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THE OLYMPUS

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only right that every pupil of this High School should read their advertisements and
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The Lewis and Clarke Expedition
Laura Drum, '08.

The Lewis and Clarke Expedition is of much interest at the present time, owing to the exposition to be given the coming summer at Portland in honor of the brave and famous explorers. In performing their mission, they had many dangerous adventures and hairbreadth escapes. They were truly the heroes of their time, and men well deserving of all the praise and honor they have received.

President Jefferson had ever been a father to Meriwether Lewis; had himself watched and taught him, and Lewis revered the great man's learning. Jefferson had never given up the plan of a western exploration, and in 1803 saw a chance of accomplishing it, also a man to lead it.

Preparations began. Congress appropriated twenty-five hundred dollars to cover expenses. The Cabinet ladies supervised the needle department and prepared many comforts for these wanderers of the West. Lewis went to Philadelphia to study science and Indian history under a very noted professor, and spent three months in severest toil, learning scientific terms and calculating latitude and longitude. He then returned to Washington, packed his belongings and departed with parting instructions from the President.

At Pittsburg, George Shannon, a boy friend, joined him. George was of a happy, cheerful disposition and proved to be a great comfort to his beloved Captain. After having several boats built, he left August 31, for Fort Washington, Cincinnati.

Lewis had selected as his companion for the expedition, William Clarke, brother to George Rogers Clarke, the conqueror of Illinois and hero of St. Louis. William was a brave boy, absolutely unflinching in the face of danger. He was not a handsome lad. His hair was red, but as a friend of the family said: "A strain of heroic benevolence runs through the red-headed Clarke," and William was not an exception. After a tender parting with his family, he joined Lewis at Louisville, Kentucky.

After much difficulty, they procured the services of about forty men, among them a brave, cheerful Irishman, named Patrick Gass, the predestined wit of the expedition, also a Frenchman named Drouillard, for interpreter.

They spent the winter at St. Louis where Lewis pursued his
scientific studies, while Clarke drilled the men at camp. On May 9, they witnessed the transfer of Louisiana Territory from the French to the Americans, and five days later, two pirogues and a large chateau left St. Louis with Clarke as captain. A few days later Lewis joined them at St. Charles, and they steamed the Missouri in her wild June rise, a very dangerous undertaking. The days grew warmer and warmer; some of the men were sunstruck and many were sick.

On June 26, hot and tired, they tied up at the mouth of the Kansas river, on the present site of Kansas City. Soon the boats crept on and the next month they sailed past the mouth of the great River Platte. Ten days later they met the Otoe Indians at Council Bluffs and distributed gifts and medals among the chiefs.

A week later they entered the Omaha country, and raised a flag on the grave of Blackbird, the powerful chief of the Omaha tribe. While at the village of this tribe, Lewis and Clarke lost a beloved comrade, Sergeant Floyd. While dying, the sick boy dispatched his last message to the old Kentucky home. A few days later, when a vote was cast for a new sergeant in the place of Floyd, Patrick Gass received the honor.

They soon arrived in the territory of the Sioux, called "cut-throats" among the tribes. The whole expedition paused a day for a grand Buffalo hunt; then went to the Indian camp, where Captain Lewis delivered the usual speech and presented flags and medals. Clark was a source of wonder to the great Indian diplomats. They had painted their faces with red, but had never seen it on the head of man. They begged for powder and ball and the explorers congratulated themselves on this favorable encounter, promised everything, and went forward with renewed courage.

Shannon, the jolly boy of the expedition, was lost. On the 28th of August he had gone out to hunt stray horses. On the 11th of September the forlorn boy, emaciated and weary came dragging into camp, and his story was soon told.

Late that night the guard gave the startling cry "Danger! Quick! The bank is losing!" They just had time to push out into midstream, barely escaping death.

A few days later, sixty Indians came down from a Sioux camp to hold council with the white men. The captains wished to go on, but Black Buffalo, the chief, detained them, and would have seized Clark but for the timely assistance of Lewis. The next day they were entertained at the council tent and the explorers departed with no more desire to cultivate the friendship of the Sioux.

We next find them out at Pierce, South Dakota, at the fortress of the Mandans. Legends said that the Mandans were white people once, but they had so many wars that they were forced to cross the mountains, and having made boats, they went down the Ohio and up the Missouri "where to this day they live, the fair-faced and blue-eyed Mandans." Here Lewis engaged Joussama, an independent French trader, for interpreter. Then began the building of the winter camp, a source of much wonder to the Indians. In November the triangular fort was ready, two rows of cabins of four rooms each. On Christmas Eve the stockade was finished and the gate was shut, and Captain Lewis sent out the following announcement; "Let no one visit us to-morrow, it is our great medicine day."

For his Christmas stocking each man received an allowance of flour, dried apples and pepper, which with corn, beans, squash and buffalo meat, made out a Christmas feast. At one o'clock the gun sounded for dinner, and at two the signal for the dance. The jolly fiddler said: "Everybody, he must dance. We'll do our possible." This was the first American Christmas on the upper Missouri.

York, Clarke's devoted negro servant, was a constant source of amusement and wonder to the Indians, a complete menagerie in himself. They asked him where he came from, to which he replied, "I was running wild in the woods and was caught and tamed by my master." On the other hand, the Indians and their customs were a source of interest to the white men. One of the Mandan's most peculiar customs was that of mutilating the body to show grief for relatives.

The British fur traders jealously watched the movements of Lewis and Clarke, and at last visited them at Fort Mandan, the result of which was the decision to establish a series of trading posts in the unknown territory.

On March 1st, preparations began on building new boats. They had been snowbound at Fort Mandan for five months. They made strong boxes in which they packed horns and skins, robes and Indian dresses, bows, arrows and shields, sixty-seven specimens of minerals and samples of corn; also sixty specimens of plants, all carefully labelled, seeds, insects, a live prairie dog in a wicker cage, and four mappys, and a map of the Missouri. Lastly, many letters were added.

April 7th, 1805, the barge carrying these things for the President left Fort Mandan for St. Louis, with ten men. At the same time seven small canoes and two pirogues shot up the river carrying thirty-one men and Sacajawea with her child. Sacajawea, the Bird Woman, was a handsome young Indian slave, the wife of Charbon-
cau, a Frenchman. She held the key to the Western Mountains. When but a child she was captured and carried away from her nation and home in the west. She was therefore, well versed in the trails, and the only one who could safely guide the expedition through these unknown wilds.

Lewis went ahead to the mouth of the Yellowstone river, and here he met his first bear—a grizzly. In the days that followed they had many fights, not only with bears, but with buffaloes, snakes and fire. On May 26, Lewis first caught sight of the Rocky Mountains, the “object of all his hopes, and the reward of all his ambition.”

They had many severe struggles against the swift currents of the river. Struggling along shore with the rope on their shoulders, the men lost their moccasins in the clinging clay and went barefoot, often wading in the icy water.

On June 3, the river forked and parties were sent out to reconnaissance. Finally, the captains set out in opposite directions, and on returning, both chose the southern route. Lewis went on ahead to make sure, while Clark directed the deposit of what they could spare in the “cache,” a cellar dug out of the ground. On the first day out Lewis was taken very sick, but by the next morning was able to proceed.

Ten days later he reached the Cataracts of the Missouri, and a man was dispatched to notify Clarke of the discovery. Lewis pushed on alone and night overtook him near the head of the series of cataracts. Here he was confronted by a bear, and having no time to load his gun, he made a wild leap into the river. He clambered out and was about to start for camp, when sixty paces in front of him there crouched a strange animal, as if to spring. Lewis fired and a mountain lion fled. He then hurried to camp, and worn out, fell asleep, only to awaken to find a huge rattlesnake coiled around the tree above his head. Such was earth primeval.

Captain Clarke soon arrived with the main body of the expedition and they went into camp at Sulphur Springs, Montana. Sacajawea was very ill from exposure, but she received very good care and soon rallied.

Now began the construction of rude wagons to transport the boats and baggage around the Falls, and a month was spent in constructing and transporting them a distance of eighteen miles. On July 15, 1805, the boats were launched above the Great Falls of the Missouri. Clark followed an Indian trail by land and ten days later, arrived at the three forks of the Missouri, which they named the Jefferson, Madison and Galatin, for the three great statesmen and their wives.

The boats were reloaded and began to ascend the Jefferson. Captain Clarke was worn out, so they camped at Beaverhead Rock, an Indian landmark, and Lewis with three companions, set out to hunt the Shoshone tribe, Sacajawea’s people. After several days he met them, and when the expedition joined them, they witnessed a happy reunion between Sacajawea and her brother and his tribe.

After buying horses and sinking their canoes, the expedition journeyed down the main Bitter Root valley and named Clark’s river, crossed it and camped a day to rest their horses. Lame and weary, straight across Idaho they struggled into the Lolo trail. The Indians in this territory were very hospitable and friendly.

On October 4, they burnt canoes out of logs and floated down to the blue Columbia. Word flew ahead by an Indian express and Lewis and Clarke were met at the Columbia by two hundred Indians singing the redmen’s signal of friendship.

Councils were held with the chief and one Yakima chief drew a map of the river so valuable on a robe with a coal, that Clark afterwards transferred it to paper, and the robe was taken to Jefferson, who hung it up in Monticello, his home.

Clarke climbed a cliff two hundred feet above the water, and spied St. Helens. While there he killed a crane, and it descanted so quickly that some of the Indians who had not been notified by the Indian express, said “they are not men. We saw them fall from heaven with great thunder. They bring fire from the sky.”

By good steering the party passed through the rapids at the Dalles, and Lewis and Clarke saw wooden houses for the first time since leaving Illinois. Traces of white men began to appear. November 4, they landed at a village opposite the present Vancouver, and camped at a late hour, but no one slept on account of the noise and rain. They pushed on towards the ocean and at last reached it, the “object of all their labors, the reward of all their anxieties.” The shores were so wild and rocky, they could find no place to camp.

Everything was wet, bedding, stores and clothing soaked through, and there was nothing to eat but raw dried salmon, wet with the sea water; many of the men began to be ill from exposure and improper food.

Lewis and eleven men went around the bay where white people had camped all summer, but nothing remained. The ships had sailed. In December they built a winter camp at a place ten miles from the ocean, and cabins were built out of logs, and by Christmas seven cabins were covered and the floors laid. The chimneys were filled with clay, and fir log fires were set roaring in the capacious chimneys.
that filled an entire end of each cabin. On Christmas day they moved in with Christmas salutes to their new home, Fort Clatsop. They were happy and comfortable, and the modest Shoshone Princess never dreamed how the presence of her child and herself gave a touch of domesticity to that Oregon winter.

All the men not hunters, dressed and sewed leather and skins and bought hats and mocasins from the Clatsop. Clark completed a map of the country, including rivers and mountains, from Fort Mandan to Clatsop. On February 21, Lewis and Clarke prepared a memorial and drew a map of their route on the back.

Sunday, March 23, 1806, the boats were loaded and all was ready for the return. Chief Caboway of the Clatsop Indians, came to bid them goodbye. In gratitude for favors during the winter, Lewis and Clarke presented their houses and furniture to the kind hearted old chief who made this fort his winter home during the remainder of his life. Taking final leave at one o'clock, they went past Cathlamet and at sunset, March 30, camped on a beautiful prairie, the future site of historic Vancouver.

They camped for ten days at the base of the river Sandy, and a dozen hunters set out to collect enough meat to last them until they reached the Nez Perce nation in Idaho. Lewis hearing of a river that flowed into the Columbia from the south, set out with seven men in a canoe. When they reached the river, five snow peaks burst in view—Rainier, Hood, St. Helens, Adams, and one which Clark at once saluted—‘Mount Jefferson’ For the first recorded time a white man gazed on the river Willamette.

Clarke pressed on a dozen miles or more up the great inland river, and slept one night near the present Portland, and returned around Warriors’ Point, whence the Multnomahs, a lordly nation of Indians, were wont to issue to battle in their huge canoes.

The expedition set out for The Dalles. Arrived there, The Dalles Indians stole so many things and caused so much delay that their food supply failed and the expedition was bankrupt. The good chief of the Walla Walla Indians gave them food and shelter, and on June 16, 1806, with sixty-five horses, Lewis and Clark started back over the Lolo trail, by which they had entered.

On July 3, the expedition separated, Lewis to cross to the Falls of the Missouri and explore the Marias river; Clarke to come to the three forks and cross to the Yellowstone. Lewis met the dreaded Blackfoot Indians, who stole his gun and horses. He hastily escaped and went down the Missouri to join the others. Clarke and the expedition climbed the Yellowstone Pass and then went nine hundred miles down the Yellowstone river to its junction with the Missouri. There the party were happily reunited.

They soon reached Fort Mandan and left the interpreter Charabeau and his wife Sacajawea there. Clarke said he would take her child and educate him as a white child, and she promised to take him in a year to Washington City.

Passing through the Sioux country, they soon reached Charette and set out on the last stretch homeward. They reached St. Louis at noon Tuesday, September 23, 1806, after an absence of nearly two and one-half years. They were heartily welcomed and honored, and after a few days spent in this old town, left for Washington. On the way they stopped at their homes, to be welcomed with open arms.

In January they reached Washington, where further welcome and honors awaited them. Each received sixteen hundred acres of land, and Lewis was appointed governor of Louisiana; Clarke, brigadier general and Indian agent for the same territory, and in addition they received the plaudits of a whole nation.
The Pattern Cut.

The shaping of the human ego is my theme—the moulding of dry ego dust into a man.

Traits and tendencies inherited from ancestors long line—that is ego dust, the earliest material of the man.

In this is hid the germ of human consciousness, as the green life in the sere dry seed, that one day shall bud and blossom into human personality. Moistened by the tender ministration of mother-love this ego dust is moulded into shape by parent hands.

Plastic and unresisting at first, it shortly takes the fashion and the form of the household gods, and in outline and feature comes to represent the ideals that dominate the home.

Sometime this fashioning is according to design—design considered, determined and approved—sometimes, without design. Caprice and impulse work their will and mar the ego child for future time.

By touches light or heavy, gentle or rough, the marvel grows, and always beautiful or not, according to the picture in the minds of those whose fashioning hands were laid upon the ego babe, and child, and youth, till one day it stands complete—a thinking, willing, conscious man.

Thus is the ego shaped without, according to the model and pattern of the home. But only shaped, for its life and growth is but the pushing out and up of the budding soul.

In earliest days, passive and obedient to the subtle touches of environment, it soon develops and asserts a will.

A blind, unreasoning will, a will to do, but not to be. With reason’s dawn there comes the earliest hint of consciousness—and with it some small sense of the eternal Ought—the universal yoke that all men wear, save only lawless ones.

This is the morning of life’s first day. Here the ego passive bursts its bonds, and the ego active turns its fresh face towards the glowing east to greet the rising sun.

From this the beauty, grace and strength of all after days wait on its willingness to receive and not repel, assist and not antagonize the loving thought and purpose of the parent mind.

At last the work is done and the ego stands complete in that self consciousness that is the measure of the finished man.

THE OLYMPUS

The early infant will to do has become a will to be.

Aspirations has followed hard upon the heels of ripening reason, and the very best becomes the very least that seems worthy of attainment or desire.

Here the human ego walks and talks as with the gods, and material things appeal to him only as steps by which to reach the rarer pleasures of the upper realms.

Julia Ailing

The School: Its Great Advantages.

We now at the High School graduating stage of our education, are very prone to think, if not to say, that school has great advantages in preparing us to stand before so friendly, though severely critical an audience, to furnish them with amusement and material for thought and discussion and perchance remind them very forcibly of the blacksmith’s axiom “the longer the spoke the greater the tire.” But nevertheless we readily and graciously consent and even make haste to assert that school has advantages. School, a place for acquiring knowledge and mental training; with this as an instrument in the making of a man, the mere crude materials, the essentials of a human being are so influenced and moulded toward certain ends; the predominant grosser qualities so transformed; the soul, heart and mind so improved and broadened that we cannot but realize what a potent factor it is. School is the place where the films of the brain are imprinted with impressions and that knowledge which becomes the capital of life, to be used in the battle with material, physical and mental obstacles; and as the means for overcoming and transforming them into smooth and easy agents in the building up of material facts and even dreams.

Step by step gaining with every minute detail that poignant touch of sympathy and refinement the symbolism of all things harmonious and symmetrical and broad insight of human nature, the elements which go to make a man are shaped even a little nearer the ideal made in the image of God.

As Lowell has said “the advantage of study is not, I suspect, in the number of things we learn by it, but simply that it teaches us the one thing worth knowing—not what but how to think.” To think, can an untrained mind think? Will it plunge into the great ocean of learning or only venture keeping close to the shore satisfied with a mere dabbling? School is the initial point of this orbicular stream of knowledge which never ceases to flow and which grows fuller and wider with each acquired wealth. It, with training and discipline,
guides thoughts from diffusion to concentration, brings a keen sense of the pleasures of life and proportionately of its sorrows and makes men capable of doing things, longing and yearning to achieve.

Through the long vista of childish school days men in the miniature are but made men more apt and efficient scholars in God's great school of life; “where facts are teachers, experiences are lessons, friends are guides, work is a master, love an interpreter, joy carries a divining rod and discloses hidden fountains, sorrow an astronomer who shows us the stars,” and from where if every lesson has been met, grappled with and conquered we may graduate men, “the noblest in reason, the most infinite in faculty, the most admirable in form and movement, the beauty of the world and the paragon of animals.”

Winfred A. Lang

Life Purposes Made Clear.

Purpose gives meaning to life, for whether our purpose be high or low, our efforts are put forward in that direction and our lives thus modeled by them. A worthy purpose gives dignity and power to life. The church is the institution which sets before mankind the highest purposes.

We may ask why is the church so well adapted for this? One reason, it is God’s representative in the world. This alone shows that this is the work of that institution, consequently it takes a broader view of life than that represented by the mere intellectual or physical. It has been well said “the church touches the whole man—mind, heart, conscience, will.” It sets forth purposes which develop the highest within man.

It presents the simple life as one of the purposes for which all are to strive. An unselfish life is another worthy purpose. As life centered about oneself cannot be successful or satisfactory in the highest sense. There must be sacrifice made for others, deeds of kindness done. A life dedicated to others will prove to be happier and more successful than one full of selfish acts. The poet says:

Oh, if the selfish knew how much they lost,
What would they not endeavor—not endure
To imitate as far as in them lay,
Him, who his wisdom and his power employs
In making others happy.

The church says that there must be a continual growth in this higher life. Just as a bud is opened and discloses the beauty of the blossom, so the true man must unfold his life that its grandeur and beauty may be enjoyed by others.

A noble life lived humbly is one which all admire, and this should be our aim. How much better to serve God nobly than to please the world. Someone has said:

“There’s more heroic action,
More deeds of honor done,
In quiet, humble walks of life
Than ever battles won.”

Christ, our great example, though man of kings, lived grandly and nobly a simple life, and the church strives to reveal his life. Man’s position is naturally a high one, for was he not made in God’s own blessed image?

Why was man so eminently raised amid the vast creation?
To exalt his generous aims to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast,
And through the mists of passion, of sense,
And through the passing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while
The voice of truth and virtue, up the
StEEP ascent of nature
Calls him to his high reward.”

De La Loomis

Society as a Polish.

We have been lead through the growth and training of men from their early childhood in the home, to the preparatory schools, through it to the college, and we are about to note what changes have taken place in them since leaving all this behind.

We assume that the average college man has a good general education, yet he lacks many things. He has not the experience, the rough edges stand out at all angles, and his acquired knowledge is not in such shape that he can apply it at once. He knows nothing of the rougher and meaner side of the world, he does not fully appreciate the fight he is about to undertake.

From childhood he has been protected—in the school, home and church life he has been surrounded by friends, who have done all in their power to make life pleasant, and anything which would mar or dull his polish in any way has been carefully fended to one side.

What improvements do we look for in a young man after a few years of business life? Elements of character not prominent before, self-reliance, business ability, and the respect and trust of his friends and the general public.

These are but a few of the many and varying sides of him which
the world has polished, sand-papered and brought into a place of prominence from among a host of lesser qualities.

We may say—well if he gained all these points since opening his business career, what help was a course in college? He was taught what lessons in the school? What in the church and home? They are all there, and from the foundation without which no success is possible.

Yet, regardless of all that can be done—though his moral training in the church and home may have been of the best, and he may have had advantages not accessible to all, yet he may go wrong, for from a practical point of view, as long as people are human, no amount of theory will ever decide a man's career for him.

The home and school may lay the solid foundation for his character, business and contact with older men may give the strength, broaden the mind, smooth the rough edges and help him to stand on his feet, yet social—so-called "society," is the finishing touch after all, that gives assurance, a polish and a confidence in self that helps him appear better before the world.

Not egotism, but self respect, is a strong factor in success, and nothing will give this more readily than mingling with people of culture and refinement.

Lloyd O'Brien

Government Provides Problems.

Government is a powerful factor in the development of man. What a vast influence it has exerted on the generations of the past, and is exerting on the present age! Do we realize and appreciate it?

The object of government is to secure the greatest good to the greatest number of people and to accomplish this without injury to any individual. History and observation show that where people as citizens take individual interest in the affairs of the government and feel their obligations to their country that government is advancing in the accomplishment of its object, and that the citizens are advancing at the same time toward the standard set for man.

In the administration of government, problems arise which perplex the minds of the greatest scholars of our country. Broad and liberal minded men are required to solve them, men who are capable of discussing them from the broadest point of view. Take, for instance, the great international arbitration problems. They require thorough discussion by the most competent men of the nation in order to solve them satisfactorily for all countries involved.

The problems provided by government are numerous and complex. Some are solved with difficulty and agitation, others with great facility. One of the greatest problems before the United States at the present time is that pertaining to the trusts, or public service corporations. The question is "which shall control, the trusts or the people?"

There are social and economic problems today much more perplexing than those in the days when government was in its infancy. These are due to changes in economic conditions, as the growth of population and wealth. The political questions are subject not only to many of the changes influencing economic problems, but also to changes in the character of humanity.

It is hard to forecast the problems of the future. The years following will bring changes just as the preceding years have done. In character the problems will be more difficult and urgent. This is natural. The next few years will be occupied with efforts to deal with these, and their solution will demand not only great legal skill, but great economic wisdom.

Thus the mind of man is broadened, and his intellectual powers developed by active participation in the solution of the problems which government provides.

Laura Drum

Alumni Notes

Mr. Horace Sawin, '04, who is attending Baker University, Kansas, though a freshman, he has made a fine record on the baseball team of that institution.

Miss Edith Hopp, '04, and Miss Clara Sheldon, '04, were visiting the High School on the 17th.

Mr. Bert Umpleby, '02, was a welcome visitor at the High School and gave a fine speech to the student body.

Miss Edna Talcott, '04, visited the High School a few weeks ago.

Why don't the graduates of the school take more interest in their school paper? If the alumni members will do their part we will do ours. Write an article for the Olympus and send it to the alumni editor, who will be thankful for a few contributions.

The seniors wonder if they will be given a banquet.
University of Washington 2nd Summer Session

Commencing June 19 and closing July 26.
The work offered embraces three weeks in pleasant, profitable study.

EDITORIAL

ELIZABETH MACLEAY, EDITOR

NOW that the school year is nearing completion we are having many enjoyable visits from the so-called inspectors. This is, of course, a result of our being on the accredited list of the University of Washington and the leading educational institutions throughout the state. The inspectors not only carefully examine and, to an extent, outline our work, but they manage to bring the college and high school into closer relationship. Each representative from the various schools is naturally wrapped up in his own institution and so the students are presented with a glowing account of the all and can then determine in which, if any, they wish to continue their work. Perhaps Professor S. B. L. Penrose of Whitman College has especially awakened the interest of the pupils in general and the seniors in particular in the school in which he is supervisor. Besides commending our high school very highly and giving us a very pleasing address, Professor Penrose generously offered a year's free tuition at Whitman College to the senior with the highest honors. The goal is worth striving for. Enter the race, seniors.

ONE of the most substantial and best conducted legislative assemblies that have been known to come together in the history of our nation was the honorable body of law makers of the mock legislature of the state of Washington, that met at the high school about two months ago. The senate, composed of the fairest politicians and noted debaters in the land should be highly esteemed for the valuable services they rendered to our state. The house, too, was a well qualified body, but from a practical standpoint the senate, owing to their breadth of thought, wise propositions and their wonderful foresight far excelled them.

With large placards bearing their name and county held up most conspicuously, and with much important rustling and giggling they were accustomed to ascend the stairs during the session to the halls that soon reverberated from all sides with the most complex and argumentative problems of the day. Being a highly intellectual body and well informed as to the current issues and the necessities of the state they would proceed to business at once with roll call. After it had been moved and seconded that the minutes of the previous meeting be dispensed with (fortunately since there never were any) a dead
pause was wont to follow and an expression of inexpressible blankness on the faces of the dignified members. On one memorable occasion one of the most aggressive timidly arose and suggested in a dubious tone that perhaps they ought to pass some bills. Miss Inez Hadley, a prominent politician, well known in public life immediately introduced a bill to increase the salary of the senators to $15 a day, declaring that since she was leaving a flourishing business in Spokane county to spend at least three hours a week helping to establish the government of this infant state, she must, therefore, reluctantly demand higher recompense. After peculiarly slight resistance the bill rushed through with a startling majority. The capital question uppermost in the minds of this gathering was duly discussed. Miss Wyman, with the confidence of a genius, argued bravely for Olympia retaining the seat of government. She dwelt extensively upon the increased taxation and upon the fickleness of state, and then becoming very eloquent and pointing dramatically between the horizon and nowhere, ended with a despairing cry of “Oh dear, I can’t do it right!” The sympathy is, now become so intense that public feeling would not allow the meeting to resume, and they were about to adjourn when they received summons to convene with the house in joint session to ballot for senator. Their spirits are now restored and they rush down stairs pell-mell to cast their vote for Leo Jones.

THE Thurston County Teachers’ Institute when in session appeared to be a source of much animosity to a number of our high school students. Whether they desired to hear the words of wisdom which usually prevail at such places, or not, cannot be said, but they certainly found great enjoyment in having the tables turned and being able to critic the behavior of our faculty. Many strange stories have reached the ears of the editor concerning the Misses Todd, Bigelow and Ranney’s conduct relative to their writing notes and pulling one another’s hair, etc., but our principal has told us that they preserved perfect decorum. If so, we are delighted, for we surely set them a better example, but the gentleman mentioned did not refer to his own bearing on this occasion. The youthful visitors say that he was once observed calmly reading “wanted, a match maker,” while some learned philosopher was declaiming about the lad who was exposed to algebra and geometry but did not take them. We judge, therefore, that exposed to the two evils, Mr. Taylor probably caught the effects of —— —— little masterpiece.

IT seems to have become a fad among the faculty to set apart certain days for oratorical improvement among the students. This has been the instigation of many thoughtful and well planned programs, the classes vying with one another for the honor of being the best entertainers. So far the glory probably rests with the junior class who displayed considerable cleverness in their rendering of the court scene in the “Merchant of Venice.” If other fields fail, they will, we assume that they will, merely have to direct their attention to the stage in order to be crowned with laurels.

I HAVE heard it said that the best experience a person experiences is the experience he experiences when he experiences his own experience. This must be the case with those gorgeous sophomore ties and the poor little freshmen. The sophs do not appear to have remembered the experience that the seniors experienced with the juniors, their rivals, when they sailed forth in their ’05 caps, or they would not have ventured to thus adorn themselves without first consulting their friends, the freshmen. The latter evidently envying the artistic color scheme of their mortal enemies, lost no time trying to scatter a beautiful shade of gold and St. Patrick’s day green to all the directions on terra firma. The corridors were veritably filled with the wrathful opponents all one day busily engaged in trying to masticate the fabric, in which they were only partially successful. When the strenuous day was finally ended, it was a sad-faced file of sophs who soberly turned homeward devoid of their late ornaments which were soon partially replaced. But what they had lost in beauty they doubtless had gained in experience.

The opportunity to work and study is a blessing.
But the will to do for others is superb and a labor of love.
To appreciate and be appreciated.

HAZEN WHITE MAYNARD.

CLUB NOTES

The glee clubs are to be complimented upon the pleasing little cantata they presented at the theatre on the 6th of May. The effect carried out was, to say the least, very unique, and was enjoyed by a large, as well as appreciative audience.

Both the girls’ and boys’ literary and debating clubs awakened to some truly good work this year. Work of which any such organization might be proud. Though at times, perhaps, when assigned subjects to discuss, the members were inclined to complain they all are ready to gladly acknowledge the good results now. The only
challenge made out of town was with the Seattle high school. Great were the preparations and excitement relative to the debate. Every member of the high school was present prepared to congratulate our three orators. Nor were they disappointed, nor were the Olympia citizens who were there, disappointed. Although Seattle produced good argument, accompanied with a strong, pleasing delivery, our team appeared only inspired with their opponent's power. At the end of the evening Olympia had won the debate and not even at Athletic park did the students ever display such genuine delight as they did then.

O. H. S. DEBATING TEAM.

THE OLYMPUS

Higher Education.

It is a well established fact that the average high school graduate is not intellectually, and many times physically, prepared to go out into the world and fight the battles of life, and fight them successfully.

To make a success in this world a person should be a specialist, a master of some one thing, and when you are master of one thing your success is assured.

It is not the work of a high school to make you a master of some one thing, simply to give a general education. Therefore higher education is a necessity the average high school graduate who wishes to make a mark in this world and enter upon a successful career.

Of course, there is the financial side of the question; but if a young person is very desirous of more knowledge an opportunity will surely present itself. Fortune knocks once at everybody's door, but as a late writer says, "She so often knocks unheard, when she does knock." So patiently watch, wait and work.

The state of Washington offers several fine opportunities to those of its residents who are desirous of higher education, through the several institutions that it supports, namely: the State University at Seattle, the State College at Pullman and the three State Normal Schools at Ellensburg, Bellingham and Cheney.

Whitman College, located at Walla Walla, is another institution of the first class; it is the only one of importance under private control.

These various schools have their specialties. Some of those of the State Universities are: Courses in Domestic Economy, Political Economy, Oratory, Engineering, Chemistry, and Foreign Languages.

Some of those of the State College are: Courses in Electrical, Mining, Civil and Mechanical Engineering, Pharmacy, Agriculture, Geology, and Zoology.

Whitman College has a fine collegiate course, and also a School of Music.

The Normals are schools for teachers and others who desire a practical education.

The Ellensburg and the Bellingham Normals each have a department of Manual Training.

Sidney Groat, '07.

Read the advertisements in this issue of the State University, the State College, Whitman College, Ellensburg and Bellingham Normal Schools.
Class Histories.

'05.

One sunny morning in September, in the year nineteen hundred and one, a long line of gay youths and fair damsels filed into the Assembly Hall of the Olympia High School—they were Freshmen, and oh! what ecstasy.

Being at the stage where “they knew not, but knew not that they knew not,” they felt most important. But after a few weeks of much unnecessary walking about, many questions and one or two good lectures from the faculty, they settled down and gave the promise of being one of the most brilliant, energetic, intellectual classes which ever illuminated the doors of that high pedestal of learning.

A year passed. They had sailed smoothly over the troubled waters, and had reached the beginning of another epoch in the history of their lives—the stage where “they knew not, but knew that they knew not”—Sophomores. In that year they put forth their best efforts in order that they might gain in the brilliancy which gave such remarkable promise, until they staved their mental powers to such an extent that they broke down physically, and trudged to their daily labors looking so wan and pale that they were termed as “The over-worked Sophomores.”

But despite their physical condition, they conquered that formidable foe which is an obstacle in the path of all students—final examinations—and after a beneficial rest for three months, the light of a new year dawned bright and clear. They were Juniors and “knew, but knew not that they knew.” There were no casualties during that period of their lives; probably a little class rivalry which lead up to the daring adventures of loyal youth to protect the honor of the class. It was one of the many times at this crisis which their motto “Adrem,” (to the point, to the purpose) was carried out with utmost zeal. Still they advanced, and their minds developed at such a wonderful rapidity that the stamp of intelligence was not only written on their faces, but also on whatever they did, until the faculty became so perplexed, and thought it so extraordinary that one class should be composed of such exceptionally bright students, that they deemed it best to advance them a step higher.

They were Seniors at last. “They knew, and knew that they knew.” They had achieved what they had ever been striving to
reach—the top. The four years had sped, but where had they gone? They were now at a point ever to be remembered, commencement day. "Twas then that they gained their last laurels; each individual rose to his feet with the assurance of a Plato, Napoleon or Washington and—well, perhaps it would be easier to tell what they did not do.

Prudence Estelle Wyman.

'06.

A theme worthy of a great chronicler, a subject to inspire a poet. The poet and the chronicler are not here, but the class is. To evolve its history revolved your poor historian's brain till rolling, circling, wheeling, it was carried far from its usual staid and sober state, and saw visions and dreamed dreams.

I sat by my table, the midnight lamp burned low; upon the wall a solemn picture fixed my gaze—it was memory. It seemed to rise and take shape above the broken fragments of A Dream of Hope. Shadowy forms half hid, half seen, moved to and fro, over and around that solemn form. "The air was stirred as by a mourner's sigh." No lips moved, but a voice said, "Historian, write! Write truly of the good. Let that live." As the voice ceased, another form, not human nor angelic like any shape or form of thing on earth, rose, and was by memory's side; a black vacancy, an outer engulfing darkness, unpeneetrable, but consuming all that came to it. I heard a voice saying: "Thus is Oblivion consigned to its unexplorable depths all that is not good." The things which pertained to the other classes flew to it and disappeared, the classes themselves remained, though the stature of their members shrank till they were no more than children emerging from the distant Hill of Peep of Day.

Again the voice said, "Write." The Historian said, 'what shall I write?' Memory's solemn face lit with a noble light and the eyes were eloquent with pleasure as the answer came, "Write of the honored members of your class and their achievements." "Fairest of all Freshmen in face and figure, heart and mind. Most modest and courteous of Sophomores were you. Your humility and maturity took away the reproach of egotism and gush, which from the days of ancients clung to that name. As Juniors, the germ of genius unfolded into the fruit of reality. The pride of the school and the joy of the faculty," I wrote. (At this glorious record the slowly moving shadows around memory started into life, taking the form of living exclamation and interrogation points in lurid scarlet and enamel.
black, they joined hands and circling to the left framed the shining face of memory in a circling May Day dance. Old Memory was proud for once and the historian was glad that he had emerged from the realm of sighs and tears in a region of perpetual joy when he made his visit to '95.)

Again Memory said "Write, write of what you did." I wrote under Memory's approving smile. We unraveled the maze of mathematics, straightened its crooks, squared its angles, conquered its areas, and almost squared its circle. We entered a psychological storm when we attacked the inner intrenchments of English, and strove our victorious course with its shattered fragments. And the tragedy we enacted upon wicked old Caesar needs only an Antony to expose the myriads of woe we gave him, and make us all immortal. With a spirit born of Paranasus we adorned Olympus and all the lesser things below. Our boys achieved victories on the green diamond and gridiron, and our girls in arts and accomplishments. The boys carried the flag to the north pole, and our girls carried it to the north star. There were some moments of loitering by the way—very pleasant, and perhaps quite as profitable as some other things.

The vision began to change, the wheeling shadows shaped themselves into the numerals "1906," and the summary of our classes' history into three shining words: Veni, Vidi, Vici.

The vision vanished, but the class is here. Its history is written.  

MAUD SAWIN.

'07.

It was a bright, sunny, September morn of 1903, and a group of thirty-two lads and lasses paused a moment at the foot of Mt. Olympus (the mountain of knowledge) ere they began to scale its rugged heights.

Behind them, green and smooth, lay the pathway they had but trod—eight years of completed school life. Before them, still stretched in a devious course, the path of knowledge.

Bouyantly they set forth, and although the pathway was sometimes steep and rocky, they labored diligently, each difficulty surmounted giving new courage and strength.

At last the path led through the very haunts of the god Pan. He it is who is learned in nature and presides over the forests. Looking favorably on these toiling mortals, he called his merry, dancing nymphs and the woods echoed with their light, airy songs. Latona's children too, were summoned, and they came from the shadowy depths of the forest to sing to mortals of their happy, free school life.
THE OLYMPUS

They did not linger long, but bidding goodbye to Pan, continued on up the steep Path of Knowledge. Soon the first milestone was reached, and here a feast spread and all rested beneath the ancient forest trees.

On they start—only twenty-six, but although the thickets conceal the pathways of the rest, they know that they too are ever climbing onward, and when all shall have attained to the highest possible, their paths will once more converge.

Thus with sunshine within their hearts and on their waistcoats, they go ever onward, and the very breezes seem to whisper, "according to the effort is the recompense."

Then the second milestone is reached and they behold the Past clear and bright behind them, and still brighter before them the Future leading them forward on the Path of Knowledge.

'08.

It becomes my duty to make known to the public the victories and defeats of our class of '08, the former of which are much in the majority. It shall be my aim to tell the unmasked truth regardless of prejudices, of which I hope there are none.

Our high school life began in the autumn of 1904, and we adapted ourselves to new duties amidst the taunts of our worthy superiors who deemed it their duty to direct us in the straight and narrow path.

As is customary, the "Kane Rush" was the event first in order. It came and passed, and with it passed a goodly amount of Sophomore confidence, while we Freshmen were privileged for the first time to gain the desired respect of our fellow students and to prove our prowess. We often think of the sophomores as very like in feelings to a very young gentleman who has for the first time donned that greatly anticipated and manly badge of dignity, his first pair of pants. But even the confidence inspired by the honor of being in the second year of the high school was not proof against the strength of the freshmen. Well, we walked off bearing the canes and left the sophomores lamenting. After this first distinguished event, hard study was the principal issue.

But the sophs were not entirely devoid of courage, for one fine morning they accepted our challenge, which appeared upon the bulletin board in glaring letters, to a series of base ball games. The games came and went with the same result as the "Kane Rush." Where was the ability of the sophs? No, my friends, it was not that the sophs had less, but the freshies had more. Again all efforts were centered upon strife for the attainment of knowledge.
It has long been known that the sophs have an affinity for social gatherings at which the worthy members cast aside their scholarly dignity and revel in innocent pleasures. As Halloween drew near great preparations were made for its celebration by means of one of those gatherings. Now, freshmen as well as sophs, sometimes like to go to parties, and if we are so ignominiously slighted as to be not invited, we certainly will not allow it to pass unnoticed. Consequently we were in all our glory; but would you believe it—those ill-mannered sophs locked their doors, drew down their curtains, and by way of entertainment, committed to our tender mercies a notable dignitary who sometimes wears a five pointed article glaring with brightness upon his manly bosom. Well, we knew the little ladies and gentlemen were not noted for a superfluous amount of bravery, but we must admit that this exposition was absolutely unexpected.

In spite of locked doors, darkened windows, shining stars, etc., the freshmen were privileged to learn from experience that even sophic lasses can bake cake. Now, even freshmen have a small spark of humanity, so we decided to give our oppressed opponents an opportunity to recover from their losses.

Great things were accomplished in this time and we sailed peacefully along on the seas of knowledge until, to relieve our overtaxed nerves, we planned for a little recreation.

If you will believe it, even freshmen are fond of sweets, so upon this occasion we laid in an extensive supply of the most delicious cakes imaginable, and on the eventful night they were carried forth with due ceremony. Then imagine our feelings when a few of those sophs, still devoid of manners, had the audacity to make away with some of our delicious repast. Without wishing them any harm, we do hope they were very "sick" as a result of their misdemeanor. But turn about is fair play, and our day of reckoning was close at hand.

One beautiful day as we wended our studious way to the high school, there were seen in every direction flashes of the most beautiful gold with a modest smattering of green. Now, it is needless to say that the above mentioned are the sophomore's colors, and that this display was to do just honor to their raid on our delicious cakes. 'Twas plain to be seen they were not used to such high living.

As it would take a journal to do justice to the scene which followed, the assembly of this assortment of gold and green ties, for such they were, I will merely say, that when peace and order were at last restored, the ties, as well as their owners, appeared weary and sadly in need of repairs. Never fear, sophs, we will take excellent care of our trophies, but could not possibly return them. We assure you that they will go thundering down the ages with due ceremony and their history shall be told at the fireside of our descendants.

All class strife is at present extinct and all our efforts are centered upon closing our school year successfully. Our ambitions are being realized, our labors are being repaid, and we hope in the year to come to add to the success of the year past, leaving no blot on the fair page of our history or that of the Olympia High School.

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Next school year will begin September 13, 1905.

Summer session will begin June 26, and continue six weeks.

For catalogue and circular of summer session address

W. E. WILSON,
Principal.
Exchanges.

We are glad to welcome to our reading table "The Far Darter," "Panorama," "Tiltonian," "High School Voice," "Normal Messenger," "Wa Wa" (P. T. H. S.) and "Tahonia."

"The Cherry and White" is one our best exchanges. It is always full of good snappy jokes, and is enjoyed by all.

"Purple and Gold," we are glad to see you are getting on your feet, and hope you will bring all your departments up in line, and also choose a better grade of paper.

It would improve the appearance of your paper "Tiltonian" and "High School Voice," if you would cut off the edges and get some color blind person to choose your cover.

We wish to inform "The Panorama" that the exchange column is for something else besides jokes. She might help her neighbors a few good criticisms.

"The Academy Journal" and "Dictum Est" are a little deep, otherwise they are complete.


STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
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Citron, $1 lb. ..................$0.20
R. S. V. Salt, $2.00 package..$1.00
Best Hams, $1 lb. ..................$1.25
Lard, 5-lb pail ..................$0.50
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