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THE OLYMPUS

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MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Already this delightful old expression of good-will and happiness is borne from one lip to another. Coming from the heart, as it does, what a charm and blessing there is in it, too. Everyone finds himself stirred with a feeling of goodness and a longing to give. How can it be otherwise, when we know that, practically all over the world joy and love are reigning at one time. Holly and mistletoe meet again, intermingling with the old festivities and out in the forests there is an old tradition among the youthful firs that the most graceful ones will be carried away to adorn happy homes, so they wave majestically about in the wind, glad that they can help in the world's rejoicing. It is a time of music and joyful harmony, and full of hope and cheer we pick up the old refrain:

"Carol, brothers, carol,
Carol joyfully,
Carol the good tidings,
Carol merrily!
And pray a gladsome Christmas,
For all your fellow men;
Carol, brothers, carol,
Christmas Day again."

WHEN you observe that the faculty are unusually cheerful of late and that the livelier students are inclined to groan, take a peep into the library which has become enriched by several hundred dollars worth of new reference books. Although the very thought of the heavy reading matter they contain is overwhelming, when you become stranded amid Latin or German idiom those dictionaries are a delightful aid to translation and after you have read those books on civil government you feel that you could well set up an ideal country all by yourself. Likewise the physicists who never tire of experimenting, may happily con hundreds of pages filled with the longest technical terms in Webster's dictionary. The lover of mythology may forget the realistic life he is forced to lead, and drift away on a winged horse to the golden apples of Hesperides. The student of botany may learn to analyze the rarest plants on the globe. And all this and much more is accomplished by wading through those massive volumes in the library.
An invitation to attend a reception at the University of Washington was tendered to the Seniors of the High School for Thanksgiving eve. In addition to this they were invited to attend the football game between Berkeley and the University of Washington on Thanksgiving day. The pleasure was doubled by the fact that the Senior classes of the larger High Schools on the sound were to be entertained at the same time. Unfortunately many of the Seniors of the Olympia High School had made previous arrangements for passing the day, and since all could not share the enjoyment, the trip was abandoned, but not without the deepest regrets. This would have been a very good opportunity for the Freshmen class of next year to become acquainted.

Juniors, let not your jealous passions rise, so saith the Seniors. The arrival of the Senior caps was apparently the signal for the so-called class rivalry. Until then the Junior and Seniors had been sailing along serenely together, notwithstanding the fact the former had previously invested in some gorgeous little class pins. But the old saying, that we cannot always travel on calm and peaceful waters was exemplified by the turbulent scene on the grounds in which class pins and class caps fared much the worse. An inch or so of Western Washington mud also added to the picturesqueness of it all. Needless to say that after much pummeling the Seniors came out the victors and almost entirely subdued their underclassmen.

The Aeolian Club, or more specifically, the girls' debating and literary association, may well be viewed with pride by its charter members. The need of such an organization has long been felt, and now the vacancy is at last filled so well that orators who will cast Demosthenes and Aeschines far into the background will be the outcome. Miss Yeager makes an admirable president, and Miss Sawin, the recording secretary, has a faculty of selecting subjects for debate which admit of strong argument. All the members are enthusiastic and conscientious, not only doing their part, but their very best to further its progress. Aside from the very interesting literary programs that are rendered twice each month, every other week a meeting is held in which the young ladies are instructed in parliamentary drill. Surely the boys' athletic association will have to rustle to keep ahead of such a flourishing, animated body as this.

ELECTION day was not allowed to pass by without due ceremonies at the High School. After being thoroughly instructed as to voting the students were provided with sample ballots, and perhaps for the first time in their lives felt that they were actually having a share in controlling governmental affairs. Suffrage was given to all, and the girls proved as opinionated in regard to politics as the boys. Rumors had been abroad for some days previously that such a privilege was to be granted, and the assembly hall and corridors were, as a result, transformed into lobbies during the spare moments of the active politicians and were a witness to such strong party arguments as they never heard before. Thus, when the all-important occasion arrived, the pupils were well prepared for the task set them, as was exemplified by the "scratched" ballots. The balance of the votes cast were in favor of the republican candidates, President Roosevelt having an exceedingly large majority. The county ticket, however, was sadly jumbled, and it was several hours before the committees could announce the result. The national and state republican and democratic tickets ran as follows:

**REPUBLICAN TICKET**
Roosevelt electors, 103.
Representatives—
Humphrey, 41.
Jones, 96.
Cushman, 108.
Supreme Judges—
Rudkin, 98.
Fullerton, 110.
Mead, 80
Coon, 79.
Nichols, 94.
Mills, 95.
Clausen, 91.
Atkinson, 97.
Ross, 90.
Bryan, 97.

**DEMOCRATIC TICKET.**
Parker electors, 12.
Hathaway, 19.
Anderson, 19.
Beck, 16.
Battle, 19.
Turner, 34.
Judson, 31.
Hough, 19.
Mudgell, 22.
Purdin, 22.
Neal, 17.
Piersen, 23.
Gerard, 17.

Office-holders and office-seekers can now draw conclusions as to who of the coming voters are satisfied with their qualifications and will stand by them in the future.

In addition to having all the tickets represented, from the republican to the socialist labor, the students ran an independent ticket, on which all candidates were unanimously elected. This concerns the
school exclusively, and the returns were as follows: Governor, W. W. Montgomery, 125; supreme judge, E. V. Taylor, 125; state horticulturist, H. R. Loomis, 125; Coroner, Mabel E. Todd, 125; Wreckmaster, Margaret Bigelow, 125; Sheriff, Benj. Hartsuck, 125; State Janitor, Hugh Shively, 125.

An illustration of the loyalty of our former students has been brought to light by a letter our superintendent lately received from one of the alumni, now in attendance at the University of Washington. The football team had made arrangements to play the Seattle high school, on November the 19th, and the news having become current at the University, our representatives down there thoughtfully wrote to us asking for our football yell, our colors and all the necessary information that would enable them to root for the game. It was unfortunate that the game was cancelled, for with such hearty support and encouragement the boys would undoubtedly have reached the pinnacle of football fame in this instance.

judging from appearances the High School is rapidly increasing in size. Almost every few days we see a stranger and take him in. Although we are delighted with the new friends, yet the all important question arises where to seat them and seems as insoluble as was "How old is Ann?" Every available nook is occupied; even the reading table has been rudely turned from its old corner and now resides in the library. Our once loved conservatory has now given way to sets of encyclopedias, which do not appeal to us as did our little greenery. Unfortunately we have no blue skies under which to hold our sessions as the ancient Athenians were accustomed to; so we must patiently await the coveted time when our building is larger and we may move about with ease without running the risk of maiming our fellow brethren.

COLD biting wind was blowing, occasionally a flake of snow came floating down. Molise Levison was uneasy. She paced back and forth between the window and the fireplace until her mother, a sweet woman of fifty years, asked her gently if anything was the matter. Of course there was something the matter but Molise wouldn't let her know it. To think that Vaughn Otis would treat her so indifferently and be so attentive to May Woods, who was such a flirt, was more than she could endure. Mrs. Levison knowing Molise of old, said no more but left her to her own thoughts.

The next time Molise went to the window she pushed the curtain further aside and watched the snow flake falling faster and faster. "What will my Xmas be to me," she pondered. "After all my plans—the skating at Hood's lake, the seniors dancing party, the sleigh ride are all spoiled because of that horrid——"

A sudden click of the front gate roused her from her reverie. She turned and saw just the blue sleeve of the mail carrier as he came up the front steps. She rushed to the front door to receive the mail. One letter was addressed to her in the careless scrawl of her brother. She opened it eagerly.

DEAR OLD GIRLIE,

I'll be home—how strange and good that sounds—Xmas and bring Will, that adorable chum of mine, with me. Don't mind his coming; he's just like one of the family. I know that mother will fuss and tire herself out. Sister mine, bake up a good supply for we each have a "peach" of an appetite. Now sis don't be after setting your cap for Willie boy; he's as bashful as I've struck. Love to mother.

Tom.

Molise rushed into the kitchen where her mother was preparing supper, caught her by the shoulder and fairly lifted her off her feet.

"Oh, mamma, just listen! Tom is coming home and is going to bring Will, that boy all the girls are wild over, home with him. Won't that be jolly?"

"Yes dear" said her mother quietly. "We must try and make it pleasant for them."

The daughters face darkened and her brown eyes flashed. "I'll certainly make it pleasant for Vaughn Otis, she thought.

The two days before Tom's arrival were busy ones for Molise. She had little time to think of Vaughn's seeming neglect. On the
afternoon of the second day, when returning from an errand to the corner grocery she met Vaughn face to face. He looked at her with the same frank smile, tipped his hat politely and was just going to offer to carry her parcel when she walked haughtily past as if he were a total stranger. "Well, I wonder what the whim aboard is now," he thought, but walked leisurely on. "Poor little girl she is the most like April of any girl I know," he murmured. "She is clouds now, tomorrow will be sunshine."

Molise hurried on and not until she had walked a whole block did she look around, but Vaughn had already turned the corner. "Now! I wonder if he will talk to May Woods in preference to me," she muttered. "I'll show him I'm nobody's second fiddle string." As she neared home her face grew serious. "What if he should never give me the same glad smile and 'Hello Molly'" she thought. "Well, Molise Levison, it is no one's fault but your own and no more than you deserve," came that strange whisper of conscience.

When she entered the kitchen her mother was just removing some pies from the oven—those nice brown pumpkin ones that touch boy's hearts. "Oh, I can just see Tom's eyes twinkle now," said Molise merrily. "Poor old Tom he is such a dear. He always did understand me. It seems an age since he has been home! My won't he be glad!"

"Well, hurry around daughter, its five o'clock now and the train is due at seven. Molise was in good spirits, and went happily to work humming a merry tune. Soon the pies were done and Mrs. Levison and Molise stood reviewing them with satisfied looks. Mrs. Levison's face beamed when she thought of how her boy would enjoy them.

Molise dressed with unusual care that evening. Every unruly brown curl was just in the proper place. She had put on a soft pink waist that suited her complexion perfectly. Tom said that in that waist she would make a peach ashamed of its self.

The clock struck 7:30; Molise became impatient. She went to the front door and listened but could not hear the sound of the wheels. She wandered up the great hall to the sitting room where the fire in the grate cast its warm homelike glow over the whole room. She sat down at the piano and let her fingers pass listlessly over the keys. Thus she sat for some time. All at once a shadow fell on the keyboard and before she could turn Tom had her in his arms. "How you've grown, little girl," he said, holding her at arms length. "Still as sweet and saucy as ever."

"Here, Sis, shake hands with this vagabond Jones!"

A stalwart handsome young man approached and shook her hand cordially. Mrs. Levison appeared from the kitchen and when Tom released her after one of his "bear hugs" her breath was almost a minus quantity. "Mother, this is that Jones you've heard so much about," said Tom laughingly.

A tender smile flitted over Will's face as Mrs. Levison clasped his hand and said: "I feel that I know you already. Tom has written of you so often."

How good that sounded. How much it reminded him of his own dear mother. Tom noticed his chum's sad look and knew that Will's thoughts were of his dead mother. So he said cheerily: "Oh, joy, I'm hungry as a bear! I told Jones about mother's pies on the way up, and he told me confidentially he believed he could swallow one whole. Just make yourself at home, old boy, and win the good graces of Sis, for if you don't it's all day with you."

The evening passed merrily, and as Will followed Tom to their room he said: "Tom, you are a heathen. Why in the name of common sense didn't you tell me you had such an adorable sister?"

The next morning the boys came tearing down stairs and Tom grabbed Molise, giving her such a resounding kiss that Mrs. Levison rushed to the dining room, thinking an electric light globe had broken, but Tom only said: "Oh, that is only a mild way of saying 'Merry Christmas,' mother, but perhaps you thought it was a Fourth of July salutation.

While eating breakfast Molise told the boys that there was to be a senior dancing party that evening, and that invitations had been sent to them.

"Oh, Miss Molise, I hope no one has spoken for the pleasure of your company," exclaimed Will.

"No; I refused all invitations during Tom's stay, and am entirely at his service," replied Molise.

"My, you're getting profoundly good in your elder days," said Tom openly, but nevertheless he knew his sister's way.

"Well, let's draw straws, Tom, and see who is the lucky chap," said Will jokingly.

Mrs. Levison held the straws and Molise walked to the mantel piece and feigned indifference.

"Just my luck, by Jove," laughed Will. "Tom, old boy, you always lose out."

"Well, I get second dance anyway. Don't I, Sis? Jones, if it were anybody else I'd be after hugging them, but since it's you accept my best wishes for the evening."

That morning Molise was in her room arranging her party dress.
It was the pale blue one Vaughan liked so well. "I wonder what I will do for flowers tonight," she soliloquized. "Vaughan always sent me flowers for every party. Perhaps I can coax mamma to let me wear her pearls just this once."

"Molise, dear, there is a messenger boy at the door with a parcel, and says he was told to wait for an answer," called her mother.

Molise hastened down and opened the parcel. It was a large bunch of chrysanthemums and a lovely book. Tied to the flowers was a dainty envelope, and inside was a note which read:

"Molise—May I have the pleasure of taking you to the senior party tonight? What is the matter, Molise; have I offended you in any way? Yours in haste.

"Vaugh.""

Molise read the note twice, and turning to the boy said, "No, there is no answer."

"How kind and thoughtful of Vaughn to think of you today, Molise. Your blessings are many, my dear."

"Oh, mamma, please don't 'preach.' Of course its kind all that. I appreciate it, but don't lecture me this of all days." So saying Molise ran upstairs, put the book in her bureau drawer and continued her sewing, vowing she would not let Vaughn enter her mind again that day.

Molise looked charming when dressed for the party that night. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shone with unusual lustre. Her brown hair was arranged in a low coiffure. All it lacked was the flowers. "Oh, how pretty a chrysanthemum would be," she thought, for that flower was her favorite. She took one up carelessly and put it in her hair. It looked so pure and white she was almost tempted to leave it. "But no," she thought, "he will think I am trying to make the first overtures of peace." So she put it down again. She went down to the parlour where her mother sat reading. "Mamma, dear, there is only one wish today that hasn't been granted me. Will you not make me entirely happy this once?"

"What is it, Molise?" asked her patient mother.

"The wish to wear your pearls," Molise replied.

"Yes, you may wear them. Take them tonight as my Christmas gift to you, and I hope that your life may be as those pearls—ever pure and true.

It was quite late when they arrived at the party. This was what Molise wished for. If Vaughn were there she would see her enter with Will. Molise, who was a favorite, was quite at home, chatting merrily with each claimant for a dance. Soon the music started and Molise looked around for Will. "Oh, the horrid thing, I might have known it would happen this way." Then she heard some one say, "Don't get that card full before I get back, Miss Woods. I would like to strike off a dance or two."

Molise felt bored to think that after all her planning the beginning was 'simply flat.' Her face burned, and when she turned her head, pretending not to see Will, her eyes met the steady gaze of Vaughn, who was standing talking to Tom.

"Oh, Miss Molise, forgive my tardiness, but Miss Woods is such a charming conversationalist that I really did not notice that the music had started," said Will, hurrying up.

"Yes, she is charming, indeed," she answered dryly.

Molise noticed that May was dancing with a stranger, who seemed very attentive. After the dance Tom came up and said, "Don't forget, Sis, the next one is ours. Well, that Otis has certainly had his hands full the last week. He has just succeeded in patching up a 'scrap' between that kid cousin of his and May Woods. He is that tall fellow that danced with her."

Molise looked greatly surprised, but said nothing. Just as she sat down after her dance with Tom she noticed that the largest pearl was gone from her necklace. "Oh, Tom, just look here! Where can it be?" she said, tears starting to her eyes.

"Oh, don't cry, Sis; that's all right. We'll find it. I'll ask the boys if they have found one."

Tom soon returned, but had neither seen nor heard of it.

"Well, my evening is just spoiled," said Molise. "I might just as well go home. Tell Will that I am tired and that you are going to take me home, but he must stay and enjoy himself as the dance has only commenced."

Will would not hear to their going without him, so they all went.

Molise was so worried that Tom said he would put an advertisement in the morning papers, and both boys left at once. There was still a fire in the grate. Molise sat down and broke into sobs. "I'm a mean, hateful, jealous thing. It serves me right that I did lose my pearl. He has simply been doing that girl an act of kindness. How can I ever look him in the face again? Oh, would he ever forgive me?"

There was a step at the door. Molise, thinking it was the boys, arose hastily, dried her eyes and opened the door.

"Why, Vaughan!" she said, but could say no more.

"I found your pearl under the chair where you had been sitting
just after you left," said Vaughn quietly, "and knowing that you were worried, thought I'd bring it to you tonight. Anyway, I wanted to talk to you. There surely is a misunderstanding. Why have you treated me so coldly?"

"It was May Woods. I was a mean, jealous, old thing," said Molise, bursting into tears. "Will you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, don't take it to heart so, Molise," said Vaughn kindly. "I should have explained to you, but never thought you would take it so seriously. We all make mistakes. Don't cry, little girl. Let's not talk of it any more."

Molise's Christmas experience was one which she never forgot, for she realized that Jealousy was a more cruel master than she cared to serve.

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WHITE SERVITUDE IN AMERICA.

LULA BAILEY, '06.

There are only a few students of United States History at the present time who are aware that between the years 1649 and 1690 a profitable trade in political prisoners was carried on between England and the plantations, as the colonies were then known. These prisoners were banished from the mother country and then shipped to the colonies and sold at auction to the planters for varied terms of years as slaves.

England during the commonwealth seems to have been the first to adopt this method of disposing of the troublesome adversaries. In Cromwell's proclamation to the Irish people, dated January 1649, and written in answer to the declaration of the Irish prelates we find the following:

"The question is of destruction of life, or of that which is but little inferior to it—to wit, of banishment. Now first, I shall not willingly take or suffer to be taken away the life of any man not in arms, but by the trial to which the people of the nation are subject by law for offenses against the same, and secondly, as for the banishment, it hath not hitherto been inflicted on any but such, who, being in arms might justly upon the terms they were taken under have been put to death, as might those who are instanced in your declaration to be sent to the Tobacco Islands."

However, banishment was not a punishment for the Irish alone, but also for Englishmen and Scotchmen, who took arms against the protector. At the battle of Dunbar out of ten thousand Scottish prisoners taken, five thousand were dismissed for various causes, but the remainder were shipped from Durham to North America and the West Indies. Those who were sent to the former were treated much better than those who were sent to the latter. They were not sold for slaves to the perpetual servitude, but for six to eight years, and were given houses and land; their master requiring only three days in a week. They were also promised as soon as they could repay him the money he laid out for them, they would be given their liberty.

After Charles II was restored to the throne, he did not hesitate to banish his opponents. The persecution of the nonconformists was commenced, the penal statutes against them being assented to by the king, regardless of the promise he made, both before and after his restoration—to grant liberty of conscience to all men. It was made a crime to attend a dissenting place of worship, for which a single justice of the peace might convict without a jury, and for a third offense pass a sentence of transportation for seven years.

More than three hundred persons who took part or who were suspected of being connected in the Rebellion during James II reign were transported to the West Indies. Those, who were captured in the battle of Sedgemoor were all liable to suffer death, but were granted in batches to the court favorites, who were to send them to the colonies as slaves. The only condition being that they were to be sent to the Indies, for it was thought that in New England they might find a population kindly disposed toward them. This condition was not in every case complied with, for a few of the exiles found their way to Virginia; and a letter addressed to the government of Virginia says, "Take all care that they continue to serve for ten years at least, and that they be not permitted in any manner to redeem themselves until that term be fully expired. Prepare a bill for the assembly of our colony with such clauses as shall be requisite for this purpose." But the Virginia Legislature never passed the measure; at the accession of William and Mary the slaves were set free.

Even the Queen did not hesitate to share in this profitable speculation. And instead of trying to save one single victim, the only request she was known to make was that a hundred of those who had been sentenced be given to her. After making a large allowance for
those who died during the passage, Macaulay declares that the people she cleared on the cargo can not be estimated at less than a thousand guineas.

The misery of the exiles fully equalled that of the negroes who are now carried from Congo to Brazil. More than one-fifth of those shipped were flung to the sharks before the end of the voyage; we can not wonder at this when we learn that they were stowed close in the holes of small vessels so that all were unable to lie down at once; many were tormented by unhealed wounds. They were never allowed to go on deck, but were constantly watched and guarded by sentinels while among them was disease and death. Can it be wondered at that out of ninety nine carried out in one vessel, that twenty two died before reaching Jamaica, when coarse biscuit and fed water was given to them in such a scanty measure, that anyone might have eaten the portion given to five, and those who reached their home of bondage were so poor, that the merchant to whom they were shipped found it profitable to fatten them before selling.

John Coad, a carpenter who joined the rebellion under Mommouth, was wounded, captured and tried, sent to Jamaica where he appears to have fared better than most of his fellow exiles. He has left us a narrative in which he says that he and those who were shipped with him were consigned to a Mr. Christopher Hicks, who, having some Nonconformist beliefs, at first refused to sell them; but seeing that he might be instrumental in finding them better places consented. John Coad more fortunate than some of his fellow sufferers passed into the hands of a humane planter, in whose service he passed five years.

Immediately after the accession of William and Mary to the throne, a new governor was sent to Jamaica with instructions to release all exiles, who were still alive, and after some delay they were finally shipped home.

Now let us turn our attention to the bond-servants; that is, persons who engaged themselves as servants in the colonies for a certain number of years, and whose condition was little better than convict-slaves. The bond-servant came to the colonies voluntarily, in theory at least. But in often cases he was some poor person who was kidnapped and hurried on some English vessel, but once in the colonies there was very little distinction between them. We are forced to believe by their condition in the colonies that they were misinformed in England, or that so many of them would not have given up their free life in England for the life which they led in the colonies.

Each colony had its own laws on the subject of bond-servants,

but let us take Jamaica for example. Jamaica provided that bond-servants might be of either sex, and those who had not entered into an agreement in England before arriving in the colony had to serve seven years if under eighteen years of age and four years if above. The clause of the act ran thus: "All servants shall serve according to their contract and indenture; and where there is no contract and indenture, servants under eighteen years of age, at their arrival in this island, shall serve seven years, and above eighteen shall serve four years, and all convicted felon, for the time of their banishment; and at the expiration of the terms aforesaid, shall receive from their last master, mistress or employer, forty shillings, and a certificate of freedom on demand; and whosoever shall refuse, without just cause, to give such certificate to servant, certifying whose time is expired, shall forfeit forty shillings for every such refusal." No person was allowed to employ a servant who did not have a certificate of freedom, or to buy or sell any article to a servant without the consent of the master or mistress. There were also many other laws requiring additional service for minor actions of a slave.

Such were the laws protecting the employers while those for the protection of the servants were few. Let us take, for example, the owner was bound under penalty of ten shillings to furnish each servant weekly with four pound of meat and sufficient vegetables, also to provide a certain amount of clothing. Should a servant fall sick, he or she was to be provided for, under a penalty of £20.

Such were the laws governing the bond-servants and their employers. It can be seen that the object of the laws was to increase the term of bondage.

We may be thankful that the progress we have made as a nation has entirely obliterated the great stain on American history.

---

Senior class caps on a hook.
Junior comes and takes a look,
Seizes cap and runs away,
Calling "Freshmen, help I pray!"
But the Freshmen aren’t so big
That the Seniors care a fig.
They take those Freshmen by the ear,
Perchance a Junior who stands near.
There is weeping, there are tears,
From the Sophies there are jeers.
Juniors and Freshmen caps deliver
Their little hearts all in a quiver.
Then the Seniors with many a shout
Those weak little juniors thoroughly rout.
But they do not touch his ugly black pin
For’tis only heathenish juniors who sin.
The High School orchestra is working as diligently as ever.

The members have decided to play "America Forever" at the High School social, Friday, December 16th.

The members of this orchestra are: W. A. Pentacost of the Class of '07, manager and director, first violin; Miss Katherine Hadley, '08, first violin; Roscoe Fullerton, '05, second violin; Miss Olive Davis, '08, second violin; Claude Kirkendall, '08, cornet; Rudolph Meyer, '07, clarinet; Earl McIntosh, '06, slide trombone; W. Mitchell Garrison, '06, drum; Miss Ione Reinhart, '05, piano.

At present they are working on some seven or eight pieces. Among them is an overture by E. T. Paull. Anyone who is familiar with E. T. Paull's music may be able to form some idea of what this is.

The Jolliest Boys Alive by their singing have shown themselves to be far the best organization of this sort that the High School possesses. They will sing "Juanita" and "Fishing" at the social next Friday.

Miss Edna Stanford has recently been appointed pianist for the U. L. K. There is no need of mentioning Miss Stanford's playing. Everyone knows of that long before this.

A new chorus has just been received for the U. L. K. entitled "Mammy's Lullaby." It is a quartet with a beautiful melody. They will sing "Kentucky Babe" at the social. It is a chorus that was learned last year by the members who then belonged to the club. It is one of the prettiest pieces that the club has ever learned.

The High School practices half an hour every Friday afternoon. The pupils have only practiced one chorus so far, a vocal gallop entitled "A Morning Ramble," by G. A. Venzie.

Miss Ione Reinhart plays for the High School chorus work.

Hinds, Noble & Eldridge, a well-known firm of New York City, sent a fine book of songs entitled "The Latest Collection of College Songs" to The Olympus for review. After careful consideration it has been found to be one of the finest collections of this sort of songs that has ever been published.

THE OLYMPUS

GIRLS' CLUB NOTES.

The girls of the Olympia High School have organized a society for the advancement of literary work and athletics. The following officers were elected: Ida Yeager, President; Gertie Davis, Vice-

President; Blanche Willey, Recording Secretary; Maud Sawin, Corresponding Secretary; and Zona Sapp, Yell-Master.

A committee after the usual trouble, decided on navy blue and gold as club colors.
The society meets every Wednesday evening. Mr. Montgomery, our High School Superintendent, has kindly consented to conduct parliamentary drill twice a month, while at the other meetings we do justice to king's English.

Faithfully following up the work of such a society should be of great advantage to the young ladies of the High School and especially those of the senior class.

That was really an artistic little touch, when Ben, our two-hundred pound full-back, burst through the door the other night, just as the girl's glee club was singing the line "Mummy's little baby boy."

In reviewing United States History, Mr. Phipps: "The date of the starving time is 1920." Let us hope that our soothsayer is incorrect.

Mr. Taylor, you are heartily urged by the physics class to join a Sunday school, so that you will not send us into convulsions and disgrace your moral teachings when you talk about the book of "Job."

For the latest fad in beautiful, (?) highly colored Japanese bandanas, apply to Miss Inez Hadley.

Last Thanksgiving it was very amusing to fathom out what the different students were thankful for. Miss Barbara Drum was more than delighted to find that she was going to have four whole days and five whole nights in which to study. Mr. Garrison was profoundly thankful that his tongue enables him to tell everything he knows. Miss Hadley was "Oh, so happy!" because she could already look forward to the holidays and with them the homecoming of one of the late members of the Alumni. Even the joys of a steaming turkey, however, did not arouse Mr. Taylor's depressed spirits, and the only enthusiasm he could summon at that time was that he was glad that cartoon of him in the last edition of the "Olympus" was no worse. Mr. O'Brien was more practical than any one else and with a feeling of supreme content and a smile that wouldn't wear off we all heard him laugh "Ho! Ho! Ho! now, for a good square meal." Miss Todd was secretly congratulating herself on her late election as coroner.

The members of the Freshmen class seem to be inspired with poetic genius and already have enough class yells to carry them through their entire High School and college tour. The latest masterful ditty reads:

Gazaw Gazoo
Gazaw Gazoo
We yell, We yell,
For the red white and blue.
Razzle Dazzle
Zip! Boom! Bah!
Freshmen! Freshmen!
Rah!!! Rah!!! Rah!!!
OLYMPIA, 0; Whitworth 27. On November 5 the High School went down before the strong Whitworth aggregation, in a one-sided contest in Tacoma. The score at the end of the game stood: Whitworth 27, Olympia 0. Olympia was unable to hold her opponents’ line, which repeatedly broke through Olympia’s line and downed the backs for heavy losses. Whitworth showed great improvement over her playing of a few weeks before. The High School boys received the best of treatment at the hands of the Whitworth boys, and were well pleased with their trip.

Olympia, II. Centralia, 0.

In a hard-fought game on our home grounds Olympia won the last game of the season by the above score. The two teams were very evenly matched and were determined to settle the dispute over the score of their former game, consequently they put up one of the best games of the season. It cannot be said that the playing was in either team’s territory, but the Centralia goal suffered a little the most.

The first touchdown was made in the first half after a series of line backs and close end runs. Taylor carried the ball over on a line buck. In the second half McIntosh made the second touchdown by the feature play of the game. Playing safety full he received a punt and ran through for 68 yards for goal. McIntosh kicked goal. Burr’s guard back play was also a ground gainer.

The boys are taking up debating this year in a manner that promises nothing but good. Almost the first official act of the club was to appoint a committee to draw up a question for debate. Since then one or two good strong debates have been held on rather heavy subjects.

BASKET BALL.

Now that the football season is over the High School is talking rather seriously of putting out a basket ball team. We have never promoted this form of athletics before, so this will be rather a novelty from a manager’s standpoint. There is no reason why we should not have a good team. We have plenty of good material to pick from, and, thanks to the untiring energy of Manager Pierce, we now have a place to practice in. Although this is rather late in the season, the good work should be kept up, and even if we do make no showing at the end of the season we will give this form of athletics a start that should carry it on for a number of years. Manager Pierce is an enthusiastic basket ball player, and is just the man to manage a new team.

OUR NEW FOOTBALL MANAGER.

As it is the custom to elect a football manager at the end of the season, the boys elected their manager about two weeks ago for the season of 1905. Leo Jones, ’06, was the man selected, and in making this choice the club showed very good judgment indeed. It also showed, by a unanimous vote, that Mr. Jones was exactly the man it wanted. Although not an active participant in athletics, Mr. Jones is a strong friend and well-wisher of all the teams, and he will certainly do his best to make the football season of 1905 a success.

..EXCHANGES..

CLARENCE GRAY, EDITOR.

“The Lake Breeze,” “The Lowell,” “The Red and Black,” and “The Interlure” are some of our best exchanges. Their covers are very neat and appropriate and they contain a number of good stories. We wonder where they get so much good material.

Teacher in Physics: “What is force?”

Pupil: “Ten cents a package.”

Then he thought it hard because he had to remain after school.—Ex.

For Sale—A piano by a widow as good as new.

“Frank’s St. Louis Fair Money” and “Where Orders Rule” are two good stories in “The Comet.”

“The Oaahum” should be congratulated on its good stories, “Vacation Impressions,” in the October and November numbers, is excellent.

“The Orange and Black” is an interesting paper, but we think it would be an improvement to keep the ads in the back of the book and reduce the cover a little.

The exchanges on our reading table are very popular. Our teachers hold to the opinion that they are almost too popular during study periods. Most of them are very original and afford us much pleas-
ure. They keep us in close contact with other High schools of our country.

This letter was written to a bicycle firm in Montreal:

Mister T. J. Jones and company, Notre Dame street, Montreal,
P. O.—DEAR SIR: I recieve de bicykel which I buy from you al-

rite but for why don't send me no saddel. wat is de use of de bicykel
when She dont have no saddel. I am loose to me my kustomer sure

ting by no having de saddel and thats no very pleasure for Me. Wat
is de matter wit you mister Jones and companee. is not my moneys
so good like anoder mans. you loose me my trade and i am vere
anger for dat and now i tells to you dat you are a fools an no good
mister T. J. Jones an companee. i send to you back at wunce your
bickel tomorro for shure becase you are such a foolishness peebles.
yours respectfulllee,

P. S.—since i rite dis letter i find de saddel in de box. excuse
to me.—Ex.

Teacher: “Give me principal parts of ‘see’.”
Johnny: “See, saw, seen.”
Teacher: “Now give principal parts of ‘be’.”
Johnny: “Be, baw bean.”—Ex.

We see considerable improvement in “Ye Old Tyme Spinster.”

Good luck, “Spinster.”

“What are you digging there for?”

“Eight dollars a week,” said Pat.

We have received the following exchanges: “The Capitoline,”
“The Stetrum,” “The Varsity,” “The E. H. S.” “The Red and
Black,” “The Interlude,” “The Lowell,” “The Lake Breeze,” “The
Whims,” “The Academy Journal,” “The Salute,” “The High School
Sentinel,” “Ye Old Tyme Spinster,” “The Orange and Black,” “The
Comet,” and “The Ohaun.”

There is many a simple word in our language, which we use
every day of our lives, never thinking of its possible derivation or
of its peculiarity of sound unless our attention is drawn to it. The
word “news,” for instance, is commonly supposed to be so called from
the fact that it refers to items of interest which are “new” to us. As
a matter of fact it originated as follows:

The papers printed and circulated at first were in the form of
tracts or dissertations in advocacy of some economic or religious
theory. Eventually a column or so of space was given to notes of
interest in the nature of current happenings gathered from the vari-
ous portions of the country or world. This column was called the
North, East, West and South column, and was so headed. Later whole
papers came to be devoted to this use and were headed by the same
four words. As the papers became more common the initial letters, N. E. W. S., alone were used and finally even the periods were dropped, the papers becoming simple news papers and their contents was news.

A pen-knife is a very common thing, but the knowledge or thought of why so called is not so common. Before the steel pen was invented, the quill pen was universally used among writers and those learning to write. Now this little article of commerce and general utility had a very disagreeable method of getting out of repair, especially when in the hands of careless pupils, and it was no inconsiderable feature of the schoolmaster's qualifications to be able to make and repair such with dexterity and dispatch. He usually supplied himself with a small knife made for this purpose and called from its use a "penknife."

---

Senior Class Notes

Addie A. (in Physics)—What do you call this experiment? Ida Y.—Never mind; you will have called it lots of names before you are through with it.

Mr. Loomis—Are there any remarks to be made on these essays? Miss Gray—I think Mr. O'Brien is a little too full.

From the recitation room of the High School
Rose many a pleasant smile,
While each Senior selected his bonnet
From the old rose and silver pile.

At last the assembly door opened
And we saw Mr. Taylor's sweet face,
And heard him say with such fondness
That he wished to see each in his place.

So down through the hall we skittled,
And there with our hearts filled with pride
We hung up our eighteen new bonnets
And left them there all side by side.

But there in assembly sat glaring,
With green eyes, the Juniors—they're classed—
And each vowed he'd have his vengeance
As up through the aisle we all passed.

Oh, Alas for the day when they came here,
And alas for the day when they leave,
For in spite of our careful examples
They ever our loving hearts grieve.

But just then the gong had been sounded,
Oh, how long the morning had been.
As we thought of the caps we'd be sporting
We could not resist a broad grin.
Then into the cloak-room we hurried
And craned for a glimpse of our caps.
But there was not one left there hanging.
Why, it threw us all in a state of collapse.

Then we gazed on the wayward Juniors,
For we knew they'd be sorry, too,
And we murmured: 'We must forgive them,
For they know not what they do.'

Oh, yes, those Juniors grew sorry,
And often you'd hear them cheer
With: 'Don't fret, little class mate, darling;
We'll trade for our pin. Do you hear?'

So now, since that day, and unheeded
By the Juniors' covetable eyes,
Our caps always hang in safety.
Moral: On the Seniors there are no flies.

Mr. Taylor—How many are cold? Well, I'll make it warm for you.

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Junior Notes

The gray and pink (so-called silver and old-rose) hats of the Seniors were not injured in the least in the class fight that occurred the other evening. "In fact," as a member of the Junior class remarked, "you couldn't make them look any worse."

It seems that, notwithstanding the fact that most of those hats were ordered a quarter or a half a size larger than the number usually worn, nearly all of them proved to be too small. We wonder why.

A few Seniors are still crying out in voices of despair, "Bring back, bring back, O bring back our bonnets to us."

There is no one who will deny that the Junior O. H. S. '06 class pins are the prettiest and most appropriate that could have been selected. When it comes to a matter of real taste, the Juniors are there with the required qualities.

A Sophomore was heard to remark the other day: "Those Seniors don't stand by us worth a darn."

Does anybody know why Mr. H. D. ordered two class pins? Perhaps somebody down in California knows more about the extra pin than we do.

Mr. Garrison declares that lobsters are scarce. We do not agree with him. There are none in the Junior Class, however.

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To a few inexperienced freshmen: “She gives the side-long glance and looks down. Beware! Beware!”

Paul (to junior maiden): “Gieb mir einen Kuss in die Dunkelheit.”

She: “Ja.”

Heard in the laboratory: “Quite home like is’n’t it?”

Judging by the recitations of Miss Wiseman in Geometry, she is certainly all her name implies.

In his distribution of presents will Santa Claus please carefully consider the following needs:

For Hugh, a whole car-load of gum.
For Mitchell, complete shaving apparatus.
For Paul, a stein.
For Ben H., a rubber dollie.
For all the girls a book on “How to be beautiful.”
For the Freshies, teething-rings.
For the Sophomores and Seniors, picture books.
For the Juniors, gold medals for a whole year of good behavior.

---

**Eighth Grade Notes**

At last we can say that our efforts have been fruitful and that our desire is satisfied. We now have our piano. Although it is not entirely paid for as yet, we are safe in saying that in a short time we can look the whole world in the face and owe not any man. We are especially indebted to the under grades for their valuable support, and also to Mr. Ross, the druggist, who kindly allowed us to use one of his store windows in which to display our goods and conduct our sales.

Of Pennsylvania oft we hear
Sweet to us the name so dear;
Here we sit; all in a row,
What comes next we do not know.

--A. W.

Isn’t it strange that Fan H. can locate San Francisco so easily now?

We regret very much that we have lost a friend and classmate in Gordon Churchill who has moved to San Francisco.

If anyone who has not contributed to our piano fund, and feels slighted, a ten or twenty left with any one of the eighth grade pupils will find its home.

---

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Alumni Notes

Perhaps if some of our brilliant and witty graduates would give us a chance to hear of them we might be able to make these notes more interesting. But as it stands now we are only able to give the following:

Ted Callow, Abe Courtwright, William Manier and Albert Emerson of the '03 Class, and Mr. Stone of the '09 Class were here to play in the Alumni and Hi School game during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Miss Marion Blankenship of the '04 Class had to return home from Portland, Or., on account of illness.

Mr. Taylor of the '08 Class, now one of the staff of our famous teachers, seemed quite interested in the Senior and Junior class fight. We don't think Mr. Taylor took part in such an interesting class fight while attending Hi School.

Probably by the time this issue reaches our fair readers many of the graduates will be home enjoying a good time, but we regret to say some will be unable to go home for the holidays on account of being so far away.

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THE OLYMPUS

WIT AND HUMOR

"Laugh and the world laughs with you." If only more people would take that little quotation to heart we would have a brighter, happier world. An innocent little laugh has worked wonders. It has often changed what seemed the most serious affair into a ridiculous comedy. It has given discouraged people new inspirations and has brought success and fame.

In ancient times kings had jesters whose sole purpose was to make sport and merriment for the court. After banquets and great celebrations the "fool" was always summoned to finish the affair with a display of his wit and humor. Although that custom is now extinct, wit and humor still remain the same. What are wit and humor? They are often classed as the same, but they are widely different. "Wit laughs at you. Humor laughs with you. Wit flashes and searches. Humor smiles and gleams. Wit spares neither friend nor foe. Humor placates both." Wit is keen, sudden brief, and sometimes severe; humor is deep, thoughtful, sustained.

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OLYMPIA
and kindly. Wit is usually an exaggeration, while humor deals with plain truth, told in an amusing way. An instance of wit is shown in the story illustrating the reserve of Englishmen. A young Oxford student was standing on the bank of a river very much agitated at the sight of a drowning man. He cried out, “Oh that I had been introduced to this gentleman that I might save his life.”

The Irish are said to be the Wittiest people on earth. It is an old saying that it requires a surgical operation to drive a joke into an Englishman’s or Scotchman’s head. Yet we find this statement untrue in the Scotchman’s case. Robert Burns wrote some of the Wittiest poems in modern literature.

The Americans are well favored with a keen sense of both wit and humor. Washington Irving’s works are humorous, and this is shown in his description of Ichabod Crane. Mark Twain is now considered the most humorous writer of modern times. His descriptions in “Innocence Abroad” are the best illustrations of humor which can be found.

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J. T. (in grammar)—B shows connection,
Mr. Loomis—Yes, a “bee” shows pretty close connections some times.

Mr. S. will be glad to tell you of the archbishop who was scoured three times a day.

Mr. L. (in grammar) Place your thoughts upon the board.
Claud—Well, I don’t think.

’Tis said the Seniors carry their “ideas” in their “hats.” Doubtless a search upon the campus soon after Dec. 6 would have resulted in the discovery of many brilliant “ideas.”

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