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The Boy That Wanted Pep.

Once upon a time, not very long ago, there lived a long, lanky, dis-figured, misguided high school boy. He had neither friends nor pep—only a wild desire for both, especially the latter.

His name was William—but no one called him Bill. He wished they would but he hadn't enough brass to tell the boys they had better cut the "Willie" or they would be sorry. So he just went on wishing for pep and occasionally trying to get some but his family had told him he never would have any—so he gave up in despair.

The first day of spring, the track manager and captain, with a few of their followers, pranced up to William and the captain laughingly said, "We informally invite you to turn out for track generally and the relay specifically. It will be a chance for you to work off some of your steam and over-energy." The captain looked at William with a pathetic look on his face, and a side-splitting roar in his heart and waited for his answer.

"Thank you, Mr. Walker, I'll be on the field with my suit tonight." So saying, he turned away and dragged his feet up the stairs, leaving the boys stupidly gazing at him.

Sure enough—he was out that night and enrolled for the relay. The trainer and coach looked him over and smiled, but they told him to work like the deuce and he might possibly be able to sprint, but they doubted it.

He really did work hard, but he had the swiftness of a snail, and it didn't count for much. The boys all laughed at
him, and told him he was a regular little hare, but the coach said he might be a tortoise some day. That cheered him up, so he turned out every night, and trained well, but it seemed as tho he never would have any pep no matter how hard he struggled. The coach told him it was all he needed, and William answered that it was all he wanted.

The night before the big track meet William came home late from practice. He was terribly tired, yet there was a bright fire in the fireplace, so he stayed to enjoy it. He liked to sit in front of the fire but it really was an awful exertion to put wood on it when it got low. He picked up his small sisters book of “Grimm's Fairy Tales” and started reading. He did not realize what the story was but pretty soon his fairy God Mother was standing beside him, holding her wand in one hand and waving good-bye to her fairy chariot and pigeon horses with the other.

William stood looking at her until she spoke. How very peculiar she was! The firelight was shining on her and William could see her long white hair and her glassy, button-hole eyes—he saw she had a long, hooked nose, thin, tiny lips, and Ye Gods! what teeth and ears. She was all humped over and her knotty, wiry fingers held her wand with a bull-dog tenacity.

“Well, Speedless” she said at last “how's the kid?”

“All right,” answered William, in a scary little voice.

“I came to see you on some important matters, and now Listfulness if you will show some signs of life, we can have a rousing conversation.”

A rousing conversation! Imagine sitting in the near darkness and talking to that weird voice. Could anything be worse!

“Sleepy, my Duck, I am your adorable God Mother—aren't you glad to see me?” William was a gentleman if nothing else so he kept still.

“If there is something you want more than anything else in the world, tell it to me, and sometime you will get it.”

“I crave pep,” he muttered, and as he looked up she wailed a “Goodnight, Quietude,” and waving her drum stick three times around her head, she glared again with her ghastly green and glassy goggles, and flitted up through the ceiling.

The next day seemed an eternity to William, but at last the time of the track meet came. He now longed to be one of the contestants but he knew that there was absolutely no chance unless one of the sprinters would be too “all in” to enter the relay and then as there was such a scarcity of men, they might have to call him in. He hardly dared think of this selfish thought but he prayed and hoped with all his heart that he might get a chance. Somehow he thought that was all that he needed.

He walked to the track field all by himself and sat in his school's grandstand. He hardly knew what was going on, except that the people around him were hilarious, so his school must be ahead. That pleased him but he couldn't overcome that dull ache and hope that filled his heart.

The meet was nearly over when he realized that someone was shouting his name. He looked up and heard the coach saying to him, “For Heaven's sake man, get in a suit quick! No. 3 in the relay race is all in and there is no one but you to take his place. Move man! Can't you see what I mean!—Get some pep! You—you have got to win this meet for us. Now run! And for the love of Mike run to beat the cars! If there is anything in you get it out!

By this time William was at the door of the gym. The coach ran back to the field, and William went in to dress. It was all like a dream to him—he could not believe that it was really going to happen and to think that he was going to run against all those fellows—and win, he was sure of that.

He trotted out on the field and as usual everyone looked and
laughed. He didn't care now—he wanted to be looked at—he wanted to be laughed at—they would laugh differently a little later. Those people did not know now that he was their redeemer but they would find out! He knew he would win that race and he tried to thank God for it. Then the race began—in the first quarter Meadowford and her greatest rival, Westington almost tied. Then in the second quarter Meadowford got behind. The grandstands went wild. There was bellowing, yelling, and shrieking—was Meadowford going to loose now? William knew she wasn't but the rest were terrified. The third man for Meadowford started out. He was their high hurdler and was about all in, but he did his best. He couldn't make up what the second man had lost, but he held his own. Then—William's turn came!

He could hear people screaming “Pep, pep” “Run, fly”—and he was flying. He saw the colors waving frantically and his blood went whizzing through his body. He only had a few yards more to go—he could feel someone close behind him. Why couldn't he run faster—he tried—he ran with his very soul.

All of a sudden his old awkwardness came back—his knees went together and he fell. He heard a groan from the Meadowford grandstand, and then—he seemed to see his fairy God Mother standing above him waving her wand. He jumped up and ran with every mite of strength that was in him, tore up the track and fell over the line. Someone caught him—and he knew nothing more.

When he came to the coach was standing over him saying, “Pep is the word Bill, it was pep that did it.” He heard the people yelling for Bill and when the Captain shook his hand and told him that he had won the meet with his pep, he closed his eyes and was happy.

B. H. 12

Dere Jim, Hello Jim, how are you. Say Jim lets you and me be junyers as soon as we get big enough. My brother Jack is one and its awful nice to be one he is. I guess we have to be awful tall to be junyers cause I saw some at skool when I went with Jack. There was one that sat down near the front and he was taller than the principle. aint that funny. I dont no just what junyers is but I gess that they are some kind of a soiety. something like the Nights of Pitty-us probly. Gee Jim yu just ought to see them junyers. They dont have to study much and they laffed most of the time and have piles of fun. I went with Jack last Wednesday morning and i thot Id die laughing at some of them kids. When we first came to skool we went up stairs in a big room and sat in Jacks seat. pretty soon a bell rung and then a lot of little bits of boys and girls went out of the room and some big ones came in. I asked Jack what the little ones were and he sed its freshmen, what youll be sum day. I asked Jack what freshman were and he sed they are what butify our skool cause they make it green; and green is one of the prettiest colors that there is. I dont see ho wanything green can butify a skool cause I think green is an awful homely color, but Jack sed it did and Jack is a junyer so i gess its true. There was lots of other kids there but Jack sed they werent very important but they think they are. pretty soon a lot of wimen came up the its with papers in there hands and I sed to Jack, what are they. He sed they looked out to see if we played hookey. There was one teacher who watched to see if the sofmore boys played hookey. sofmores is another society in Hi skool, who was awful pretty. i didnt think she was a teacher cause she dont look older than my sister who is a sofmore at colleg. i told Jack that I bet
she was a circus in skool but Jack said, not on your life. pretty soon a man got up, he was the boss of the whole skool cause he was the principle. he sed theyd have an assembly and they would have to change seats. we went and sat by the windows where its just fine. you cant sit there until you are a senyer. junyers will be senyers next year if there teachers dont love them to much. A lady got up and she had a stick in her hand which she waved like our gymnastik teacher does some times. she was awful nice and wasn cross like the music teacher i have at skool. she sed that we wood sing so we did. it was pretty good but the only ones you could hear was the sopranos i gess the rest was scared and a lot of girls in the back of the room were fooling. finally the man that is the boss came up and he gave them girls in the back of the room an awful lekture about whispering. i bet those girls dont whisper after that lekture. the boys was awful glad and slapped hands because usually its the boys that get lektured. im glad i aint a girl aint you Jim. after that a lot of the kids went out with books under there arms. we sat in Jacks seat and Jack studied but he didnt lern much i gess. when the teacher wasnt looking he tried to flirt with a girl in the other part of the room. finally Jack got tired of studying and we went out of the room. after that we went down two latin. its awful down their. a few of the girls know there lessons but the boys dont no very much. they have too read awfully crazy stuff about what a man named sisered sed to sum peple. say Jim, when you get in Hi skool dont take latin. Jack says its feerce. then we went up stairs again and Jack studied and after that Jack had too go home after an excuse for going fishing. he had me rite the excuse and instead of putting fishing down for the reason for staying at home he made me rite on account of sickness. i think thats queer cause Jack didnt seem a bit sick when we were fishing. i signed my name to it and Jack sed that it was lucky that my name was the same as my fathers. i done see why its lucky do you Jim. when we come back to skool at noon we walked around with a girl. She was awful nice although she was a sofmore. there was lots of boys and girls walking to gether and nobody sed anything about it. When you get in Hi skool you can walk with a girl and you dont get joshed. we went in skool and pretty soon we went into english. the teacher there is swell. she is jolly and laughs when the kids say something funny. but she makes them behave and they most all know there lesson. after that we went in fisiks. i liked that best of all. they have an awful nice man for a teacher he dont jaw none. they were studying about heat and i learned lots of thinks that i didnt no before. Say Jim, between you and me i dont think girls no much. All they think of is us boys and clothes. after that we went down two Arithmetic. the kids all hate it and they never get there lessons. We wated a long time for the teacher and he didnt come and the kids raised Cain. they liked to have the teacher late cause then they dont have to resite so long. pretty soon i herd the door bang and i turned around and i saw a young feller with a big grin on his face come in. he was laughing about something and he began joking with sum of the boys in the frunt sects. he had on sum new clothes i gess cause the girls were all talking about them. After he jawed them a long time cause they didnt no there lesson, he sent them to the bord. he gave them some eckamples to do and the girls couldnt do them at all. i dont see any use to make girls lern Arithmetic and how to shingle barns and things cause they will never use there knowlege. If there is any barns to shingle there husbands will see to it, and if they are old maids they can get some of their married friends husbands to do it for them. but the teacher couldnt see it that way and he got so mad that i thot he would bust. but he didnt and i was awful sorry for it would have a lot of fun if he had. finally the bell rung and we went up stairs again and the principle cent us home. we was glad. skool aint much fun
when you have too go it all day and cant have much fun without getting jayed. you tell the fellows about jummers and just as soon as i come there i will tell you some more about them and well get up a society. jummers is fine. dont show this letter to anybody but the kids cause i didn't have time to spell and punctuate rite and if your mother or father saw it they would rite to mine and i would get a jawing cause i didn't take pains to rite rite. Goodbye from your friend Bob. — '18.

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"The Violets For Dolores"

The pupils of the University of California were in a state of excitement, because today they were to play Harvard base ball. They felt confident of winning, for did they not have Don Lopez, the brilliant pitcher?

Don was a big, dark, handsome fellow and very quiet. No one knew much about him, excepting, that he had previously attended the University of Pennsylvania and had entered the U. of C. this year, as a Soph and they had never seen his equal for pitching. He had outplayed and won Melvin Darrow's place who had been California's pitcher for three years. It looked hard for Melvin; that here he was a senior and outclassed by the new Sophomore. The more he thought about it, the hotter his head seemed until he felt as if he could whip a whole army. And to think, that Cap Earley had asked him!

a Senior! to be a sub. To be a sub in the last great game of his college year, when he had played successfully for three years. "Well I guess not!"

He immediately went to his room, and, picking up his base ball suit threw it into a paste board box, which he had once bought to send flowers in. But the fact of this being a flower box did not bother him in the least so long as he could cram his suit into it. After tying it up he proceeded to write a letter to Early, and was in such a hurry that he forgot to sign his name. Sticking the letter with the address under the strings on the box, he called a messenger boy.

At the same time, Don Lopez, was in his room, in a building opposite the campus; with a big bunch of violets, and a similar paste board box. He was writing a letter to Dolores Bradley, the little blond stenographer, who had attracted him by her faithfulness and independence in working her way through college. In fact Don was pretty "hard hit." As she had never attended a base ball game, he was today sending her a ticket, with a bunch of violets. He tied up the box, placed the letter on it and seeing a messenger boy passing his window with a box called to him.

"Have you time to take this box also?"
"Yep!" answered the boy as he tucked the box of violets under his other arm, "always got lots of time."
"Well, you had better speed up with that box this time," said Don as he entered the house.

Here was a messenger boy with two boxes exactly alike. One containing a bunch of violets for Dolores, and the other a base ball suit for Captain Earley. But you ask, what is strange about that? Nothing, except just then a rival messenger boy threw a clod and hit the boy on the head, causing him to drop the boxes.

After shaking his fist at the retreating form of his rival, he turned around, only to find that the letters had dropped
from the boxes. "Good thing I remembered which was which," he said, as he proceeded to put Melvin's letter to Early on the box of violets, and Don's letter to Dolores on the box containing the base ball suit. He went on his way feeling of his head every now and then and said:

"Get! if my head swells up much more I won't be able to keep my hat on."

Can you imagine the surprise of Dolores, when, after reading Don's tender message:

"If you care for me, and want me to win the game today, wear these and come to the game." — DON LOPEZ.

She opened the box with trembling hands. Was she dreaming? No, there lay before her a dusty base ball suit. For a moment she was stunned; then she burst into tears. How could Don, the only boy she had ever loved play such a mean joke on her. No — there must be some mistake but she determined he would be the one to explain. She had been so happy in thinking what a nice time she would have in going to the game today to watch Don in the first game she had ever witnessed. But now she wouldn't go. Yes, she would! She would phone for Jack, her cousin to take her and show Don she didn't care. Although it was hard to give up Don she determined never to speak to him again.

Don was very impatient. It seemed Dolores would never come. He stood by the gate eagerly watching for a bunch of violets to appear. He was picturing to himself how nicely the violets would match her eyes and wondering if she was pleased, when she appeared with her cousin. He sprang eagerly forward but the happy light went from his eyes, as he saw she was not wearing his flowers. Who could the fellow be who was with her? His head felt dizzy as she coldly passed him by. Don knew Dolores was no flirt, so what could be the trouble?

With thoughts like these running through his head he stumbled on, to the diamond. He did not hear the cheers that greeted him, nor see the people. Mechanically Don played the first half of the game and made so many errors, that Captain Early was just going out to see what could be the matter, when everyone stopped cheering. A silence fell over the multitude. There Don lay in a heap. He had been struck with the ball. He was carried unconscious into Early's room and Melvin Darrow was put in as pitcher winning the game for California.

Dolores immediately sent her cousin to see if Don was in danger, while she returned home telling him to come and tell her as soon as possible.

When Don became conscious the first thing that greeted him was the odor of violets. Why must they haunt him. Just then Darrow, flushed with victory came to see how Don was and to tell Mr. Early what a fool he had been to send back his suit. When he found that Don was conscious he turned around and spied the violets.

"Well, Mr. Early, did you get her some flowers and then didn't have nerve enough to send them?"

"No," said Early, "those came to me this morning and here is the letter that came with them. No name, so I can't imagine who sent them."

"Why, that's the letter I sent you. Did you get the base ball suit?" said Melvin.

"What suit?" asked Early. "That letter came with these flowers."

Don heard their conversation, and now saw how it all happened. The messenger boy had mixed the boxes. So that accounted for Dolores being so cold towards him. He jumped up, forgetting all about the pain in his head or the men standing about. He only knew he must see her and explain.

He came to the house where Dolores stayed. She was on the porch waiting for her cousin to return and report to her
how Don was, when she looked up and saw Don himself standing before her. He was so pale that she gave a little gasp as she offered him a chair. When Don had told her how the boxes were exchanged they both laughed heartily over the joke. And by the look in her eyes Don knew she had forgiven him, which was worth more and made him feel happier than if he had won the game.

—M. L. H., '12.
studying are nearly over we are hoping to glide through the few which remain without making any real effort or doing any real work? Banish the thought! Whatever the cause the disease is surely close upon us and we advise any victim to wake up and shew some real life. Make the last few weeks count.

I wonder if very many of the High school students know what High school spirit is. I doubt it. There certainly is very little shown. Wake up! and get a little "pep" it is the only way to make the school what it should be. Base ball and track season are here, and if we expect to have good teams we must support them. The boys don't work and train every night for the personal pleasure they get out of it. They are doing it for the High School and if we do not support them we cannot criticize and knock if they do not make a first class team.

There will be just one more number of the Olympus and we wish you would please remember to pay your subscription. The last number will be quite a heavy expense and we wish to leave no debt at the close of the year.

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It iss to laff

If any of you have a grouch, the beginning of this new term, throw a lemon at it.

A FEW RESOLUTIONS

1. Resolved, to help others in the future by inventing a machine to work Algebra and Arithmetic.
2. Resolved, to study Bookkeeping so hard that I will become a gentleman burglar.
3. Resolved, never to study hard.
4. Resolved, to keep a sweet temper when Mr. A. assigns the whole U. S. history book for one lesson.
5. Resolved, to become a woman suffragist and run for president of the U. S.

The Chemistry class was told to make carbon dioxide gas. Mable Spence, after looking in a bottle: "I can't find any."

A Woman Customer: "Where can I buy powder?"
Clerk: "Face, gun, bug or Seidlitz, madam?"
Sleepy Freshie: "Why, just think of it. I didn't go to bed last night until eight o'clock!"
Sophy: "Gee! that's nothing. I never go to bed until nine o'clock.

Talk about books being in sympathy with their owners, for how else can you account for Lucile's book one morning being mysteriously tucked away in Fairchild's desk? There were also changes among "the other pairs."

"Katie," said Mike, "if ye'er after listening tonight and hear an inaudible whisper underneath your window, 'tis myself that's keeping quiet."


Harold: "Do you know Ronald Kegley?"
Woods: "Oh, yes; he is a bookkeeper."
Harold: "Yes, he had one of mine for three years."

Gordon, in Caesar: "They stood upon the dead bodies—that is—they put one foot on them."

J. Van Etten, in English III: "I should think Shakespear would have died from studying nothing but Latin."
Jack C.: "He did."

O'Hara once saw an advertisement in a street car reading: "Buy your stove at O'Brien's and save half your coal."
"Begorrah," he said, "I'll buy two stoves and save all my coal."

About falling down front steps into mud-puddles, consult B. Bethel.

"What size piece of ice did the man leave this morning, Katie?"
"Well, I'll tell you, ma'am. You see I went to strain the water off it and the piece of ice went through the strainer!"

Heard in Plain Geom. class: "What's the limit?"
Answer: "Mr. Post."

After the lecture on smoking:
Billings: "Oh, fellows, stick around and see me blow my brains out through my nose."

Mr. Post, in Plain Geom.: "Eleven out of ten of you got zeroes yesterday!"

Being unable to find a seat on the overcrowded train, a large woman entered the smoking car and seated herself beside a man, who, absorbed in his newspaper, kept on smoking.
"I was foolish enough to suppose," said she glowering at him, "that some of the men in here, at least, were gentlemen."
"Pardon me, madam," he said, politely offering her a cigar.

Miss P., in Ancient History: "What was that debate between Demosthenes and Aeschines, over?"
L. Scharfer: "I don't know; I wasn't there."
Miss P.: "No, I hope none of you are as antique as that."

"Father," asked eight-year-old Alice returning home from school, "are you good at punctuation?"
"Yes," replied the father.
"Well, tell me, please, how would you punctuate 'The wind blew a $5.00 bill around the corner.'"
"Why, daughter, I would simply put a period at the end of the sentence."
"I wouldn't," said Alice, "I would make a dash after the $5.00 bill."

Miss P., in English I: "What is the possessive of mice?"
Miss Kaler: "Rats."

Mr. A.: "Miss Hays, could you hear what she said?"
B. H., awakening: "No?"
Mr. A.: "Well I guess you heard what Reinhart was saying to you."
Rich Man: "Would you love my daughter just as much if she had no money?"
Sitor: "Why, certainly."
Rich Man: "That's sufficient. I don't want any idiots in this family."

First year sewing: Before turning a hem pare it off even.

Wanted: "A machine to teach canary birds to sing. Miss Jones.

Ethel: "Bella told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."
Midge: "She's a mean thing! I told her not to tell you."
Ethel: "Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did."

E. F., in English IV: "Hawthorne's ancestors began about the time of the colonies."

McC., speaking of an air pump: "I went through all the valves."

G. B., getting confused in Caesar translation: Gaul is contained in the Garonne river."

Post to Van: "You've been a little angel for a long time. Van, what's going to happen?"
V. E.: "Don't know. Whose sick, you or me?"

Miss B.: "Lovers are licensed to be fools."
Agnes P.: "He was banished on his head."
Neva S.: "The original holders of notes were paid their own face value."

Mr. Post, in Arithmetic: "What is the area of a 25 acre field?"
Ward: "If a field is 25 acres in area, it is 5 acres on each side."

"What is a carrot?"
H. F.: "It's a parsnip with a college education."

Todd, in naming Holmes' writings: "Autograph of the Breakfast Table" or "Rules on Eating."

ECHOES FROM THE EXAMS.

Domestic Science:
Casein is the process of putting substances into cases.
Timbals are cases made of dough and cooked in timbale irons in hot Greece.
When baking spuds take off a piece of the hide to let the steam escape and prevent sogginess.

Latin:
Cicero was of high birth.
Cicero lived from B. C. 32 till B. C. 90.
After a man had held office at Rome he was given an army and sent to some provincine. All the towns and fortresses gathered themselves in one town.

Physical Geography:
The Zodiac is a belt of animals 16 degrees wide, and 8 degrees on either side of the equator.

Geometry:
A new kind of proposition heard of in Algebra III. "Proposition by supposition."

Solid Geometry:
"A line thru the roots of the perpendiculars."

Mr. L.: "What do dogs do when they listen?"
Cap.: "They stick out their tails."

Little George said to his mother: "Mamma, when I go to school I want you to get me second-hand books."
"Why?" asked his mother.
"Because," replied George. "Second-hand books are easier than new ones, for they have been learned once."
"Now, Johnnie," asked the gentleman who had kindly consented to teach the class, "what does this fascinating story of Jonah and the whale teach us?"

"It teaches us," said Johnnie, whose father reads practical articles on practical people, "that you can't keep a good man down."

We have found out in English IV that angels are never fat. There is poor chance for some we know of in that case.

In English IV—Cap.: "I don't like the women writers as well as the men."
Mr. L.: "Well, what has come over the chap? Oh! maybe the don't appeal to the chivalrous spirit."

L'ALLEGRO and IL PENSEROSEO.
(Heard at the Y. M. C. A. when Post was knocked out in basket ball.)
Hence loathed melancholy? Post is dead.
Hence vain deluding joys? Alas! He was just knocked out.


Miss B.: "Cursing will send you to hell. Look out, you people."
When some one suggested that his algebra students got rattled during an exam., Mr. P. remarked, "I doubt seriously whether some of them have anything to rattle."

Speaking of voice Mr. Mc. said: "A contralto voice is a very low alto."
W. Mc., excitedly: "What sort of a voice is a prima donna?"

Vivien H., in English III: "The king bailed Bacon out of prison."

G. A., in Physics: "Take two pieces of iron, one of them copper."

Mr. P., in S. G.: "Make longer lines Miss B."
I. B.: "They wiggle so."
Mr. P.: "Let 'em wiggle."
Taking his measure—Tommy: "What does the paper mean by calling Mr. Sharp an eight-by-ten man?"
Tommy's Father: "I presume it means he is not exactly square."

Heroism Explained—The passerby: "You took a great risk in rescuing that boy; what prompted you to do it?"
The Hero: "He had my skates on."
This note was handed in to a grade teacher:

"Dear Mum—Please excuse Johnny today. He will not be at school. He is acting as time-keeper for his father. Last night you gave him this problem, if a field is 4 miles square how long will it take a man walking 3 miles an hour to walk 2½ times around it? Johnny ain't no man so we had to send his daddy. They left early this morning and my husband said they ought to be back late tonight, though it would be hard going. Dear Mum, please make the next problem about ladies, as my husband can't afford to lose the day's work. I don't have no time to loaf, but I can spare a day better than my husband can."
Respectfully yours,

MRS. JONES.

A green little Senior on a fine sunny day,
Some chemicals mixed in a green little way,
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little Senior's green little grave.

Their meeting it was sudden,
Their meeting it was sad:
She gave her dear young life,
'Twas all the life she had.
She's sleeping neath the willows,
In peace she's resting now.
There is always something doing
When a freight train meets a cow.
ATHLETICS

"Now is the high tide of the year
And whatever life has ebb'd away
Comes flooding back with a "rippling cheer."

Spring athletics are about to begin. Let us get a little life and spirit into the school and have everybody turn out. Track and baseball require a lot of men, with a large number turning out we can have winning teams. Then why not turn out? Track has a large number of events. There should not be a boy in the school that could not do something in at least one event. It would help you and help the school. Why not do it? Baseball is our national game, we have all played at it when we were little kids, on vacant lots and in the street. The school is shy of old men this year. Turn out and play for the school. The ball team is ably led this year by Captain Gordon Billings and also fortunate in having Mr. Post for a coach. Get in and help them make our team a winner. Baseball has not been a self-supporting sport among the high schools of the state. Let us show that we, at least, can support it, and not only can, for that is a certainty, but will support it. Several games are already scheduled for the team, the first game coming the 16th of March with the University of Washington. This is pretty early so let us get in and dig.

On Saturday, February the tenth, the Young Folks Dancing club held one of their regular dances in the new Masonic hall.

A leaping dancing party was given by the girls of the High School and young ladies of the city on February 24 in the Masonic hall. The ball room was very artistically decorated with flags, pennants and greens. The chairman of the committee to whom the success is due is as follows: Finance, Blendeine Hays; music, Irene Harris; hall, Helen Blakeslee; programmes, Betty Streets; refreshments, Elsie Doraght. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Wohleb, Mrs. Ashby, Mrs. Swan and Mrs. Crombie.

The annual Junior-Senior reception is now being planned and the committees in charge are now busily engaged in making extensive preparations.

Among those who have contributed to the entertainment of the High School at their regular Wednesday morning assembly are Mr. Monte Parsons and Miss Margaret Bigelow, who rendered a vocal duet; Miss Neta Perring, a piano solo; Miss Vera Chambers, a vocal solo; Miss Bessie Crombie, a piano solo; Mrs. S. Mosgrove, a piano solo; Miss Blendeine Hay, a vocal solo; Miss Phelps, a reading and Miss Jones, a vocal solo.
OH YOU "DOUGHEMESTIC" SCIENCE GIRLS!

Domestic Science girls you know
Are on to every caper;
They use the latest recipes
And cook in bags of paper.

Of all the funny things they do,
This is a single one:
They freeze the ice cream good and hard
Then bake it till it's done.

Many are the foreign names
That grace the menu now.
One has to be a scholar bright
To get the things to "show."

Each thing they do, so I've been told
Is done by time and measure.
They halve a teaspoon full of salt,
As tho it was a treasure.

Now all these things of course take time,
But surely now you see,
It's things like this that go to make
Up true economy.

But all the girls who take this course
You surely need not fear
For they are not at all enthused
Because it is leap year.

They know there is no need to be
In such an awful rush,
Like other girls whose stock in trade
Is just a little "gush."

They make a biscuit which they use
Instead of Cupid's dart,
And then they pick the lucky man
And aim at his "heart."

The moral now you surely see,
So hurry while you can,
For if you win a D. S. girl,
You'll be a lucky man.


One of the dainty luncheons of the year was given Friday, February second, by the first year class. The guests were Mesdames Sandle, Hendrickson, Welshon, Brazel, Weatherby, Maahs, Boardman, Bystrom and Misses Pelton, Watrous and Coulter. The decorations were hyacinths and smilax. The five courses were served by Angela Boardman and Margit Barton.

The first year cooking class gave a five course luncheon to their mothers February 7, 1912. The table was decorated with Chinese lilies and Oregon grape leaves. Misses Frances Frazier and Marie Smyth served the delicious five course repast to the following guests: Mesdames Marshall, Christopher, Cusack, Mumbly, Vance, Smyth, Van Eaton, Kreider and Misses Pelton and Coulter.

A very pretty Valentine luncheon was given by the first
year girls February 14, 1912. The color scheme was red and green, and the table was decorated with carnations and hearts. The dainty four course luncheon was served by Misses Dorothy Humes and Louise Hartson to M'dames Dille, Brownlee, Hartson and Misses Dudley, Felton, Coulter and Phelps.

A dainty dinner was given on January 15, 1912 to the members of the school board. This luncheon was served by Misses Maudie Yelverton and Nettie Bethel. The color scheme was red and green, the table decorations were red carnations and smilax. The following guests enjoyed the eight course luncheon: Messrs Beach, Stocking, Salter, Stentz, Porter, Townsend, Marr and Johnson.

One of the most important luncheons of the year was given January 27, 1912, to the newspaper staff. This luncheon was given by the advanced class at the Elk's hall. Covers were laid for thirty guests, and eight of the D. S. girls acted as waitresses. The color scheme of this luncheon was red and green, the decorations being carnations, smilax and red candles. The orchestra played during the six course repast, which was enjoyed by all present.


THE MODERN WAY

E. R. Thoma, Principal.

Our department is growing larger and stronger each year, and it looks as though it will be necessary, by next fall, to seek new quarters and more teaching force. Our Freshman class is particularly strong, and we expect them to make a splendid showing by the time they reach their Senior year.

No, those keys that have been adorning the blouses and jackets of our young ladies, are not post office keys—they are desk keys. We had thirty new flat-top desks, each containing four compartments, installed last fall, and each commercial student has the exclusive use of one or more of those compartments.

Trial balances are not dreaded so much by the bookkeeping students since they have had access to the adding machine. A number are becoming quite expert in the use of it.

Mr. Thoma says we have by far the best shorthand class this year that he has ever taught. The class is composed of four Seniors and twelve Postgraduates, eight of whom are from last year's graduating class.

The Remington Typewriter Company has placed in Mr.
Thoma's hands a very handsome solid gold medal to be awarded to the student making the best progress in typewriting during the year.

A typewriting contest to determine the championship will be held about the middle of May, at which time the medal, and other prizes for first and second place will be awarded. Weekly contests are being held every Wednesday so that the students may note their progress and steady their nerves. Those now in the lead are Davis, Chambers, Clees, and Hindley. Misses Davis and Mann may not be permitted to compete for the medal, as they have practiced typewriting prior to September, 1911. Mr. Thoma is also trying to arrange with the different high schools on the Sound to hold a general contest, under international rules, to determine the school championship of the Northwest.

T. H. wants the following "ad" inserted: Wanted—A typewriting machine that can be operated by simply pressing a button; it must never make a mistake and must be nearly as rapid as Vera. No price too high, if it is ready to be used by the next speed contest.

Miss Effie Morgan, a member of last year's shorthand class, is now in the employ of Messrs. Dorr & Hadley, one of the best known and best equipped law offices in Seattle.

Other members of last year's class who have secured employment, are:

Miss Ruth Van Eaton, in the County Superintendent's office.
Miss Mable Hollomon, in the State Land office.
Miss Pearl Motzer, with the Heimbach Truck & Mfg. Co.
Miss Ruby Lehnberg, with the Recorder Publishing Company.

Two of Mr. Thoma's former pupils, Mr. Ray C. Gruhlke and Miss Olga Hartman, recently passed the Civil Service examination for stenographers, held in Seattle. Of the twenty-five men taking the examination, only three passed, Mr. Gruhlke receiving the highest grade. He was immediately assigned a position in the Navy Department, at Mare Island, Vallejo, Cal., which he accepted.

As dictated:
Dear Madam:—I am sorry that you have a felon on your finger and cannot enter school.

As transcribed:
Dear Madam:—I am sorry that you fell on your finger and cannot enter school.

THE PUTTOFFS.

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn
On the banks of the River Slow
Where blooms the Waitswhile flower fair,
Where Sometime oothrom scents the air,
And the soft Gacays grow?
It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,
In the province of Letitslide;
That tird feeling is native there—
It's the name of the listless I don't care,
Where the Puttoffs abide.

OUR BEAUTIFUL LANGUAGE.
Teacher, to pupil who is usually late: "I see you are early of late; you used to be behind before; but now you are first at last."

Mary had a little lamb;
It died long years ago;
Now she has a horse at school
That translates Cicero.
The seniors are all very busy now as graduation is drawing nearer every day. It won't be long before the largest class, that has ever graduated from the Olympia Hi School, will be among the "has beens." They may be among the "has beens" but they are going to leave a record that will not soon be forgotten.

On January 16th the Seniors held a meeting and re-elected all of the officers that they had the first semester.

During the first semester all of the officers of the Athletic Association were filled by Seniors. This semester all but one of the offices are filled by Seniors. This shows that the Seniors are capable of taking charge of such affairs.

Who says that Seniors can't play basket ball? It certainly is not the Juniors who say so. At a game played at the Y. M. C. A. February 8, the Seniors won from the Juniors by a score of 42 to 24. The Seniors now hold the championship of the school. We are very proud of our boys for playing so well.

We learned with regret of the great sorrow that has befallen one of our schoolmates, Everett Hoke. The members of the Senior class wish to extend their sympathy to their classmate.

The Senior class regrets very much the loss of Miss Elma Wilder who has moved to Pasadena, California.

At a class meeting March 15th, the Seniors voted after some discussion to have a class play. We feel sure under the supervision of Miss Phelps it will be a success.

The Seniors are glad to welcome Sheridan Hopkins into the class. Mr. Hopkins attended the Roslyn Hi school before coming here.

Spring and the summer holidays are once more approaching, and with it the fine weather which we all enjoy. Let us hope that none of the Juniors will be affected by that curious malady known as "spring fever" which causes strange absences from school.

The Junior class held a meeting after the Christmas holidays and the following officers were elected:

President, Elva Woodard.
Vice president, Ethel Lewis.
Treasurer, Ward McKinney.
Yell master, Harry French.

Miss Lois Buckingham having moved away, Ruth Fitzgerald was elected domestic science editor in her place.

Some time back the haughty Seniors condescended to chal-
lenge the Junior boys to a basket ball game. The momentous event took place on the eighth of this month at the Y. M. C. A. While the Juniors came off with the small end of the score, we are not discouraged. Our boys are valiant and fought hard, but of course defeat comes to every one at times.

The following was the lineup: Jack Claypool, center; Muir Fairchild and John Van Etten, guards; Howard Farrington and Albert Van Eaton, forwards.

WHO SAID SO?
He failed in Dutch,
He failed in Chem,
We heard him softly hiss:
"I'd like to get the man who said
That ignorance is bliss."

"Do you sell fly papers?"
"Yes, will you have Aeroplane Journal or Aviator's Magazine?"

'Twas but a single golden hair
and the thoughts that he did utter
Would not look well in print—because
The hair was in the butter.

The lover led for a heart;
The girl a diamond played,
The father came down with a club
and the sexton used a spade.

SOPHOMORES

Take notice of the results of the Sophomore vs. Freshmen basket ball game (17 to 6). The Freshies realized their fate only too late. Cheer up, you'll be Sophomores pretty soon, (maybe).

A great load has been lifted off our minds, as we have
taken examination on "David Copperfield." Miss Bigelow was kind enough to extend the time for us to read it. Notwithstanding, some crammed at the last minute. (Nothing personal, of course.) Now we are looking forward (?) to Julius Caesar and Silas Marner.

On February 6, 1912, a class meeting was held and the following officers were elected for the last semester:

President, Donald Heermans.
Vice president, Willis Blake.
Treasurer, Fred Morton.
Sergeant at arms, Worthy Snider.
Class editor, Patricie Harris.

Base ball will soon be here and we again fear for the poor Freshies, as we hope they will challenge us, so we can show them up.

As we have a new treasurer, it would be a good plan to break him in by paying our class dues.

FRESHMAN

The new year is going fast and every day that passes shows the result of good resolutions taken at the beginning of 1912. Each Freshman has made a secret resolution to lay aside any past hostility to the Sophomores, and take their ridicule in perfect content believing it to be the only way they were ever taught to treat a Freshman in the year before. Indeed, if this be true, we really must sympathize with their ignorance, and when we hold their position, do our best to show them how a Freshman should be treated. However, as this is only ridiculing their ignorance, we must remember the golden rule and "do unto them as we would that they should do unto us." In this last we are certainly trying our best, and, Sophomores, if you will only open your eyes I think you will notice the latest movement toward making the class of '15 the best class that has, or ever will, pass through the William Winlock Miller High School.

Blest be ye who expect to flunk, for ye shall never be disappointed.

"Gloriana," faltered the ardent youth, "is this the last?"
"Reginald," she answered, a world of compassion in her soft brown eyes, "it is."

Weary of the strain of holding the skein of flossy yarns which she had been winding into a ball, Reginald dropped his exhausted arms to his sides.
ALUMNI

Jim Davos, '09, is at a dental college at Portland, Ore.

Selwyn Harris, '11, was home from California during the Christmas holidays and while here he entertained the U. of C. glee club, returning to California with them.

George Scott, '09, a W. S. C. man, was at home Christmas.

A number of the alumni from the U. of W. came home for the leap year ball given on the 24th of February.

Frank Mount, a graduate of the O. H. S., who is at the Columbia University, has taken the medical examination and was second in the list. This is quite an honor as he will get the pick of four of New York's largest hospitals.

Wallace Mount, '09, is at the University of Oregon.

Margaret Wilson, '11, is teaching school at Little Rock.

Dick Shively, '10, who is at the U. of W., was at home on Washington's birthday.

Frank Stocking, '09, who was a member of the geological party in Alaska during the summer, is again at the University of Washington.

Lynn Fullerton, '09, who has been attending the University of Michigan, has returned home.

EXCHANGES

Whims, B. H. S., Seattle.—The most attractive Christmas number we received. Your cuts are splendid. We are glad to see you use such a good grade of paper.

Clarion, Salem H. S.—A very neat paper. The literary department is especially strong. Your departments could be better balanced.

Toko, Grants Pass H. S.—While your exchange department is good it is not in proportion to the rest of the departments. By mixing jokes in the ads you benefit the advertiser at the expense of your material. Your cover is artistic.

Wa Wa, Port Townsend H. S.—Your jokes should be collected under one head. Your paper needs pictures and cuts. Larger type would make it easier to read.

Argonaut, Mansfield H. S.—The stories in your paper are well worth reading. We believe that if you would change your cuts and cover design it would be an improvement.

Review.—We wish to congratulate you on the success of your National Park number. It is very interesting as well as educational.

Our Tattler, Walton, N. Y.—Your paper is a credit to a school of your size. The editorials are well written.

Stranger, Vancouver, B. C.—Is a new and welcome exchange. You are the only representative we have from Canada. As an improvement we might suggest a few more cuts and an exchange department.

Adjutant, M. T. M. A., San Rafael, Calif.—Another new exchange. The exchange department is a little brief. You are wise in using such a good grade of paper.
TWENTIETH CENTURY LULLABY.

Father's in his monoplane, sailing round the moon,
Mother's in her taxi cab, won't be home 'til noon,
Brother's in the motor boat on the silent sea,
Then rock, wee motor cradle, in the nursery.

"Waiter, I found a button in my salad."
"That's all right, it's part of the dressing."

Woodman, fell that tree
Spare not a single bough;
I carved a girl's name there,
I love another now.

"What's the matter?"
"I had one of those lightning lunches and now I've got
thundering pains."

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