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CONTENTS
COMMENCEMENT NUMBER
The Match ........................................... 5
Downfall of Fat ................................. 7
Overheard in a Musical Restaurant .......... 8
Horoscope ........................................ 9
Senior Class Poem ............................ 10
Don't Use Big Words ......................... 11
Class History .................................. 12
Class Prophecy ................................ 13
Class Will ....................................... 16
Class Play ...................................... 19
Class Song ..................................... 21
Class Day Program ............................ 22
Editorials ....................................... 24
Senior Notes ................................... 26
Junior Notes ................................... 28
Sophomore Notes ............................. 30
Freshmen Notes ............................... 32
Declamation ................................... 34
Baccalaureate Services ...................... 35
Commencement Exercises .................. 36
Athletics ....................................... 37
Commercial Department .................... 40
Jokes ............................................ 42
Domestic Science ............................. 44
Music .......................................... 46
Society .......................................... 48
Manual Training ............................. 50
Alumni .......................................... 52
Exchanges ..................................... 54
THE MATCH

"Hi there, Mirandy, what's ye goin'?"
"Aw, jus' goin' down to Peter's new store to swap these lettuce heads for a new dress."
"Wal, hold on a minute an' I'll drive ye down; I'm goin' as far as Jacob's."

After she was comfortably seated by his side he ventured upon the task which had troubled him for a week. "I reckon as how ye've heerd 'bout that there 'spellin' match' in town next week?"
"Yep, I heard all about it. Jud Yinks tol' me this mornin'."

This made it all the harder for poor Hank to ask her. But he did not know that Mirandy was glad of the meeting. For she wanted Hank to ask her, so she could wear her new dress.

"My sister Nancy's goin' with Joe Lem and Ezry's goin' to take Phoebe. Izaack must be goin' to rob the cradle fer he's gonter accomp'ny little Suzie Borlt. But her brother Pete is goin' with Flossie Yinks in the same wagon."

How could it be hard for him now?
"Wal, I reckon as how I kin take you, mayn't I? You know I'm goin' to be in the spellin' match an' Professor Edgerton has me cracked up to be a mighty fine speller, but I know I'll miss the first thing. Then I kin come and set with you again. I guess I kin put two more spring seats on this wagon an' I'll take a bunch of us who live out this way."

"O my! I guess ma'll let me go if I ask her. But won't it be hard for your horse to haul so many? I think you'd better leave it this way."

"All right, just as ye say. I'll be up about half-past six so's we kin be there and git a seat before it starts."

On the following Wednesday evening Hank did up his evening work earlier than usual and went upstairs to get ready. In a short while he was decked in his Sunday
trousers of homespun tweed, checkered coat, and his father's stiff collar, which seemed to enjoy chewing his neck. When he reached Mirandy's house she was waiting for him, all decked out in her new pink gingham dress, with ruffles and red braid.

"Well, I guess we might be goin' if ye're ready—it's a long ways, ye know, to the schoolhouse."

As the old wagon creaked and splashed through the mud of the moonlit lanes, Mirandy practiced Hank upon his spelling so that he could win the prize.

In the "line-up" Hank was placed first on the Blue side. Professor Edgerton said, "Hank, guess at the page in which I have my finger."

"Seventy-six," he replied.

"Now Jim, on the Red side, you guess."

"It's one hundred and three."

It was ninety-two, so Jim's side spelled the first word.

"Etiquette," pronounced the professor.

Jim stammered, "E-t-i-c-q-t—no, it's—"

"One chance only, everybody remember that, Hank, you try it."

Joyously Hank replied, "E-t-i-q-u-e-t-t-e!"

"Right, brav'o!" cheered the crowd. How proud Hank was, but Mirandy was prouder.

"Now, Red number two, spell Croquet."

"K-r-o-c-a."

"Wrong! Blue number two."

"C-r-o-c-a."

"No; Red number three."

"C-r-o-q-u-e-t."

"Right. Blue number three, Encyclopedia."

Blue number three went down and so did eight more on this word until finally a Red spelled it right.

"Now, Blue number seven, spell Maneuver."

This word sent all down on the Blue side except Hank and Jud Yinkins, leaving six on the Red side. The next Red missed on the word "phenomenon" and so did all of them except Hank, who promptly repeated the letters, p-h-e-n-o-m-e-n-o-n.

Hank had won the prize!

"O my! Just what I wanted!"

"What is it?" eagerly asked Mirandy.

"O, it's Simmons' 'How to Make Money on Poultry.'"

"My, Hank, haain't that fine? Now ye'll be to read it all up and learn how to make money on chickens, and read especially 'Cock-fights'."

As far as we know Hank never made a fortune in poultry-raising, but he and Mirandy lived happily ever afterwards. Hank became a genuine schoolmaster and was never known to be "stumped" on any kind of a word.

HANS AND FRITZ, '15.

---

THE DOWNFALL OF FAT

There once was a Senior called "Fat,"
Who in Deutch class always sat
With his chair 'gainst the wall,
When happened —— a fall—
And the class laughed merrily on.

His chair from under him tore,
Casting Fat out onto the floor,
With his feet high in air
And his head 'neath the chair—
And the class laughed merrily on.

Fat picked himself up off the floor
And under his breath deeply swore
That he'd slaughter the cuss
That dared spill him thus—
And the class laughed merrily on.

Overheard in a Musical Restaurant

While sitting in a downtown cafe the other evening I overheard the following conversation, carried on by a spoony-looking couple at a table near mine:

"Say, my dear, I believe there is 'Too Much Mustard' in these 'Pickle and Peppers.'"

"Nope, you're wrong; it's 'Too Much Ginger.' But say, these 'Mashed Potatoes' are fine and this certainly is 'Good Gravy.'"

"Look! there goes the 'Pullman Porters' Parade'—they're going by like a 'Cannon Ball.' Pass the 'Dill Pickles' please. They're 'Jamis Trop.'"

"Say, see that couple over there eating 'Wild Cherries' and 'Chocolate Drops'? Well, look, the waiter is drinking 'Carbolic Acid'! Tear off a piece of 'Martha's Skirt' and wipe the acid off his face and I'll go to the 'Spring Maid' and get him a drink."

Just then the orchestra struck up, "Gee, But I Like Music With My Meals."

I felt that I had already had enough, so left.

H. W. M., '16.
CLASS POEM

One could write of the stars and the swish of the sands
And of loves and travels in many lands,
But I want you to glean before we roam
A few farewell thoughts from our class poem.
Happiest days! Some of the happiest we have known
Have hasted on the wings of time and flown.
The day has come when we must now depart
And joy and sadness lies mingled in our hearts.
We have come to bid you all a fond farewell.
Let the halls ring out and echo with our yell!
In truth it is very sad for us to leave you
And go from teachers, friends and schoolmates true.
But our spirit of to conquer on the morrow,
To know the world, its joy and even sorrow;
To mingle in the battle and the strife,
Which we will soon encounter in our future life.
Yet, as the parting draws so very near,
There is a sadness to leave our school life here.
True, sometimes our works seemed long and dreary,
And oftentimes of school we became very weary.
Some days have been cloudy, some blessed by sun;
Through these four fleet years of work and fun;
But we the thoughts of our days spent here
Come crowding o'er us in memories dear;
May our past failures and defeats
Help to teach us that victory is very sweet.
May these victories and honors we have won
Inspire our lower classmen on and on.
To do their very best, as we have done,
And leave a worthy record when gone;
May your successes be many, your failures few,
Your spirit active, powerful and true;
May you, in striving to do your very best,
Help to make the Olympia leader of the rest,
So she may always take the lead.

And be a model in action and in deed.
Serious, let us have ideals worth while.
Don't let our failures drown your hope and smile.
Ever keep this thought in mind—
One step backward, means not behind.
May our motto, "Not to the top, but climbing;"
Ever in your heart be ringing.
Some may gain riches and fame;
Others may have glory attached to their name;
But whatever you think or whatever you do,
And wherever your life's words may lead you
Though your name be unknown and not on the map,
We have faith in the common sense under your cap.
May our acts be so noble, so upright and true
That they will always reflect honor on the dear old white
and blue.
—Marie Rowe, 1914.

DON'T USE BIG WORDS

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of patitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conscience, a compact comprehensibilities, coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unprompted expatiation have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade orthronasional bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittacous vecuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent rapidity. Shun double letibes, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscenian or apparent.

—Selected.
CLASS HISTORY

On September 12, 1910, the far-famed class of '14 entered the cold gray walls of O. H. S. As luck would have it, the Sophs won the cane rush after a hard fight. But they only kept their pennant up five hours. Although we lost in football, baseball and track, material was developed which would later prove valuable not only to the class, but to the school as a whole.

September 13 of the next year saw this same brilliant class seated in the assembly as most knowing Sophs. This year, however, the cane rush seemed a put-up job; victory was so easy, and our pennant waved proudly from the top of a near-by fir for twenty-two hours, establishing a new high school record. The annual Freshman-Sophomore football game was a hard-fought triumph with a final score of five to nothing. Baseball also came our way with a score of five to one. The year was enjoyably ended by a picnic at Silver Spit. Ice cream and cake were in abundance.

Another summer and we were Juniors. The first event of note was the Juniors vs. the Sophs and Freshmen in football. The Juniors of course carried off the laurels. Then came the Junior prom, April twenty-sixth, which was one of the most brilliant stars in the society heavens, being excellently planned and conducted. Later the inter-class track meet was easily won by our team, which had gained second honors the year before.

It was a red letter day for the class and a lucky day for the High School when we, the class of '14, took the seats by the windows. An unbroken line of victories has followed us. The best half of the football and baseball teams were Seniors. We defeated all underclassmen in basketball. The debating team was composed entirely of Seniors. We walked away with the inter-class track meet; the declamatory contest was won by a Senior. In short, everything was and is Senior. So here's to the class of '14.

The Prophecy for the Class of 1914

The following are clippings from the Associated Press for January, 1925:

Clara Avery, Olympia's Family Baker, left last night for Seattle to engage the World's Famous "Pie" demonstrator, Heber Morford.

Marie Rowe, America's "Nightingale" of the War of '14, was married to Colonel Bobbetter of the Fourteenth Regiment, Noo Yawk.

Perry Andrews, the Goeduck King, and wife arrived in Olympia some time ago to take in the "feed" of the city's Four Hundred.

Katherine Van Winkle, under the tutorage of Bessie Winstanley, will make her debut before the public in the Ray Theater of Olympia, for the Amateur Declamation Medal of the World.

Willis Blake, the ballyhoo man for Dalton's Lady Snake Charmers, tendered his resignation to that company so that he would be able to take up the position as advertising manager for the Consolidated Circuses of the World, owned by Wolfe, Hayner and Morton.

Edna Edings, the Tango Queen, is giving demonstrations before packed houses in Philadelphia.

Charles Hahn, the Beef Trust Magnate, was arrested last week in Omaha. The charge against him was a monopoly in restraint of trade. The Omaha editor stated that he fell on a busy street and caused a traffic blockade.
Leitha Fulk, a Nurse in the “Cold Feet Hospital” of Alaska, is rapidly gaining renown.

Orville Carr, Democratic nominee for President of the United States, left Chicago for Chattanooga to debate with W. J. Bryan on whether we should build an airship canal across the Milky Way.

Helen Zeller, Margaret Roberts, Muriel Work and Marion Haycox are fast forging to the front as Comic Opera Stars.

Aubrey Guerin, heavyweight champion of the world, accompanied by his manager, “Tiny” Fishback, started for his training camp in preparation for his battle with the “Terrible Swede,” Will Munson.

Margaret Kennedy and Lottie Tillotson, America’s Operatic Stars, will leave New York for Liverpool early next month for a year’s engagement under Chaplin and Dille, England’s famous Opera Producers.

Dorothy Bailey and Esther Twophy have started a “Not Your Own” beauty parlor in Tumwater. The latest reports indicate false success.

Ruth Knowles has been appointed mother in the Children’s Home of Indiana.

Maud Yelverton will be released from prison soon on parole. The charge she was convicted on was attempting to excite murder.

The announcement of the marriage of Gladys Grimm to the captain of the good ship “Matrimony” has been made. Here’s to you, Gladys; a great many girls have tried to capture him.

Agnes Price, the discoverer of the preparation known as Price’s Fat Remover, left on the last boat for England. It is hinted that the Food and Drugs Act was on her trail.

Frances Leach, the gifted pianist, will be married shortly to a multimillionaire. Miss Leach is the only living musician who can play the piano in German.

“Get-Rich-Quick” Thayer has started an ice cream stand in the middle of the Sahara Desert.

Blanche Whitney, celebrated author of Flirtology, retired into the “Broken Heart” Convent.

Lillian Schonhard has accepted the position of “Head Spooner” in the Old Maids’ Asylum of Bucoda.

Bessie Sleater, who got rich in teaching how to jowl down a Jew, will leave soon on her fifth trip around the world.

Ola Turner, now leading candidate for President of the “American Women Suffrage Association” of Tenino, will, on March fourth, explain her success to .......... Mary Elliott, who wrote the treatise on “How the Greeks Got Along Without Alarm Clocks,” is now editing another, entitled “Why There Are No Ice Wagons at the North Pole.”

Richard Ayer, Orville Kagy, Lloyd Kagy, Sidney Mason, Arthur Roberts, Edgar Stevens and Albert Wegner have started a nation-wide matrimonial agency, each of the above named being manager in separate towns.

In an interview with Arthur Haycox and Reed McKinney, the famous educators, they both ascribe their present success to early training.

I. M. Citron, opening up a new store for ladies’ furnishings, has engaged the Misses Nettie Bethel and Emma Bachman as models for fashion displays in his Broadway window.

Louise Hartson has been engaged as head charmer in Dalton’s Troupe of Lady Snake Charmers.

Esther Doherty has eloped with Mr. Thoma (Mr. R. ford Thoma) and they have set up a business school among the Eskimos. The watermark on their stationery is a real typewriter.

Mildred Crawford and Inez Chambers have been touring the West, demonstrating a method of removing stumps without the aid of either powder or toothpicks.
CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1914, being mentally unbalanced in our class-rooms and on our note books, and being of liberal disposition, are desirous of settling all our old accounts, justly, wisely and willingly, before we shuffle off this mortal coil, and do hereby will, devise and bequeath the following items:

Item—To the Juniors, we bequeath the honor and joy of running the O. H. S., as long as they live up to the standards set by the class of '14, and if forfeited to go to their successors in line, the Sophomores.

Item—To the Sophomores, in order to partly fill the vast amount of vacuum that your craniums envelope, we leave to you Reed McKenney's over-supply of knowledge; also the following advice:

1. Always boost for the O. H. S.
2. Keep alive the supremacy of the even numbered classes.
3. Don't try to bluff Mr. McClelland; he's on to his job.

Item—To those on the cradle roll, we will and bequeath the following items:
1. One rubber doll as an adviser and leader in your bonehead bunch.
2. Three bottles of Horlick's Malted Milk; when unable to eat with a spoon, attach a nipple.

Item—To Miss Sylvester we bequeath the next consignment of Freshies.

Item—To Mr. Harrington we bequeath an International Correspondence School course on how to run a hotel.

A few of our bloated capitalists who desire to leave personal property do so as follows:

HEBER MORFORD. "Pl."
(President)
"Nothing to comb but hair."

MARIE EOWE. "Squeeegee."
"Her very frowns are fairer, far,
Than smiles of other maidens are."

OEVILL CARR. "Rusty."
"Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky."
BESSIE WINSTANLEY. "Bess."
"It is quite neat that I should change my mind."

ARThUR ROBERTS. "Art."
"You know I say just what I think."

EMMA BACHMAN. "Peggy."
"Though they talk a lot of lovin', Lord! What do they understand?"

CLARA AVERY. "Trusty."
"She liked whate'er she looked at, and her looks went everywhere."

PERRY ANDREWS. "P."
"Oh this learning, what a thing it is!"

DOROTHY BAILEY.
"When you see fair hair, be pitiful."
HELEN ZELLER. "Tillie."
"I'll be merry and free.
I'll be sad for nobody."

MURIEL WARD. "Briskie."
"Her lovely looks a sprightly
mind disclose."

RAYMOND WOLFE. "Slats."
"He's of stature somewhat low."

ALBERT WEINER. "Hans."
"A youth to fortune and to fame
unknown."

MAUDE YELVERTON. "Maudie."
"Although she be but little, she
is fierce."

BLANCHE WHITNEY.
"Blanchita."
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy
merit."

"Briskie."
KATHERINE VAN WINKLE.
"Rip."
"I come out here to talk."

MARION HAYCOX. "Chick."
"Light she was, and like a fairy."

EDGAR STEVENS.
"I never with important air
In conversation overbear."

WILL MUNSON. "Pinkoy."
"What should a man do but be merry?"

ESTHER TWOHY.
"Hang sorrow—care'll kill a cat."

GLADYS GRIMM.
"My man's as true as steel."

...
OLA TURNER.
"Who broke no promise, served no private end.
Who gained no title and lost no friend."

EINA EDINGS. "Ignatz."
"I may die to slow music, but let me live to ragtime."

FRED MORTON. "Fritz."
"For what I will, I will, and there's an end."

NORMAN HAYNER. "Farewell."
"Then spread your folded wings and leave the earth."

Lottie TILDOTSON.
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

MARY ELLIOTT. "Mae."
"None but herself can be her parallel."
LOUISE HARTSON. "Louise."
"Her clear eyes like jewels were, they so like diamonds shone."

REED MCKINNEY. "Mac."
"His only labor was to kill the time."

ARTHUR HAYCOX. "Cotey."
"A fair, round head, with goodly knowledge lined."

AMY BATEMAN. "Amzie."
"In maiden meditation fancy free."

RUTH KNOWLES. "Dimples."
"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple."

CHARLES HAHN. "Fat."
"Men were deceivers ever, To one thing constant never."
RICHARD AYER. "Dick."
"A man of mark."

DOROTHY THAYER. "Dot."
"The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light."

INEZ CHAMBERS. "Winnie."
"In sooth I know not why I am so sad."

RAYMOND DALTON. "Ray."
"Lord, Lord, to see what folly reigns in us."

WILLIS BLAKE. "Bill."
"He gave to Misery all he had—a tear."

BESSIE SLEATER. "Babe."
"In her eyes a thought."
MARGARET ROBERTS. "Marg."
"She was more than usual calm."

SIDNEY MASON. "Sid."
"He wisely tells what hour o' the day,
The clock doth strike, by algebra."

AGNES PRICE. "Pudgy."
"Being good is an awfully lonesome job."

FRANCES LEACH. "Boo."
"She passed a life of piety and peace."

OREVILLE KAGY.
"Then the lover, sighing like a furnace."

ESTHER DOHERTY. "Misy."
"Calm and peaceful are her ways."
MILDRED CRAWFORD.
"Mildie."
"Her voice was ever soft, gent'le and low."

WINTHROP CHAPLIN. "Chap."
"Fear not, I'll play the orator."

LLOYD KAGY.
"The kiss of love still burns upon my cheek."

LEITHA FULK. "Fat."
"One morn I failed to meet him on the customed hill."

NETTIE REITHEL. "Patches."
"Style is the dress of the thoughts."

JOHN DILLE. "Whit."
"If music be the food of love, play on!"
CHARLES FULLERTON.
"Folly."
"He never drew a sober breath."

LILLIAN S. HONHARD.
"I would not waste my spring of youth in idle dalliance."

RONALD FISHBACk. "Fish."
"I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips let no dog bark."

MARGARET KENNEDY. "Maggie."
"Her silver voice is the rich music of a summer bird."

AUBREY QUERIN.
"Split the Wind."
"A bold, bad man."
Item—I, Perry Andrews, owner of the greatest memory in existence, will the aforesaid memory to Margaret Ouilette, hoping that she will profit by the same.

Item—I, Rusty Carr, do hereby will and bequeath my illustrious sky-blue pink sox to Rev. Joseph Bowen; also my ability to help girls over mud puddles.

Item—I, Edna Edings, do bestow the hair that by its radiance has lit the path of success for the class of '14, upon Emma Goldenberger.

Item—I, Ronald Fishback, worshiped as a hero by the younger generations, and always ready to advise them in their difficulties and disappointments, do bequeath my position as chief consoler and kisser-away of tears, to Paul Copeland.

Item—I, Arthur Roberts, having that smoothness of tongue and art of talking for hours about nothing, do bestow the same case of bluffing upon “Mooney” Morford.

Item—I, Norman Haynor, the proud possessor of a classic Greek nose, left to me by “Swag” Ray, do hereby will, devise and bequeath the same to Hazel Hill.

Item—I, Fred Morton, do will and bequeath that most ideal love affair, left to me by Johnnie Van Etton, to Alice Grimm, to keep it in the family.

Item—I, Raymond Wolf, well knowing what energy it takes to move the mighty bulk of a man to and from school, do bestow upon Percy Raymond 100 pounds of steam pressure.

Item—we, Maud Velverton and Nettie Bethel, more inclined to work and hard study than anyone else in the class, do bequeath our zeal for knowledge upon Ardis Ball and George Meath, to be divided equally between them.

Item—I, John Dille, otherwise known as the “windyman,” do will 1,000 in the Gas Company to Hubert Scully.
Item—I, Leitha Fulk, famed far and wide for my love of red hair, do bestow that same craving upon Harry McCray.

Item—I, Charles Fullerton, noted, distinguished and renowned for many things, do hereby will, devise, bestow, give and bequeath my beautiful complexion upon Edna Brazel; also my ability as a comedian upon Leroy Coons, who is sadly in need thereof.

Item—I, Raymond Dalton, the best little boy in school, do will my most perfect behavior, my choicest and purest of language, to Stella McArdle.

Item—I, Marie Rowe, distinguished for my vivacity and quickness, do bestow my influence over the boys to Joyce Hindley.

Item—We, Orville Kagy and Louise Hartson, leaving behind us our dearest and most cherished treasures, do hereby most reluctantly will and bequeath the said treasures in the following manner:

One of the said treasures to go unharmed and without blemish to Chick Springer, the other to go in like manner to Reva Ness.

Item—I, Winthrop Chaplin, noted among everybody, students and faculty alike, as the most profound, not to say brilliant and thoughtful, scholar of Biblical narratives, do will my high (?) grades, my logical arguments and “My Bible” to Charlie Brazel, on condition that he put the two hours before retiring in a brown study upon the latter.

Item—I, Sidney Mason, far from being a woman-hater, do bequeath the trust of showing the H. S. girls a good time to “Fat” Leghorn.

Item—I, Agnes Price, do bestow my one-passenger Ford touring car upon George Mallory, in order that he can accommodate all his friends at the same time and won’t have to make two trips.

Item—We, Pie Morford and Pinkie Munson, not having enough separately, do dip in together and will to those whose craniums are lacking in hair and teeth, the same in the following manner: Our hair to Mr. Gwynn and our teeth to Mr. Winden.

Item—We, Lottie Tillotson and Bessie Winstanley, do will one corporal’s uniform used in Coxey’s Army, one cap pistol, a wooden sword, passports to Mexico and all our warlike zeal to Paul Adams.

And last, we, the rest of the Seniors, having a great many valuable traits, which we would like to bestow upon those who desire and need them, do desire that they be docile and content and do not attempt to contest the foregoing will and testament.

We, the Seniors, wishing to have honest and trustworthy executors, do hereby appoint Mr. Thoma and Miss Diven to see that the contents of this, our last will and testament, be carried out.

We have affixed our hand in seal this fifteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and fourteen.

(Signed)

CLASS OF 1914.

The above and foregoing was passed by the National Board of Censorship.

In witness whereof.

HECTOR AND TOGO.

—Aubrey Guerin.

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CLASS PLAY

On April twenty-fourth the Senior Class play, George Ade’s “The County Chairman,” was given before a crowded house. The play was undoubtedly a success from the time the curtain rose till the end. One of the interesting features of the play was the number of parts, there being about twenty-eight. This feature made it a
real class play in spirit and representation, as well as in name.

The Olympia High School may well be proud of the able actors she is turning out. So perfectly were the lines memorized, so realistic was the acting, and in short so smoothly was the play enacted, that it seemed impossible that many of the actors were making their first appearance before the public.

That the audience was delighted with the make-ups, the acting and the lines, was shown by the amount of applause given. From start to finish the play was humorous, and from start to finish the audience appreciated this humor.

The most humorous character in the play was Sassafrazes Livingston, a comical old darky. The part was taken by Charles Fullerton, and he did it to perfection. Others who added spice to the play were: John Dille, Marie Rowe, Aubrey Guerin, Marion Haycox, Orville Carr, Perry Andrews, Muriel Work, Winthrop Chaplin, Richard Ayer, Ray Dalton, Arthur Roberts, Will Munson, Heber Morford, Edgar Stevens, Fred Morton, Helen Keller, and many more.

Perhaps the hardest parts were the ones around whom the real plot of the play was linked. Through these parts, taken by Ronald Fishback, Norman Hayner, Arthur Haycox, Leitha Fulk and Margaret Roberts, the real drama was enacted. These people, representing respectively the County Chairman, Judge Rigby, Tifford Wheeler, Miss Lucy Rigby and Mrs. Rigby, played their parts in professional style, bringing down the house again and again.

The greatest factor in the success of the play was the able coaching of Mr. Harrington, who chose the cast and spent much time in drilling them for their parts. The Senior Class has also Mr. Gwynn and Miss Gregory to thank for their work in behalf of the play.

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CLASS SONG

(Tune—"The Watch on the Rhine.")

We stand just six and fifty strong,
But soon must part this happy throng;
We'll ne'er forget our high school days,
But ever sing Olympia's praise.

Chorus—

O Senior Class—the high school pride—
We'll meet again in the world so wide;
The crimson and the gray—colors so true—
We'll take with us our life-long journey thru.

Though lessons seemed so long and hard,
Yet each saw A's upon his card.
We've always had just lots of fun
And many the honors we have won.

Nineteen fourteen will soon be past,
But the class' fame will always last:
So give us another good old yell
To bid our school a fond farewell.

Class Yell.

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—Margaret Roberts.
Muriel Work.
CLASS DAY PROGRAM

High School Auditorium, May 26, 1914.

Selection ..................... High School Orchestra
Class roll ..................... Heber Morford
Class song .................. Margaret Roberts, Muriel Work
                           The Class.
Poem .......................... Marie Rowe
                           Katherine Van Winkle.
Reading ....................... Marion Haycox
Class history ................ Norman Hayner
                           Winthrop Chaplin.
Piano solo ..................... Agnes Price
Class will .................... Aubrey Guerin
                           Ronald Fishback.
Vocal solo .................... Margaret Kennedy
Class prophecy ............... Charles Fullerton
Selection .................... High School Orchestra

OLYMPUS STAFF

WILLIS BLAKE .................. Editor-in-Chief
WINTHROP CHAPLIN ............ Assistant
FRED MORTON .................. Business Manager
ARTHUR HAYCOX .............. Assistant
CHARLES FULLERTON .......... Athletic Editor
AUBREY GUERIN .............. Joke Editor
ROLLYN BALL .................. Manual Training
OLIVE DILLE .................. Domestic Science
MURIEL WORK ............... Alumni Editor
NETA PERRING .............. Society Editor
LOUISE HARTSON ............ Exchange Editor
ANGELA BOARDMAN .......... Music Editor
JOHN DILLE .................. Assistant
DONALD HEERMANS .......... Staff Artist
CLASS EDITORS
EMMA BACHMAN, '14.
EMMA GOLDENBERGER, '15.
ELIZABETH CHADWICK, '16.
HOWARD TALMAGE, '17.
EDITORIAL

The High School days of the Class of '14 are now drawing to a close. So short are they in fact that, by the date of this issue, but two days will link the future with the past—what we will do with what we have done.

To some of us, our graduation will mean but a step in the ladder of intellectual development; to others, the diploma will be a sort of Aladdin's Lamp, which employment, consieration, fame, without the slightest effort on the date of this issue, but two days will link the future with the past—what we will do with what we have done. diploma ill be a sort of Aladdin's Lamp, which will bring employment, consideration, fame, without the slightest effort on the part of the possessor; but to the majority, it will be the visible mark of the end of the most pleasant days which we have ever spent; days and years in which we have friendships which we hope will follow through the years to come. The troubles, the disappointments, and the sorrows with which we have met in the four short years of our High School career have been soothed by the balm of Time and by the recollection of other things more pleasant.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking all those connected with or interested in our Olympus in any wise, shape, form or manner. To those who turned in work which failed to get into print, we extend just as hearty thanks as to the more fortunate ones, for if none had been turned in none would have been printed. We wish especially to thank Miss Gregory and Miss Diven for their aid as official censors. Much of the success of this year's publication is due to them.

To the next year's editor we leave all the courage,
OLYMPUS STAFF.

Standing—Howard Talmadge, Aubrey Guerin, Emma Goldenberger, Fred Merton, Emma Bachman, Bollyn Hall, Olive Dille, Arthur Haycox, Norman Clark.

Sitting—Donald Heermans, Louise Hartson, Willis Blake, Neta Perring, Charles Fullerton, Angela Boardman, Winthrop Haycox, Mariel Work, John Dille.
readiness of wit and bluff which we possess and which is necessary to that office. We sincerely hope that this bequest may be supplemented by a far larger quantity of such traits than the present editor possessed. Many times you will ask yourself if the game is worth the candle, but we can assure you that one honest, sincere congratulation on your success will vanish all doubt as to whether it pays.

SELAH.

'Twas a warm December day
In the freezing month of May,
And the snow was lying thickly on the ground.
The birds were singing right
In the middle of the night—
Not a single sound was heard for miles around.

I started out to tell
What happened that day—well,
As I was walking down the dusty path,
When what came to my ear
But nothing, loud and clear,
Gaily warbling out his melancholy wrath.

For miles and miles around
Not a tree was to be found,
And I gazed about with superstitious dread
But I climbed into a tree
That was standing there by me,
And I peered from out the branches overhead.

When I came down again
I saw it was a hen.
Then all my fears soon overboard were pitched,
For she was on the ground,
And scratching all around—
Scratching hard—she must have thought it itched.
SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Seniors, do you all realize how soon our school days are coming to a close? It seems but a few short months since we entered High School but it has been four years. How time does fly when there is so much work and fun. Soon our happiest days will be over and then we leave our dear old Hi forever. Most of us go on to other schools and Colleges but some do not, and soon we are separated one from the other, and in the course of time become as strangers.

The last few months of the term have been full of interesting events for all, but especially so for the Senior Class. Our play was a great success, as we had anticipated, and of course that pleased us mightily. In order to celebrate it, we had a banquet on Thursday evening, the thirtieth of April, at Howell's. The evening was spent very pleasantly and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.

On Thursday evening, May seventh, the Declamation Contest came off, and one of the Seniors, Katherine Van Winkle, was the winner of the gold medal. There were eight represented in it, five being Seniors. Second place was given to Norman Hayner, another one of our class.

We have been kept very busy having our pictures taken as a class, as individuals, and with the various athletic teams and other departments. We have begun to think that we will never want our pictures taken again.

We were entertained very pleasantly at an at home, Friday evening, May eighth, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Beach. On Friday, the twenty-ninth of May, our class picnic takes place at Big Maples. As this is our last picnic as a class, we all want to be there and have the best time ever.

The baccalaureate sermon will be preached at the Methodist Church, Sunday evening, the 24th of May, Rev. R. H. Edmonds delivering the address. The commencement exercises will be held at the Opera House, May twenty-eighth.

EMMA BACHMAN, Class Editor.

A serious question for the Economics class before the next election:
If E. R. Loomis votes for Taft and knows he'll surely win;
If B. McClelland cheers Roosevelt, Harrington wishes Wilson in;
If E. R. Thoma scorns politics, and on shorthand is intent.
How soon would N. J. Aiken be our Socialist President?

HANS AND FRITZ.
A noble class is leaving us,
Yet we'll not weep or make a fuss;
We've always liked that window row
And so we're glad to see them go.
We've never liked that Senior bunch
So we're glad to see them take the bunch.
(With profound apologies.)

That's us, we're still Juniors, but not for long
(let us hope not.) Seniors, with deepest humility and unmitigated pleasure do we accept your honored title—it shall be preserved.

That is, we're still Juniors, but not for long (let us hope not) Seniors, with deepest humility and unmitigated pleasure do we accept your honored title. It shall be preserved.

Now that our school year is almost ended, we Juniors, like other mortals, have many things to think of, things of the past and of the future. In the past: The inter-class track meet was a jolt to us Juniors, but all must remember that some of our principal representatives were then engaged as decorators for the prom, which was held that evening.

The prom was indeed a howling success. It takes the scared and highly valued "goats" to show ordinary hu-
man beings just how a thing should be done. The entertainment was nothing long and drawn out; but every number was the best of its kind. The tasty refreshments were served in the dining room, which was prettily decorated in red and gray, and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

Also fresh in our memory is the thought of that last terrible English paper—that book review and the awful penalty for its absence—flunk! O teacher mine, in looking over those papers, think of the mighty weight of that little word of five letters.

In contrast to this we have our picnic. Oh, we have not had it yet, but soon. Yes, the Juniors have planned a picnic to the minutest detail, and a grand old time is anticipated.

Oh, Juniors, we have done our work well. We look back upon the past year with no feeling of regret. Although in our various undertakings we have not always been proclaimed the victors, yet in truth we had won, for we had done our best.

The Junior Class has one more honor to boast of—that of claiming the two pitchers for the baseball team.

Juniors, we want to see you all—every one—next year. May you all be Seniors, and (to use the time-worn expression) be the proud possessors of the honored seats by the window.

(?)—Why, it's only six o'clock. I told you to come after supper.

Dalton—That's what I came after.—Ex.

Professor—I had a certain sum of money, and after spending three-fourths of it and losing two-thirds of the remainder, I had three dollars left. Can anyone tell me how much I had?

Knut—About fourteen drinks of Scotch.
SOPHOMORE NOTES

At a meeting of the football team held recently, Merle Morford was elected captain of next year's squad. It has been many years since an underclass man has been elected to such an important position. Merle played end last year and is recognized as the best and most capable man to handle next year's team. The team will be made up mostly of Juniors (our worthy selves) as the Seniors of next year have no football players, and as there is but little material in the underclasses.

The biggest and best Sophomore picnic will be held at "The Alders" Friday, May twenty-ninth. It was always up to the class of '16 to show the rest of the school what is to be done, and the right way to do it. A fitting example of this is shown by the selection of committees to attend to the eats and the boat. The eats committee consists of Ardis Ball, Cora Davis and Gladys Cline. The boat committee has chartered the Laurelhurst, a fine new pleasure boat.

We hope the whole school has noticed what a model bunch we Sophomores are, both individually and as a class. That we will have to take care of half the present Juniors next year is the cheerful prophecy of Mr. Aiken. Of course, no one is surprised at the two preceding statements. One has but to look upon our bright and smiling faces to be impressed with our astonishing intelligence.
FER US SOME—DON'T FEEL NO WHICH WAY I WANT—AP

EXPERIENCE IS A —— Teacher

WHAT DID WE WIN? WHY NOT — REEEE—
OH! MY WUE THE CANDY SELLER

SAY KID! WHAT DID YOU WIN?

SAY KID! WHAT DID YOU WIN?

GOT MY— CANDY SELLER'S GREEN— AP
FRESHMEN NOTES

Several important class meetings have been held, the most important being the one for the purpose of discussing that much anticipated event — the class picnic. Of the many matters discussed in connection with this subject, one of prime importance was relative to "eats."

Miss Bateman and Miss Haycox were unanimously selected to serve as chaperones, or as the Seniors might say, nursemaids.

The time and place have both been decided upon, but it will be left to the different individuals to select the girl. The place is Johnston's Point and the boat will leave the City Dock at 8 and 9:30 o'clock. Everybody be sure and be there, as the early bird gets the grub.

We will now turn to our time-worn subject of dues. The treasurer is offering as a premium to the most prompt to pay his dues a useful, all-silver (?) enamel pin with O. H. S. inscribed thereon. This is considered by all a great addition to one's personal appearance, so pay your dues and obtain this most desirable prize.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE GAME.

The Freshmen defeated the Sophs by the score of 8 to 5. We do not consider this such a great victory as we also defeated the Sophs in the tie-up and track meet.
this year. They have been victorious only in the cane rush and football game. The Sophs are doing a lot of kicking and yelling about a return game, which proves that their year in High School has not done them a great amount of good, and that they are about as green as ever.
DECLARATION

Never before in the history of the High School has so much interest been taken in declamation and oratory. The annual contest to decide who should represent the school in the Southwest contest was held on May eighth. Great interest was shown in the contest this year, as there were about five of the contestants fighting hard for first place. No one could say who would win.

The contest brought out a crowd three times as large as any debate or declamation contest ever brought out here before. It was certainly a good contest; every one of the declaimers having good selections, good training, experience and ability. The judges and others who are in a position to know, said that the contest was by far the best local High School contest they ever listened to, and was equally as good as the Southwest contests ever are. The contestants named in the order in which they spoke were:

Winthrop Chaplin—The Fight With the Orox.
Aubrey Guerin—Lasea.
Marian Haynor—The Story of Patsy.
Ronald Fishback—Spartacus to the Gladiators.
Norman Haynor—The Wild Olive Wreath.
Clara Avery—King Robert of Sicily.
Katherine Van Winkle—Robert Emmet on Being Convicted on the Charge of High Treason.
Emma Goldenberger—Building the Church at Koehoe Bar.

Even after the contest no one could name the winner, and it took the judges a long time to decide, no one receiving a majority of firsts. Katherine Van Winkle got first place and was awarded a handsome gold medal, presented to the winner by the Simenson Jewelry Com-

pany. Second place went to Norman Haynor, the winner of last year’s contest.

The judges were T. P. Horn, J. W. Brislawn and G. T. Giles.

The winner of the contest for the last three years has been a member of the Class of ’14. Six of the contestants were Seniors. The best declaimers will not be back next year. But now, after all this spirit has been created in declamation and debate, it is up to the under classes to keep the ball rolling. Don’t let a good thing die again. Get in and try—you will enjoy it. Hold inter-class contests, several contests during the year.

The winner, Miss Van Winkle, has a fine voice, interprets her piece remarkably well, and in fact has all the qualities that go to make a good orator. We all feel that she has first place in the Southwest contest clinched. So here’s to Miss Van Winkle’s success!

BACCALAUREATE SERVICES
Graduating Class of 1914.

Methodist Church, May 24, 1914.

“Our Ideal” ..................... Rev. R. H. Edmonds
Hymn .............................
Invocation  ..................... Rev. H. S. Champie
Anthem  ......................... By the Choir
Scriptural Lesson  ............. Rev. F. W. Bateson
Prayer  ......................... Rev. Charles A. Bowen
Vocal solo  .....................
Sermon  ........................ Rev. R. H. Edmonds
Hymn  ..........................
Benediction  ................... Rev. D. A. Thompson
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
Olympia Theater, Thursday, May 28, 1914.

PROGRAM.

Twilight Waltzes..................High School Orchestra
Overture, “Lustspiel”..............High School Orchestra
Invocation .........................Rev. F. W. Bateson
Chorus, “Oh, Italia, Italia, Beloved” (from “Lucrezia,”
by Don I. Vetti)...................High School Glee Club
“Testing for Adulterations”........
Katherine Van Winkle, assisted by Perry Andrews
“Furniture Designing”.............Will Munson
“Processes in Furniture Construction”...Edgar Stevens
“Cultural and Disciplinary Value of Stenography and
Typewriting” ......................Heber Morford
“Demonstration in Stenography and Typewriting”....
Dorothy Bailey
“Tests for Textiles”.................
Margaret Roberts, assisted by Marion Haycox and
Mary Elliott.
“The Historical Development of the Table and Table
Manners”............................
Lottie Tillotson, assisted by Dorothy Thayer
Presentation of Graduating Class,
N. J. Aiken, Principal of High School
Presentation of Diplomas
E. C. Townsend, Chairman of Board of Education
Benediction .......................Rev. C. A. Bowen
The school year which is now drawing to a close has been a very satisfactory one for athletics. While we have not captured any championships, we did not play dirty ball with any other school.

The coaches, captains and managers wish to thank the student body for their willingness to back the various branches of athletics. It was on account of this support that these activities were made possible.

Next year on the football squad there will be Captain-elect Morford, Lemon, Leghorn, Kegley, Sergeant, Ball, Winstanley, Woods, Draham, Shaffer, Wilder and Robertson, all experienced men. In basketball the old men will be Meath and Morford. In baseball are Springer, Winstanley, Sergeant, Morford, Mallory, Contor, Meath, Heeramma, Van Eaton and Shaffer.

Leroy—"If a man wants a thing well done in this world, he must do it himself."
Percy—"How about a haircut?"—Ex.

Carr—When you were at the gate telling the dear little thing good night, did it ever dawn upon you—
Morford—No, I never stay that late.
PASSING IT ON

Though slim my purse,
Somehow it glads
My heart to read
The auto ads.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

I read them ere
Slep steals o'er me,
And all night long
I drive one free.
—Boston Transcript.

I scorch along
And pay no toll,
And never hit
A post or pole.
—Rochester Post-Express.

And sleeping I
This thought embrace;
There is no mortgage
On my place.
—Los Angeles Express.

In fancy I
Ride fast and far,
And pay no tax
Upon my car.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

I am not plagued
Nor bored by stops
From constables
And traffic cops.
—Portland Oregonian.
And if I run
O'er dog or hen
I am not threatened
With the pen. —Ocean Breeze.

No cow or calf
Upon the track
Can make me start
My roll to crack.

She could swing a six-pound dumb-bell,
She could fence, and she could box;
She could row upon the river,
She could clamber 'mong the rocks.
She could golf from morn till evening
And play tennis all day long;
But she couldn't help her mother
'Cause she wasn't very strong. —Ex.

For blushes come and grins may go,
But freckles stay forever. —Rusty Carr.

At what age does a dog die? The saus-age.—Ex.
COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

The picture on the opposite page is the shorthand class of 1914. This is considerably the largest shorthand class that we have had since the Commercial Department was installed five years ago. Reading from left to right in the top row are: Bessie Winstanley, Ruth Knowles, Frances Leach, Mildred Hartson, Vesta Brownell, Faith Yantis, Gladys Grim, Viola French, Lacey Jones, Dorothea Bailey, Blanche Whitney, Anna Jacobson, and Ida Blake; in the middle row, Dena Whiteman, Bertha Collier, Dorothy Lang, Jessie Wilson, Muriel Work, Fannie McArdle, Ethel Grim, Alice McArdle, Mabel Springer, Inez Chambers, and Esther Twohy; and in the bottom row, Louise Hartson, Fred Morton, Raymond Wolfe, Heber Morford, and Helen Zeller, twenty-nine in all. Of this number thirteen are post graduates.

The Remington Typewriter Company is now offering certificates and prizes for proficiency in typewriting, tests being held every two months. The first or primary award, a Remington pennant, was won by Fannie McArdle, Alice McArdle, Viola French, Lacey Jones, Faith Yantis, Dorothea Bailey, Ida Blake, Ethel Grim, Gladys Grim, and Mildred Hartson. The primary award is issued only to those who write for ten consecutive minutes with a net speed of twenty-five words a minute, within four months of matriculation in the school.

A handsome certificate of proficiency in an artistic card case, called the intermediate award, is issued to those who write for fifteen minutes with a net speed of forty words a minute, while students in school. Up to the present date, May 18, 1914, these certificates have been won by Fannie McArdle, Alice McArdle, Faith Yantis, Viola French, Lacey Jones, and Dorothea Bailey.

A gold medal and gold medal certificate are awarded to every pupil who has written with a net speed of fifty-
five words a minute for fifteen consecutive minutes while a student in school. We expect to capture not less than four of these awards before school closes.

Penmanship is made a strong feature of the course this year. We are now giving a half credit for penmanship and are requiring the students to practice one period a day for a whole year. As an incentive to do good work and to standardize the course, the students are requested to write an examination which is first passed upon by the teacher and then sent to the publishers of the American Penman, who pass upon it, and if it measures up to the required standard the student is awarded a certificate called "The American Penman Certificate." Students are permitted to receive credit and drop out of the penmanship class upon receiving such certificate. A good many, however, prefer to remain in the class and continue to improve. About eighty per cent of the ninety-three students taking penmanship this year are expected to win these certificates. To date, May 18, 1914, Miss Haycox's pupils have won twenty-nine certificates and Mr. Thoma's twenty-two. Miss Haycox has about fifty-eight students enrolled in her penmanship classes and Mr. Thoma about thirty-five.

?!—"Wise men hesitate—fools are certain."
?—"Are you sure?"
?!?—"I am certain."

Speak when spoken to,
Sulk when you're mad,
Bang the door after you
Sweet little lad. —Ex.

REVENGE.

"Orville, what is your greatest ambition?"
Rusty—"To wash mother's ears."
J-O-K-E-S

Mr. Aiken (in civics class)—“Now we’ll take up the lieutenant governor.” (Think of Mr. Hart.)

An ode to the tennis court: “I hear you calling me.”
Norman Haynor in German—“If a monkey has the toothache, he holds his hands on his back.”

Miss Bateman—“Who holds the key at the Golden Gate?”

Joyce W(instanley)—“Oh, St. Patrick.”

Arthur Haycox in German—“The floor was strewn with white sand and a large table in the center.”

Mr. Loomis, telling some points about mold—“I wish you would keep these things in mind if you have any.”

Don Hermans in Virgil—“Nisus couldn’t hold his feet.”
Miss B.—“You must have wanted him to be an acrobat.”

Definition in Ancient History—“Hegira means a fleeing” (flight).

Quis.
1. What made Earl Wilder?
2. Where is Angela’s Boardman? (Is Donald Herman?)
3. Who said Harvey Wood?
4. Margaret Ouellette you.
5. If Jess is a Weatherby, can’t Mildred Stenger?
6. What’s Agnes’ Price?
7. Has Hilda a Goodpasture?
8. Where will Irene Fall?
9. If Anna Krieder eyes out, would Roland Ball?
10. Is Ethel Johnson?
11. If a joke was feminine, would Clarence Springer?
12. Is Bill Twohy?

Miss Diven in Freshman English—“Tell all you can about Lincoln’s death.”
H. H.—“Booth shot Lincoln through the wings.”

Little grains of humor,
Little bits of bluff,
Make the jolly Juniors
Think they’re just the stuff.
DOMESTIC SCIENCE

The first year cooking classes have been giving breakfasts in groups of four during the last month.

The annual Manual Arts exhibit was held the 15th and 16th of May in the new Peters building, on Fifth and Washington streets. The cooking exhibit was held in the Gas office, and the art and miscellaneous exhibits in the Odd Fellows' building. Some fine exhibits of dollar dresses in the sewing room, wasn't there? The judges appointed by Mr. Beach to select the best three dresses as to workmanship and style, were Miss Wiley, Miss Holbrook and Miss Phrestenson. The first prize of three dollars was awarded to Evelyn Kane, the second of two dollars went to Ardis Ball, and the third of one dollar went to Helen Shaw. These dresses were on exhibit with the other articles made this year. This exhibit is expected to prove the best ever held.
M-U-S-I-C

BOYS AND GIRLS' CHORUS.

This has certainly been a very successful year for both the Boys' Glee Club and Girls' Chorus. They have worked hard and faithfully all year and even though rehearsals seemed long and tiresome, they never found fault or grumbled (?). Occasionally, before some great event, such as the May Festival, when practice was sure to be even longer than usual, lunches were brought, after which all spirits seemed to vanish and better work was accomplished.

Much praise and credit is due Miss Ferguson for the May Festival she produced this year, as it was a huge success from beginning to end, surpassing that of any other year.

BOYS' BAND.

Not much is to be said about the fine work done by the Boys' Band this year, for they speak for themselves. It is plainly seen that there is fine talent in the band, and, as most of its members are from the three lower classes, by next year it will equal that of any outside organization in the city. A number of new instruments have been purchased during the year, and it is hoped that even more may be secured next year.
In the last issue we bewailed the lack of a pianist. Allow us to retract that lament. It was but a short time after the appearance of the last issue when the editor made the discovery that the orchestra does possess a pianist, named Harvey Morton, Esq., who, from present indications, gives promise of being a second Paderewski-Hofmann.

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ADVERTISING PAYS

The man who did not advertise
Was dead—extremely dead;
His widow placed of mammoth size
A stone above his head,
She placed his name
Upon the same
In letters large and clear,
To tell the eye
Of passer-by
Her man was sleeping there.

They say her sorrow must be great
To raise a monument.
They didn't know—she didn't state
Her actual intent.
One day there came
A former flame,
Who read, then soothed her sighs,
And as she wed
She shyly said,
"It pays to advertise."

—Ex.

Willie—"Mother, may I go out to play?"
Mother—"With all those holes in the ground?"
Willie—"No'm; with the boy next door."—Ex.
"The County Chairman" was presented by the Senior Class at the Olympia Opera House on April 26, 1914. Under the supervision of Mr. Lee Harrington, the play proved a big success.

The annual Junior-Senior prom was given at the Women's Club House on April the eighteenth. A reception was held, followed by a short, interesting program. Dainty refreshments were then served in the large banquet room, which was beautifully decorated with ferns and sweet peas, and in the crimson and gray colors of the Senior Class. The remaining part of the evening was spent in dancing in the ballroom upstairs, where pennants, colored lights and evergreens formed the decorations. The success of the affair was due to the following committees:

Invitation—Roy Hall, Beulah McBratney, Eva Berry.
Entertainment—Emma Goldenberger, Hattie Van Eaton, Hubert Scully.
Refreshment—Angela Board, Olive Dille, Ronald Kealey.
Decoration—Delight Conner, Ethel Brazil, Clarence Springer.

Colonel C. E. Claypool addressed us at an assembly meeting on Friday, May 1. At the close of his address he presented Norman Haynor, Aubrey Guerin and Winthrop Chaplin with gold pins as a reward for their success in debate, and as an encouragement for the other classmen to become interested in debating. The pins were awarded the winners of the debate by the Bar Association.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Beach entertained the members of the Senior Class at their home on May 8. The evening was spent very enjoyably by all.

The May Festival, under the supervision of Miss Gae Ferguson, was given in the Olympia Opera House on May 1, and proved to be exceptionally good.

There! there! don't get excited!
About forty-odd years ago Sir John Dunlop wrote:

If in these pages you should find
Something that should disturb your mind,
And if they should a laugh provoke,
Turn on, turn on; 'tis but a joke.

And if, perchance, a little sting
At you some one should lightly fling,
And make your little heart go broke,
Turn on, turn on; 'tis but a joke.

Perhaps the little joke or sting
To you will fond remembrance bring;
Perhaps a friend to you thus spoke:
Turn on, turn on; 'tis but a joke.

When all the cares of future years
Will flood your life with hopes and fears,
And on you go with bold, grim strokes,
Turn back, turn back, to these old jokes.—Ex.
The exhibit of the Manual Training Department was the most excellent ever held in this city. The room in the Peters building, at the corner of Fifth and Washington, was well filled with tables, davenports, benches, tabourettes, footstools and chairs—the materials used in construction being oak, white pine and fir.

As one entered the building they found themselves in a well-equipped entrance hall. From here they passed into the parlor, where the most attractive pieces of furniture were a large davenport and a library table, upon which was a lamp to match. The walls and draperies in this room were of green, with rugs of soft browns and green, which brought out the grain and finish of the different pieces to the best advantage.

Next came the library or living room. Each piece exhibited here was worthy of special mention and much credit is due to our very capable and conscientious instructor, Professor Gwynn.

There was also a display of mechanical drawings and smaller articles, consisting principally of sleeve boards, joints, etc.

The upholstering of the davenports, chairs and footstools was all done in this department.

We are pleased with the announcement of a third year course, beginning in 1915, the important feature of which will be the lathe work.
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ALUMNI NOTES

THE CLASS OF 1913.

Georgia Bell, Pullman—Is attending the Washington State College at Pullman and taking the musical course.
Ida Blake, Olympia, Wash.—Has nearly finished the post-graduate course in the Commercial Department of the Olympia High School.
Jack Claypool, Olympia, Wash.—Just returned home after taking the entrance exams. to Annapolis.
Eldon Dille, Olympia, Wash.—Home.

RUTH FITZGERALD

Harry French, Grand Mound, Wash.—Working on his father's farm.
Muir Fairchild, Seattle, Wash.—Attending the University.
Vivien Hindley, Spokane, Wash.—A stenographer for the Spokane Chamber of Commerce.
Ruth Holmes, Union Mills, Wash.—A student at the Bellingham Normal.
Florence Hopkins, Seattle, Wash.—Attending the University.
Roy Johnson, Portland Ore.—Home.
Lacey Jones, Olympia—Taking post-graduate course in the Commercial Department of the Olympia High School.
Jesse Leverick, Olympia—Clerk in Munson's Drug Store.
Edwina Lloyd, Tumwater, Wash.—Home.
Lucile McReynolds, Olympia—Home.

Irving Miller, Olympia—Clerk in Mann's Seed Store.
Fannie McArdle, Olympia—Taking post-graduate course in the Commercial Department.
Dick Mitchell—Student at the University.
Howard Ray, Roslyn, Wash.—Working.
Helen Roberson, Olympia—Teaching at Gull Harbor.
Albert Van Eaton, Pullman—Student at the W. S. C.
Pearl Whidden—Attending Bellingham Normal.
Elva Woodard, Olympia—Home.
Faith Yantis, Olympia—Taking post-graduate course in the Commercial Department.

It's easy enough to be pleasant
When nothing at all runs amiss,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When he runs across a bum verse like this.

A man went into a Jewish clothing store and tried on a coat and vest. While the Hebrew turned his back to get the trousers the man ran out of the store. A policeman came by and pulled his pistol. The Jew called out excitedly: "Shoot him in der pants; shoot him in her pants; der coat and vest belongs to me."—Ex.

Scrape, scrape, scrape!
Each morning I have to shave,
And then, with a tonic, to coax the hair,
The top of my head I love.
And this is the song I spin,
While giving the blade a shove:
Why can't I be bald upon my chin
And have whiskers grow above? —Ex.
EXCHANGES RECEIVED.

"Whims," Broadway High School, Seattle, Wash.
"The Daleville Leader," Daleville College, Daleville, Virginia.
"Our Tattler," Walton High School, Walton, N. Y.
"The Tolté," Durango High School, Durango, Colo.
"Klakahma," Bandon, Oregon.
"Crescent Beach Echoes," Algoma, Wisconsin.
"The Weekly Index," Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon.
"University Daily," Seattle, Wash.
"The Evergreen," Pullman, Wash.
"Wheat," Ritzville, Wash.
"The Sibyl," Riverside, Cal.
"Ocean Breeze," Aberdeen, Wash.
"Forum," Oroville High School, Oroville, Wash.
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