JUST A WORD.

Olympus, to thee sing the poets,*
To thee are the editors slave,
But to thee are come few subscriptions
To make the said editors brave.

When thou in thy glory of newness
Art fresh from the printin-press dear (§),
Round thee flock all students most zealous—
But never a coin jingles near.

True, all are most ready and anxious
The new jokes on the "kids" to learn,
And read the next basket-ball line-up,
And from that the whole outcome discern.

In thee 'tis a joy to read lectures;
A poor story may please us—and say,
Again comes the scores of old football,
And once again lived is the fray.

But when one subscription is asked them,
They hesitate, falter and say:
"Oh, I can get Jimmie's or Laura's,
I guess I won't bother today.

Thus comes one excuse and another—
Why is it, Oh Reader, I pray,
Can we put out an Olympus
When not a subscription you pay?

*Wee Tommas, '09.

*N. B.—Only O. H. S. ones are guilty.
A Winning Mark

"Oh, heavens!" groaned the English teacher, as he glanced disconsolately at the large pile of test papers lying on his desk waiting to be corrected, "the trial and tribulations which we English teachers have to withstand. It's something dreadful! I don't see why exams were ever invented, anyway," he continued grumbling, "unless they're to keep teachers up late (especially young fellows like myself)," he added with a grim smile. Then, heaving a long-drawn sigh, he pulled out his watch, glanced carelessly at the time, then muttered to himself: "Quarter of seven now; and it will take me at least four hours to look those papers over. Well, I've got to do it," he said half aloud, "so here goes." He carefully adjusted his eye-glasses and, with another long-drawn sigh, sat down and began his work.

The first paper he happened to pick up was Hartsuck's. After hurriedly glancing over the four closely written pages, he laid it down with an exclamation of disgust. "Well!" he exclaimed, "I supposed that boy knew a little bit of something, but I guess I'm mistaken. Why," he added meditatively, "even I knew better than that when I was a Junior. The idea of his writing such nonsensical stuff as that!" and as if to emphasize the fact, he bunched his clenched fist down rather forcibly on the innocent looking paper. "Oh, it's simply abominable!" he groaned. "Let me see," he mused to himself, "now, Hartsuck is a football boy and the best man on the team, too, and we play Tacoma next Saturday. We can't win with out him and yet—hang it all! Those boys think that they have the cinch on me; in other words, I'm their easy mark. They think I haven't the heart to flunk them, but I'll show them. I'll let them know that English is more important than they imagine. Hartsuck certainly deserves to flunk, and,—Hartsuck shall flunk," he added with emphasis, "even though he doesn't make the team and we lose the game." So saying, he poised his pen in air and in another moment a large flourishing "D" would have adorned the paper in front of him, but just then he was disturbed by the sharp whirr of the telephone bell.

"Oh, bother!" he exclaimed, as he took down the receiver. "Hello!" he called out in his gruffest tones.

"Hello!" came a sweet, silvery voice from the other end of the line, "is this speaking?"

"Why, yes," he answered, and there was a decided change of tone. "I wasn't sure of it," the feminine voice continued plaintively, "for your sound so sort of cranky when you first spoke.

"Oh, did I?" the masculine voice asked in tones of mild surprise. "If so, I'm very sorry, honest I am," he added in his blankest tones. "Oh, very well," she replied, "you may consider yourself forgiven; but what I want to know is, are you very busy this evening?"

"Oh, no! not at all," he answered (at the same time glancing conscientiously at the large pile of test papers), "but what made you ask me?"

"Well, you see," she replied, "I am going to have a few friends in this evening, and I'd like to have you join us.

"And I'd like to come," he broke in, "but—er—er"— and he again cast a hasty glance in the direction of the table on which the test papers lay, "First tell me what kind of an affair it's to be, who all will be there, etc."

"W-e-l-l," she stammered, and the next moment a suppressed giggle came rippling over the line. "You are the only one invited so far, but—"

"I say," he broke in eagerly, "let it go at that, and I'll come in a jiffy."

"Now, don't be foolish," she answered in tones of mild reproach, "but if you really prefer our being alone, why—"

"I certainly do," he hastened to assure her, and that settled the matter.

"I shall expect you at eight o'clock, then. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, dear," he answered. "———, how dare you!" and the receiver at the other end of the line immediately went up with a sharp click and jerk as if the individual there was somewhat angry. But the English teacher probably understood, for he only smiled knowingly as he sat down to resume his work. Strange to say, he was in a far different mood as he again picked up Hartsuck's paper.

Its contents were quickly glanced over for the second time, but now the expression on his face did not change. "Well," he was thinking to himself, "that's not so bad after all; besides I know the boy knows better, anyway, for he makes excellent recitations in class. Then, too, here's a lot of good points which I never noticed before—how queer of me. Yes," he continued musingly, "taking the paper as
a whole, it's fairly good." Then rereading it he exclaimed: "Yes, it's a very good paper! Why, I believe it's excellent." Again the pen poised in air. For a moment it hovered over the paper, then something which strongly resembled a "A." took the place of the intended "D."

A week later this same English teacher was sitting in his study reading over the morning news. On the front page, in large, glaring letters, the following headline ran: "Olympia High School Boys Defeat Tacoma by Close Score of 11-10. Excellent Work Done by Both Teams. Star Work of Hartsuck Wins the Game," etc.

"Humph!" muttered the English teacher, "they've got me to thank for that victory." Then his conscience must have hurt him, for a moment later he exclaimed: "No!" I guess it wasn't I after all. I think—er—No! I'm sure it wasn't." And an amused smile flitted across his face.

FINS.

A PHILOSOPIED HYPOTHESIS OF LOLLIPOP.

Lollipop, as distinguished from the sense of mental phenomenon, is that branch of science which deals with school girls and a few boys whose equilibrium is not in a balanced condition.

It is a vibrating disturbance sent out in longitudinal wave motion from a remitter commonly known as the eyes. These waves strike another set of eyes and cause a sympathetic vibration whose waves in turn travel back to the original transmitter.

The usual characteristic of these waves, is that they travel only in one direction at a time and as a rule do not travel more than two or three feet. The atmosphere is the principal medium through which they travel.

These vibrating waves travel with great rapidity at times, but before a climax is reached they generally coincide with foreign waves of a different nature. This ceases the vibratory disturbances for the time being.

FRAK ISENSEE, '09.

Lucille's Choice

Miss Everson, teacher on the Westside, was certainly having trouble. Some of her pupils were hostile to each other and she could not tell who was to blame. She had always felt a glow of pride whenever she thought of the tranquility of her little "kingdom," for so she called her second-grade room, and she had tried to teach the faithful little subjects, along with the spelling with green card-board letters, that the spirit of happiness could be present only when they themselves were individually at peace with one another. And now had come strife and discord among her model pupils. At times she was dismayed, amused and puzzled all at once; she could not reconcile the combatants, yet she perceived a certain sense of humor in the sturdy resolution with which they carried themselves; but she could not ascertain the cause.

Two weeks before this state of affairs became indisputably evident, a new bakery had been established on the Westside near the school house, but this, of course, is immaterial except that by this acquisition to the neighborhood, another was made to the second grade in the person of Lucille Drey, the wee daughter of the baker. Lucille's black curly hair crowned a decidedly imperious head, but her perfect gentleness of manner and her frank readiness to join in any game proposed, made her a general favorite. She was utterly impartial in her favors and she could not be punished, for she was as much at case standing in a corner or sitting with a boy—though the latter be Tom, the judge's son, or Peter, the little negro lad of the alley, as she was "speaking a piece" or quietly studying at her own desk.

One thing was certain. With the advent of this little miss came a change in Mike Reilly. Lately his tousled red hair was always brushed neatly and his freckled face scrubbed to "shininess." True, his trousers were still ragged and his feet bare, but when he did have a clean shirt, it stayed clean much longer. Miss Everson noticed this and
was pleased; at last her admonitions were having effect. But one
thing did not please her, and it was this which was causing all her
perplexity and the discord in the school room.

Peter Monroe, Mike Reilly and Jimmie Allen had always been a
“gang,” and a “gang among boys means a whole lot. It means
friendship, loyalty and, incidentally, a sharing of spoils. Now had
come a change. The hitherto inseparable companions now passed each
other with cool disdain or if Miss Everson could catch a surpetitious
glance of one to the other, it was accompanied by a protruding tongue
or an uplifted nose. Furthermore, when they were out on the grounds
together serious complications always arose over some apparently in-
explainable reason and though the riot could be quieted, the spirit
of rebellion was not subdued.

One day things led up to a climax and then it was Miss Everson’s
eyes were opened. In the morning Lucille Corey announced in class that
she had left her primer at home, so was without one for recitation.
Simultaneously Jimmie, Peter and Mike called forth shrilly, “Here’s
one, teacher,” seemingly regardless of the fact that they themselves
needed one at the same time Lucille did. Miss Everson thanked them,
but was able to supply the deficiency herself. The three little fellows
cast discontented though triumphant looks at one another.

The class was dismissed and were marching to their seats. Lucille’s
curls caught on the high-backed bench as she rose to take her place.
The three gallants started to her assistance. Peter, the colored lad,
reached her first and glared triumphantly at the others as he carefully
loomed the ringlets. He was rewarded with a smile from the pretty
captive, and his two comrades slunk to their seats.

Miss Everson watched these proceedings with a dawning light. The
three chums, though so absurdly young, were hated rivals. Amused,
she questioned herself, “Which will win?”

Jimmie was a bright, pretty little fellow, but naturally timid;
Peter was equally bright and sunny-natured, but he was a negro; and
Mike—well, Mike was as impulsive and generous as any of his race,
and though honest and manly, he was as impetuous and fiery as a
little tiger. Lucille’s impartiality could not give her any inkling, but
now that she understood the situation regarding the boys, she con-
fessed to herself she was anxious regarding the outcome.

That afternoon she announced to her pupils that their long-looked
for treat was at hand; they were to go for their walk through the
grove to gather flowers. Excited and happy, they donned their
wraps and in their hurry outside their little feet refused to heed the
refrain sound by the ringing triangle.

Miss Everson told them to line up two by two and march to the
grove and there, with their partner, use a basket together. Un-
thinkingly she brought on a crisis. The three rivals hastened to Lucille.

“Say, Lucille, won’t you march with me,” said Peter, wistfully.
“Please do! I know where the nicest flowers grow,” he coaxed.

Lucille smiled, but Jimmie broke in with “Aw, Lucille, I want you
to march with me, won’t you now, Lucille? You know I let you take
my knife once today and you can have it all day tomorrow,” he added
generously.

Lucille hesitated. Up till now she had lavished her smiles indis-
criminately upon the three admirers. She apparently had not thou-

t that each might deem himself worthier than the rest. Her little mind
as yet was not influenced by the bitter conflict of race prejudice;
nevertheless, the allurements of a knife caused her eyes to glisten.
Still she hesitated. Her eyes sought Mike’s, then timidly dropped.
Mike strode over, took a stand beside the fair one, and said decidedly:
“You fellers chase yourselves. Lucille’s goin’ with me. Come on
Lucille.”

And Lucille went.

By TOMMIK.

ANOTHER OBSERVER.

In the last Olympus, there appeared an article entitled “An Ob-
server,” giving a description of the way some of the students (notably
the Caesar class, and the young Juniors) went to and from the as-
sembly hall at the close of classes.

Well, some people say it does not pay to advertise or write edi-
torials in a school paper for the papers are not read; now if these
same people could have read the above mentioned article, and then have heard the very impressive speech that was given to the student body, by one of the faculty, the day after the "Olympus" was given out, they would say, "Well, I guess it does pay to write in a school paper." For this flowery speech was evidently prompted by the article "An Observer," as the very faults which that article set forth were dwelt upon (and it is well to make the subject impressive) and say dwelt upon with emphasis; showing that if one of our faculty with all his responsibility and business cares takes time to read the Olympus, surely many others will take time also and notice the advertisements in glancing through the paper.
EDITORIALS

After all that has been done in the way of giving to us a beautiful school and surroundings it seems no more than right that we should do something to help beautify our campus. Why could not the student body organize a horticultural society to do what we can in this line? There are a number of places on the campus where beautiful rose beds and other gardens could be cultivated to an advantage. Out of one hundred and eighty students this would not mean very much work for each one, if each will lend his assistance in the right way. This would not only help to beautify our grounds but the flowers would be a great convenience for Commencement and other events of the year. Of course a committee would have to be appointed to care for them during the summer vacation, but the work would be so small compared with the pleasure derived from having them that surely there are many who would be only too glad to do it. We hope that the students will talk over this matter seriously and that some action will be taken toward carrying out the plan right away. This is just the time of the year for the flowers to be planted so no time can be wasted.

Why is it that when "debating" is mentioned all the High School students are so silent? We did not win out this year, it is true, but is it because of any lack of ability? We all know that that is not the reason. But one thing is sure. A debate will never be won in this school until more interest is taken in a literary line. And there is probably not another High School in the state with better advantages in this line than ours. We have the whole state library for reference at any time and an excellent debater to coach us. Is it lack of enthusiasm, vigor or what? The girls and boys should each have a lively, up-to-date debating society, discussing the questions of the day. Let us show what is really in us and begin all over again. Keep in mind our Daniel Webster and Henry Clay of 1906 and see who they will be in 1908.

* * * *

The High School is very grateful for the use of the "Sugar Bowl" on March 7. Any one who patronized the store, or even passed near there on that day, was made to realize, if he did not before, that we do have a high school here. From the twenty per cent of the proceeds for that one day and evening given us, the school cleared $17.50, which makes the Athletic Association just $17.50 nearer being square with the world again. High School girls waited upon the tables and music was played during the afternoon and evening by different members of the school. The rooms were very prettily decorated in pennants and ribbons of blue and white. Many yells and songs were rendered at intervals "to draw a crowd" which was very easily done.

* * * *

We as students of the Olympia High School have much to be proud of. Our football team made an exceedingly fine showing this year; the students of the manual training department are doing work that a school may indeed be proud of; they are framing pictures, making various kinds of ornaments and donating them for the benefit of the school; and our very school building is one of the most unique in this state. The girls of the domestic science department are doing a branch of work for which they are certainly to be commended; all of which helps to elevate the standard of our school.
The faculty with the help of the student body has provided our school with a piano. We all appreciate this as the piano furnishes enjoyment for every one. Now we have the piano and are positive that we have many students with musical talent, but where are the glee clubs that should be in force to help make our school? There is material enough to organize a fine boys' or girls' glee club right here among us.

Although it is too late to do anything along this line this year, it is to be hoped that someone will organize both a boys' and a girls' glee club for the coming year, so that next year those students who are here then will be proud to name among the other accomplishments of this institution a glee club; and the students who are not here, but who will of course yet read the Olympus, can learn of the work of the clubs.

Mr. K. (in history)—"Is the city engineer elected by the people?"
Ellis—"No, sir, he ain't, because he lives over there where I do and he told my dad he was going to lose his job."
Mr. L. (in modern history)—"What was the governmental filtering of 1800?"
Lawrence—"It was the good work done by Caesar."
Mr. K.—"Ismay, who is your pier?"
Ismay (confidently)—"I haven't any."
(Stand by it, Jim, you'll be president yet.)
Teacher (in history)—"Pearl, did I ever ask you a question that you did not say "I don't know?"
Pearl (innocently)—"I don't know."

Edna (by way of explanation)—"Why, a pirate is a man who gets a vessel and goes to sea and steals everything."
Jim—"In the preamble to the constitution they should have used 'peace' instead of 'tranquility.' It comes under an error called verbosity, I believe."

Silently one by one in the class book of Mr. Kreager
Blossom the neat little Ds, the forget-me-nots of the Seniors.—Ex.
Mr. L. (12 English)—"L. M. stands for long meter.
Katherine—"Oh, is that what it means?"
Mr. L.—"Yes, of course; it doesn't stand for Lawrence McIntosh or something like that."
K. H. (in German)—"Von Thranenirstickter stimme"—with tears in his voice.

In History—"What comes after 1812?"
Lawrence (promptly)—"1813."
THE JUNIOR'S LAMENT.

FIRST SPASM.
I was sitting by the fireside,
    Just before the break of day;
I had "studied" all my lessons,
    And my books had put away;
On the hearth the glowing embers
    Snapped and flickered 'ere they died;
I was left alone in darkness,
    And my heart within me cried.

LENT.
Oh, what's the use to study
    Of Emerson and such?
My brain is growing muddy
    'Twixt Cicero and Dutch;
'Lectricley may be useful,
    Also geometry
And stocks and bonds—they're awful—
    No more of them for me.

THE SPASM
This making up back credits
    Is certainly no snap.
I'm getting old and faded
    Without my beauty nap.
I dare not cut my classes
    For fear I'll flunk again,
And then, if that should happen,
    I would graduate with '10.

The class of 1909 won the banner for interclass track championship last spring, and fully expect to do the same this year.

Achilles Messeguee entered the Junior class at the beginning of this semester. We are sorry to lose him, but we wish him success as coach of athletics in the Harrington High School.

Junior to Senior—"Oh, dear, I do dread Civics next year. Do you have to take that stuff?" But the Senior could give the Junior no consolation, for everyone must go through the ordeal. Motto: Always be prepared on everything, for you will never know what the lesson may be.

On January 28th the Junior girls won from the Seniors in basketball by a score of 20 to 10.

The Junior class has elected the following officers for the second semester: Maybelle McKay, President; Francis Isensee, Vice-President; Annie Schively, Secretary; Anna Jacobson, Treasurer; Wallace Mount, Yellmaster. We expect Wallace to make a good yellmaster. He has already proved himself an adept at serenading at 1:00 a.m.

Some of the Juniors find it a hard task to pass to their classes through the front door. But there is one consolation: it takes several moments longer to the English room.

The class is represented in the boys' basketball team by George Scott, Captain, and Louis Utterback, Manager. Lovina Wilson is Captain of the girl's basketball team.

When Mr. Helm asked his eleventh English class to make an outline of the chapter in Rhetoric, for a moment everyone was silent,
wondering if he really meant it, for how did they know which chapter they were supposed to study for that day. All but a few began to ask their neighbors, "Which chapter were we supposed to have for today, anyway?" But it was no use for nobody else knew. So each one looked at the names of the different chapters, thinking maybe they could remember the subjects he had told them to study. Perhaps some of them selected the right one, but I think Mr. Helm was discouraged with the plan, for he announced the next week that (study?) in the Rhetoric would be discontinued.

Sophomore Notes

The Sophomore girls seem very much interested in basket-ball, at least so it appears by the way they turn out to practice on Tuesdays and Thursdays. They can play ball, too, as is shown by the "21 to 2 score" rolled up against the Freshies and also the "20 to 12" which gave them the championship of the school. We are all proud of you even if we don't boast. So keep it up, girls.

Helm—"Who was in the cradle laid among the reeds of the Tiber?"

Fay Rogers—"Oh, I know, Moses."

Helm to Haskell—"Maybe you should get up before the ches and crack those nuts, Lloyd. You know there is nothing better than to watch a monkey crack nuts."

Margaret (translating Caesar)—"Caesar hastened to each part of the bridge."

Helm—"Miss Eastman, what do you mean by unity?"

Miss S.—"Oh, that's the expression of an idea."

Miss Chappell—"Dixon, where is Germany?"

Dick (hesitating)—"In the Eastern Hemisphere."

Teacher—"Who was Alba Longa, Mr. Gaston?"

Mr. G.—"He was a senator."

Teacher—"Is that candy good, Miss Swen?"

Laura—"You bet!"
FRESHMEN NOTES

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

On Monday, February 3, 1908, the Freshmen held a class meeting for the purpose of electing officers for the remainder of this semester. The following were elected: President, Carl Woodward; Vice-President, Maud Osborne; Secretary, Margaret Wilson; Treasurer, Hugh Lawrence, Y. M., Geo. Case; S. at Arms, Noyes Talcott; Editor, Blanche Billings.

We also elected a committee of four to select the best from our old supply of yells and to make up a few new ones.

CLASS B. B. GAMES.

The basket-ball game between the girls’ team of the Sophomore and the Freshmen classes came off on Tuesday, February 4. Tuesday must certainly be our “Jonah day,” for, for some unaccountable reason, we could not make baskets. Both sides played well and hard, but our luck was against us for, after the game was over, the score read 22 to 2 in the Sophomores’ favor. However, after the next game Sophs. vs. Freshies, we will have a very different and much more encouraging tale to tell.

The Freshmen certainly appreciate the result of the efforts of the manual training boys made toward beautifying the walls of the assembly hall. Of course, the Freshmen are a busy bunch and our eyes do not frequently wander from our books, yet in the last period (p. m.) we generally find time to survey beautiful landscape.

PERSONALS.

We wonder why Mr. Helm persists in substituting the name of Alice for that of Pricilla. Before we know it he will be calling John Alden Carl.

Some of these days Mr. Helm’s name will be prefixed by “Count,” “Lord,” or something similar. He looks so “noblyfied” with the addition of his new glasses.

Carrie, what is the magnet in the direction of the Junior row? Isn’t B. L. B. devoted to those little nephews in Tenino, though? (We haven’t ascertained just whose nephews they are.)

That the course of true love runs anything but smoothly has been plainly exemplified to H. M. of late. However, all seems to be running smoothly at present. Keep it up, Mary.
JOKES

Otto that he ought to auto,
So he bought an automo.
In his auto Otto that he
Ought to see the auto show;
So he tried as Otto ought to,
But his auto wouldn't go.
There are things about an auto
Even Otto ought to know.

Three-year-old Charley (seeing a full moon for the first time)—
"Oh, Mama, there's God looking at me!"

Query—Why does a blush creep up a maid-n'a's cheek?
Answer—Because if it ran it would kick up too much dust.—Ex.

"Twas a wise man that said, "There's nothing new under the sun."

A sweet young thing was walking leisurely up the stone steps which led to the veranda of her home, when she was confronted by her very irate father. The following is the conversation which took place:

"Elaine, here is a letter which I found in the conservatory, and which, after I read a few lines, you will recognize as one written to you by that low-born James." (Reads):

"My Precious—Last night I had a dream—aye, it was a nightmare! I thought I saw you with your arms around another man's neck and looking tenderly into his face." (Elaine interrupts): "Oh, daddy, let me explain"— "Do not interrupt me again, child." (Reads) "You cannot imagine what anguish this has caused me, dear one, for you do not realize how you are loved. Oh, write to me, and dispel this awful doubt, sweetheart. Repeat that your heart is wholly mine.

"Since this blockhead whom you are so unfortunate as to have for a father will not hear to us being married (at this stage the father's cheeks and nose become purple), let us fly tonight to the 'auld kirk' and have the ceremony performed which will make us one. Do this and you will never regret it. I will spend my whole life endeavoring to make you happy."

"But papa, look at"—
"Elaine, let me finish this whole cursed affair. It is all obvious enough. (Reads) "I have it all planned, and a young clergyman, a friend of mine, has prorogued his services. I shall be under the window at 11 o'clock. Do not fail me. The bays will be waiting and we will reach the church in twenty minutes. You know the sign. Your most devoted James."

"Elaine, what does it all mean? Were you, the child that I lavished with every luxury, contemplating this deceit against your poor old father? Oh, the ingratitude which the modern child shows his parents! It were not so when I was a boy."

"Don't be silly, Dad, look at the date."

"Eighteen seventy-eight! By George, dearie, I believe this is a letter which I wrote to your mother when we were young."
The head of the athletic department of the Olympus wishes to think—er—No! I'm sure it wasn't." And an amused smile flitted occasions during the past year. A team, whether football, basketball or baseball, appreciates the howls, growls, etc., which are emitted for their encouragement and the rooter's relief. We wish especially to thank the High Royal Rooter, who has got the leader of a midnight chorus of feline voices faded to a purr. Mr. McIntosh's strong pair of lungs, together with the generous way in which he uses them, to say nothing of his own personality, will be missed sadly by everyone except perhaps the Latin teacher, when he graduates next spring.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

At the election of officers for the Athletic Association held on January 29, Joyce Flesher was elected President, Hon. Herbert Hoke Vice-President, Dixon Schively Secretary, Albert Stuth Treasurer, Fred Rogers Sergeant-at-Arms and Hon. William Wallace Mount, Esq., Critic.

We feel sure that under the leadership of Mr. Flesher the club will prosper and do something worth while, but if he is found delinquent the honorable Vice-President will fill the office quite effectively. The new secretary, although he cannot write shorthand, is quite able to get most of the brilliant and masterly speeches that are delivered in the meetings down on his books. As Mr. Stuth is not accustomed to handling large sums of money, we are afraid it is going to be pretty hard on the poor boy. If you get mixed up in your accounts, Albert, just call on our President or some banking clerk, who would be willing to help you after working hours. Remember, Mr. Rogers, that your duty is to remove any disorderly member if he will not behave after the President has asked him to do so very kindly, but you must not use your strength too freely, for you might hurt some of the little fellows. You must always be present at the meetings so that no one will suffer from non-ventilation or too much "hot air" when it gets to flowing too fluently.

Now, we would impress upon the honorable Critic's mind that he is an officer absolutely necessary to the welfare of the organization, and we would further impress him with the fact that all advice or criticism given by him to the club will be taken in all good faith, and furthermore, that the conduct of the club is due in a great measure to the example the Critic puts before them. We have perfect confidence in the new Critic and in his ability and influence for doing good.

Therefore we have great hopes that the athletic organization will be a credit to the school, and a benefit to the members in a parliamentary, a financial and a social way.

O. H. S. GIRLS VS. SHELTON GIRLS.

On Saturday, March 14, the girls' basket-ball team from Shelton met the O. H. S. girls in a rather one-sided game. The score of 35 to 8 tells the tale. The local girls had been practicing hard and faithfully for a long time, and had had considerable experience in a number of class games, while the Shelton team had not had much experience and so showed a lack of team work. They were also a little lighter than the locals.
Throughout the game the ball sailed gracefully down stream on a Skookum tide to its inevitable destination. Occasionally, however, it would strike an eddy and be carried back a short distance toward Shelton. But soon victory, under the guidance of Captain Lovina Willson, was brought to anchor in the quiet harbor of Olympia, with out any very serious mishaps.

The ball was put in play at 3:00 p.m. with Mr. Dowse of Shelton referee, and Waldo Coulter umpire. Before 3:00½ the first basket was thrown by the O. H. S. It was seized by the center, Katharine Hadley, and passed to Lovina Willson, and thence to Alice Gottfeld and by her into the basket in less time than it takes to tell it. The ball was thrown from deep silence into loud cheers and "Um, Ya, Ya's" for Alice Gottfeld and the O. H. S. When the whistle blew at the end of the first half Alice had made 10 points and Lovina 17. In the second half Louise Richardson made 3 points and "Pud" 5. Miss Fortman, 6 points throughout the game for Shelton, and Miss Currey 2.

Whenever the ball came to Olympia's end of the field it was almost certain to go in the basket because of the superior reach and teamwork of the forwards. It was principally through the good work of the guards, Laura Swan and Fay Rogers, that Shelton failed to score. The two centers, Katharine Hadley and Mary Reed, vied with each other for possession of the ball. They were both good, quick girls for their positions, but it could be seen that Katharine was much surer in passing the ball to her forwards.

One peculiar feature of the game was the fact that in the position of right guard Shelton had a deer and O. H. S. had a swan—both speedy creatures—and as is usually the case the bird proved fleeter than the deer.

On the whole the girls played a very intelligent game and showed good coaching. The lineups were as follows:

Shelton—Forwards, Freda Currie, Myrtle Fortman; center, Mary Reed; guards, Dora Deer, Bernice Fisk; substitute, Dora Fredson.

Olympia—Forwards, Lovina Willson, Alice Gottfeld; center, Kath-
iers, and played a fine game, using much skill and judgment in tight places. The Freshmen fought hard but seemed to have Freshman luck again.

Then the big game deciding the championship was pulled off. It resulted in the humiliation of the Juniors by a score of 21 to 12. The game was a hard fought one from start to finish, and a look of grim determination could be seen on every girl's face. A large crowd attended these two games and an overflowing amount of class spirit was manifested.

This game determined the inter-class championship of the school, and every Soph struts about with joy in his heart and with a marked elevation of his head—the proud champion of the school.

There was much enthusiasm evinced during both games. Whether it was for the girls themselves, for the real merits of the game, or because the crowd expected to see Louise tossed into the basket by mistake, has not been fully ascertained. The Sophomore rooters supported the Seniors during the first game and the Freshmen supported the Juniors, and vice versa during the last game.

**Sophis vs Scrubs.**

Perhaps one of the hardest fought basket-ball games of the season was played Friday evening, March 6, in the High School gymnasium between the Sophomores and the scrub team. Owing to the teams being so evenly matched the interest was kept at the highest pitch throughout the game. Some pretty passing was done by the girls, who kept the ball moving all the time.

The final score was 19 to 17 in favor of the scrubs. This does not mean, however, that the Sophs lose the inter-class championship. The line-up of the two teams was:

**Scrubs**—Lovina Willsen and Louise Richardson, forwards; Katherine Hadley, center; Carrie Triplett, guard.

**Sophs**—Alice Gottfert and Mabel Holloman, forwards; Grace Lewis, center; Fay Rogers and Laura Swan, guards; Blanche Free and Laura Hewitt, substitutes.

**History of the Basket-Ball Season.**

The first game played was against the Olympic Athletic Club, in which the High School received one point more than their opponents. By previous games the O. A. C. had won the reputation of being a very strong and fast team. It was composed of the best players in town outside the High School, three of whom had played with the Y. M. C. A. several seasons. So it was thought that the High School would be beaten severely, but strange things will happen. The O. A. C. team was over-confident so the High School won by a score of 15 to 14. This was considered a great victory for the High School and it gave the boys a good start in the season.

The second game was played at St. Martin's College. After a long and wearisome ride on the cars the boys arrived at the large and beautiful city of Lacey, and were escorted to the College by a committee of the College students. A very interesting match was pulled off in the afternoon which resulted in another victory for the High School. The resulting score was 21 to 11.

The next game was played at Centralia. This was also very exciting, especially to Olympians. This is evident from the resulting score, which was 58 to 3 in favor of Centralia. Only one excuse has been offered for Olympia's defeat. The boys say that the hall was so spacious that they could not find the baskets.

The fourth game was played in the High School gymnasium against Tacoma. A large crowd was in attendance. From the start it could be seen that Tacoma had the advantage. Our boys were defeated by a score of 41 to 8. The Tacoma boys have played together for several seasons.

On the whole the boys have done very well this season considering the fact that this is the first year they have taken up the sport in earnest, not having had a hall to practice in before.

Leo Coulter and Louis Utterback played forwards during all four games, and two better men for the positions would be hard to find. The former is especially noted for his self-possession, which is all essential in any kind of a match game, and the latter for his ability and speed.

Scott played the position of center during three of the games, but on account of a temporary valetudinarian condition he was not able to
play at Centralia, in which emergency Achilles Messegue very successfully took his place. They are both good men for the position, both being tall, strong and speedy.

The guards, Herbert Mann and Will Gaston, have both played well during the four games, and both deserve much credit.

The baseball team and both girls’ and boys’ basket-ball teams went to Shelton on Saturday, March 21. They chartered the steamer City of Shelton and took about seventy-five routers on the trip. The base-ball team was defeated by a score of 6 to 2. The points were made by Gaston and Coulter. This game served as a try-out, and the weak and strong points were carefully watch by Coach Helm.

In the evening the basket-ball games were played. The O. H. S. girls won by a score of 16 to 12, and the boys won by a score of 17 to 15. Everybody had a good time and received good treatment in Shelton.

Track Athletics.

The boys of the High School are always enthusiastic over track stunts this season of the year. They are taking advantage of the good weather and expect to put out a good team this spring. The Athletic Association has gone to considerable expense in fixing up the track so that a number of good meets can be held in the near future. In speaking of this subject Manager Floyd Heintzelman said: “The prospects for a good track team were never any brighter in the history of the school than they are this season. The squad is the largest that has ever turned out. Only two of last year’s team are absent, and much new material is available.”

Among the boys who are trying out are McClelland, Gaston, Coulter, Wellman, Isense, Stuth, Utterback, Satterthwaite, Flesher, R. Heintzelman, Stocking, Steele, Martin and Haskell.

The inter-scholastic meet to be held at Seattle May 16 and 28, is probably the most important one of the season. Another meet of the Southwest High Schools is being arranged. There will also be several class meets.

Alumni Notes

Grover Adair, ’06, the hero of many class fights during his High School days, once more startled the public by climbing to the top of a 210-foot wireless telegraph pole on the campus of the University of Washington and bringing down the banner of the class of 1911. Mr. Adair is a Sophomore and his class showed their appreciation of his deed by presenting him with the class numerals. Brave deed, Robin!

Jo Rowe, ’07, is soon to complete her course in the Belling Business College of Tacoma.

Leo Jones, ’06, has been a successful contestant for a position on the University of Washington debating team, which will soon meet a team from the University of Oregon. Mr. Jones’ debating was always of high class in the High School and he was a member of our team which defeated Seattle High School in 1905. We wish Leo success, and hope that victory will come when he and his colleagues meet Oregon.

Several of our old schoolmates were again to be seen walking through the halls as of yore, when the county teachers’ institute met the last week in February. It might be said in general that the vocation agrees well with them, for they seem to have been getting more exercise, “wielding the rod,” than what they got from studying Latin and Algebra in the High School during their younger days.

Inez Hadley, ’06, who returned from the University of Washington on account of sickness, has again enrolled at the University.

W. W. Manier, ’03, who has been practicing law in this city for several months past, has lately been appointed an assistant in the office of the State Attorney General.

Paul Schmidt, ’06, who has been taking a course in the theory of chemistry of brewing at the Wahl-Heimes Institute in Chicago, will soon return home. Paul’s old desire when he would say, “Ich werde einen Brauer,” seems to have come true, and we all wish him a very prosperous future in his chosen profession.
EXCHANGES

The "Jayhawker," Kansas City, Kansas, is an excellent "all around" paper and we are pleased to welcome every issue to our table.

The Oriole, Grinnell, Iowa, contains the interesting story, "A Spelling School."

And now the mother is saying:
"Oh, where is my daughter today?
I really can't imagine what keeps that girl away."
We'll tell you, anxious mother,
If you'll not give us away.
She's up in the High School gymnasium;
Been playing basket-ball all day.—Ex.

We are glad to receive the "Weekly Chemawa American," which is published by the American Indian Training School, in Chemawa, Oregon.

The "Tahoma," Tacoma, Wash., is without exception our best exchange. A great deal of genius is displayed in the cartoons.

General—We buried poor Aunt Jane yesterday.
Colonel—Well, well, is the poor old lady dead?
General—Yes, that's why we buried her.—Ex.

What an appropriate name for the "Student's Lantern," from Saginaw, Mich! Your stories are all very interesting and show much originality.

The "H. S. Panorama," Binghampton, N. Y., is another paper which contains excellent stories. Your paper could be improved by a few more cuts; otherwise it is very good.

A new law in Physics: The departure of the pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from the teacher.—Ex.

We all enjoy the interesting paper "Wa-Wa," Port Townsend, Wash.

Among our eastern exchanges are M. H. Acrolith, Yeatman Life, The Academy Journal and the Otterbein Aegis.

Kiss is a noun, though generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined, and is more common than proper. It is not very singular and is generally used in the plural and agrees with "me."—Ex.
LOCALS

Helm (to Wallace, noticing Hoke's absence)—Where is your shadow today?

Miss Iffland (in German)—“What is the opposite of ‘hell’?”
Bob—“Heave.”

Prof. Helm (last period, sternly)—Now, about a thousand of you people get quiet.”

Found (in a Sophomore Botany note book)—“The Pueblo Indian and their ascendants.”

What music does Miss Flesher enjoy most?
Why a Carroll, of course.

“Labor conquers all,” is a good motto to have up in your room with the face toward the wall.

Mr. McClelland—“Suppose we place Mr. Davis, the luminous object, inside the center of curvature.”

Mr. Loomis—“What kind of war, civil or otherwise?”
Lawrence—“I think it is otherwise.”

Mr. L. (in Paradise Lost)—“And Mammon arose.
Albert (rising promptly)—“Yes, sir?”

Helm—“What does that mean, Mount?—not Mount, but Davis.
I get the two mixed, to Davis’ discredit.”

Miles—“Heinie, did you ever get into quadratic equations?”
Heinie—“You bet I did, and never got out either.”

Teacher—“Frank, haven’t you a book?”
Frank Vaughn—“No, sir; it is at home; it’s not here yet.”

Miles Gray (in Physics)—“In some places it’s so cold that people can’t hear what they say until the air has thawed out.”

Mr. Kreager—“I want to make you acquainted with these books.”
Louise (to seatmate)—“Oh! aren’t you pleased to meet them?”

One Monday morning the domestic science class said they were cooking custard, but everyone swore that it smelled like fried eggs.

Sentence heard in 11th English, illustrating the use of adverbs:
“Albert is taller than I, or perhaps I should say shorter.” Lovina blushed.

Teacher—“Does Priscilla do anything to bring out her character, but tell John to speak for himself?”
Edna—“That’s enough.”

Mr. Loomis—“Mr. Britt, was this man very dramatic?”
Jimmie—“Yes, sir, he shook his fist at them.”

In second German (William Tell)—“Was Rudenz related to Bertha?”
Miss Iffland—“No, he just—er—er—liked her, awfully well, you know.”

The conclusion of a composition: “And using Hoke’s shoes for a rudder, while it floats peacefully along.”

Mr. H.—“I don’t see how it could float very peacefully with Hoke’s shoes.”
Lovina—“Why can’t you cook potatoes on the top of Mt. Rainier?”
Harry—“You can boil them, but you can’t cook them.”
Hoke—“Can they cook potatoes in Denver?”

* * * * *
Miss McCann (after first cooking lesson)—“Are there any criticisms? Miss Baker have you any objections?”
Miss Baker—“No, I haven’t any objections, only there isn’t enough.”

* * * * *
M. Mc. (in Physics)—“Why is it when you look in a mirror, you don’t see two or three of yourself?”
Frank Isensee—“Perhaps if she would look in a thick mirror she would get a better result.”

* * * * *
Teacher—“Britt, what is the meaning of conscience?”
Mr. Britt—“Oh, it’s that funny feeling when you do something wrong.
Ask Lovina how she spells “piled.”

* * * * *
Edna—“I am afraid I will fail in domestic science.”
Frank I.—“Don’t say that where the boys can hear it.”
Miss Clark’s definition for bargain: “It’s to get something cheaper than it’s really worth.”

* * * * *
Teacher—“Mount, what is the difference between request and demand?”
Wallace—“Well, a demand is where you demand something.”
Teacher—“And a request is where you request something? Very good.”

* * * * *
Shelton Girl—“Is your coach’s name Mrs. or Miss Irland?”
Olympia Girl—“Miss, of course.”
Shelton Girl—“We all understood that ‘she’ coached the girls and ‘he’ coached the boys.”

Miss Chappell (in Caesar)—“Dixon, locate Germany for me.”
Dixon—“Germany is in Europe.”
Miss C.—“Locate it a little more definitely.”
Dixon—“Well, it’s in the Eastern Hemisphere.”

* * * * *
Mr. Loomis—“Britt, give a summary of the first three months of the Revolution.”
Britt—“It began in September and”—
Mr. Loomis—“And has been going on ever since. Very brief.”

* * * * *
The boy stood on the railroad track,
The train was coming fast;
The boy stepped off the railroad track
And let the train go past.—Ex.

* * * * *
Helm—“Studying hard, Smith?”
Smith—“Yes, sir.”
Helm—“What are you studying?”
Smith—“Algebra.”
Helm—“Seems to me you are studying physiognomy.”

* * * * *
“Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows long like a song;
But the man that’s worth while
Is the one that can smile
When everything goes dead wrong.”
On Saturday, March 7, Mr. Bidwell gave the Sugar Bowl over to the High School for the benefit of the Athletic Association, which was to receive 20 per cent on all sales made during the day.

Mr. Bidwell came forward like the true friend to the High School students that he is, and very appropriately decorated the Sugar Bowl with our High School colors, numerous school pennants, and a football in the window, which had the words inscribed on it, "Won from Tacoma November 3rd," representing one of the most important victories of our football team for this last year.

During the afternoon and evening the visitors were entertained by music, selections furnished by the Misses Lila Crosby, Edna McKenzie, Alice Gottfeld, Lorraine Percival and Mr. Clyde Peterson. The wants of the visitors were attended to in a way that could not have been improved upon, as the following young ladies, the Misses Ethel Coulter, Katherine Skillman, Edna McKenzie, Arleta Coulter, Ada Rogers, Pearl Duby, Vera Dinsmore, and Carrie Tripplet, were daintily dressed and served the tasteful deserts to the delight of all who participated.

The usual patriotic spirit of the school was demonstrated on every hand by the way all the boys and girls worked for the cause, to say nothing of the way they disposed of the eatables from which the profits were made. A cart with two large painted signs on it advertising the sale was taken about the town, while the boys went out on the streets and gave High School yells to "drum up a crowd."

The Athletic Association wishes to express its appreciation for the liberal support received from the public and also to thank the students and all others who helped in making the sale a success.

J. N. F.

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