholar
Whisper 'cross the aisle
Should a teacher mark him down
Every little while?

Why is a crow? Because.
K. B. in Eng. II. "Her form was extra symmetrical.
O. U. Freshman party with the green trimmings!
L. M. "Everything was scrumptiously clean."
Heard in room eight, the seventh period. "Shylock's head
was very bald and his beard was the same color."

Heard in Hist. I. "Well, the Trojans captured Helen and
took her off to Troja."
Teacher: "Why are the Horse Latitudes dry?"
Freshy: "Elections are over."—Ex.
K. B. was telling us about Silas Marner. "Well-a, he was
in love with a girl, but-a he was arrested, and-a that-a broke up
all proceedings between them."

Wish of a Sophomore: Oh, that basket ball game that
would have been. But, O. U. base ball game to be.
For, of all sad words of tongue or pen, "The end of the
Fresbies is plain to see."

P. G. "Many years have perspired —"

Lucille was talking about books: "I think that 'Helen's
Water Babie's' is a great deal better than 'Silas Marner.'"

M. M. "The Romans had many luxuries that time. There
were baths—"

Miss Knox (excited) "Now Muir, what river did you come
to in Hades."

Soph. in Hist. I. "After his death he divided his empire
among his four sons."

M. E. P. upon receiving an excuse: "Sick, I suppose."
FRESHMEN

Speaking of class spirit, we noticed that not as much as one Soph. tried out for the oratorical contest. Good reason why! The Freshmen had more contestants than any other class. This is a good beginning. Next year enlarge this enthusiasm.

We are all looking forward to the base ball game between the Freshmen and the Sophs. We pity the Sophs, as we can surmise their fate. It grieves us to think that the Sophs only got one point in the track meet while we won 10 points. But what can you expect?

We haven’t had many class meetings and new officers not elected this last half.

Miss K. “Will you decline love?”
D. L. “It depends who the boy is.”
Miss D. “I hope you all love Latin.”
Voices from the rear. “Love whom?”
H. B. “May I speak?”
Mr. L. “Yes, if you don’t talk.”
Mr. Lyons. “Charlie, how long is 16 feet?”
Chas. “Twice 8.”
Miss K. (in Ancient History). “Jason got through all right, but he lost his tail feathers.”
Miss K. (to M. F.) “What river did you come to first when you entered Hades?”
Freshman. “I thought you took algebra last year?”
Soph. I did, but the faculty enthused me.”

Exchanges

The Reflector, Jackson, Mich.: Although a small paper, your departments are all full of interesting reading material. your paper could be improved, however, if you reserved the advertising section to itself.

The Purple and Gold, Ford City, Pa.: Yours is an interesting paper, though an exchange department would make it still more so.

The Huisache, San Antonio, Texas.: The Huisache is among our best exchanges. All of your departments are good, the literary being especially so.

The Wheat, Ritzville, Wash.: Your Easter Number is exceedingly good. The literary department could be improved by the addition of more stories.

The Mountaineer, Butte, Montana: This is one of our best exchanges. All the departments are as complete as can be found in any high school paper.

The Oracle, Pontiac, Michigan: Your paper could be improved by dividing the class notes into different sections. A few cuts would also liven things up.

The Kodá, Everett, Wash.: An exchange that is always welcome. Your stories are good and well written.

The News, Eugene, Oregon: The News always stays up to its standard. The cuts make your paper more attractive. You have an exchange department that deserves especial mention.

The Crimson and Gray, The Dalles, Oregon: Your paper might be improved by the addition of more jokes. The other departments are very good.

The Argonaut, Manfield, Mass.: Your departments are not as complete as they could be. They could also be separated to better advantage.
The Traubadour, Portland, Oregon: The Traubadour is a neat paper and very well arranged. The story, "How Bob Made Good," is very interesting.

The Totem, Lincoln High School, Seattle, Wash.: As good as ever. The neat arrangement of your departments makes your paper one of the best we have received thus far.


---

Exchange Jokes

Teacher.—What kind of a verb is "kiss?"

Freshie.—It is a transitive verb, because it denotes action passing from a door to a receiver.

Doctor.—I'll examine you carefully for ten dollars.

Weary Willy.—All right, and if you find it, give me half.

Vision and sight

Are not the same, quite,

You may call her a vision,—

Don't call her a sight.—Ex.

Farmer.—How much does it cost if I want to go to the theatre?

Ticket Seller.—Twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five cents or one dollar, and a programme is ten cents.

Farmer.—Well, then let me set on my program.

"I tell you boys," exclaimed a loud voiced drummer, "I'm proud to say that no house in the country has more men pushing its line of goods than ours."

"Hump! What do you sell?" asked a curious one, "baby carriages?"

Teacher.—"What is Climax?"

Pupil.—"A brand of chewing tobacco."
Alumni

Miss Ruth Van Eaton '10, '11 has accepted a position in the county superintendent's office. Miss Van Eaton has completed both the amanuensis and bookkeeping courses.

Miss Cora Whitman, '08, '09, has accepted a position in the office of the Secretary of State.

Miss Gladys Clark '09, '10, who is now in the east on a vacation, is employed in the Law Library.

Mr. Lloyd Haskel '10 has returned from California where he has been attending the "U." Lloyd has "made good" at his old vocation, having pitched on the first team.

Mr. Lee Lewis '10 has taught his first term of school at Belmore.

Mr. Homer Dana '10 has concluded that farming is the occupation for him and is tilling the soil in Eastern Washington.

Mr. Harry Knox '10 has accepted a position in South Western Washington as inspector of a telephone line.

Mr. Dick Schively is surveying in Eastern Washington.

Wallace Mount has made the University of Oregon baseball team.

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JACOB
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