In 1762 Samuel Craig and wife and three-year-old son moved, as settlers, from Philadelphia, western Pennsylvania. They secured a large farm, for those days, of a quarter section. It was on the north road which led to the Indians' winter hunting grounds. For fear some harm might come to the baby he was warned every day not to go outside the yard. But still his parents feared for his safety. So he was to be sent back to Philadelphia to live with his grandparents.

The hostile tribes of Ohio had been at war with the Crow Heads of Pennsylvania for nearly a year, and as
some of the tribes were returning to their own territory, they passed the Craig homestead. One day some of the Crow Head warriors came to the house. Mrs. Craig, upon seeing them, put small Thomas in the loft warning him to keep quiet. But he was not to stay there long.

Mrs. Craig knew it would be useless to try to drive off the savages alone, for Mr. Craig was at a neighbors twenty miles away looking after some cattle, and she knew if she barred the door that they would break it in and take what they wanted and probably kill her. So when the leader came to the step she opened the door and spoke to him; he laid his hand on his tomahawk. This was the danger sign and she must surrender, so while walking to the bench by the well she watched the house being searched and the winter's supplies being put on the pack horses. She thanked herself over and over again for taking the ladder away from the door to the loft. She was just thinking of what the redmen might do if they should discover the door and her boy, when a piercing scream came from the loft.

Thomas had moved a board in the opening and was watching the red men at work when he saw one of them pick up his wooden doll whose cornsilk hair was the only thing he ever bragged about. He couldn't stand it any longer so he began to scream at the men. The Indians were startled at this sudden outbreak from above, but when they found that it was only a baby one "warrior stood on a table and climbed into the loft. He looked for the child until a smothered sob came from under the bed; the warrior upon finding his prey took the baby by one foot and dropped him through the opening, where he was caught by another Indian.

When the Indians had put on their horses all they thought might be of any value to them they turned towards the house to see that no enemies were in sight, when they saw Thomas run to his mother screaming at the top of his voice. The warriors started for them on the run. They stunned Mrs. Craig by a heavy blow on the head and carried Thomas off with them.

Mr. Craig returned late that afternoon and upon seeing the condition of the deserted house guessed the cause and commenced a search of the house and yard. When he found his wife yet unconscious by the well, he carried her into the house and found to his great joy that she was not dead. In his hard labors over his wife he had forgotten his son, but when the first word Mrs. Craig breathed was "Thomas," he realized with a shudder that his son was not there. Then little by little he gathered the truth from her broken sentences. As soon as Mrs. Craig was strong enough she was put on a horse and taken to the home of the nearest neighbor, eight miles to the south. After riding all night a small band of settlers was gathered together to scour the surrounding country. These faithful friends, after working three days, returned home without the boy.

No news was ever brought to the sorrow stricken parents until one evening fourteen years later a tall youth stood in the cabin door. The farmer asked him to take dinner with them which he did, after which he was asked where he was bound for and he replied in Crow Head jargon and some English: "I am on my way to my parents. It is a long story I have, but if you have time to listen maybe you can help me to find them." He told the story of his kidnapping, his life with the Indians, of their kindness toward him and as he remembered his parents lived in that part of the country in a house that had a loft, he had set out to find them.

The older people sat quiet for a long time, too much surprised and frightened to speak, for fear this might or might not be their son. For this boy's story was very
much like their son's might be. Then Mr. Craig asked: "Do you remember what your father's name was?"

"I do not remember for I never heard it after I left home, but I remember my initials for they were cut on the head of a wooden doll of mine and which the Indians returned to me on the way to camp to keep me from crying." When the boy finished the man was standing by his chair and Mrs. Craig was supporting herself by the table.

Finally the father spoke: "What were the initials?"

"I don't know, but they look like this:" He picked up the quill pen and wrote, "T. C."

The boy was no more surprised than the parents that they should be reunited in this singular way. He remained at home for more than two months when he began to tire of the slow life on the farm. A great restlessness seized him and began to crave for the wild.

So one morning the parents were alone again and they knew where and why the boy had gone and why he had not said "goodbye."

Thomas never returned home again to stay. But every fall and spring when the Indians were changing their hunting grounds he would come and look in at the windows. Often he would watch his parents for one whole evening. Sometimes they would see him but they nearly always missed him when he would come on these strange visits, and he never remained long enough for any words to pass between them.
only get a laugh and "sometime next year." Is that right? No, we all know it is not. The paper ought to be of as much interest to each member of the school as it is to the editors. We do not want to send out a paper that is not worthy of representing the school. We get the blame and the knocks, yet it all reflects upon you in the end, for if you were asked the questions: Have you paid your dues? Have you given a story, cut or poem for your paper? If you cannot answer yes, then you have hurt your school. Remember your school spirit and at least pay your subscription dues.

THE HONOR SYSTEM

One of the great questions before us today is that of the honor system in our secondary schools. Though generally thought of in connection with examinations and athletics, this system really deals with many other subjects such as our actions toward each other and between classes and our manner of studying our daily lessons.

If the honor system were carried out the student body would organize, draw up a set of rules and appoint a court or committee to carry out these resolutions. Every examination would be held without the searching eye of the teacher, the only requirement being that each one should sign the pledge. "I certify on my honor that I have neither given nor received aid in this examination." In athletics the students themselves would see that training rules were kept and that all playing was honorable.

The committee or court would have to try and punish all cases, while the faculty might be called upon to act only in extreme cases.

Now, the question is, would this system work? No one will deny that it worked in the civics class, but that was for only one day. Would we be able to find those who would be brave enough to sacrifice their personal feelings for the honor of their school? It is no easy undertaking, but it is a question which will some day come before us. Think about it.

THE COMING ON OF NIGHT

We stood beside the little brook
That flows into the bay,
And watched the sun sink out of sight
One chilly winter day.

The ground around was white with snow,
The trees looked inky black;
Across the heavens swift and high
The wild geese winged their track.

Beyond the hills the sun sank down
Long streamers spread about
In vivid colors. Here and there,
They flashed, now in, now out.

The clouds came down to hide the scene,
And, tinged with orange gold,
They cast a softer hush over
Into the black blue cold.

An afterglow of rosy pink,
Spread outward in the west.
The fog descended, night had come,
And all things were at rest.

Alta White, '09
The first boy's basketball game this season was between the juniors and seniors. The seniors took the lead immediately and were never headed during the game. The juniors put in two fresh men during the second half but they were unable to hold the seniors in check. The score, after two halves of 30 and 20 minutes' length, was 42 to 14 in favor of the seniors.

The first high school games were played with the Tumwater Club, both of which resulted in victories for the high school. The scores were 22 to 10 and 30 to 5.

On January 9 we played Lincoln Hi of Seattle in their own gymnasium. The Seattle Post-Intelligencer of January 10 says: "Olympia High immediately took the lead when one of their forwards, Partlow, gained the ball soon after the beginning of play. The Capital City boys were never headed in the first half and succeeded in holding Lincoln down to no field goals. During this half the team work of the Lincoln five was weak, the forwards shooting wildly, failing to locate the net a single time. The Up Sound team simply outplayed the locals.

The half ended with the score 7 to 2 in Olympia's favor. Heintzelemann, left forward for the visitors, was the star of the first period."

In the second half Lincoln used two fresh men and their coach went in as referee. This was too much for our boys and Lincoln won the game on fouls called on our team.

The final score was Lincoln 24, Olympia 13. The lineup was: Partlow and Heintzelemann, forwards; Scott, center; Gaston and Mann, guards.

Following is the boy's basketball schedule:

January 15, Centralia in Centralia.
January 23, Shelton in Shelton.
January 30, Tacoma in Tacoma.
February 5, open.
February 12, Aberdeen in Aberdeen.
February 20, Centralia, here.

Attempts are being made to get games with Lincoln and Aberdeen to be played here.

The schedule for the girls' basketball game has not been definitely decided as yet. They will probably play in Shelton January 23 and bring Shelton here January 30. Other games will likely be scheduled later. The first team lineup is Lovina Wilson and Alice Gottfeld, forwards; Gertrude Knox and Edna White, centers; Laura Swan and Fay Rogers, guards.

The junior girls won the basketball championship of the school when they defeated the sophomore girls on January 9 by a score.

The girls' basketball team played the first big game of this season with the Tacoma High girls on Saturday the 16th in Tacoma. It was a very exciting and clean game from start to finish. Our team made the first points of the game, but at the end of the first half the score stood six all.
In the second half Tacoma took the lead and kept our girls from throwing field baskets. The final score was 12 to 8 in favor of Tacoma. After the game the girls were pleasantly entertained at an informal reception.

Senior Notes

A few days before Christmas in 1906 the class of 1909 had a meeting, the purpose of which was to plan a class party to occur before the close of school for the Christmas vacation. It was held at Rabeck Hall with various amusements, among which was a Christmas tree laden with popcorn, candy, cranberries and various presents. It was successful in every way, and this year a number of the seniors were heard discussing plans to give another party as nearly like this as possible. When the plan was proposed to the class it was favorably received and further arrangements discussed.

A tree, hall, entertainment and last but not least, refreshment committee were appointed by the president.

Mallory Hall was secured for the evening of December 16 and at 8:30 p. m. all was well. Later in the evening when “Ruth and Jacob” was being enjoyed to the utmost, a slight noise, resembling a mouse, was heard in the dining room. Miss Iffland, who was the first to reach the spot, found Leo Coulter, a notorious pilferor, just descending a ladder from a window. While the girls made explorations in the cupboards and kitchen, the boys left the building in search of the culprits. They succeeded in bringing two of them to justice and punished them severely enough to make up for those they didn’t capture. But after all we are glad they came for it makes our last class party that more memorable.
THE OLYMPUS

Why does Mr. Kreager call Mabel McKay May-belle? Perhaps it recalls pleasant memories.

* * * * *

It was very comforting as we marched in to take the final examination in Modern History to hear Mr. Helm singing the Doxology.

* * * * *

Mr. H—(as Mills came walking into Modern History at 9:35 a.m. with his "snow shoes") Let us sing that old familiar song, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching."

* * * * *

Mr. Helm was explaining the various kinds of "isms." among them the doctrine of Mohammedanism.

Mount (the inquisitive) "Well, then, how about rheumatism?"

Mr. Helm. "Rheumatism is a tendency for room (rheum) in which to stretch the limbs, and the best argument against it that I know of is St. Jacob's Oil."

* * * * *

Pete—sympathetically to Mabel McKay as he noticed Mills, Hoke, Davis and Mount talking to her— "What's the matter Mabel? Can't you study?"

* * * * *

Estella Cramp. "Oh, we made snow pudding this morning and I am going to save mine until noon."

Miss Hffland. "Won't the snow melt?"

JUNIOR NOTES

The Junior Snow Shimmying Party

On Wednesday, the middle part of the week, the fore part of the month, the first part of the year, also the first section of the twentieth century. Oh, alas! it was the latter part of the day.

The above date was when the juniors decided to go sleighing. As it was about noon we began putting suggestions together as to how we could rig up an outfit.

One little fellow mentioned that he knew of a fellow that had some sleigh bells, and another one claimed that he knew where there was a hay rack. About this time the girls were almost tickled to death, but someone spoiled it by wondering where we could get the "funny flopper" you hitch the horses to and drag along on the snow, but finally everything was gathered together.

"Say! what will you tie on the end of this to make it move?" exclaimed Knox. "Wouldn't M. E. and F. R. be fine for the back team, and G. L. and P. H. would make a peach of a lead team. These were only suggestions.

We then decided to congregate in a group at Knox's with a few baskets which were to be stored away out of reach of those hungry seniors.

Well, as the time drew nearer the bunch grew larger until there was almost a group. Finally the group was all bunched up in a conglomerate of rosy cheeked,
smiling, handsome looking females. And among them were scattered a few red cheeked, red nosed, blushing beauties of the male brigade. The nearer the time arrived the more excited the girls were, until they were nothing more than a big bunch of excitement. And of course there hung around the corners a bunch of those hungry seniors always looking for a handout.

The majority left the warm fireside at just 8:14, except Miss Iffland and about four others who were out front star-gazing, when the rest of them sneaked out the side way and would have been gone, but Miss Iffland made a sprint for the side door and two or three boys stepped it off down the road after the sleigh and informed the captain that he had left some of his cargo on the dock. As we pulled up there stood Miss Iffland singing “Waiting at the Church,” and then off we were again.

As we crossed Fourth St. one little damsel exclaimed—“Oh, dear! one of those horrid senior boys threw some snow right in my face. Now my face is wet and I can’t do a thing with it.”

“Oh, Gee! I hope they don’t follow us,” rang out Margaret’s voice.

“Hey, there! whoa! stop them plugs, we’ve lost Grace Lewis. Aw, I see you hiding there behind that straw. You couldn’t fool me,” bellowed Paul.

“My, but the center of this rack bends. I do wish Margaret would move up front.”

“Say! do you suppose I would get my foot in the wheel if I put it through this hole,” said Georgia.

“It isn’t snowing up here,” said Harry.

Mr. Helm—“Did anyone find my toe? It froze and fell off back the line aways.”

Mr. Kreager—“Now you can sympathize with the sardine.”

---

Laura—“I’ve lost one of my rats by those boys pulling my hair.”

Miss Iffland—“Now is my chance to wash Mr. Helm’s face. I said I would when we started and I will.” Swish! and she is off—glub! glub! and his facial expressions are washed. Then inversely she is put through the same process. Then she hops upon the rack and immediately begins singing “Jingle Bells,” and “Gee, I am glad I am single.”

And then there is wee little Willey right square dab in the middle of a bunch of girls singing “Here’s to the Glorious High Ball,” and Mr. Helm hanging on one corner singing “My Country ‘Tis of Thee.”

Some mischievous boys tickled Mr. Kreager behind the ear with straws and the result was that he washed two or three girls’ faces. The last one tickled was Fay and this was the last one too.

Mr. Kreager—“If we don’t get stuck on a sand bar we will soon be at the hall.”

We drifted up to the wharf in front of Mallory Hall at 10:30, where before marching up stairs we called the roll and found that forty voices answered “present.”

Then two boys sneaked through the seniors line over to Knox’s, grabbed the basketful of grub and were back again before they knew it.

Now, of course, to make it real “rubey” like we had the barn dance and a few other games, after which every male present grabbed a female and waltzed up to the free lunch counter and had a feed.

The evening passed away in this manner until someone’s Waterbury registered 12:02 and two ticks, when we were dispersed by Major Kreager. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves except one senior who received about three buckets of water out of one of the windows.
THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

F. R.—"Say, Harry, what does champagne cost?"
H. K.—"Oh, just five dollars a pint."
F. R.—"Can you get it in a can?"
"Oh, lookee, ma, at that funny white stuff falling!"
exclaimed H. K. (Duke of Raspberries)
His mother—"Well, my little man, that is snow."
H. K.—"Aw, quit your kiddin'. I thought it was cotton coming down. (Ask the man)."
Where was Will when the sleigh turned around?

SOPHOMORE NOTES

It is with great regret that we learn of the sorrow that has befallen our school mate, Blanche Billings. We take this opportunity of expressing our sincere sympathy.

On Thursday night a bunch of Sophs met for the purpose of taking a sleigh ride. About 8:30 two large sleighs drew up. After we were all settled the sleighs gave a lurch and we were off.

About two blocks from our starting place, or more precisely, on Tenth street, a bunch of Freshies loomed up out of the darkness. A fierce struggle (?) ensued for several minutes until the Freshies decided that the game was ours and withdrew out of breath and beaten up. One Freshman was heard to exclaim next morning, "Gee, my wrist is nearly broken!"

The game of basketball which was held Thursday, January 9, resulted in a victory for the Juniors. We didn't expect to win; however, from the first so were not greatly disappointed.

Marion (Aec. Hist.) Powder was great aid to civilization—gun powder of course.

Miss Bigelow. "When I sang 'way up in the key of G our dog just barked. (?)"
Mr. H. (Anc. Hist.) “Miss Hagoes, did the Egyptians have any caste?”
Cap. R. (from rear of room) “Yep.”
Mr. H. “My, how your voice has changed since vacation.”

Latin pupil in Exam. “Skate—slipper—fallus, brumpton.”
Teacher (correcting papers) Fail, failure, flunxisuspendum—Ex.

Miss Iffland (the night of the sleigh ride) “Pass the candy way up front.”

The English classes will soon give the court scene from the Merchant of Venice.

Miss Billings takes this means of thanking her classmates for their kindness shown in her recent bereavement.

Sophomores! Where are your class dues?

Clara Phipps (coming in assembly before school) “Have you seen a stray dog?”
Vera D. “No, these are all Freshmen.”

While the score of 20 to 3, marking the result of the basket ball game played in the High School gymnasium December 11, between the Sophomores and Freshmen was somewhat more one sided than was expected, it is still no criterion to go by in figuring on the outcome of future contests between these two teams. Lack of team work was responsible for the decisive defeat and lack of practice was responsible for the poor team work of the Freshmen.

The Sophomores’ sleighing party as told by a Freshman boy:
The Sophs went for a sleighing party last Thursday night. Everything was going along all right until the Freshman boys appeared on the scene. The Sophies attacked the Sophies and scared them badly.
The Sophies couldn’t get away from the Freshmen boys at full speed. The Freshmen nearly succeeded in pulling a number of the Sophomore class off the sleigh, in other words a wood rack. The brave Freshmen fought to the very last.

It was noticed that several well known Sophomores were very angry. The strangest part of the story is that the Sophomores were seeing double that evening, for they counted twenty-five Freshmen boys while there
were only six. But these few did excellent work and showed themselves loyal Freshmen.

Never mind, Sophies, don’t go around all swelled up or you are liable yet to get fooled.

A Sophomore boy exclaimed. “Gee, I wish I could boil spuds. How do you boil them, by the yard?”

Girl. “No, by the feet.”

Mr. L. “Somebody is troubled with lobate moraines.”

Teacher (to small boy). “When Washington was your age he was a surveyor.”

Small boy. “Well, when he was your age he was president of the United States.”

Reinhart, in discussing the weather, by his observation of the thermometer in front of Winstanley & Blankenship’s, being warmer today than yesterday.

Mr. L. “If the thermometer was hanging in front of the Smoke House, then that accounts for it being warmer.”

Mr. L., after discussing anti-trade winds.

Miss M. “But where do you get your Antie?”

Mr. H. (in ancient history) “May, you may tell what the three ages of man are.”

May B. “Bronze iron, copper.”

Miss Iffland (after getting dreamy answers) “Ed Smith. I’ll see what you are thinking of. What does G x S —?”

Ed S. “Grace Stinger.”

Marion (in telling why the ancient people used the picture of an eye when they meant I) “Well, I means you.”

Mr. H. “We are not one yet.”
The Senior Literary Society held its regular meeting Monday, January 11, and gave the following program:
Instrumental solo ................ Edna McKenzie
Reading .................................. Nancy Hutson
Extemporaneous speech on "Boys" .... Miles Gray
Debate—"Resolved, that Hairpins are More Useful Than Side Combs."

Clarence Butler upheld the affirmative and Harry Christopher the negative. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

One of the most enjoyable programs which it has been our good fortune to enjoy was rendered by the Juniors Literary Club in the High School auditorium Dec. 18. A little comedy entitled, "Not a Man in the House," was very ably presented by Misses Hazel Connor, Alice Gottfeld, Ada Rogers, Pearl Duby and Arleta Coulter.

Misses Lovina Willson and Bernice Baker favored audience with recitations.
Miss Margaret Eastman gave a vocal solo, and after the High School orchestra acquitted themselves nobly, Carol Reinhart favored us with a vocal solo.

The students from Pullman and the university visited at their homes during the Christmas holidays.

Miss Katharine Hadley, '08, will leave for Seattle the coming week, where she will enter the university in the second semester.

Miss Florence Schively, '07, has received a position in the insurance commissioner's office.

Miss Louise Richardson is a reporter on the "Wave" staff of the University of Washington.

Lawrence McIntosh, '08, has joined the Badger Debating Society at Washington.

Misses Marie and Bertha Williams, '06, are attending the State University.

Miss Ida Willey, '07, is teaching school.
Miss Cora Whitman, '07, is spending the winter at home.

Roscoe Fullerton is a Senior at Pullman this year.

Jacob Hanna is attending the University of Pennsylvania.
Miss Ifland. Do you know I used to be terribly bashful when I was little?
Fay. How funny, when I was a baby I was scared to death of men or boys.
Miss Ifland (meditatively). Isn't it wonderful how some people do change?
Fay. Yes, indeed, it seems almost impossible that you could ever have been bashful. Oh, my.

Gladys Clark, (speaking of a certain boy). Oh, Babe says he isn't a bit bashful. Who could dispute such authority as that?
Mr. Helm. What was the character of a knight?
Steve. He had to be true to his lady love.
Mr. Helm. We ought to have knights now.
Steve. We do have some pretty dark knights [nights]
Mable Mc (studying civics) Wait until I go back to my seat and get Wallace’s Heart.

The Hesperian, Hoquiam, is a welcome addition to our exchange list. The paper is well arranged.

Tahoma, Tacoma, is to be congratulated on its long list of exchanges.

The Ocean Breeze, Aberdeen. Where is your junior department?

We are glad to note the improvement in the Crimson and Gray, Waitsburg.

The Kodak, Everett, is another new one this month and contains very good cuts and stories.

The Clarion, Salem, Ore., is up to its usual mark.

The Crescent and Beach Echoes, Algama, Wis., is a neat paper. A better cover would make it more attractive.

In the Academy Journal, Norwich, Conn., “The General’s Christmas Package,” is a good story. More jokes would be an improvement.

The following exchanges are acknowledged with thanks: Whitman College Pioneer, Walla Walla; Pacific Wave, U. of W.; Lincoln Academy News, Lincoln, Neb., and The Evergreen, W. S. C.
Rogers makes good Photographs

Students! Teachers!
For High Class Laundry Work Call up Phone Black 512
Star Laundry
307 Main Street
T. S. Agnew H. S. Agnew '02

Dr. Miller, Dentist
Chambers Block Olympia, Washington

The new Spring Hats
already in stock and on display
The newest shades
The latest shapes
Dozens of snappy novelties that
will appeal to the young men and
best of all they are
McKibben's
thus assuring maximum quality at
minimum price
The Emporium
211 Fourth St. A. A. Gottfeld
Opposite City Hall

M. O'Connor
Pictures, Stationery, Kodak, School Books and Supplies

Fountain Pens

The following business establishments have aided in financing this issue of the Olympus. All students should remember this and return the favor by patronizing them:

Adlitt's Bakery
W. E. Beckwith
Bigelow & Manier
B. K. Meat Co.
F. G. Blake
Blankenship & Dyke
C. C. C.
Capital City Market
Curis Egbert
Emporium
Farmers' Market
German Bakery
E. A. Henderson
B. L. Hill Drug Co.
Jeffers' Art Studio
J. F. Kearney & Co.
Frank Maahs
C. B. Mann
Mottman Merc. Co.
W. W. Miller
Modern Shoe Shop
New Sugar Bowl
M. O'Connor
Olympia Baths
Olympia Bazaar
Olympia Light and Power Company
Reder & Lewis
G. R. Ridgeway
Rogers Studio
Hugh Ross
Star Laundry
Alfred Thompson
F. Weiss
C. A. Williston
Winstanley & Blankenship

Ex.
We will sell
Saturday, January 30, 1909

Embroideries
Worth 50c and 75c at — 25c a yard
The Mottman Merc. Co.

C. A. Williston
Glass, China, Tin, Granite Ware, School Stationery and Notions — 418 East 4th St.

Edwin A. Henderson
Real Estate and Insurance
Agent German-American Insurance Co.
325 East Fourth St. Olympia, Washington

Kodak's troubles will be over if they
Use the Ensign Film
Twice as fast as any other make of Film. You can get them at
Jeffers' Art Studio
Corner Fifth and Wash.

Buy all your Groceries from us,
and save money
J. F. Kearney & Co.
Corner Fifth and Main St. Olympia

The New Sugar Bowl
Pure Home-made Candies, Hot Drinks, Light Lunch
528 Main Street

For that Good Home-made Bread
Go to
Arlitt's Bakery
513 East Fourth St.

Our Motto:
"Lead But Never Follow"
and we aim to carry it out to its
full meaning. Come and try a
box of Lowkey's, the very best
candy on the market, which is
proven, not only by the public, but
by the other stores following our
lead.
Hugh Ross
The Druggist
Phone Red 81 Olympia

The best place for students'
noon lunch is at the
German Bakery

Reeder & Lewis
For Fine Groceries
Phone Main 31
207-209 Fourth Street

Bigelow & Manier
Lawyers
Phone Red 2991
Rooms 2-3 Mallory Block

An Electric Iron is a
Household Necessity
We have several styles to select from
Olympia Light & Power Co.

If you are in a hurry for
Those Shoes
bring them to the
Modern Shoe Shop
406 East Fourth St. Olympia

Go to Jacobson's
Capital City Market
for Government Inspected Meats
Home-Grown Produce
Phone Main 77
Try “B. B.”
Prevents Baldness and Dandruff
W. E. Beckwith
Barber Shop
Corner Fourth and Columbia

Flowering Bulbs
Mann
The Seedman
Opposite Court House

F. Weiss
Merchant Tailor
109 Main Street
Olympia, Wash.

The B. L. Hill Drug Co.
Druggists
Odd Fellows Building
Olympia Wash.

F. G. Blake
Real Estate and Insurance Agent
Loans Negotiated, Rents Collected and Taxes Paid for Non-residents
Olympia, Wash.

Olympia Baths
Only First Class Shop in Town
Wm. Klambush, Prop.
321 Main Street

B. & K. Meat Co.
L. S. Barnard, C. F. Kaler, Props.
Fresh and Cured Meats
312 West Fourth Street
Phone Main 230

We take Subscriptions for Magazines
As cheap as any subscription agency
Give us your business and save time and trouble
Winstanley & Blankenship

Dr. G. R. Ridgeway
Graduate Examination Optician
Reasonable Prices - Satisfaction Guaranteed
Free
By Modern Methods
325 East 4th St.
Olympia

Frank Maahs
Merchant Tailor
Still Doing Business at the Old Stand
513 Main Street

Curtis Egbert
Dentist
Mckinney Bldk. Phone Main 105

A Handy Store
All on the same floor. Stationery Games, Novelties, Famous Angle or Rayo Lamp, Almost Anything You Need in Dining Room or Kitchen
Olympia Bazaar

PATRONIZE OLYMPUS ADVERTISERS

PATRONIZE OLYMPUS ADVERTISERS