



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

VOLUME XLV.—NUMBER 26.

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON: FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 12, 1905.

WHOLE NUMBER 2,344.

### Washington Standard.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY EVENING BY  
JOHN MILLER MURPHY  
Editor and Proprietor

Subscription Rates.  
Per square inch per year..... \$12.00  
Per quarter..... 4.00  
Per month..... 1.00

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### OLD-TIME FAVORITES.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee."

BY SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

Sarah Flower Adams, Great Harlow, England, is the author of the hymn which is the best known of all those written by women. She was the daughter of the editor of the Cambridge *Intelligencer* and was married to William B. Adams, a celebrated engineer and inventor. Though written as recently as 1840, this hymn stands amongst the foremost in the list of the ten great hymns of the Christian Church. In the United States it would be impossible to find a hymnal from which it is omitted. This may be due, in part, to the tune to which it was set by the father of American church music, Dr. Lowell Mason. "Bethany" is wedded to the hymn here, while in England, where it is sung to other tunes, it is not nearly so well known. Written by an Englishwoman, this hymn has been carried to all parts of the world by American travelers, and American missionaries have translated it into the tongues of the strange tribes in all lands.

Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee,  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

### QUEER WAYS OF OSTRICHES.

Make a Curious Danger Signal by Night,  
Young Grouse a Foot a Month.

Says a California correspondent: At night mournful sounds, like human groans, issued from the Cawston ostrich farm, at Pasadena, Cal., and a sympathetic soul may wonder if the birds are lamenting the vanity of woman-kind, which is the cause of their captivity. A child who does not look below the surface for cause and effect believes them to be happily asleep and snoring.

Inquiry reveals that this noise, called "bromming," indicates neither misery nor somnolence, but is the means provided by nature for preventing the approach of enemies. Very different from their uncouth parents are the little chicks. With heads and necks down-covered and prettily striped in tan and brown, and bodies like frisky little fluff balls, they reverse the story of the "Ugly Duckling."

As soon as hatched, they are taken from their parents, who are unsuccess-ful in rearing them. Feeding on green alfalfa, they grow at the enormous rate of a foot a month. Their average height when full grown is 7 feet, their weight 300 pounds.

When 8 months old, they pass from the primary to the intermediate department, mingling in the large paddock with birds of various ages. They swallow an orange whole now and have their feather plucked with the bravest.

Candle and Board.  
The Argonaut.

The old debate about firing a candle through a pine board was recently revived by an eastern newspaper. One man tried it and failed. Another writes: We selected as target a weather-beaten fence of pine boards, and loading our fourteen-gauge shotgun with about three drams of black powder, dropped in a candle which fitted the bore closely, and blazed away. The distance from the fence was about ten feet, and the candle was the kind known as 'stearine.' The candle had made a fairly clean hole through the board, which was from seven-eighths to one inch thick, and buried itself in a sand bank behind, from which we afterward dug it out, somewhat demoralized, but 'still in the ring.' There were some splinters torn from the back of the board and traces of candle about the hole."

Would Improve With Age.  
"Look here!" exclaimed the old lady. "I want you to take back that parrot you sold me. I find that it swears very badly."

"Well, madam," replied the dealer, "it's a very young bird; it'll learn to swear better when it's a bit older."

### HOLES IN STOCKINGS.

Woman's Struggle in the Handicap for Existence—Her Mission So Uncertain.

BY LEE E. VEKSON.

"More American women wear holes in their stockings than one would suspect," writes Mme. Charlotte Rieder in the *Mercury*, of France, a very old and very serious review. And not content with accusing her American sisters with so secretly sinning, the French woman arraigns them thus: "American men are weary of the reign of women. The men have made the American woman so sure of her power that she does not take the trouble to make herself loved. She is an infallible idol and sovereign, and exercises her sovereign rights. She finds it just that the man should work for her, she acquires all sorts of expensive habits, expecting the man always to reimburse his efforts to satisfy them.

"The picture is very common in America"—Mrs. Rieder declares, and one can see her toss her head and compress her lips as she grasps her pen more determinedly—"the picture is very common of a woman in a twenty-five dollar hat, robed like a theater-queen, trailing her splendid skirts in the streets. Yet she would be indignant if her husband took twenty-four hours' vacation. She has no duties, she lives in a boarding-house, and she does not even mend her garments. Her children she keeps in kindergarten as long as she can. Indeed, the American woman of the future will have no children. Even the young girl who is about to marry, scorns to think of having to help her husband in his work.

"America is a grand, rich country, with fine resources and a brilliant future," Mrs. Rieder concludes, sadly but firmly, "but her men have spoiled her women that a moral reaction is certain to set in soon. To spoil her, ruins a woman just as it does a child. The human couple are made for a just exchange of love and helpfulness, and when this does not exist, sooner or later, adjusts matters in a violent fashion."

More men does not know whether more Frenchwomen "wear holes in their stockings than one could suspect," but two occurrences seem to direct Mrs. Rieder's attention closer home; to prove that the daughters of Eve, whether in Paris or Olympia, are very, very much alike in pursuing the Adams of their choice; in marrying them, and in graciously permitting them to delude while they themselves spin not.

The Conservatory has just announced that in future it will limit the number of women it receives as students of the violin. The best or, cheaters in Paris are recruited from the Conservatory. The leaders of these orchestras have come to object to a woman violinist, not because she is not an artist, but because she deserts her art—for a husband.

"A woman's sole aim in life is to marry," says the Conservatory and the distinguished musicians who lead the orchestras. "To her, every other aim is only a subsidiary accessory. We do not distinguish between her talent and man's. We simply compare that her career as a musician may end at any time in matrimony. So we cannot depend upon her."

In other words, *chere* Mrs. Rieder, French women, even those who have chosen a life vocation, are content to dance while their husbands play the fiddle.

Again, Ferdinand Humbert, the celebrated portrait painter, who teaches the advanced contingent, and whom his pupils adore, has been very gallant enough to say: "Women have more patience and courage in their work than men. They give themselves to studies that have few agreeable sides. Last year one of my scholars bore off the anatomy prize. But my sincere belief is that women have less 'future' than men. Women desire to marry, and once married, they desert the fine arts."

There would seem to be holes also in the stockings of the French female character.

### Hetty Green's Humor.

Mrs. Hetty Green, the noted financier, was talking about the vicissitudes of housekeeping.

"Accidents occur in housekeeping," she said, "as distressing and horrible as any that occur in the world of finance."

"A woman of Bellows Falls gave a party last year. Pie was served at the party—apple pie, with the crust prettily ornamented.

"The woman called the cook into the dining-room.

"Marry," she said, "this crust looks very nice. How did you scallop it so beautifully?"

"With your false teeth, mum," the cook answered.

### A STRANGE PEOPLE.

Facts That Become Interesting as the Little Brown Man Comes to the Front.

BY LEE E. VEKSON.

Japan has nearly 50,000,000 people, more than half as many as the United States.

The word "Mikado" signifies something like "the Sacred Gate" or "the Sublime Porte."

The name of the Empress is O Haru—"Spring."

The name of the reigning Mikado is Yoshi Hito.

European dress is worn at all court functions.

Rice is the common food of the common people.

Sixteen cents a day is good pay for unskilled labor in Japan. Ten years ago it was 6 cents.

Japan has very few millionaires, and practically no multimillionaires.

Tokio is a hundred years older than St. Petersburg.

The lovely Japanese cherry trees produce no cherries.

On the Japanese stage male actors play the female roles.

There is only one Japanese actress—Mme. Sada Yacco.

Danjiro, the great Japanese tragedian, is also the most skilled dancer in Japan.

Japanese dead are buried in a squatting posture, chin upon knees.

More than 10,000 pilgrims, male and female, ascend Fujiyama every year.

Fujiyama is 12,365 feet high, a thousand feet for every month, plus one foot for every day in the year.

The Japanese people, even the poor, travel much in their own country.

Modern Japanese coins and bank notes bear legends in English as well as their own.

Seminudity is common in rural Japan and furthermore it is respectable and healthful.

The average Japanese is better bathed than the average Britisher.

Wrinkles are poetically termed by them "waves of old age."

It is quite proper, even complimentary, to ask a lady's age in that country.

The Japanese "Hello!" at the telephone is "Moshi moshi" or "Ane ne!" with the accent on the "ne."

The Japanese farewell "Sayonara," means something like "If it must be so," or "If we must part thus, so be it."

Kissing and shaking hands are rarely practiced in Japan.

Japanese mothers do not kiss their children, though they may press the lips to the forehead or cheek of a very young baby.

### CHANGES IN WHEAT BELT.

Vermont, Once Granary of the East, Falls Far Behind.

Vermont was once the granary of the East. It now produces only one bushel of wheat to more than 200 in Minnesota, the banner State.

Rochester was once known as the "flower city." Now it is called the "flour city." But New York still raises as much wheat as Wisconsin.

Maryland produces more and Pennsylvania three times as much and Texas nearly twice as much. Only eight States surpass Pennsylvania in wheat raising.

Kansas produces nearly as much wheat as both the Dakotas, which are much more often mentioned as wheat States.

Only a trifle more than half of the wheat crop grows west of the Mississippi. Illinois, Indiana and Ohio still produce 80,000,000 bushels, which is more than any far Western State and over one-eighth of the whole crop.

Little Delaware raises more wheat than all New England, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina raise 35,000,000 bushels.

New York is the second flour-milling center in the United States, though far behind Minneapolis, which can grind 82,000 barrels a day to New York's 14,000.

### ROMANCE IN ONE CHAPTER.

It Makes Up in Terror What It Lacks in Length.

Bound and gagged the maiden was thrust into a gunny sack and unable to move or scream, felt herself carried rapidly up a flight of stairs from the dungeon, and then put into a buggy and driven down the street at a rapid rate. Ineffectually she struggled to release herself from the gag. She was bound securely. Finally the conveyance stopped. She was again carried into building; gasping for breath the sack was taken from her head. The villain, still masked, took the gag from her mouth, his eyes gleaming like coals of fire through his black mask, released her hands and bisted through his clinched teeth, "There my pretty bird, scream and yell as long and loud as you like, no human ears will ever hear you. You are in my power. Do you hear? Totally within my power." "Where am I?" she gasped.

"In a store that never advertises," he cruelly responded. "Alas! Alas!" she moaned, "no power on earth can save; no one will look for me here," and the poor girl fainted.

### A Reflection of the Past.

New York Tribune.

William Pinkerton, the detective, was praising the various cash registering devices that have come of late years into world wide use.

"These machines," he said, "have undoubtedly diminished crime. I heard of a clerk in a grocery the other day who was getting \$8 a week. He had to be on duty at 7 o'clock in the morning and he was not through till 7 and sometimes 8 at night."

"He found time, though, to get married, and the week after the ceremony he asked his employer for a raise."

"Why, Horace," the employer said, "you are getting \$8 a week. What else you? When I was your age I kept a wife and two children on \$8 a week, and saved money besides."

"They didn't have cash registers in those days," said Horace, bitterly."

### Ben Butler's Easy Conscience.

Boston Herald.

One of the best as well as the neatest hits made by General Butler occurred during the famous deadlock on the civil rights bill. The question of adjournment was under consideration, and General Butler had stepped over to Mr. Randall's desk for a private consultation. Butler favored a Sunday session. Randall opposed it.

"Bad as I am, I have some respect for God's day," said the Democrat, "and I don't think it proper to hold a session of Congress on that day."

"Oh, pshaw!" responded Butler, "don't the Bible say that it is lawful to pull your ox or your ass out of a pit on the Sabbath day? You have 73 asses on your side of this ditch to-morrow, and get out of this ditch in a holy work."

### Nice Finale.

"And what do you think of our beautiful city?" asked the Chicago girl.

"Your beautiful city," yawned the young man from New York, "reminds me of a bursted drum."

The Chicago girl looked daggers bayonets and hatpins.

"What?" she flashed. "Our city reminds you of a bursted drum? Why so, sir?"

"Because it can't be beaten." "And she was so pleased she promised to say something real nice about New York."

### NEWS OF THE STATE.

Items of Interest Gathered Here, There and Everywhere.

As a result of ill health, Jeremiah Cusick, of Chewelah, this State, after firing a pile of brush into which he fell, sent a bullet through his brain, Saturday. When the body was found the clothing had burned off, and the remains were horribly burned. Cusick is well known in Stevens county.

It is believed that a body was placed in a box half filled with quicklime and thrown into the Sound near Vashon Island about six weeks ago. The box when found last week showed the form of a human outlined in the sand which it contained. The box was found by Postmaster Charles Erickson at Aquinas. The coroner is investigating. It is believed a murder was committed.

The steamship *Minnesota*, just after leaving the Sound for the Orient, damaged a high-pressure piston engine so as to necessitate her return to Port Townsend for repairs, on the 3d inst. The accident occurred off Clallam Bay, where the steamer lost a seven-ton anchor and a thirty-fathom chain, while making an investigation of the damage. An effort will be made to recover them.

At Spokane, Sunday afternoon, Nellie Maud Bell, a pretty young artist of 22, was horsewhipped in front of the First Baptist Church by Mrs. James S. Mitchell. Miss Bell's assailant, who is a little French brunette, was furious over the attentions which she believed that the artist was receiving from Mr. Mitchell. Miss Bell is an unusually attractive girl, with a slender, well-rounded figure, dark eyes and a pouting mouth, and would attract attention anywhere.

Construction work on the Crematorium, at Mount Pleasant, in King county, is progressing favorably. About 20 men have been employed on the concrete foundation and basement just completed. A contract has been awarded a San Francisco firm for the superstructure which will immediately begin, and it will be ready for operation by July 15th. The cost completed will be about \$30,000, including the residence of the Superintendent.

Mrs. Nels E. Nelson, the wife of a Cottage lake, King county, farmer, last week attacked her 8-year-old son with an axe and fatally wounded the child. Several days before a neighbor's house burned and the inmates narrowly escaped death. The incident preyed on the mind of Mrs. Nelson. Finally she became insane and going to the wood shed, secured an axe and struck her son without warning. "I wanted to save my child from fire," she sobbed explaining her action.

H. W. Bonner was arrested at the county poorhouse of Walla Walla, by Constable Peterson, a few days ago, on complaint of Mrs. R. Crabtree, who accuses Bonner of beating her out of a board bill for \$4.50, contracted in June of last year. In court Bonner testified that he had gone to Alaska, where he had suffered the loss of two toes through freezing, and was now about to lose other toes from the same cause. Owing to the man's unfortunate condition, Justice Huffman decided to leave Bonner in the poorhouse instead of sending him to jail.

A Snohomish dispatch alleges that Emma Stanley, presumably a resident of Seattle, is suing Isaac Cathcart, a rugged old pioneer of Snohomish county, for \$5,000 damages for alleged assault. The woman says she went to work on March 27 for Cathcart as housekeeper, for \$30 per month. On the 28th of March, the second day, she was in his employ, it is charged, Cathcart assaulted her. The woman alleges that for 17 days thereafter she was kept a prisoner by means of force and threats, and that on April 10 she made her escape, this being her first opportunity to get away. Isaac Cathcart is a man of considerable wealth, and owns a large farm at Cathcart and much valuable real estate in Snohomish.

A wild man who crawls on his hands and knees and barks like a dog is said to have terrorized the residents of the north end of Tacoma. He was seen by several children and a Mrs. Sample, who at once notified the police and detectives were sent out to capture the man. The Sample's home is near the gulch at the end of Water street. Several times children who were playing about the place reported to Mrs. Sample that there was a man in the gulch who crawled on the ground and barked at them like a dog. In telling of it, Mrs. Sample said: "As I went down into the gulch I could hear what I believed was a dog barking and suddenly, only a short distance ahead of me, a man raised up, on his knees apparently, though I could see only his head and part of his body, on account

### WINGS GLUED TO THEIR BODIES.

Oakland Paint Factory Refuse Prevented Fowls Flying Out of Water.

The wild ducks that swim in the bay near Oakland, Cal., have been the victims of civilization in a queer and astonishing way.

Their wings have been glued to their bodies by materials floating out from a big paint manufactory, the result being that the birds could neither fly out of the water nor make a living by catching fish.

This strange discovery has just been made by Deputy Fish Commissioner Thomas Woods, who in consequence of it has instituted proceedings against the Paraffine Paint Company, which has its works at Emeryville, Mr. Woods says that fish as well as ducks are being killed by the materials from the factory.

Information has been filed by the Deputy Fish Commissioner charging the factory owners with violating a State law in running oil and refuse paint into the bay. Mr. Woods states that these materials directly kill the fish, while it affects the ducks in such a manner that they die of starvation, gluing the feathers and wings of the birds to their bodies so that they can neither fly from the paint-polluted water nor even swim out.

Summons will be issued by Judge Quinn calling the officials of the paint company into court to answer the charge.

### Uses of Lemons.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

Gargle a bad sore throat with a strong solution of lemon juice and water.

The juice of half a lemon in a cup of black coffee without any sugar will cure sick headache.

Lemon juice and salt will remove iron rust.

A strong unsweetened lemonade taken before breakfast will prevent and cure a bilious attack.

Lemon juice added to milk until it curds and these curds then bound upon parts swollen with rheumatism will bring relief.

Lemon juice mixed very thick with sugar will relieve that tickling cough so annoying.

A hot lemonade taken before going to bed will cure a cold on the lungs.

A cloth saturated in lemon juice and bound about a cut or wound will stop its bleeding.

Lemon juice added to fruit juices that do not jell readily, such as cherry, strawberry, etc., will cause them to jell.

### Lewis and Clark Fair.

Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, Portland, June 1 to October 15.

Events: National American Woman Suffrage Association, June 29 July 5; American Medical Association, July 11-14; Transcontinental Passenger Association, June 5; United Commercial Travelers' Interstate Convention, June 9; Traveling Men's day, June 10; National Association State Dairy and Food departments, June 20; Pacific Coast Electric Transmission Association, June 20-21; American Library Association, July 2-7; International Anti-cigarette Association, July 15-17; Charities and Corrections Association, National Conference, July 15-22; Nebraska Lumber Dealers' Association, July 17-19; Gamma Eta Kappa Fraternity, National Convention, July 20-22; North Pacific Sangerbund, July 21-23; W. C. T. U., National Conferences, June 27-28; Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, annual tournament, June 22-24; Dominion of Canada day, July 1; Spokane day, June 20.

### A Matter of Veracity.

The Rev. John Allen, a Methodist preacher of Farmington, Me., grandfather of Mrs. Nordics, was a zealous attendant of camp meetings throughout that State. Indeed, his reputation for attending more of these open air meetings than any one else in the country gave him the name of "Camp Meeting John."

One day as he was walking down the Main street of Farmington he met High Sheriff Luther Curtis, from New Sharon, known throughout the country for his quick wit. As they shook hands the Sheriff said: "It gives me great pleasure to grasp the hand of an honest man."

"Camp Meeting John" replied: "I wish I could say the same."

Quick as a flash came the retort: "You could if you told such a lie as I did."

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"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, opium or other harmful drugs; neither does it contain sugar or syrup, which are injurious to some stomachs. Without any of these, it retains its pleasant taste and marvelous healing qualities in the most trying climates. Don't let a selfish medicine seller cheat you out of your health by giving you a substitute. He's only looking out for a larger profit, not for your good. Shun him.

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"That your remedies are not for the few, but for the many is evident, for I personally know of many cases of persons in this city who have been restored to health and strength by your Golden Medical Discovery. I know that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is most valuable in cases of indigestion of the liver, having taken the medicine some twenty years ago when I had a bad attack of liver trouble, and I never used a medicine before that did me so much good. I have known of persons for twenty-six years, and do not wonder at his success, for he is a physician and a team of specialists, is possessed of extraordinary skill, and he has in his hands the most successful remedies which are chosen because of their unusual knowledge and practical application."

If suffering from any obstinate, lingering ailment, write to Dr. Pierce and get, free of charge, sound medical advice. He has the counsel and assistance of a large staff of expert specialists.