A Trip to Mars.

The first of April I was out riding in my uncle's new auto. We were going at a speed of about forty miles an hour, when we came to a sharp turn in the road. The hind wheels of the car gave a great buzz and the front wheels turned around, making the car cut a complete circle.

My uncle saw the danger, and jumped. I tried to, but could not get out. The car kept gaining speed as it went 'round and 'round, and the circle kept getting smaller. All of a sudden it gained such power that it started to leave the earth, and the next thing I knew I was whirling up, up, until my uncle was completely lost to view, and I could see ten different towns.

I whirled for two days and three nights. Each night there were two moons and thousands of stars, and all the time one planet kept getting nearer and nearer. I really was not frightened, for the only thing to fear was running out of gasolene.

Finally, sleep overcame me and when I awoke the car gave me an awful jar, and then I was standing still on firm ground. I looked over the side of the car, and lo! it was about fifty feet to the ground and the car was about three by four feet square. I then looked at myself and, to my horror, I was not much larger than a stock of stove wood, and, measuring my height by the car, I was thirty-five feet tall.
TRIALS OF A COUNTRY SCHOOL TEACHER.

Oh, the pleasures of a pedagogue
Are few and far between,
And the trials and the troubles
They come oftener, I ween!
When examination nearing,
And inquiries fill the air,
Then he'd rather be a scholar
Than to fill a teacher's chair.

When a spelling match is promised,
And the scholars all go down;
'Ere they've spelled thru the first lesson
On such words as "shrimps" and "hound;"
When they will not learn their grammar,
And they flinch in "arithmetic,
Then the pedagogue gets busy
Wielding fast a cedar stick.

When they run away at recess,
Or are tardy (just as bad),
'Tis the stick once more, or either
In the corner stands the lad.
When in primer class the youngsters
Can't say "W" but "dub,"
Then the teacher sighs and wishes
That he could afford a "sub."

He gets lonesome, too, at even
Sweeping up the dirty floor,
Cleaning blackboards and erasers
(Things he's never done before);
And he wonders at his toiling
If he'll ever get to quit,
And he swears that when it's over
He will surely come back (---).

—Altta White, '09.
It seems to be the duty of every editor to write at least one article each month on school spirit. A High School paper is hardly complete without one. Surely, by this time, we all know what true school spirit is. Yet, why do we still disobey its laws and make it necessary to be hammered at continually in order to keep our spirits alive? Our school spirit is alive in football, baseball and other athletics, yet when it comes to debating, supporting the High School paper and keeping up the beauty of our school, then our spirit is not wide awake.

At last some one has been successful in awakening the spirit for debating, and at present there is more active interest taken in that line than has ever been evident before.

Why should we be indifferent when it comes to the subject of keeping our campus beautiful? The school board has done all in its power to give us attractive, beautiful grounds, now it is our turn to do our part and keep them in good condition.

A plan has been suggested that each class have charge of the grounds for a certain length of time. Would this work?

Would there be enough class spirit in existence to make each class strive to do something to make the grounds more attractive than their upper classmen did?

The plan we need most now is one by which we can keep people from tramping on the grass without resorting to a set of rules for punishment or without putting up a fence. We are not children. We do not want to see a rope fence stretched on either side of walks.

Then let each one remember and keep off the grass.

Where are our Glee Clubs? As yet there has been no mention of them. Why wait until the last month of school to form them? We have a piano and excellent musical talent in the school. Then let us have two good clubs at once.

Someone has said that diplomacy is "the art of getting what you want." However that may be, "the art of getting what you want" is certainly a desirable accomplishment, and deserves thorough cultivation. In order to get what you want, it is necessary, first, to know what you want, and, second, to convince people that it is desirable that you should have it.

If there is anything connected with our High School course which is especially adapted for training young people along this line, it is the practice of debating. This teaches one, first, to gain a careful and definite knowledge of a subject. In the preparation of young people for active life, it is important that they learn to think for themselves—to study and hear both sides of a question—and then form an opinion of their own to act upon. There are problems coming up before everyone continually to be solved—to the man or woman in private life, as well as to those in official prominence—and upon the prompt, decisive solution of these questions depends the success or failure of the individual.

But more than having an opinion of his own, a man must be able to explain his views to his fellows—to tell them what he thinks, and why. Here, again, the debate is of priceless
value to the young man or woman. It is a far more difficult thing to get up and tell someone else why you believe so and so than simply to have a vague, undefined feeling that it is so. Many times, even when we think we have a clear, positive idea as to the status of a case, if we try to explain our position to others, we find ourselves unable to give them a clear view of how the matter really stands.

The High School has made an excellent beginning in the debating line this year, even if we did lose to Aberdeen a few evenings ago, and all we need to say is "Don't stop now!" Let us go on in our society work and begin now to get ready to win from Aberdeen and the League next year.

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STAFF.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ............. Lovina Willson.
ASSISTANT EDITOR ............. May Burr.
PERSOIAL EDITOR ............. Laura Swan.
ALUMNI EDITOR ............. Ethel Coulter.
EXCHANGE EDITOR ............. Dickson Schively.
STAFF ARTIST ............. Wallace Mount.
BUSINESS MANAGER ............. Harry Christopher.
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER . George Scott.

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FOOTBALL.

On the seventeenth of October we easily defeated St. Martin's by a score of 34 to 0 on our home grounds. St. Martin's played a good hard game, but they were both outclassed and outclassed.

Centralia, 5; Olympia, 0. We have no excuses to offer, and all the boys have to say is that they will certainly beat them next time. Centralia used a new play for large gains early in the first half, and by the time we had discovered the play Centralia had a touchdown. There was no scoring after the first three or four minutes of the first half. This was very interesting for the spectators, possibly not for Olympians, on account of the large number of open plays.

On the 31st of October we defeated Aberdeen, 12 to 0, on their own grounds. The field was covered with mud and the game was played during a drenching downpour. Despite the muddy field and the slippery ball, forward passes and onside kicks were responsible for a large part of our gains. Hart-
suck made both of the touchdowns on line bucks, but neither of the goals were kicked. We made one safety, which was the result of a fumble by Aberdeen. At no time during the game were we in danger of being scored upon.

Olympia received the worst defeat of the season when Lincoln High School of Seattle played here on the 7th of November. The Lincoln team succeeded in getting three touchdowns and kicking two field goals, making a score of 24 to 0. The first half was anybody’s game. The Olympia rooters nearly went wild when Gaston picked up the ball from a blocked punt and sprinted about seventy yards for a touchdown, but the officials decided that he took a couple of steps out of bounds and the ball had to be taken back about fifty yards. The ball was kept near the middle of the field during the remainder of the half. Bryant, of Seattle, made a nice place kick from the thirty-five yard line in the very last of the half. In the second half Seattle scored twenty points, and the Olympia team seemed unable to hold them in check. One of Seattle’s three touchdowns was made by means of straight football, and the others were the result of forward passes. Vance played his first big game against Lincoln High. He went in as fullback and played a very good game.

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INDOOR BASEBALL.

The High School entered a new branch of athletics this fall and organized an indoor baseball team. We played three games with the Tumwater Club team. We were badly handicapped because we had no place to practice and because most of the team had never even seen an indoor baseball game. A majority of the boys had played outdoor baseball, and this was a great assistance to them. We won the first game by a score of 29 to 22. The Tumwater Club won the second and third games by scores of 13 to 6 and 5 to 4. The following is the line-up of the High School team: Catcher, Hugh Lawrence; pitcher, Haskell; first base, Mount; right stop, Heintzelman; second base, Fitzgerald; left stop, Hanna; third base, Billings; left field, Partlow; right field, Hoke.

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GIRLS’ BASKET-BALL.

The basket-ball season is not very far away and the girls have already begun to practice. Some interesting practice games have been played, which show that there is material for a good, snappy team.

Two weeks after Thanksgiving the class games will be played—Freshmen vs. Sophomores, and Juniors vs. the Seniors. A week later a game between the winning teams will be played to decide the championship, which is now in the Juniors’ possession. Each class is well represented, making four good teams. A few outside games will be played this year.

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ECHOES FROM THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

(Our players and their favorite songs.)

Knox—“Every Little Bit Helps.”
Haskell—“Any Old Place to Hang My Hat Is Home Sweet Home to Me.”
Hartsock—“Annie Laurie.”
Heintzelman—“Won’t You Be My Honey?”
Fullerton—“I’ve a Longing in My Heart for You, Louise.”
Gastone—“Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl.”
Partlow—"Life is a See-Saw."
Vance—"You're Not the Little Girl in Blue."
Vaughan—"Take Me Out to the Ball Game."
Mills—"Kathleen."
Scott—"Oh Gee, I'm Glad I'm Single."
Callow—"Home, Sweet Home."
Rogers—"Put Me Among the Girls."
Schively—"Be Sweet to Me, Kid."
Johnson—"Harrigan."
Stocking—"Smile, Smile, Smile."
Billings—"Hang Out the Front Door Key."
Coach Helm—"Here's to the High Ball."

The students of Thurston county who are attending the University have formed an "Olympia Club." The club is composed of twenty-seven students, and their purpose is to interest all High School students in the University.

Will Pentacost, '07, has entered Pullman and has already distinguished himself, as he will this year play the bass clarinet, which is one of the most important musical instruments in the band. Will has also made the Glee Club.

Rudolph Meyers, '01, has taken the place as leader in the string, which is one of the most important musical instruments clarinet section on the State College band and is ably assisted by Guy Overhulse.

Cecil Burr, '08, is again at his old profession and plays left tackle on the second football team at Pullman.

Boyce Hinzelman, '07, attended Pullman last year, but expects to spend this winter at home.

Inez Hadley, '06, is enrolled at the University.

Harold Dillie is attending the business college in Tacoma.

Blanche Willey has taken up her studies at Pullman.

Ben Hartsuck, '08, is attending the Butte School of Mines.
As Thanksgiving draws near everyone is beginning early to decide for what to be most thankful. The Seniors, however, have decided universally that the greatest good fortune which has befallen them during the year is the fact that they have such a thorough "workable" course in the United States history and also that their instructor is giving them so many debates and on such up-to-date, live questions.

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A large number of new members have been added to the literary society of the class of 1909. Meetings are held every two weeks.

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The day before election the Seniors met and talked over the proposed High School election. It was decided that there would be four wards, one for each class. Twelve judges were appointed, three to act in each ward. The Seniors took full charge of the election.

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The Salamagundi Literary Society spent a pleasant Hallowe'en at the home of Miles Gray, its president. Ghost stories, music, "up jinks," and various "high jinks" occupied the evening, and those present practiced the art of extemporaneous speaking, to a laudable degree, in telling what a good time they had.

Mr. Helm thinks the class of 1909 is all right, but he prefers that they remain in room 6 the second period in the afternoon instead of the assembly room.

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Those who met the Aberdeen team in the interscholastic debate were: Miss Iza Baker, Clyde Petterson and Edward Fitzgerald, all members of the Senior class.

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Mr. Loomis, in 12th English (addressing Miss Quigley): "What can you say concerning this subject, Miss Oldfield?"

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Miss Alta White, one of the Seniors, who is teaching school at Hunter's Point, has not forgotten us. She sent her first contribution to the Olympus, in the nature of a poem, which appeared in the October number.

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Mr. Kreager (in Civics)—"Mills, what do you think about those Quakers that came into Massachusetts?" Mills—"I think they had their nerve."

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Mr. K. (in Senior history)—"Herbert, do you think training rules ought to be enforced in the Olympia High School?" H.—Yes, sir; next year."
JUNIOR NOTES

(Lloyd Haskell, Editor.)

Congratulations, Juniors! Each and every one of you, for escaping through the first six weeks exams without having to go before Mr. Kreager and shed a few tears (about the size of ordinary water buckets) to try to hit his sympathetic nerves in the right place. Now “hoop-et-up,” boys and girls of this class, so when the mid-year examinations come you will be exempt from taking them. So “Forget the past and only look to the future.”

September 8, A. D. 1908 (Room 8).

The Junior class of the High School has elected the following officers to serve for the first semester: President, Fred Rogers; vice-president, Will Gaston; secretary, Neda Laber; treasurer, Dixon Schively; sergeant-at-arms, Grace Lewis; yell master, Pearl Duby; class editor, Lloyd Haskell.

The Senior class, girls and boys alike, have turned into regular first-class “tin-horn” politicians.

We Juniors expect to enter onto the public stage in some manner, but it is not at all likely that we will follow in the footsteps of our upper classmates in this one respect.

Our class owns a small interest in the football boys. We boast of five representatives—Will Gaston, Harry Knox, Fred Rogers, Dixon Schively and Lloyd Haskell.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Warning: Steer clear of those meetings that Mr. Kreager calls just after examinations, because “sympathetic tears” have no effect on him.

THE OLYMPUS.

Lost: Somewhere between evening and morning, on Hallowe’en, two pretty little girls, who answer to the call of Laura and Lila.

Mr. Helm (in English History), picking caterpillar from coat—“A man should quit this butterfly life and then he wouldn’t have caterpillars.”

Harry Knox (in Physics)—The class were discussing that they hadn’t found the bottom of the bay off Pt. Defiance—“Gee whiz! they have found the bottom of the ocean, so I don’t see why they can’t find it there, too.”

Laura Swan, reading in German class—“The elephant said, ‘I do not give back the coin.’”

Lloyd Haskell, giving the possessive adjectives in German, mein dein, sein and “there are two ears (ihres’ Miss Hfolland: “Yes, we have three ears (ihirs).”

“The answer may not be right, but the system is,” exclaimed Laura in 11th year Algebra.

The Junior class is introducing the plan of forming new words. Mr. Frederick Rogers’ latest is “hypocritisms.”

Fred Rogers wanted to know (in English class) if Benjamin Franklin didn’t have something to do with a printing press. Yes, he had a small one lying around the house, which, when he didn’t have anything else to do, he would get out and “smear” on a little ink and run off a few almanacs or a couple of newspapers. (Of course, you understand, Fred, it was merely for amusement.)

Will G—seemed to be favorably impressed with the Aberdeen girls, especially a particular one. (This was during our last football trip to Aberdeen.)

The Juniors regret that Jessica Weiland has been forced to leave school on account of poor health.
SOPHOMORE NOTES

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN FOOTBALL GAME.

On Thursday, October the fifteenth, Athletic Park was the scene of a lively football game between the Freshmen and Sophomores. We were challenged before we had organized our team, and, consequently, had very little time to practice while the Freshmen had been practicing long before they issued the challenge. Was it any wonder, then, that we were beaten? Had we beaten them, we would have been doing something doubly surprising, when one takes into consideration what big, husky fellows our boys had to buck up against. Take, for instance, Reinhart, and compare him with Wilson, Mottman or McKenzie on our team. Vance, Norcraft or Billings are equally heavy as Reinhart, so it is very evident that, as far as mere avoirdupois is concerned, we are not their equal. However, in spite of the fact that everything seemed against us, our boys succeeded in holding the Freshmen down wonderfully. At the end of the game, the score stood 24 to 2 in the Freshmen's favor. Consequently, on Friday morning, the majority of the winning class came to school with new hats—the old ones were too small.

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ALPHA BETA PHI DEBATING SOCIETY.

The first literary meeting of the Alpha Beta Phi took place on Thursday, November the fifth. The question for debate was, "Resolved, that Taft is better qualified for the presidency than is Bryan." Gertrude Smith and Perry Lawrence upheld the affirmative, while the negative was supported by Agnes Taylor and Stephen Chadwick. Both sides did excellently, considering that they had only two days in which to prepare their debate. Blanche Billings, Selwyn Harris (our prospective mayor), and Harold Henderson acted as judges, and pronounced the negative the winning side. Miss Bernice Baker then recited "A Yankee Courtship," and the first meeting in the history of our club was at an end.

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BASKET-BALL.

The basketball season is now at its height and a goodly number of Sophomore girls are trying out. We hope to be the winning team, as the Sophomores of last year were, after the inter-class games, which take place the week following Thanksgiving. Among these in our class who are trying out are: Edna White, Carrie Triplett, Marion Mann, Margaret Wilson, Lizzie Kegley, Maud Osborne, Blanche Billings, Catherine Claypool. The last named participant was captain of her team up north, and Miss White has played guard on both the Freshmen and the Olympia Athletic Club teams, so we are expecting good work from them. We have already challenged the Freshmen, but, as yet, only two of that class have turned out to practice.

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PERSONALS.

Puzzle: Who broke the oar? The Sophomores plea?
"Not guilty!"

Offer Margaret Wilson a bouquet and watch the result.
THE OLYMPUS.

Selwyn, in English, taking the part of Shylock—“I'll bite (albeit), I never bend or borrow.”

A very diligent High School girl (in other words, a Sophomore), translating Caesar, remarked aloud in a studious tone: “Caesar et (and) Brutus.” Her small brother, with widened eyes, exclaimed in an awe-struck tone: “Gee, he must have been a cannibal!”

Edwin Wilson, looking for roots of Latin derivatives, asked Miss Biglow if the word “barber” came from the Latin word “barbarus” (meaning barbarians).

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A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

A certain Sophomore was rather dissatisfied with the Sophomore notes in the last Olympus, saying that they were far too short. In this we all agree with him. There were scarcely any personals and not enough of other kinds of notes. Well, the editor can be in only one class room at a time and, as the pupils dare not do or say humorous things for the sole purpose of gaining personals for the Olympus, we seldom pick up anything of the kind. But if all of us would keep on the lookout for jokes, etc., we would soon have quite a number.

On the other hand, we do not want to turn our High School paper into a “Sis Hopkins' Own Book.” If you are looking for simply a collection of jokes, let me direct you to the “Smokehouse,” where any number of “drummers' yarns” can be bought. The witticisms are good, but we need other material, too. We can have as much space in the Olympus as we have “filler.” Try your hand at a story, you of the journalistic mind. Where could you find better practice? Don't think this means the fellow across the aisle, for it also means YOU.

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THE OLYMPUS.

There are other kinds of write-ups, too. If you see something which impresses you as being particularly good in a magazine, abridge it and write down the part that attracted you. In this way we would have plenty of material on hand when it is time for the Olympus to go to press.

I know I have only repeated that which has been dwelt upon ever since our paper was organized, but it takes frequent reiteration to impress a majority of us. Then, let us work independently of the other classes to make our section the best of all.

SOPHOMORE EDITOR.

* * * * *

We are a class of jolly Sophs,
With hardly any sense;
And when it comes to football,
We always climb the fence.—Ex.
Most of us are feeling very happy after our first High School exams. But those who feel a little blue, cheer up, for it will soon be Thanksgiving.

The Freshman class has organized a Freshman Literary Society. The following officers were elected: William Peters, president; Mildred Haskell, vice-president; Viola Bozarth, secretary, and Walter Monroe, sergeant-at-arms. The first debate took place Friday, November the sixth.

Does anyone know why the Sophs are not so bright and gay as they used to be? For particulars, go to the Freshman football boys.

Gresl—"I don't see why the moon pulls harder when it's full." Perhaps the moon isn't over the effects of the election yet.

Lloyd Ligget talks anxiously to know what kind of a costume Mildred H. wore when she crossed the island. Ask Pard.

Johnson (in English)—"Isn't the Holy Grail the cup Christ washed his feet in?"

Mr. L. (in Phy. Geog.)—"Miss McDonald, you may name the foods of the ocean." Miss M. (beginning doubtfully)—"Water sponges, etc."

M. C.—"What did you paint today?" Friend—"Oh, we painted landslides."

Mr. L.—"We have hydraulic jacks for raising mountains."

Miss B. (in English)—"What does 'Warmed by the new wine of the year' mean, Elva?" Elva—"Cider."

The girls of the Freshman class are keeping the Freshman boys busy since they returned from their outing and nature study.

Mr. L. (in Phy. Geog.)—"Johnson, why do they pour oil on the ocean when it is stormy?" Johnson—"I don't know, but I guess to make the waves slick."

L. L. (to Maude)—"Love me and the world is mine." Maude—"With all my heart."
The Campaign Worker.

"Well," exclaimed young Everard Maxwell as he rushed into the living room where his mother, father and sister were sitting, "I have been nominated for the legislature!"

His mother laid aside her magazine and leaned back in her rocking chair to listen to Everard’s brisk and rather excited account of his doings at the canvas. She was not at all surprised that he had received the nomination, altho’ he was only a year out of law school and was in no danger of breaking down from stress of legal business.

Impulsive Jess, whose admiration for her handsome and popular brother was unbounded, stood on her tiptoes and kissed him. From that time Jess was a most enthusiastic politician and took Everard’s campaign in charge. Mere acquaintances, who had not seen her for months, were pleased by her chatty little visits, during which she pointed out to them that the rival candidate was a mere machine politician, whom no honest man would vote for. She always ended her little speech by saying, "I hope your brothers and father will vote for my brother, who will do the wishes of the people."

Now, Jess could do something besides conduct a political campaign. She could dance, and thus it was that she went to a ball at the armory one night just before election.

However, she did not take a vacation from her campaign labors, and, when the third waltz was over, and the young man, whose name she didn’t catch when they were introduced, had led her to a seat, she began, "Are you taking any interest in politics this year?"

"Some," the young man answered carelessly.

"I suppose you are a voter in this district," said Jess.

"Sure."

"Well," began Jess, "I wish I were. My brother is running for the the legislature, you know."

"No, I didn’t," and a faint smile, that was trying to become a big one, played around the young man’s lips.

"Yes, he is," enthusiastically exclaimed Jess, "and I am doing all I can to help him beat that—that other fellow who is running against him."

The smile was decidedly a big one now.

"Don’t you feel just a little bit sorry for that—that other fellow?" asked the young man.

"Not a bit," replied Jess. "Who is he? A mere scheming politician, who is working for his pockets only, and he is probably worse than I think he is."

"Do you know him personally?"

"Do I know him personally?" echoed Jess in amazement.

"Well, I should say not! Why, I wouldn’t—I wouldn’t walk on the same side of the street with him. He’s awful!"

Again the big smile spread over the man’s face.

"Well, never mind the ‘other fellow,’ but come dance this waltz with me."

He was an excellent dancer and Jess was about to consent when an idea struck her.

"I shall be delighted to," she said, smiling up at him.

"if you do what I want you to."

"Anything," he exclaimed.

"Well, then, vote for my brother."

"W-h-a-t!"

It was a long drawn out exclamation, which ended in a laugh, but he promised just the same, and they finished the waltz.

When the music died away they went over in a corner and sat down. Jess surveyed her companion closely and thought what a fine looking fellow he was. So manly, and he had such a distinguished air about him.

Finally she broke the silence by saying, "I knew before I asked you that you would promise to vote for my brother."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, it is all due to you. Do you know you are simply a wonder as a campaign worker?"
"I think it is my duty to help Everard," said Jess, "but I believe if it was someone else besides my brother, I would do all I could for him, because I want to see that other candidate defeated. He is nothing but a tool. He has no principles or no patriotism."

"You are rather hard on him, aren't you?"

"I'm not as hard on him as he deserves. But say, I would like to have you meet my brother. Can't you come up to our house election night? We are going to have a little hop."

"You are very kind, indeed," he said, with a smile, "but I hardly think I can. You see, I already have an engagement of much the same kind for election night."

"I am awfully sorry," exclaimed Jess brightly, "but you must meet Everard anyway. Here he comes now."

"Jess's brother was approaching smilingly. The eyes of the two men met and, while Jess was struggling to recall the name of her companion, they grasped each other's hands.

"Great Moses, Allison," exclaimed Everard in astonishment, "what are you doing here with my little sister? When was the truce declared? I hope you are not trying to win her over to your side, because she is the most ardent worker I have and has beat to a standstill the boys in the club. Why, she is the worst enemy you have."

"I know it," replied Eaton, "and would you believe it, she has actually made me turn against myself. She has persuaded me that the only way I can make a good citizen out of myself and save my self respect is to vote for you."

There was an outburst of laughter and Jess sat bewildered.

"What in the world are you men talking about, Everard?" she asked.

"Why, you little crazy, don't you know that Mr. Eaton is my opponent?"

Jess gasped. She rose, and, taking her brother by the arm, said in a very dignified manner, "Everard, I am ready to go home."

Well, anyway, Everard did triumph at the polls and Jess helped to celebrate in joyous fashion, tho' with perhaps just a tinge of regret over the disappointment Everard's victory must have caused his opponent.

As for Eaton, he attributes his defeat entirely to Jess, but he has been conducting a personal campaign lately, with much more chance of winning than when he was running for the legislature, for Jess is no longer his political foe. In fact, it looks as if she would conduct his campaign for him next time.

PEARL DUNY, '10.

ODDITIES OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

An extract from Halleck's "History of English Literature," while criticizing the genders of German nouns and comparing the latter with our own Old English forms, says: "A German gentleman writes a masculine letter of feminine love to a neuter young lady with feminine pen and feminine ink on masculine sheets of neuter paper, and incloses it in a masculine envelope with a feminine address to his darling, though neuter, Gretchen. He has a masculine head, a feminine hand, and neuter heart."
On Tuesday, November 3, the day of the annual election, the High School held a general election. The result of the election was a straight Republican ticket, with the exception of two candidates, George Yantis (Dem.) was elected county clerk and Mr. R. B. McClelland (Dem.) was elected county superintendent.

Preceding the election the Seniors had a debate. The question was: "Resolved, that the Republican platform is more beneficial to the public than the Democratic platform."

The speakers on the affirmative were Lovina Willson, Mable McKay and Eva Reinhart, and those for the negative were Herbert Hoke, James Davis and Frank Vaughn.

One of the young ladies caused quite a commotion when she refused to cease talking when her time was up.

Some stump speeches were enjoyed. Frank Isensee gave a short talk on the principles of the Socialist party. Lynne Fullerton, Herbert Mills and Stephen Chadwick made some rousing speeches on Prohibition.

Friday evening, November 13, 1908, the first interscholastic debate was held in the High School Auditorium, Olympia debating against Aberdeen.

The subject was: "Resolved, that labor unions are justified in insisting, through all lawful means at their disposal, on the closed shop." Olympia had the negative and Aberdeen the affirmative.

The affirmative speakers were Miss Nan Allard, Mr. Joel Pryde and Mr. Lance Hart. The negative: Mr. Clyde Peterson, Mr. Edward Fitzgerald and Miss Iza Baker. The speakers for rebuttal were Mr. Pryde and Mr. Peterson.

Mr. John M. Wilson, of Olympia, presided as chairman. The judges were Professor Davis, of the University of Puget Sound; Principal Crook, of the Tacoma schools, and Professor Sperlin, of the Tacoma High School.

The debate was very interesting and every speaker was applauded liberally. The result was a victory for Aberdeen. Of course, we were sorry to loose, but all felt justly proud of our debaters and remembered that we had defeated Aberdeen last year in debate.

During the evening Miss Margaret Eastman gave a vocal solo, and Miss Alice Gottfeld gave a piano solo. After the debate, delicious refreshments were served by the Domestic Science girls.

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PERSONALS.

Mr. McClelland (in Physics)—"If one moving ball hits another, what is the result?"

Fred R.—"A collision."

** ** ** **

Ed. Fitz.—"How do you spell marriage?"

Mr. L.—Well, that shows he isn't much interested in it."

** ** ** **

Miss Iffland (to German class)—"In advance, take to the 23d example." (Mr. Kreager had just left the room.)

** ** ** **

Mr. McClelland (in Physics)—"What is the matter, Fred? Did they erase your work?"

Fred—"Maybe they thought it didn't look neat enough."
Mr. Loomis—“Mr. Mount, what idea do you have of the word idealist?” Wallace—“I don’t have much of an idea of that subject.” Mr. Loomis—“Well, that is about as much as you have of any subject.”

Hoke (12th English)—“Lowell was a great singer—he sung a great deal.”

The football team would like to know how Mr. Helm slept in Aberdeen.

Ask Herbert Mills how he enjoyed the “feed” given by the Domestic Science girls.

What some of the O. H. S. pupils would like to be:
Boob—Coach for the girls’ basket-ball team.
Knox—A fat man.
Haskell—A mixer of drinks.
Grace L.—An animated burglar alarm.
M. E.—A prima donna.
Clyde P.—A second Demosthenes.
Wallace—Cash boy at Daille’s.
Partlow—A woman’s suffragist orator.
Hoke—Head taster for the Domestic Science girls.

Lovina (translating German)—“The lake is less than half a puff of tobacco away.”

Mr. McClelland (hearing great confusion from D. S. kitchen)—“Well, cooks do get in a wrangle once in a while, don’t they?”

Fresbie—“Do you think my feet were made for amiot to walk on?” Soph.—“It certainly looks like it.”

Helm (in History)—“Tell me something about the French revolution.” Davis—“Well, during its course, many people came to the gallows.” Helm—“Oh, never mind that; we shall come to that later.”

To realize how it feels to be better off—sit on a hot water pipe.—Ex.

Miss Chappell (in Latin)—“That is a very poor translation, Paul.” Harder—“Well, it’s the best I could get for $1.25.”

The Freshmen are mentioned in the Bible—“Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.”

The Junior Physics class has a new member. If she is as good in Physics as in German she’ll be a “dandy.”

Carrie L. (In History)—“Say, Mr. Helm, can a woman have two husbands?” Mr. Helm—“You don’t want to be hoggish, Carrie. Why, just get a divorce or poison one, you can get rid of him some way, it seems easy nowadays.”

Gladys and Harold had better ask Mr. Helm to cough discreetly before looking at them after this.

Avery—“How many cups of sherbet did Paul get on the outside of the night of the debate?”

HEARD AT THE FOOTBALL GAME.

“If Mills stops playing I’m going home.”

“Of course, Will is quick.”

“No, I haven’t met that Partlow boy, but I should like to.”

“Dave is just exactly the type of a boy I admire.”

“Do you know, I could get a case on Roy H. just as easy.”
"I think Frank Vaughn is nice looking, don't you?"
"Yes, but he isn't anything like Mr. Helm. Mr. Helm has so much finesse."

Your character is what you do; your reputation—what you get caught at. (This is an inspiration.)

Bess N.—"You have such a pretty mouth, that it ought to be on a girl's face." H. H.—"Well, I seldom miss the opportunity."

M. E. (morning after the D. S. dinner for the football boys)—"Gee, I guess I'll take advanced Domestic Science next year."

Have you noticed what close attention Lloyd pays to recitations? Possibly some his teachers think he has reformed and wishes to learn something; but we know he is watching for something to put in the Olympus.

Miss Bigelow (in English)—"Carrie, give a sentence using the word 'copious'!" C. T.—"The copious cellar was full of preserved—" Miss B.—"What?" Carrie (absent-mindedly)—"Tomatoes."

Will G. (in Physics)—"I multiplied 318.2 by K." Mr. Mc—"What did you do that for?" Will—"O just did it. I didn't know what else to do."

(Head in first year Latin class)—"The citizens killed and burned the dead."

Helm—"What were the effects of the crusades on the Eastern Empire, Mary?" Lynne (just waking up)—"I don't know."

Mr. Mc (in Physics)—"How large is a beer barrel?" No answer. Mr. Mc (impatiently)—"Oh, I know you've all seen them while walking down the street."

Mable Mc (to Freshman)—"Is this your pencil?" Freshman—"No." Mable (surprised)—"Isn't it? Why, it's green."

Mr. Helm—"I am going to call on Gladys tonight, Harris." Harris—"I'm glad of that. She'll appreciate me when I call."

We, the pupils who occupy the back seats in advanced algebra class, hereby express our deep sorrow at the departure of our beloved seatmate, Selwyn Harris. We hope that he will find as loving and loyal companions in the first year algebra class (whither he has migrated) as the 'girl(s) he left behind him.'

Miss B.—"Name eleven of Shakespeare's plays." Harris—"Ten Nights in a Bar-room and Macbeth."

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H. S. Agnew, '02.
Mr. Mc (in Physics) — "What would it indicate if the barometer were high at Seattle and low at Olympia?" F. R. — "Rain at Tacoma.

That very audible hiccuph of Marion's on the day after election causes us to wonder what kind of a celebration she had the night previous.

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