



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

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Office, Suite 6, McKenny Block, corner Fourth and Main Streets.

Telephone number 888.

A POETIC GEM.

Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend, Now Dead, Was Its Author.

This poem was written by Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend, who died some years ago in Galveston, Texas. While she is not known to have been the author of but this one, yet it has been printed and copied into thousands of scrap-books. This is the author's correct version, it often having been altered in its various reproductions throughout the country:

CREED.

I believe if I should die
And you should kiss my eyelids when I
Cold, dead and dumb to all the world
The folded oris would open at thy
breath,
And from its exile in the Isles of death,
Life would come gladly back along my
veins.

I believe if I were dead,
And upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not to regret what the poor clot chance
to be,
It would find sudden pulse beneath the
Orbit if I ever loved in life so much
And thro' again—warm, tender, true to
thee.

I believe if on my grave
Hidden in woody depths or by the wave,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears
of regret,
From every salty seed of your dear grief,
Some fair sweet blossom would leap into
the air.

I believe if I should fade,
Into those mystic realms where light is
made,
And you should long once more my face
to see,
I would come forth upon the hills of
night,
And gather stars, like fagots, till my
light,
Led by their beacon blaze, fell full on
me.

I believe my faith in thee,
Strong as my life, is nobly placed to be,
I would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from its height
sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of
time,
As the unworth the worship thou hast
won.

I believe who hath not loved
Hath had the sweetness of his life un-
proved;
Like one who, with the grape within his
grasp,
Drops it with all its crimson juice un-
pressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left un-
guzzled,
Out from his careless and unheeding
clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a set, immortal dew
That gilds Life's petals in the hours of
dusk,
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich crown jewel, Love of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered
husk.

ANSWERED.

LUE VERNON.

What words I said I know not,
Of pleading or of blame
My veins were filled with fire
And my heart seemed all a flame;
Your eyes were wide and wistful,
Though in scorn you turned to go,
And the moonlight in that instant
Grew as cold as winter snow.

The throbbing strains of music,
Swept out in a mellow gust,
What cared the merry dancers
If a hope was crushed to dust;
If a man had seen the sunshine
Turn to blackness in the sky,
And had found his lifebeam shattered
By a woman's brief reply.

Just a word that, coldly spoken,
Mocked my tortured heart; but yet
Was there something like a shadow,
Half of doubt and half regret
In your face? Was some true feeling
In your bosom faintly stirred?
When you answered "No so calmly,
Did your heart belie the word?"

Does it matter? Would I have it,
Such an unsatisfying dote,
When no words could change your
answer
And no pleading reach your soul?
When I cast my heart before you,
And your coldly spoken "No,
Made the placid Summer moonlight
Colder than the Winter snow?"

THE SMILE THAT WON'T COME OFF.

"I'll not hurt you I assure you," says
the dentist with a smile. "Now this
brief please endure, you must be pa-
tient for awhile."

Then he takes your head and crams it
back into an iron brace. Next he
twists your neck and jams it half way
off its proper base. Then he smiles
your aching eyeballs with a sudden
glare of Sun. (You are glad you have
two highballs, you would fink with
only one.)

While you writhe and writhe and sicken,
growing fainter all the while, buzz and
jab—the sharp pains quicken. Still
you see that dentist's smile.

Then he files and drills your molar;
scrapes and chips and saws it too.
You are cold as regions polar, faint
and shaking through and through.

When at last the torture's strained you
to the utmost you are free. "Now I
trust I have not pained you," smiles
the dentist, but you are free.

Rigid Formality.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger tells a
story of a Washington hostess who in-
vited an attaché of one of the foreign
legations to dine with her. The in-
vitation was formally accepted, but on
the morning of the appointed day a
note, written by the foreigner's valet,
was received, which read:

"Mr. Blank regrets very much that
he will not be able to be present at
Mrs. Swift's dinner to-night, as he is
dead."

"I HAVE been courting her for two
years," said the disconsolate one, "and
I am certain that she will refuse me
when I propose."

"Ab, that is interesting," said the
amateur photographer; "a sort of un-
developed negative."

THE FIRST GUN FIRED

IN THE APPROACHING CAMPAIGN IN THIS STATE.

Senator Warren Tolman Shows Up the Republican in the Last Legislature, and He Reiterates the Protest of a Prominent Republican Member Who Had Attended All State Conventions for a Score of Years and Who Declared That All Had Been Dominated by Corporate Influence—Democracy the Safeguard of the People.

State Senator Warren W. Tolman of Spokane, generally recognized as a candidate for Governor, delivered a speech at the Jackson-day banquet at Waterville, which is regarded as the virtual opening of his campaign for the Democratic nomination. The keynote of his speech was that the only hope for securing regulative railroad legislation and for breaking the corporate grip on politics of the State is through the agency of the Democratic party. He referred but briefly to national issues.

Senator Tolman said in part:

"In the State of Washington we are about to enter upon another campaign. In that campaign we shall have no time to fight national issues; no time to argue to the people that the trusts built up under the fostering power of the Republican party have become a menace to our national liberty and a source of injustice and oppression to every citizen; no time to point out or argue upon the plain proposition that the Republican party has become a party of special privileges and that it is administering the government in the interests of those who enjoy these privileges, and not in the interests of the plain people who carry the burden of taxation and who are the support and mainstay of the government. We shall not have time to point out the corruption which has become rampant in almost every department of the government under Republican control. No time to show the people that Perry Heath, the Secretary of the National Republican Committee during his term as Assistant Postmaster General, built up, fostered and participated in a gigantic scheme to defraud—a carnival of corruption intended to, and which did enrich the 'ring' at the expense of the government and of the taxpayers. We shall have no time to tell how, when this corruption was first brought to light and Postmaster General Payne was informed of it and asked what he had to say, he replied: 'Oh, just say that the Postmaster General laughed.'

THE POLITICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Way It Looks to a Staunch Supporter of Democratic Principles.

The 8th of January, commonly called "Jackson day" and for that reason particularly revered among Democrats because of Old Hickory's momentary victory over Pakenham at New Orleans, was observed this year to a much greater extent than has been the case for several years, banquets being held by leading Democrats in many cities.

The keynote sounded at all these banquets is best expressed by the single word "harmony." All the orators wanted harmony and doubtless all the listeners too, from the enthusiasm manifested. Even Tillman, the pitchfork Senator from South Carolina, declaring that "the two wings of the party must flap together if the party is to make any progress."

It is of course desirable that unity of action be secured, for without unity there is little prospect of Democracy winning a national victory this year unshoring the rough rider who is so extremely anxious to become his own successor that he has cast dignity and prudence to the wind. Notwithstanding the President's popularity, both real and alleged, throughout the country, there is already unmistakable evidence that he may and probably will not receive the support of a large and powerful element of his own party. To gain the good will of these dissenters, there are of course plenty of Democrats who are willing to place their party in a false position in order to increase the chances of a victory.

This is the danger that the party is up against at the present time, a danger that behoves all Democrats who are Democrats from principle to understand the situation and prepare to use their influence to avert it.

Grover Cleveland's second election was brought about largely as the result of an unholy alliance effected by the then leaders with the money lords of Wall street. To say that such a victory was a worthless one to the party is only stating half the truth for it was not only worthless, it was distinctly damaging, so damaging in fact that the record made by the last Cleveland administration has since weighed the party down like a millstone.

If the two wings of the Democratic party are to reunite, the party leaders will find out that they cannot rebuild a safe and enduring political temple by using for cement the sordid wealth of Wall street.

That Terrible English.

A story is told of Count Schouvaloff, a former Russian ambassador to England. He greatly admired English women and was heartily annoyed when he offended any one of them. He learned English, and, having heard one famous English beauty say "Shut up!" to another, he imagined it to be a phrase of polite agreement, such "say no more." In this sense he himself addressed it to an illustrious lady the next night at dinner, to the lady's consternation and his own, when he later discovered his mistake.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

LUE VERNON.

"Confound it all!" exclaimed a friend with whom I was going home the other evening. "I have a package of papers at the office I wanted to take home. But I'll miss the car if I go back for it. Guess I'll drop myself a postal card."

"Drop yourself a postal card?" I asked. "What do you mean?" He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth a package of cards, and as he was scribbling a few words by the light that shone from the window of a drug store he began:

"Best, cheapest and most effective memory jogger in the world. I am a very absent-minded person, and all of the old schemes are of no avail. I found the string on the finger wouldn't work, the knot in the handkerchief—lost the handkerchief, usually—so I bit on the idea of sending myself postal cards."

"Just before I left the office I addressed one to myself at the house, writing on it 'Umbrella.' That card will be delivered to me first thing in the morning, a reminder that I should take the old umbrella down town and get it fixed. Last night at home I wrote on a card, 'A Roast,' etc. That came to my office early in the day and if it hadn't we would have been dry of stuff for dinner to-night."

It's a simple system, costing only a cent for each service, and for this small outlay I have my lagging memory prodded by a special government official under bonds to perform his duty.

"Sometimes I think this new scheme of mine saved my life once. It was not very long ago. I had a bad cold. My doctor gave me some medicine which he said I must take every morning at 10 o'clock and every afternoon at 4 o'clock. It was absolutely impossible for me to remember to do so, so I took a pack of postal cards and wrote on each, 'Take your medicine and mail yourself a card.' I started the ball a-rolling by dropping a card in a box and taking the first dose. The deliveries at my office are exactly at 10 o'clock in the morning and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Whenever a carrier appeared he handed me the reminder, and I swallowed my medicine and handed him a fresh card. Result—Prompt cure."

"By this time we were aboard the car and on our way home."

"It certainly is an admirable idea," I said. "But, by the way, what do you intend to do with those postal cards you showed me?"

"Confound the luck!" he said, looking chagrined. "I forgot to mail them!"

MAIL WAITS FOR BLACK CAT.

Lake Shore Flyer Delayed Eleven Minutes by Superstitious Fear.

A railroad man's faith in the old superstition, "Kill a black cat and you'll have bad luck," caused a delay of 11 minutes to the Lake Shore fast mail. It was the first train on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern route to leave the new Lasalle-street station. Conductor John Talty, who has been in the service of the company for 43 years, had shouted "All aboard," and Frank Bittman, a veteran engineer, was ready to open the throttle that would send the train on its eastern flight.

Just as Conductor Talty shouted "Bo-o-ard" a black cat that came to the new station a week ago leaped up the steps of the day coach. Believing in the old superstition that it is good luck to have a black cat stray into your house, Yardmaster Stewart did not want to see the animal leave the station. He ran into the car after the cat and caught it half-way down the steps. Upon reaching the platform he threw the animal down, and it made a divdunder on the conductor Talty had seen Stewart chase the cat into the car, and the superstition about killing a black cat came to his mind.

The cat perched itself on the rear trucks of the coach, and, being dislodged from that place by fierce shouts of the railroad men, it hounded between the rails to the forward trucks.

Engineer Bittman, looking out of his cab-window, wondered what could be the cause of the commotion, and sent his fireman back to learn why Talty was holding the train.

"It's a black cat upon the day coach," said the fireman, as he climbed back in the engine.

"Keep that—cat away from the train!" Bittman shouted to the men who were trying to corral the animal.

"If he crosses the tracks in front of me I won't take the train out."

The cat was finally caught by Special Agent Liberty, who crawled under the car. He held it tight in his arms until the fast mail had rolled out of the station 11 minutes late.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

IT ILLUSTRATES THE TREND OF PUBLIC MORALS.

A Cynical Episode in American Politics—Mr. Hearst's Proposition at Least a Legitimate Deal in Modern Political Ethics—The Possibilities of Making Money a Mighty Power in Political Performances—Opinion of "Public," One of the Most Conservative as Well as Influential Mind-Moulders of the Middle West.

Congressman Hearst's Presidential boom, which has now burst through the confines of the Hearst papers and surprised the readers of other journals with its unexpected suddenness and unthinkable magnitude, bids fair to rank as the most cynical episode in the progress of American politics toward the bread-and-circus climax of McKinleyism.

It is commonly believed of Mr. Hearst that he is trying to buy a Presidential nomination, and then to buy the election. Circumstances seem to justify this impeachment. But what of it, and why not? Should that be his purpose, and should he succeed, the only novelty about it all would be the fact that he had done the buying himself and with his own money.

It is this novelty, however, that gives to the matter its cynical aspect. When Mr. McKinley's nomination and election were bought in 1896, the political properties were observed—superficially. Mr. McKinley bought no nomination. He bought no election. He furnished no funds. Mr. Hanna acted as purchasing agent, and the funds were furnished by the expectant syndicates of Wall street. So Mr. McKinley became President nominally in the old-fashioned way. He did not buy the office. It was bought for him.

Yet the fact that the Presidency was bought, proved that it could be bought; and with cynical shrewdness Mr. Hearst has set about gratifying his ambition by taking advantage of that discovery. If the Presidency could be bought by McKinley, why may it not be bought by Hearst? There you have the psychology of the Hearst boom.

"Is the office for sale, politicians and voters all? Is it money you want? Don't go to Wall street. I'll give you myself." That is the spirit of the Hearst movement.

While this is cynical to the verge of grim humor, it is due to Mr. Hearst to observe that there is "no string tied" to the money he is lavishing, save the one condition that it shall bring him the particular commodity he is openly offering to buy. Unlike the money that bought McKinley's election, no secret obligation to greedy syndicates goes with Hearst's money. On the contrary he is committed in most respects to an anti-plutocratic policy.

In an interview, for instance, which is reported in the Chicago Tribune of the 19th, Mr. Hearst fairly shines as an aggressive Democrat. So he does in some of the editorials that appear in his papers. But there is a disturbing fear that in both interview and editorial his relucgence is a reflected light. Mr. Hearst publishes great editorials, but does not always write them. He sends impressive letters to public meetings, but modestly refrains from verifying their authorship by equally impressive appearances as a speaker. His experience in expression has not been extensive. Yet it must be said for him that in his Tribune interview—ostensibly an oral extemporaneous talk of two hours in duration—he appears to have exhibited a firm grasp of great and subtle questions and ready powers of expression, which orators with years of experience in extemporaneous debate on questions of state might envy. Had Mr. Hearst delivered this interview as a speaker on the floor of Congress, under fire and visibly before the country, where he could not shine by reflected light, it would have placed him beyond dispute among statements of the Presidential class.

But in the plutocratic atmosphere of the day Mr. Hearst cares less, probably, to be a statesman of the Presidential class than to be in the class of Presidential candidates who can command "the price" without being dependent upon anyone for a dollar. And certain it is that he has already played havoc with the Germans and Parkers and all their kind, who are looking to Wall street syndicates to buy the office for them. In spite of the gravity of the matter, the consternation of these plutocratic Democrats is something to laugh at. But the situation is really very grave. That such a movement as Hearst's should have become formidable in American politics is a scathing commentary upon the degradation into which McKinleyism has plunged the country. Here you have the ripened fruit of the McKinleyistic gospel of "get there."

IN A NUTSHELL.

In case of war between Russia and Japan our people ought to know what it is all about. The following, from the Atlanta Constitution, tells the whole story in short meter:

"At the conclusion of the Sino-Japanese war, when the powers were lopping off certain valuable belongings of China, England taking over Woof-Hai-Wei, Germany seizing Kio-Chou and Russia occupying Port Arthur on the pretense of aiding the building of her railway from Harbin, in Eastern Siberia to that port, it fell to Japan to have her right to precedence of influence in Korean affairs recognized. During the Boxer revolution Russia quietly occupied the whole of Manchuria and began to make preparations for the permanent possession of that province. This called for protests, especially from Japan and the United States—the latter having exacted no possession in China but only the recognition of the 'open ports' policy as to trade and safe residence for all nations. Russia promised us in official correspondence to evacuate Manchuria on October 8th last. She broke that promise. On the same day of that breach we obtained a treaty convention to open the ports of Mukden and Antung, in Manchuria. Our Senate ratified the treaty, but Russia is preventing its ratification by China. Japan, meanwhile, seeing the promised permanence of Russia in Manchuria and a menace to her supremacy in Korea, protested and demanded that Russia should keep her contract not to remain in Manchuria and threaten aggressions in Korea. Because Russia refuses to answer that demand frankly the Japanese see no way to protect their rights than to threaten war with Russia. And there is the whole story in short meter.

HOW HEALTH IS GAINED

The story of a great deal of the unhappiness of women is a story of lost health. Women wonder how it is that little by little the form loses plumpness, the cheeks grow hollow and they feel tired and worn-out all the time. In a large proportion of cases when women are weak, run-down and falling off in flesh and looks, the root of the trouble can be traced to womanly diseases which undermine the general health. The proof of this is that women who have been cured of painful womanly diseases by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have recovered their general health, gained in flesh and in appearance.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the womanly diseases which sap the general health. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"I suffered for three years with ovarian trouble," writes Mrs. Anna Quinn (Treasurer Women's Athletic Club), of 622 Spycamore St., Milwaukee, Wis. "The treatment I took did me no good, until a good neighbor who had been using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription advised me to give it a trial. The next day took my first dose, and it was my first step toward recovery. In nine weeks I was a different woman; my flesh which had been fading became firm, complexion clear and my eyes bright. It was simply an indication of the great change which was going on and suffering to health and happiness."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

Attention

To you who want in all that should be in a drug store, in 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, PERFUMERY, CHEMICALS, SOAPS, CIGARS, 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 things alone will make you regular patrons. Then, we treat every one last as well as first, as a child, a child of God, as an adult. We always appreciate patronage, whether small or large, and sell goods at reasonable prices.

OUR PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT Realizing our responsibility in this respect, we are scrupulously particular, in every detail, using only the best and purest drugs, and combining with conscientious accuracy. It matters not what physician writes your prescription, it will be compounded and dispensed with conscientious thoroughness by a competent, reliable pharmacist, if brought to us, and only pharmacist charges made.

Robt. Marr, Home Drug Store, OLYMPIA, WASH. Oct. 19, 1903.

MINNE A POLIS.

Weight.....40,000 pounds.
Length.....32 feet.
Width.....5 feet.
Capacity.....30,000 pounds.

"Great Heavens!" said one of the party. "I pity the man who has to work by day's wages to fill that capacity." We took a moment to think, then we slowly bowed and tipped our hats to the Knight of the Road, and in silence that was painful we measured our way to the nearest saloon.

IN SEATTLE.

Visitor from Tacoma—"You haven't got half as nice a cemetery here as we have in Tacoma."

Prominent Citizen of Seattle—"No, I've always heard that the cemetery is the only part of your town that holds out any inducements for permanent residents."

Paying Good Farm Wages.

In only three States of the Union were farm wages higher than in the State of Washington in 1902, according to the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Agriculture, which has just published a report relative to farm wages.

The average wages paid in Washington are given as \$2.44 per day without board. In the two Dakotas and in Montana they are higher, North Dakota being highest with \$2.67 the average. When board is figured in there are still three States which pay higher wages per day. These three are the Dakotas and Minnesota. In Washington the wages with board are an average of \$2.01 per day, and in North Dakota, where they are the highest, the average is \$2.18 per day.

In the Southern States the wages are the lowest. In Mississippi they are down to an average of 75 cents per day with board. Without board, farm wages in South Carolina average but 80 cents per day.

This is one of the reasons why immigration comes West to a State like Washington rather than going South.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

HOW HEALTH IS GAINED

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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 things alone will make you regular patrons. Then, we treat every one last as well as first, as a child, a child of God, as an adult. We always appreciate patronage, whether small or large, and sell goods at reasonable prices.