# Washington Standard.

"Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where they May."

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Washington Standard,

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JOHN MILLER MURPHY

Editor and Proprietor.

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## Hymns You Ought to Know

### COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

Anonymous.

No one knows who wrote this popular church hymn. In the greater number of books it is accredited to Charles Wesley. That is because it first appeared in company with some of his rare hymns; but neither Wesley nor his contemporaries claim it is his. There are some reasons for thinking that it was the work of the Rev. Martin Madin (1726-1790), an English Methodist clergyman well known both as a vivid orator and an enthusiastic musician. He practiced law several years before being ordained. Later he was chaplain of the Lock Hospital. The hymn, with its tune, "Italian Hymn," has won for itself no uncertain place in the worship of American churches, although its use is by no means so general in other lands.

Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father, all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

## DRIFTWOOD

(Individual Opinion.)

BY LUE F. VERNON.

The old-time tramp printer is about as scarce nowadays, as an honest politician.

It requires money to run a city and the citizens of the Queen City are finding it out.

An exchange wants to know what women admire most in men. We can tell you. The almighty dollar.

We admit that virtue is its own reward, but we object when the good man throws all the boquets to himself.

It is a great comfort to have a child about the house. When company comes that you don't care for you can make it recite.

Even Puyallup is not used as much for the butt of jokes by newspaper paragraphers as "Dead Town," otherwise known as Tacoma.

Only a man who has married an intellectual woman can appreciate the monotony of having brains for breakfast 365 days of the year.

Here it is again. Scientists in New Orleans tell us that it is only the female mosquitoes that bite. Woman is at the bottom of every real trouble.

First Olympia man: "Why are you in mourning?"

Second Olympia Man: "O, for my sins."

First Olympia Man: "I didn't know you had lost any."

A man will stand at the free lunch-counter in a saloon and shell shrimps, and imagine he is having a high old time, but if he is asked at home to open the door to let the cat out, he is cranky the rest of the evening.

The Seattle *Times* has just finished a knowledge contest for its readers. Now let the *Times* have a guessing contest. To guess whether or not the reporter on the *Times* who is sueing the *P.-I.* for $10,000, will obtain it or not.

Did you ever know of a married woman who wouldn't go down into her husband's pockets, and that other class who are in a large majority, and explore their husband's coats in search of love letters? And they frequently find them.

Business men down in Seattle are not doing the business, just now, that they could do. If you don't believe this, ask a few of them. Rents are awfully high in the Queen City, and one must do business in order to meet his financial obligations.

A bore is the man who comes to a print-shop every day, stays all afternoon and kicks because the office is not kept open on Sunday. Female bores are those who come with their families and stay all the afternoon, delaying the routine work of the housewife.

A red-nosed man is not a very pretty object to look at, but when it comes to a red-nosed woman we want to go blind. There is hope, however. A German scientist has discovered that red noses can be restored to the normal color of the skin by pounding the nose daily with a hammer until it bleeds freely. Here is a suggestion for somebody to work on.

Every time the baby gets sick, it's hurry, hurry John, for the doctor, but when John feels like he had la grippe and happens to mention it, his wife looks frowningly at him, and in cross tone of voice, says: "I never saw such a man. You growl at the least little thing. There's nothing the matter with you, except your ability to complain at everything and anything."

The fact that John Wanamaker, some time ago, had his daughter walk arm-in-arm with Booker T. Washington, into the dining-room of the swellest hotel in Saratoga, in the presence of hundreds of white people, may not reflect anything to the credit of Wanamaker, but it does reflect on Booker T. Washington, who ought to have had sense enough not to let Wanamaker make a chump of himself, even if he was crazy to do so.

A Washington editor had a "hyas" time the other week and it took a gun in the hands of the Sheriff to make him quit. Thinking of high paper rates, delinquent subscribers, and the letters from "Constant Subscriber," coupled with the wormy apples, soggy wood and dun-bills, will make, at times, even the most level-headed and pleasantly disposed brain of an editor work over-time, and imagine himself an Apache Indian, painted and on the war-path.

Senator John Mitchell of Oregon, who ought to be doing time in the penitentiary of that State, if he is as guilty as assumed, by citizens of his own commonwealth, was in Seattle recently, stopping at the Washington Hotel. It's the likes of him that can do the grand, while the poor man of his State, from reports, could not procure a decent spot of land, for the simple reason, the "land-grabbers" of which Mitchell is said to be an accomplice, skinned the people.

If an editor kept all kinds of liquors in his sanctum and gave it away free, he might, perhaps, secure an item from some of the crowd whose tongue might, after a few "high-balls" get a wiggle on. But a print-shop is the last place the everyday logger will go. Therefore the editor or reporter who cannot visit logging camps every day, but would gladly print items of news occurring in such places, must listen sometimes to his paper being "roasted" for not publishing camp news by a half-full "hook-tender."

Bashful men get into all sorts of difficulty owing to that disposition. The other night an Olympia young fellow who is timid with women, plucked up courage to try and kiss his sweetheart at the door, after having escorted her home from a party. But, being bashful, he stumbled and fell off the front door-step, pitched into a rose-bush, got his head entangled in the trellis and his feet in the wire netting, jammed his shoulders between the steps and the foundation of the house, and had to be rescued by the girl's father, brother and uncle, whom she called to her assistance. Now, who in the world but a bashful man could have developed all these woes from a single attempt to kiss a girl—and then not get the kiss after all.

## HOLES IN THE AIR.

Some very terrible accidents may be expected to befall aerial navigators should airships ever become sufficiently perfected to make this species of travel at all common, owing to the fact, well known to all aeronauts, that there exist in the earth's atmosphere at certain places and under certain conditions veritable holes or pits of vast depth. An airship sailing unwittingly into one of these aerial craters would sink with far more certainty and far greater swiftness than would a leaden ship of the same size and shape in an ocean of water.

Accidents of this nature have actually happened to aeronauts in the past, but, of course, the ordinary balloon is not nearly so much affected by the sudden descent as an airship would be. Nevertheless an experience of the kind is sufficiently disconcerting even to the stoutest hearts and strangest nerves.

M. Tissandier, ballooning with two friends above the town of Vincennes, France, some years ago, happened on one of those invisible air holes, which proved to be over a mile in depth, the balloon falling that distance with such incredible rapidity that the earth appeared to be rushing up to meet them with the speed of an express train, and the bags of ballast thrown out by the alarmed travelers fell not downward, as might have been expected, but upward. Luckily a denser statum of air, answering to the bottom of the pit in question, was encountered when they were a few hundred feet from the ground, and the downward rush of the balloon was checked as if by contact with a pneumatic cushion.

## THE POSTAL SERVICE

### THE STEADY EVOLUTION OF OUR MAIL SYSTEM.

**How It Has Grown From a Small Beginning to Its Present Perfection—It Is More Close to the People Than Any Other Branch of the Public Service—Some Very Interesting Facts of Postal History.**

The postoffice is the one Department in which the Government of the United States comes in contact with the plain people. Very few of the citizens of the republic, when our eighty millions are considered, have ever had the remotest connection with any other of the eight Departments presided over by the members of the President's cabinet. We know that there is a Department of State which sends envoys and agents to all parts of the world, but how many of us could tell what they really do in the furtherance of our interests? We know that there is a Department of War and of the Navy which could be relied upon in any hour of need, but with most of us the existence of both army and navy is a matter of "information and belief," and based upon no personal knowledge whatever. We know that there is a Treasury Department which gathers six hundred millions of dollars each year, but before this money is extracted from our pockets the anæsthetic of indirect taxation is applied, and most of us rest in the blissful and foolish belief that we entirely get out of paying taxes to the Federal Government, and that by some unparalleled feat of statesmanship this great sum is raised without cost to anybody.

The Department of Law, of the Interior and of Agriculture we know have their existence, but they never enter our own experience. Congress we regard as a kind of glorified debating society, where members of our own party patriotically defend the interests of our beloved country from the villainous attacks of the unprincipled other fellows. When it comes to the Postoffice Department the matter is different. We all know the postmaster, the letter carrier, or the delivery clerk. A change of President is liable to affect us little if at all, but a change of postmaster in a small community is likely to mean much to all the patrons of the office. The development of the wonderful system by which we can write a message on a postal card costing one cent, drop it in a box at the street corner and walk away with the knowledge that without any further concern on our part the card will be carried half way round the world, and placed in the hands of the person for whom it is intended, is the story of a growth reaching back beyond the dawn of history.

Long before men were able to read and write, messages were sent with verbal communications, but the first messages containing the germ of our modern postal system were tokens which would be recognized as coming from the sender, and would convey a certain meaning previously agreed upon. At first a special envoy would go from the sender to the receiver, but in the course of time the messenger would learn to deputize some one for the latter part of the journey, and here we have the beginning of our postal system, of which the essential feature is the carrying of the mails in relays, "from post to post."

How this plan was gradually evolved may be readily inferred. A man wishing to have a message carried beyond the limits that were safe or practicable for the first messenger, could depute to the latter the task of finding a reputable carrier for the remainder of the journey. The latter might then give his charge to still a third intermediary, who would depend upon the receiver of the message for his reward. In time these hardy runners would organize themselves along certain routes, each being responsible only for himself and the immediate relay upon either side.

As governments were established, it became necessary for rulers to communicate with their deputies in various parts of their dominions, and royal couriers were chosen to make regular trips, carrying the commands of the King and bringing back the replies. Very quickly these trusted public servants would see the advantage of turning an honest penny to themselves by carrying unauthorized private messages. Then we have the King learning of this trick, and appropriating the revenues himself. Here we have the actual beginning of the postoffice.

As early as the 13th century well defined routes were established in the German empire and elsewhere in Europe.

In 1635, British patrons of the existing postal system made formal complaint of the slowness of the mails urging with what seems good reason, that two months was too long a time to get an answer from Scotland or Ireland to London. A weekly service was accordingly established on eight main lines reaching to all parts of the kingdom. The plan in those early days was to farm out the privilege of carrying the mails for the enrichment, of the ruler and his favorites. Not only was this abuse carried to the full limit, but much violation of the maif contracts took place for the sake of discovering political secrets. In a proclamation of Postmaster General O'Neill, dated May 25, 1663, postmasters were warned not to open letters not addressed to them "except by warrant of our principal Secretaries."

In Virginia at that time the Colonial law required every planter, under penalty, to despatch the letters which might be handed him on to the next plantation, and thus from farm to farm the letters made their slow way for hundreds of miles. If the farmer failed of this obligation, the statute provided that he be fined one hogshead of tobacco.

New York in 1672 announced the establishment of "a post to goe monthly between New York and Boston," and advising "those that bee disposed to send letters to bring them to the Secretary's office, where in a lokt box they shall be preserved until the messenger calls for them, all persons paying the post before the bagg bee sealed up." Thirty years later this mail was despatched twice a month!

In 1692 the office of Postmaster General for the North American colonies was created. When the revolted colonies organized their own postal system in 1775 Benjamin Franklin was the first to hold that office.

Mail robberies were so common in the early days that they came to be looked upon as the regular thing, and the British government calmly advised its patrons that in sending bank notes they had best send them cut in sections by successive posts! In 1782, John Palmer, a theater manager, presented a plan by which the endless succession of robberies would be eliminated. With customary shortsightedness the postal authorities decried and derided the plan until overruled by the prime minister, Pitt. Palmer's idea, which was put into effect, was merely to have specially built mail coaches with armed guards and with frequent relays of horses sufficient to maintain a high speed at all times. The new plan proved marvelously successful, robberies were ended at once, and the revenue was enormously increased. Pitt made Palmer Comptroller of Postal Revenues, but the "Conservatives" in the Department made the place too hot for the new incumbent to hold, and they defeated every plan looking to his suitable reward. Eventually, however, when a quarter of a century had gone by, he received a grant of money and a pension in return for services the value of which was simply incalculable.

Notwithstanding these improvements, which were initiated in other countries, the service in every land remained in charge of narrow-minded bureaucrats who were intent upon the object dear to their little souls, the "increase of revenue," or the "prevention of a deficit." That the important part of the service was the accommodation of the people, and not the making or saving of money, was a matter absolutely incomprehensible to their limited understanding. Under the able management of these "revenue" makers, the service lagged, and, what they were too stupid to perceive, the revenue itself suffered by their management.

In 1837, Rowland Hill, an Englishman holding no official place, made a bold attack on the system as then existing, and advised that the exorbitant charges based on distance be done away with; and a penny charged for carrying a letter to any part of England, Scotland or Ireland. In answer as to how he would collect the money on the enormously increased correspondence, he made this memorable suggestion: "Perhaps the difficulties might be obviated by using a bit of paper just large enough to bear the government stamp, and covered at the back with a glutinous wash which, by applying a little moisture might be attached to the letter." From this modest suggestion came the postage stamps.

Of course the great conservators of "revenue" in the Postoffice Department were simply horrified at this suggestion, and were able to fight it off for a time, but the public at last was roused to take the position of having some rights in the matter, and the reform was carried out.

This truly epoch-marking innovovation began with January 10, 1840. One by one other nations fell into line, and to-day the magnificent system of rapid postal communication at low rates is one of the very necessities of civilization.

In most foreign countries the telegraph is a part of the postal service. The rate for letters in European countries is practically the same as in our own, but the rate on merchandise is much lower, and the Postoffice Departments do at a low rate what we pay the express companies a high rate for doing.

Postal savings banks have been adopted by about every civilized government except our own, and the convenience of an absolutely safe form of investment for small amounts is brought within the reach of all the people. Every single important improvement in our service since the days of Franklin has been borrowed from foreign sources, and in some respects we continue to lag far behind. Even in the matter of a single rate for letters, it was twenty-three years before our country got around to follow England's lead.

As stated at the beginning of this article, the postoffice is the one agency in which we all know the government. If it does not give us the service we would have, the fault is not with the rank and file of postal servants, than whom the world cannot show better in intelligence, efficiency, integrity and discipline. The fault is with the people themselves for failing to impress upon their congressmen the fact that what they want is not the kind of statesmanship which looks through a gimlet hole at the pretty deficit in the postal revenues, and stays the beneficent work of extension while whittling at the problem of saving a little money belonging to people who would be glad to have it spent. The terrible deficit of which we hear so much in the newspapers amounts to perhaps five cents per capita for the population of the country. The people, to whom all the money in the treasury belongs, should make plain to the Congress which votes away five hundred million dollars each session, that if one per cent. of their own money should be used to give the people the kind of postal service they desire, and to which they are entitled, those who receive the ninety-nine per cent. ought not to feel too deeply grieved.

## IS THIS PROSPERITY?

Lincoln Commoner.

We are told by the Republicans that the country is enjoying a period of unexampled prosperity. It might be pertinent to ask why the increasing hostility between labor and capital and why extraordinary accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few. The Republican platform of last year offered no remedy and promised no relief. But the object of this editorial is to call attention to another development of modern business, namely, the employment of so many girls in store and factory. Go into any great city or factory town at morning or at evening, and you will find an army of girls with dinner baskets in hand trudging to and from work. Is the country prosperous when the girls have to become breadwinners at an early age in order to piece out the family income. Surely, under favorable conditions, the head of the family ought to be able to support his wife and children. Often the work is of a kind too severe for women. What is to be the effect on future generations? Women may displace men in the shop, but men can not take women's places in the home. Any system that lessens woman's ability to discharge the duties of wife and mother must in the end bring a harvest of disasters. Will the Republicans insist that this forcing of women into the fields of remunerative labor is a step in the line of progress? If not what plans have they for the improvement of present industrial conditions?

### Origin of McKinley's Last Speech.

Chicago Record-Herald.

The genesis of President McKinley's famous speech at Buffalo is interesting. About three weeks before his visit to the exposition city the President sat one evening at Canton, smoking and thinking. At the table opposite him was Mr. Cortelyou. Soon the President, without uttering a preliminary word, took his cigar from his lips and exclaimed:

"Amity is better than animosity."

Then he went on smoking. A few minutes later he said:

"Expositions are the timekeepers of progress."

Another interval of silence, a few more whiffs of the cigar, and the President added:

"Measures of reciprocity are better than measures of retaliation."

Not another word was spoken either by the chief or his secretary. But next day Mr. Cortelyou placed before the President a typewritten sheet bearing the above sentences, with a wide space between them.

"Hello," exclaimed President McKinley, "we have begun the Buffalo speech! I didn't know you had taken down those words, Cortelyou."

Mr. McKinley took these headings, and from them evolved the address which he delivered the day before he was shot, the address which to many of his friends sounded like a veledictory, and which has not only stirred American sentiment, but aroused the attention of the entire world.

## WOMEN'S DEMOCRATIC CLUB.

### The Work They Have Mapped Out Shows Comprehensive Ideas.

The good work done by the Democratic women of Colorado in campaigns gone by deserves hearty recognition, and their efforts to further Democratie principles should receive encouragement.

"Jane Jefferson Democratic clubs" have been organized throughout Colorado and earnest women are studying the political history of the country in an effort to learn what is best for the republic. The programme of study as mapped out by the directors of the clubs is very comprehensive and shows better than anything else the purposes and aims of the club members. The programme of study and club action is as follows:

Beginning of United States History The Democratic-Republican Party; the Federalists.

The Constitution—Organization of the government. Amending the Constitution—The first twelve Amendments. Debate: "*Resolved*, That United States Senators should be elected by popular vote."

Types of Political Extremes—Alexander Hamilton; Thomas Jefferson.

Change in Political Ideals. Debate: "*Resolved*, That representative government is preferable to popular government."

The Course of Empire—The Louisiana purchase.

The Democratic party in 1828—Andrew Jackson. Debate: "*Resolved*, That to the victor belong the spoils."

The State that was never a Territory—Samuel Houston; the admission of Texas.

The Mexican War—The territory acquired; the animus of the war.

The Rebellion—States rights and Federal government.

The Amendments made at the close of the Rebellion—Lincoln's Views. Debate: "*Resolved*, That the enfranchisement of the negro at that time has proved a hardship to both black and white."

The Reconstruction Period—The situation in Louisiana and the Carolinas; the Ku Klux Klan; two wrongs that didn't make a right.

Some recent Southern constitutions—Some proposed remedies for the Southern situation: Disfranchisement, Colonization, Education; Booker T. Washington.

Menaces to the Republic—The ignorant voter; the foreign voter; the stay-at-home voter. Debate: "*Resolved*, That no other limit than actual citizenship should be put upon the franchise."

Our foreign guests—The restrictions of immigration; The Chinaman and the Slovak; "the yellow peril."

Some troubles of our own—Municipal corruption; where ordinances and laws fail; Minneapolis and Philadelphia.

Some proposed remedies—The primary law; the voting machine; compulsory voting.

The real remedy—Education. Debate: "*Resolved*, That patriotism and morality should be taught in the public schools."

The most democratic of our institutions—The public school system, from kindergarten to university. Debate: *Resolved*, That the State has the right to tax all for the benefit of the few who can avail themselves of the university conrse."

Shortcomings of the schools—From the teacher's standpoint; from the parent's standpoint; from the citizen's standpoint.

Trade schools, specialized high schools—Some French experiments. Debate: "*Resolved*, That democracy tends toward a wise paternalism in government."

The trusts and the tariff. Debate: "*Resolved*, That the competitive system is directly accountable for both the trust and the 'scab.'"

General Symposium (three minute speeches)—"If you had the power to bring about one great reform, which would you choose and why?"

Suggestions for Campaign Work—Needs and opportunities of the organization; literature, etc.

Annual Meeting—President's address; reports of affiliated organizations; reports of officers and standing committees; election of officers.

Editor Brainerd of the *P.-I.* doesn't seem to worry about the $10,000 suit for damages that a reporter on the Seattle *Times* was advertised to bring against the *P.-I.*, the leading newspaper in Washington. Brainerd never has mentioned the name of the reporter since he was discharged by the *Post-Intelligencer*. LUE VERNON.


CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought


THE woman who worries about the size of her waist has the best reasons to never be laced.

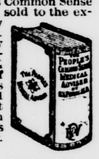

BAD STOMACH MAKES BAD BLOOD.

You can't make sweet butter in a foul churn. Every farmer's wife knows this. Your stomach churns and digests the food you eat, and if foul, torpid or out of order, your whole system suffers from blood poisoning. You will have foul breath, coated tongue, bad taste, poor appetite and a whole train of disagreeable symptoms. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which is not a beverage composed of whisky or alcohol, being entirely free from intoxicants, is a great regulator and invigorator of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

"About a year ago I was ill with blood poisoning," writes Miss Eveline Louis, of 89 Walter Street, Buffalo, N. Y. "I had what seemed to be a small cold sore on my lip. It became very angry in appearance and began to spread until it nearly covered my face. I was a frightful sight and could not go outside the house because of my appearance. I used a blood medicine which did not give me any relief. Then I began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I was greatly benefited with the first bottle and after taking the second bottle was completely cured. The erysipelatous eruption disappeared and my blood was cleansed. My complexion is clear and fresh and I have felt better this year than I did for some time before. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is certainly a most remarkable medicine."

Don't accept a substitute for a medicine which performs such cures and which has a uniformly successful record of nearly forty years to its credit. It's an insult to your intelligence for a dealer to try by over-persuasion to palm off upon you in its stead some inferior article with no record to back it up. You know what you want; it is his business to meet that want.

$50,000 GIVEN AWAY, in copies of The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book that sold to the extent of 500,000 copies a few years ago, at $1.50 per copy. Last year we gave away 50,000 worth of these invaluable books. This year we shall give away $50,000 worth of them. Will you share in this benefit? If so, send only 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only for book in stiff paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



Constipation although a little ill, begets big ones if neglected. Dr. Pierce's Pellets cures constipation.

Attention

To your wants in all that should be in a Drug Store, is our business, and the aim is that our attention to these needs be so satisfactory to you that you will depend on us for your supply of

PURE DRUGS, CHEMICALS, CIGARS, PERFUMERY, SOAPS, STATIONERY, PATENT MEDICINES, AND DRUGGIST'S SUNDRIES.

WE RESPECTFULLY SOLICIT

You to give us a call when in need of anything in our line. Whether you purchase or not, get our prices—see our goods. These two points alone will make you regular patrons. Then, we treat everyone just alike, a child can do as well here as an adult. We always appreciate patronage, whether small or large, and sell goods at reasonable prices.

OUR PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

Realising our responsibility in this respect, we are scrupulously particular, in every detail, using only the best and purest drugs and chemicals with guaranteed accuracy. It matters not what physician writes your prescription, it will be compounded in the strictest accordance therewith, by a competent, reliable pharmacist, if brought to us, and only reasonable charges made.

ROBT. MARR,

Home Drug Store

OLYMPIA, WASH.

Oct. 19, 1903. y


Olympia-Tacoma Nav. Co.

TIME CARD.

| GREYHOUND | MULTNOMAH |
|---|---|
| Lv. Olympia.. 7.00 a m | Lv. Seattle.... 9.00 a m |
| Ar. Tacoma.... 9.45 a m | Ar. Tacoma ...11.00 a m |
| Lv. Tacoma...10.00 a m | Lv. Tacoma...12.00 m |
| Ar. Olympia..12.30 p m | Ar. Olympia.. 3.00 p m |
| Returning— | Returning— |
| Lv. Olympia ..1.00 p m | Lv. Olympia...4.30 p m |
| Ar. Tacoma....3.45 p m | Ar Tacoma ....7.00 p m |
| Lv. Tacoma....4.00 p m | Lv. Tacoma....7.30 p m |
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| (Daily including Sun.) | (Daily except Sun.) |

Steamer Greyhound makes direct connection with Interurban Trains, leaving Tacoma at 10:30 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. and trains leaving Seattle at 8.00 a. m. and 2 p. m.

Tickets sold through, including two transfers for $1.00.

F. A. WILSON, General Manager. J. C. PERCIVAL, Secretary

—PHONE MAIN 33—


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RESTAURANT.

C. HOLTHUSEN, - - PROPRIETOR.

The table will be served with all the delicacies of the season. Open day and night

Entrance 420 Main Street. Olympia, Wash.

R. J. PRICKMAN,

Artistic Tailor,

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BEAUTIFUL LINE OF GOODS,

Both standard and novel.

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