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OLYMPUS
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AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran—
When'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died. —Oliver Goldsmith.

THE LAST HE HAD

I was such a very little girl when it happened—and yet it all is as clear to me as if it were an experience of only a week ago. As that day proved eventful, I have many pictures of myself, and my little pal, and the place where it happened; which all helps to keep the incident alive in my mind. But the details I remember well—the kind of a day—and all.

Although it was in the early fall the day was warm, and we children, like grown-ups, were restless and wanted something to do.

Finally we hit on a scheme—we would play “store.” At last we found a box, a drygoods box, much too big for baby arms to carry, so we rolled it down the hill from the house to the bridge, where we set it up for our “counter.” It was really an ideal place for children to play. A shallow stream ran beneath the bridge, where, when we were in the mood, we would sit and fish for hours. Sometimes we would be rewarded for our patience by catching a few tiny fish, which we called “bullheads.” It was especially nice that right by the head of the bridge, and where the creek was widest and shallowest, there was a large maple tree—and there it was that we placed our “counter.”

Across the front, a row of shiny red apples made it attractive, which we offered for sale at two pines apiece. We also offered well-washed carrots at a bargain (the carrot crop was good that year), they were two for a pin. We also had strawberries and cherries for sale, and such minor details as every well-kept rural public market should have. We must not omit, also, that we had live fish for sale, for one that we had caught in the morning was still in a small pail of water, which was promptly placed conspicuously on the counter.

It was all fine, the only trouble was that we couldn't both “clerk” at the same time, for if we did there would be no “buyers.” So we took turns, first one bargaining for reduced rates, and then the other. “Oh,” we thought, “if only some one
‘real’ would come and buy.” But it was only when mother was having company, or when Aunty Raye was coming to see us, that any one came up the little road that lead from the main highway to our sunny farm house.

We were almost growing weary, and beginning to think of other amusement, when we saw him coming. He was a tall man—and one that I had never seen before—and little Dixie, too, had never seen him. He did not come down the road, but he cut through the field, and seemed to be coming toward the bridge. He was broad-shouldered, dark-haired and steady-eyed. About his whole face was a certain fearless, defiant expression that made me like him, and to my childish mind he seemed the very extreme of all that was handsome.

“Oh,” cried Dixie in disappointment, “he ain’t coming to buy; he’s going right past our store, see!” Too true, he did not even notice us! He was going past. With a sudden impulse I forgot my shyness, and called out to him eagerly.

He stopped and, seeing us, he looked amused. “What is it, Sun-Bonnet-Babies?” he asked, and his voice was deep and filled with pleasing humor.

My boldness had left me and my face was scarlet, but Dixie, my little friend, came to the rescue. “Don’t you want to buy somethin’? We got some pretty red apples, for just two pins a piece.”

“By George!” said the man. “They would go good,” and he searched beneath the lapel of his coat. There were two pins. “The price of an apple,” he exclaimed, placing the two pins on the counter as I picked out for him the largest, reddest one. He sat on a stone and began to eat it. He did not seem particularly hungry, but yet he enjoyed the apple. He began to talk to me.

“How old are you?”

“Almost six,” I said. “Aren’t I a big girl?”

“You are that,” he said. “Do you live in the house on the hill?”

“Yes, sir, and my mamma’s house, but my daddy isn’t,” I said in childish truthfulness. “Do you want to see my mamma?”

“Well, I guess not,” said the man, with a queer expression. “Where is your daddy?”

“Down town.”

There was a silence—the man looked at the house, then at the horses in the field. He looked out over the well-kept, prosperous-looking gardens and the rich fruit orchard; then he slowly turned, and his gaze rested on little Dixie and me.

I broke the silence. “Were you going squirrel hunting up in the hills?”

“Well, not exactly,” he said and laughed.

Dixie came out from behind the counter and stood demurely at his side. “I’m five, too,” she said.

The man laughed—not very loud—but heartily.

“So you want some attention, little one?” he suggested. “You aren’t sisters, are you?”

And thus he talked while he munched his apple. It seemed a treat for him to talk to children, and in a short while we had become quite friendly and intimate. He asked us our names and we told him; but when we asked his, he chuckled slightly and then said: “Well my daddy always called me Henry, but Mother and the rest always called me Harry.”

We stood on either side of him, in the shade of that big, old maple tree. It wasn’t often that big people played store with us in this nice fashion, and we liked this big, broad man. Finally he rose abruptly.

“Well, my pretty Sun-Bonnet-Babies,” he said. “I must go, or I won’t get those squirrels.” He grinned. “Or probably I should say, ‘So the squirrels won’t get me.’ Let’s see,” he continued, “I do like raw carrots; how much are they today?”

“Two for a pin,” said Dixie promptly.

“I’ll take four,” he said. Again he searched his coat lapel. But there were no pins. We all looked disappointed. Suddenly he felt of the front of his blue flannel shirt, and produced for our admiring gaze a tie pin, or scarf pin. He looked at it intently. “Pretty, isn’t it?” he asked, showing it to us.

We agreed heartily. It was pretty. In the center were hand-somely engraved initials. Dixie and I, however, did not know what they were, for as yet we could only spell out a few words
written in large print. But we could see that it was pretty. The wing-like design at the top was not beyond our idea of beauty; and the miniature wreath of tiny golden buds, which completed the border of the monogram, seemed, as it really was, very beautiful indeed.

"It's the last I have," he said, "but you may as well have it. Yes, I will give it to you." And in his voice was just a trace of sorrow—and regret. "My little sister gave it to me, Oh, many years ago!" He smiled sadly and ran his hand across his forehead and through his dark hair.

"Yes, I will give it to you," he said, turning to me, "for my little sister had brown curls, like yours." Slowly and carefully he interlaced it in through a fold of my red dotted apron. You will take good care of it," he said, "and keep it always, for my little sister's sake. You see, I might lose it while out amongst the squirrels. And squirrels don't care for pins, you know! Then I did not notice the significance of his words.

He looked up at Dixie—she was sad. "And something for you," he said, and reaching in his pocket he tossed her a silver dollar. The little girl cried out in glee.

"Now I must go," he said. "Good-by, my little friends. I will never see you again, but I shall always remember the little store—and you."

He started off, but Dixie ran to him. She held him by the sleeve and gazed straight up into his face. "You're so nice to give me this piece of big white money. I kiss Daddy when he gives me only pennies." She raised her pretty lips to be kissed, but the man hesitated, as men have always done before the throne of such innocence. But he did not hesitate long, how could he? So like a little fairy she was—a pretty fairy, with rosy lips and soiled, soft little hands. He kissed her dimpled cheek—he kissed us both—and left.

Across the little bridge he went, and down past the rhubarb patch and through the big gate, and soon the big trees hid him from our sight. I remember, for some unknown reason, I clasped the little pin where he had placed it, and burst into tears. Little Dixie cried, too, and we comforted each other.

We didn't play store any more that day; neither were we in a hurry to run home to tell about it—mother would not like it that we had talked to strangers! So we talked to each other.

It was probably two hours afterwards when we again saw a stranger coming up the road—two strangers—and they were talking quickly, excitedly, and walking rapidly. They stopped before us and in quick, business-like tones inquired "if we had seen a stranger go past," or something of the sort, at least we got the impression that they were hunting a man. I held close to Dixie—terrified and speechless.

"Nobody was hunting our man," said she simply. "He talked nice to us and he wasn't in a hurry and he bought four of our carrots and an apple."

"What's the matter, little girl," said the older man to me, "what are you holding so tightly on the front of your dress?"

I did not answer, but stared at them with tearful, terrified eyes.

"Come," said the other man, more kindly, "you must answer what the sheriff asks you."

If there ever was a word in the English language that terrified me it was "sheriff." In my short young life I had only heard the word spoken in connection with guns and bloodbath, and terrible criminals. I grabbed Dixie by the hand and with a frightened sob ran to the house to my mother.

The men followed us, and before them, in my mother's arms I poured out the whole story. I would not allow the pin to be removed from my apron, but finally after they had promised it would not be taken from me, I relinquished my little vice-like grasp upon the bunch of crumpled apron and displayed to them the pin. The initials were "H. T."

The sheriff and my mother then hurriedly explained to me that my guest of a few hours since was none other than the outlaw—Harry Tracy—and that he had killed many men. In vain was I urged to give up the pin. I was offered many times its value, but I insisted that I had promised to take care of it for his "little sister's sake" and that I must keep it.

This was my experience with one of the most notorious of modern criminals.

—E. G., '15.
The Olympic

Editor ............................................. Donald Heermans
Assistant ......................................... Angela Boardman
Business Manager .............................. Hubert Scully
Assistant ......................................... Harold Van Eaton

Since studying economics, we have become quite economical, which accounts for the smallness of this number. It was necessary to cut down on this number or cut down on the Commencement number, and we don’t want to cut down on the Commencement issue. So this is a sort of “military necessity,” you see.

Doubtless we are criticized a great deal because of our lack of cuts in this number and in the last one. Please remember that the last two numbers were the largest Fall and Christmas Olympuses that have been put out. Although the subscription list is greater than ever, the paper is larger, more copies or editions are printed, printing rates are higher, and advertising charges are the same as when the paper was smaller, all of which necessitates our being more strict and careful than before. So please take these into account before criticizing your paper.

We can count the days now and there are probably few that are not counting them.

We would like more stories. Some seem to think that because we hand back a story we do not want any. That is not the case. We would like to print all the stories that are handed in, but we cannot afford so much space.

The best way to keep the school lawn clean is not to throw papers on it. There are several wastebaskets in easy reach.

School Notes

Ardis Ball, Editor.

There has been a great deal of attention given to the assemblies this year. Something new from preceding years has been the appointment of a committee of Seniors, who arrange for the assemblies. Much appreciation is due this committee for the way they have handled these mid-week gatherings. Among those who have made our assemblies particularly interesting are Mr. Cornish, who, accompanied by Mrs. Cornish, gave us a violin concert; Prof. Todd, from the College of Puget Sound, who gave us an interesting talk upon school life and our associations; Prof. Bryan, from the State College, who had for his subject, “The Schools of Other Countries.”

Mr. Ferringer gave us a farewell selection before leaving for Portland, Ore., where he will make his future home.

The High School band entertained us at a recent assembly.

Many delightful musical and reading numbers have been contributed by members of the different classes.

Raetselfragen.

1. Warum haben die Mütter weiße Haare?
2. Warum läuft die Katze über den Berg?
3. Wann wird ein Fuchs ein Fuchs genannt?
4. Wieviel Nage braucht man für ein gut beschlagenes Pferd?
5. Wann tun der Hasen die Zähne wechselen?
6. Was ist ein schwarzer Bäcker wenn er ins rote Meer fällt?
7. Welches Pfaster legt man nicht auf Wunden?

Siehe Seite 14.
BASKET BALL

On account of the expense and the small number of contestants entering, basketball has ceased to be one of our strong forms of athletics with other schools. In place of it class basketball has been introduced. This gives about four times as many men the training, and a high state of rivalry is maintained during the entire season. The games are free and frequently half of the school witnesses the games.

This year twelve games were scheduled, but because of a tie the thirteenth was played. A large silver cup was awarded as the prize. The winner had the privilege of engraving the class numerals on the cup, the same to be used as a prize the following years. This is the order and score of the games:

2. Seniors 19, Freshmen 16.  
4. Seniors 11, Sophomores 15.  
5. Soph'mores 40, Fresh'man 5.  
7. Juniors 64, Sophomores 4.

The games were played on a percentage basis, the Juniors winning with 1.000, the Sophomores second with .600, the Seniors third with .400, and the Freshmen last with .000.

INDOOR TRACK

An indoor track meet was held at the Y. M. C. A. on February 18, between the four classes of the school. Forty-four students participated in the meet and a second day was required in which to finish the last two events. The Seniors won first place with 1,709 points, the Juniors second with 1,620, the Sophomores third with 1,596 points, and the Freshmen last with 1,084 points.

A large shield was presented to the Senior class by Coach Rhode for its good work. The Senior class numbers were engraved on the shield, but it will be left, together with the basketball cup, as a prize for the classes which follow. Smith was the individual point winner, capturing 379 points. This meet consisted of six events: 60-yard potato race, 220-yard potato race, broad jump, high jump, shot put and fence vault. It was also carried on by a percentage score.

TRACK

Track work has started, and, after the wonderful showing of last year, winning second place in the state meet with only three men, everyone will agree that it is not a bit too early to start to work if we intend to hold our place at the top in this line of athletics.

Coach Rhode and Captain Smith will train the men this year and a good showing is anticipated.

BASEBALL

Now with the bright, warm days comes baseball, the long-hoped for days that we all welcome. Many have become a
little restless during the winter because of lack of exercise and
they have even shown a falling off in studies, but with the
birds and flowers and all that is bright and beautiful about us
we hope to throw off this feeling of restlessness, and get back
into our old form again. We hope under the careful manage-
ment and stiff training of Coach Rhode and Captain Springer,
to develop a winning team. We have always made a fine show-
ing in baseball, so let's keep up the good work. The schedule
as it stands now is:
1. *April 10, Rochester vs. Olympia.
2. April 17, Summer; O. H. S. 2nds vs. Tenino *
3. April 24, Rochester; O. H. S. 2nds vs. Shelton.
4. May 1, Chehalis vs. Olympia.

*At Olympia.

Clerk—This book will do half your work for you.
Bennet—Then I'll take two.

Der frost und colt all er round,
Und colter vas das vetter;
Two Chermans couldn't sleep alone,
So vun, he slept together.—Ex.

**BEANTWORTUNGEN DER RAETSELFRAGEN.**
1. Um sie anzuziehen.
2. Weil sie nicht durch den Berg laufen kann.
3. Wenn er allein ist, sonst sind es Fueche.
5. Wenn ihm die Hunde beissen.
6. Er ist nass.
7. Das Strassenpflaster.

Music:

Amelia Stentz
Editor.

We have had splendid musical numbers on the programs of
our assemblies during the past six weeks. The majority of
them have been given by High school students, although sev-
eral persons, not connected with the school, have very kindly
contributed their talent.

Among the numbers have been German songs by the girls
of the German class; vocal solos by Miss Diven, Mary Conner,
Veta Hickey and Clemencec Valley; a splendid concert by the
Boys' Band, and piano numbers by Alys Houghton Ethel
Brazel, Florence Townsend, Amelia Stentz and LaClede and
Anna Kreider.

Those not in the school who have entertained us are Miss
Kneen, who gave us a vocal solo, accompanied by Miss Crombie;
Mr. Feringer, who gave us a piano recital. Mr. Feringer is
now in Portland. We also enjoyed a violin and piano recital
given by Mr. and Mrs. Wayland J. Cornish.

These assemblies have exhibited much talent among our
students and have been enjoyed by all. In behalf of the
student body we wish to thank the committee who provides
these weekly entertainments, as well as those who took part.

A Boys' Glee Club and a Girls' Chorus have recently been
organized, under the leadership of Miss Bigelow, and good
results are expected.

Wanted—Rat poison by H. Scully, who has rats in his
garret.

The Freshman knows not, but knows not that he knows not;
the Sophomore knows not, but knows that he knows not; the
Junior knows, but knows not that he knows; the Senior knows
and knows that he knows.
...Class Notes...

SENIORS
Editor—Hattie Van Eaton.

Just a few words to let the world, at large, know that the Senior class of '15 is still very much alive.

Now that the semester exams are safely passed for all of us?? we can turn our attention (at least part of the time) to the Senior class play. Here's hoping that the play will be one grand success.

Has anyone noticed what little attention is given the object on the piano since the Seniors won out (by a large majority, of course) in the hexathon contest, and hung their trophy near the windows?

Baseball, track and cross-country are becoming an interesting part of High school life. As a gentle word of warning the rest of the classes had better get exceedingly busy if they expect to keep in right of the Seniors.

JUNIORS
Editor—Paul Copeland.

Rick-a-chick-a-boom!
Rick-a-chick-a-boom!
Rick-a-chick-a-rick-a-chick-a
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Rip rah reen, rip rah reen,
Juniors! Juniors! '15.

The latest honors taken by the Juniors is the basketball championship for 1915. We are justly proud of the splendid work done by our team, with a score of 284 points to our opponents' 59; and great was the enthusiasm when we received the silver trophy cup with 1915 boldly inscribed thereon and with the black and gold floating jauntily from the handle. The men that were on the team are: Meath, Morford, Coulter, Lemon, Oullette and Dalton.

At the mid-year meeting of the class, the following officers were elected for the ensuing half year: Frank Samarildason, President; Paul Copeland, Vice-President; Walter Crombie, Treasurer; Percy Raymond, Secretary.

SOPHOMORES
Editor—Laurette Rockwell.

At the beginning of the second semester a class meeting was held by the Sophomores at which the following officers were elected: President, Fred Sergeant; Vice-President, Ted Morris; Secretary, Helen Scobey; Girls' Treasurer, Glenna Magill; Boys' Treasurer, Howard Talmadge; Sergeant-at-Arms, Hazel Hill.

Owing to some misunderstanding with fate the Sophomores managed to get only second place in the interclass basket ball contest. Levy and Barnes, the infant prodigies, otherwise known as the Thumb brothers, sons of the late Tom Thumb, deceased, were the stars of the team. Following is the lineup: forwards, Levy and Barnes; guards, Bates and Robertson; center, Sergeant.

According to reports of the Treasurers, the girls have contributed $13.50 to the treasury and the boys $14.50, making a total of $28.00. When we consider that we have 88 in our class this is $60.00 less than we ought to have. "Pay early and avoid the rush."

FRESHMEN
Editor—Dewey Martin.

At a meeting held on January 26, the following officers were elected for the semester: Maurice Springer, President; Dorsey
Cunningham, Vice-President; E. Loomis, Secretary and Treasurer; C. Scully, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Esther Burr, Treasurer for the girls.

At a Freshman class meeting held early in February it was decided to present a class play for the purpose of raising funds for the treasurer's pile.

Though losing in points to the more experienced upper class teams, the basketball five and the track team, led by Springer and Forbes respectively, made creditable showings in the inter-class athletic contest.

Our baseball captain predicts a good team, but says it will have to have some support. That means we will have to turn out for the games, Freshmen, and get some of that "pep" we lack, but ought to have before we become Sophs.

On the first day of spring, Miss Grube and Miss Grizzle gathered an exquisite bouquet of skunk cabbage. They both say great things about the fragrance of the plant.

WOULDN'T YOU BE SURPRISED IF—

D. Conner walked home alone?
Chick Springer attended a class meeting?
The girls gave another Return?
Walt knew his English lesson?
Hattie Van E. were tardy?
Alma F. skipped school?
The assembly became quiet?
Mr. Aiken gave us a holiday?
Percy Raymond couldn't talk?
Scully missed a class meeting?
It didn't rain tomorrow?
You should find a good joke here?
The Freshmen won the baseball championship?
Marion T. recited in chemistry?

The Sophomore girls are making summer dresses, and the Junior girls are drafting patterns, having completed their course in repair work and remodeling of clothing.

All of the classes have had a course in meats and fish and are now making desserts.

The Junior girls have finished their course in household management and are now studying dietetics.

In December a candy sale was given by all of the cooking classes, and a luncheon was served by the Junior girls to the school directors and their wives. The waitresses were Ardis Ball and Elizabeth Benson.

Ardis—Don't you think Walter's mustache is very becoming?
Helen—It may be coming, but I can't see it.

Caesar was a mighty warrior,
Conqueror of all the world was he.
'Twas at the last examination
Mighty Caesar conquered me.

Mary baked an angel cake
To tickle father's palate.
Father put it on a stick
And used it for a mallet.—Ex.
Parent-Teachers Association

That the work of the Parent-Teacher Association is gaining in interest is shown by the large attendance at the meetings. Live topics are discussed, good speakers secured and worthwhile programs result. The co-operation of the students makes the programs not only more interesting, but gives the parents an insight into the practical work of the school. At the last meeting, the band, under Mr. McClelland, rendered three fine selections. The dramatization work, under the direction of Miss Gregory, showed an interesting phase of the work in English.

The towel shower for the Domestic Science department resulted in a goodly donation which was greatly appreciated by those in charge.

“The Social Life of the High School” and the “Period of Adolescence” are the topics that have been discussed since the last issue, and both meetings have been full of interest and helpfulness.

The next meeting will be held the first Tuesday afternoon in April, at which time the subject “College Preparation” will be discussed.

Teacher—Now, Willie, tell us one of the important events of Roman history and mention the date.

Willie—Marc Antony went to Egypt ‘cos he had a date with Cleopatra.

Caesar is bad,
Cicero’s worse;
Use a pony,
Safety first.

Walt—Do you want to get married?
Helen—Yes, Walt.
Walt—All right, if I see anybody that wants to marry, I’ll tell them about you.

EXCHANGE NOTES
Emma Goldenberger, Editor.

“Uncle Adolph,” I asked, “why on earth don’t you help me write these exchange notes?”

“Vell, mein chill,” he said, in his kind German accent, “not iss it? Let me see dem papers yunce. You vant to—to yent you call it? comment, on dese little pooks und babers, eh?”

“You got me,” I cried, and tossed a bunch of them on his lap.

Smilingly he picked up the one which happened to fall on top, and proceeded to give it a thorough “once over.”

When he came to the joke department he commented thusly:

“Der Totem, it is very fine,
It keeps me laughing all der time.”

He next picked up a paper of tan and putty color (the ideal shade of an Easter suit).

“Har, har,” he laughed; “I got it for diss one a rhyme too.
“Der Kimmikinie has a funny name,
But I like der paper chust der same.”

Next the artistic cover design of “Whims” caught the old man’s eye, and after a few silent grins, and a preliminary chuckle he gave out the following:

“Der Vima hass not only such beautiful covers,
But also stories vot deal mit der lovers.”

“Do yos a goot vun! Vot, kiddo?” he said.

After a little further rummaging, to my delight he had still another rhyme:

“Der Daleville Leader iss very neat,
But der Oread, also, iss hard to beat.”

“Ho, ho, ho! Your unkles iss a schmart von, I tell you. Und for der rest chust say you iss glad to get dem, und dey iss all goot papers, including der High School Review of Reviews, Ye Troubadour, The Native American, The Ocean Breeze, Lyre, and The Sybil.”
Alumni Notes
Olive Dille, Editor.

Stephen Chadwick, '13, is taking the Post Graduate course in law at the "U."
Richard Mitchell, '13, has left the State "U" at Seattle and is now at Pullman.
We are glad to see Heber Morford, '14, back again. He has been employed in the Columbia River fishing industry.
Fred Morton, '14, is employed in the Western Washington Hospital at Steilacoom as stenographer.
Mabel Springer, '11, is expected to return home soon from Oakesmere School on Long Island, near New York City.
Marie Rowe, '14, is at the "U" and has been pledged to the Delta Delta Delta Sorority.
Lacey Jones, '13, is stenographer at the State Auditor's office.
Mrs. George Campbell and daughter, Patricia Jane, are here from Portland visiting their relatives and friends. Mrs. Campbell was formerly Miss Ethel Coultier, a member of the '08 class and later assistant Domestic Science instructor.
Inez McKenzie is employed as stenographer in the State Insurance Commissioner's office.
Ruth Knowles, '14, is a stenographer in the State Land office.

Shaffer—Waiter, this coffee is nothing but mud.
Waiter—Certainly, sir; it was ground this morning.

Ted—Did you get your shirt back from the laundry?
Howard—Yes, but not the front.

Mr. R.—A man and his wife went out to take the auto out for a ride.

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