



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

VOLUME L—NUMBER 35.

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Washington Standard

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY EVENING BY JOHN MILLER MURPHY

Editor and Proprietor.

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ALFRED THOMPSON

Conveyancer and Notary

Abstracts of Title Carefully Prepared

20 Years' Experience

OLYMPIA NATIONAL BANK BLD'G.

PAUL'S PLACE

NOTED FOR QUALITY OF THEIR LIQUORS.

THE FINEST.....

Wines, Liquors

and Cigars

Olympia Beer a Specialty

115 FOURTH STREET.

Courteous Treatment to All.

PAUL DETHELFSEN, Proprietor.

FRANK'S PLACE

330 Main Street

Bond & Lillard

Whisky

THE POPULAR

TONY FAUST

RESTAURANT.

JOHN MEIXNER - PROPRIETOR.

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

Entrance to Main Street, 111 Fifth Street, Olympia, Wash.

THE BEST

TONY FAUST SALOON

All the Best Brands of Imported and Domestic Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand

William Meyer

PROPRIETOR.

320 Main Street - Olympia, Wash.

After making this assertion, just how Phillips expects to be elected Sheriff is a puzzle that will make the Chinese one blush in shame, so to speak.

Mrs. L. W. McCoy, of Seattle, was a visitor to the Portland rose carnival. In speaking of the way Portland merchants boost their "made in Portland" goods, Olympia could well follow suit. She says:

"Portland people are quietly but surely boosting their own city. While there I did some marketing and on asking for a certain brand of ham was told, by a small corner grocery, 'We do not carry that brand, but have a ham, made in Portland, very much superior.' Asking for a widely advertised biscuit, they replied, 'We do not carry that, but have a home-made cracker that is far superior.' On asking for Hawaiian pineapple, the same reply.

It's up to Olympia merchants and Olympia consumers to get busy.

"The man who was recently sent to the county jail for ten days for refusing to assist in fighting a forest fire at the command of a Deputy Fire Warden may consider himself much abused, but it needs an occasional arrest under the terms of this law to make people realize the necessity for it."—Seattle Times.

A man should not refuse to work at a certain time. However, the man

VELVET and RAGS

(INDIVIDUAL OPINION)

BY LUE F. VERNON

The Hanford *Columbia* is the only newspaper published in a tent in Washington.

The *Yellow Jacket* is the name of a paper published at Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

The *Hustler* is the name of a newspaper published at Hatton, Adams county, this State.

The *Live Wire* is the name of the county (Umatilla) official paper, published at Pendleton, Oregon.

The *Columbia Journal*, published at Pasco, runs this inscription under its name-plate:

"Our motto: 'Be honest, tell the truth, fear God, and hustle for the almighty dollar.'"

Here is the cold-blooded style and manner in which C. T. Giezantner, publisher of the *Pasco Express*, puts it: "The only way to become a subscriber to the *Express* is to pay the price strictly in advance."

If campers are not more careful laws will be enacted prohibiting these outings at all in lumber districts. This will be the correct thing if campers cannot take time to be sure their camp-fire is "black out."

If you talk with a wage-earner who has scraped and saved, and saved and scraped, in order to procure a little home in a regrade district of Seattle, you will understand why so many "dinner-pail" men with "horse-sense" still continue living in housekeeping rooms in that city.

According to Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo, Ohio, in an article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of July 16th, Miss Frances E. Willard, long since attested that "thousands, through society's grim machine, are driven to drink by poverty quite as often as they are driven to poverty by drink."

Neither the *P.-I.* nor the *Seattle Times*, which worship at the shrine of Secretary Ballinger, have published as yet, in their Sunday editions, a full page picture showing the number and size of snakes the Secretary has killed since his return from Washington, D. C. Gee! Some newspaper editors are just too indolent and shiftless for anything!

David Eugene Olson, a revivalist, delivered a "talk" at Green Lake (Seattle) the other afternoon, on "How to Be Happy Though Married." An article informing thousands of married men how, and in what manner he discovered the scheme, (heretofore thought to be unobtainable, judging from the divorce epidemic in the United States) he will be given all the praise, glory and then some, capable of being contributed by those trotting down the road of life in double harness.

Detective Charles Phillips, of Seattle, who is a candidate for Sheriff of King county cannot estimate the votes he has lost by making the following declaration:

"If I am elected to the office of Sheriff there will be no gambling, no wide-open saloons and no dance halls in King county, and this includes the city of Seattle."

John E. Humphries, candidate for the United States Senate, feels chagrined at the *Seattle Times*, which refers to John E. Humphries, the star-letter writer to the *P.-I.*, as "Jack Falstaff." Here is what John has to say about it:

"The *Times*, thinking to bring me into disrepute with my fellow-men, has published to the world that I am commonly known throughout the State as 'Jack Falstaff,' without any explanation. Jack Falstaff was a fictitious character used by Shakespeare in his plays, 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' and 'Henry IV,' and his picture is used on beer signs in all the saloons in England. The character of Falstaff is that of a liar, a coward, a boastful person, a drunkard, a potroon, a man who never pays his bills, and in fact a worthless wretch; yet the men connected with the *Times* know full well that I never took a drink of liquor in my life; they knew full well that I was not a wretch; that I was not a drunkard; that I was not a coward; that I never paraded my exterior to the vulgar rabble for admiration, and they knew full well that if there was a man in the United States or in the world that the character did not apply to it was me. Yet, with all the brazen effrontery of old Jack Falstaff

himself, the *Times* has published me in this character to the world, has slandered and libeled me."

Seemingly John doesn't like the *Seattle Times* to call him "Jack Falstaff," does he, for he continues:

"I am entitled to the name of John E. Humphries, and no man, woman or child has a right to libel or slander me by calling me vulgar names or applying to me a drunken character or falsifier, and without being egotistical I will simply refer to those who know me, and if they say that I am not sober, not honest, not in any respect whatever do resemble the drunken, cowardly, vulgar and lying character of old Jack Falstaff, then I have nothing to say."

Anyway, whether the *Seattle Times* is justified or not in referring to John E. Humphries as "Jack Falstaff," John's description of his own many virtues (in the eyes of some goody-goody people) cause one to remember a saying of the Bard of Avon—"It's to laugh."

Undertakers doing business on Puget Sound, who have *gratifies* coursing through their veins, should know by now that Judge Lindsay, court commissioner, of Seattle, is a just and humane man, who believes in "A square deal for every man, no more, no less" and intends to see that a man gets this even though the man is a dead one.

A Tacoma firm of undertakers, it seems, according to the *Seattle P.-I.*, "unobtrusively" presented a bill for \$262 for the obsequies of Arthur B. Lowe, who died on April 11, 1909, without friends or relatives, leaving property worth approximately \$1,000, to revert to the State.

Judge Lindsay ran his eyes over the bill and said:

"What's this? '\$8 for device to lower coffin into grave.' Does it cost '\$15 for burial robe.' Did the man have no clothes when he died? A charge for socks! '\$6 for pall-bearers.' Had the man no friends? '\$25 for embalming.' Why embalm a man who had no friends or relatives? '\$150 for casket.' I won't stand for this destruction of a little estate. The bill for \$262, including \$8 worth of flowers, is cut to \$150. Call the next case."

Blessings on Judge Lindsay, of Seattle.

The *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* is always prone to invite Eastern folk who reside in localities where many prostrations from the fierce and intense heat of summer sun occurs, to come, come at once to Seattle and enjoy the delightful arctic-toned utopian summer weather. Therefore, it is strange, strange indeed, to read in the *P.-I.*, issue of July 19th, the concluding paragraph as regards the vaudeville show at Pantages theater in that city, which is as follows:

"The bill finishes with moving pictures. All told, this week's bill is a corker. It jammed the house yesterday, and the indications are that it will break all box-office records for this time of year. The house is cooled by the Pantages new vacuum system, which makes the house cool at all times, despite the sizzling heat of the streets."

Gee! What's the use of Eastern people fleeing from the prostrating heat of their respective districts only to land in Seattle, to swelter in the "sizzling heat of the streets?" If they are to sizzle in the streets in Seattle they may as well sizzle at their home in the East and save transportation money. Far as the "sizzling" in summer time, in Seattle is concerned, while it becomes pretty warm some days, there is no sizzling hot summer weather in Seattle, and the *P.-I.*'s assertion, far as "sizzling" summer weather is concerned, is a "sizzling" piece of tommyrot, bunk and falsehood. "Sizzling heat of the streets!" meaning Seattle. Gee! Wouldn't this rattle your stuns, Miss Seattle?

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ROOSEVELT'S GALL.

George Bernard Shaw, writing from London to the *New York American*, says: "Your Mr. Roosevelt's speech at the Guild Hall is certainly one of his most remarkable performances in his new character of the Innocent Abroad. It raises very seriously the question of England's duty to America. America broke loose from us at the end of the eighteenth century and undertook to govern itself. Ever since that time it has been proving its utter unfitness to govern itself. The revelations of San Francisco were the last straw. Nothing that we ever happened in Egypt can touch them. If it is our duty as Mr. Roosevelt says, to govern Egypt for its own good without consulting its inhabitants, it is many times more important that we should take America in hand the same way. I quite admit that the condition of our own great cities leaves us open to the remark that we had better learn to govern ourselves before we pretend to govern other people, but the Egyptians may make the remark just as pointedly as the Americans, and Roosevelt expressly tells us that we must do our duty without attending to what the Egyptians say. It is certainly very curious that Mr. Roosevelt, whom we have come to regard as an American of the Americans, should thus deliberately stir us up to reconquer his country. He even urges us to do it by violence and injustice if necessary. It is true that the Americans have abused their independence and made their initial government odious throughout Europe for its corruption and tyranny, but there are two ways of remedying this. One is for Americans to reform themselves and the other is to trust England for paternal government. Mr. Roosevelt advocates the latter plan. I prefer the former. America can take its choice."

Commenting on Mr. Shaw's remarks the *Omaha World-Herald* says: "How handily Shaw turns the Roosevelt argument against Roosevelt's own country! And what argument, in truth, can be advanced why England should rule Egypt which would not also be an argument in favor of England's ruling the United States? Has there been assassination in Egypt? Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley were also assassinated. Have disorder and violence disgraced Egypt? There have been insurrections, riots, lynchings, night riders and Ku Kluxers in the United States. Has there been corruption in Egypt? Look at New York, San Francisco, St. Louis, Denver, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. Has there been shown in Egypt an incapacity of the people properly to govern themselves? Look at Joe Cannon's many terms as Speaker of the American House; look at legislation made by Cannon, Payne, Dillard, Aldrich, Hale and Smoot; look at Dick nominated for Senator from Ohio; look at Dewey, the Senator from New York; look at the manner in which the new tariff law was passed! England, it is true, is as bad as we are. England is also as bad as the Egyptians. George Bernard Shaw has given imperialism something to chew on."

Rhubarb Ways.

One of the "never-fails" is a rhubarb plant, and it is not half so appreciated as it deserves to be. We do not know whether to call it a fruit or a vegetable, but from its uses, should judge the name of fruit would best suit its possibilities. We have been asked for some ways of using it, and right now is a good time to begin putting it up. If the stalks are old and tough, it is as well to peel them, but the tender stalks need no peeling, and the skin gives the product a better flavor. Use as little water as possible with it, as the stalks make their own juice, if a little sugar is added. When cooking for sauce, wash clean, lift out of the water and drain a little, then put into the cook vessel, add the sugar and cover, and as it cooks the sugar will draw out plenty of juice.

Rhubarb Jam—Allow one pound of sugar to each pound of rhubarb, and add one lemon. Grate the thin, yellow rind from one lemon (for each pound of the fruit), then slice the pulp, remove the seeds and put into a stoneware or china vessel; over this lay the chopped rhubarb, cover all with the sugar, and let stand overnight. In the morning put all into the preserving kettle and cook very slowly for about an hour; stir frequently as it thickens, using a wooden spoon or paddle. When thick enough, pack into china, earthenware or glass jars, and let get cold; then pour over the top one-fourth inch of paraffin wax, melted. Cover closely and set away in a cool, dry place.

THE DARK SIDE OF THE FOURTH.

Mark Twain's Sorrow on the "Day We Celebrate."

From Mr. Clemens' address at a banquet given by the American Society in London at the Hotel Cecil, July 4, 1907, when he was called upon by Ambassador Choate to respond to the toast, "The Day We Celebrate."

Our Ambassador has spoken of our Fourth of July and the noise it makes. We have got a double 4th of July—daylight 4th and a midnight 4th. During the day, in America, we keep the fourth properly, in a reverent spirit. We devote it to teaching our children patriotic things—reverence for the Declaration of Independence. We honor the day all through the daylight hours, and when night comes we dishonor it. Presently—before long—they are getting ready to begin now—on the Atlantic Coast when night shuts down, that pandemonium will begin, and there will be noise, and noise, and noise, all night long, and there will be more than noise, there will be people crippled, there will be people killed, there will be people who lose their eyes and all through that permission which we give to irresponsible boys to play with firearms and firecrackers, and all sorts of dangerous toys. We turn that Fourth of July alas! over to rowdies, to drink and get drunk and make the night hideous, and we kill and cripple more people than you would imagine.

We probably began to celebrate our Fourth of July night in that way 125 years ago, and on every recurring anniversary night since, these horrors have grown and grown, until now, in our 5,000 towns of America somebody gets crippled on every Fourth of July night, besides those cases of sick persons who we never hear of, who die as a result of the noise or the shock. They cripple or kill many more people on the Fourth of July in America than they kill and cripple in our wars nowadays, and there are no pensions for these folks. And too we burn houses. Really we destroy more property on every 4th of July night than the whole United States was worth 125 years ago. Really it is our day of mourning, our day of sorrow. Fifty thousand people who have lost friends or who have had friends crippled, receive that 4th of July when it comes as a day of mourning for losses they have sustained in their families.

I have suffered in that way myself. I have had relatives killed in that way. One was in Chicago years ago, an uncle of mine, just as good an uncle as I have ever had, and I had lots of them—yes uncles to burn, uncles to spare. This poor uncle, full of patriotism, opened his mouth to hurrah, and a rocket went down his throat. Before that man could ask for a drink of water to quench that thing, it blew up and scattered him all over the forty-five States, and, really, now this is true. I knew about it myself, twenty-four hours after that it was raining buttons, recognized as his, on the Atlantic seaboard. A person cannot have a disaster like that and be entirely cheerful the rest of his life. I had another uncle on an entirely different Fourth of July, who was blown up that way, and, really, it trimmed him as it would a tree. He had hardly a limb left on him anywhere. All we have left now is an expurgated edition of that uncle. But, never mind about these things; they are merely passing matters. Don't let me make you sad.

A Curious Jellyfish.

That strange inhabitant of the ocean known as the sea cucumber can practically efface itself when in danger by squeezing the water out of its body and forcing itself into a compass so narrow as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye. Moreover, it can cast away most of its interior organism and yet continue to exist and grow again what it has shed.

SEVERAL large tracts of land are to be thrown open for settlement, in Idaho, Montana, Arizona and North Dakota, which had been withdrawn in connection with irrigation projects, but are not now needed for the reclamation service. These tracts amounting to over 50,000 acres will be offered for sale in September and October.

SIXTEEN practitioners and healers, followers of Mrs. Augusta Stetson, in her controversy with Mrs. Eddy, have been dropped from the roll of membership of the Mother Church C. S. in Boston, by order of the Board of Directors of this latter organization.

CANADA possesses the world's largest bullock, which is six feet high, 11 feet 2 inches long, and 8 feet 8 inches in girth.

Called the "Food of Immortality."

N. C. Avalanche.

In the vicinity of the Hot Springs, North Carolina, grows the ginseng, a beautiful plant closely resembling the sarsaparilla. Even fifty years or more ago, forty thousand dollars' worth of the roots were exported each year to the far away empire of the Chinese Mikado. His people are about the only nation that has any use for it, but for centuries to them it has been essential. The "Heathen Chinese" is nothing if not superstitious, and this ginseng has been an article of commerce with him from time immemorial. Why? Because it is a lucky plant. Formerly it was obtained exclusively from Tartary, and the Tartars were in the habit of saying that they could never find it, except by shooting a magic arrow, which fell invariably where the plant was abundant. The Chinese call it the "food of immortality," and they declare it to be a remedy for every inherited evil, wholesome for the frail in body, refreshing for the memory, calming the passions and bestowing inexpressible delight. And here, in the sunny south, on one of the great North Carolina mountains, thousand of pounds are produced, and at about sixty cents a pound prove indeed lucky to the exporter.

In summer these stupendous southern hills are masses of bloom, so sweet and luxuriant that the vest gorge formed by the river is a tunnel of delicate odors, from huge grape vines as large as ship's cable and long enough to tie ten war ships together. "Rhododendron" mountain is one great pyramid of these magnificent blooms with which we so carefully decorate our northern parks, and the roots of the shrub are so large and the wood so susceptible of fine polish that the natives fashion them into large yellow vases embellished by nature with intricate patterns and embroideries.

For the Laundry.

When the picnic season begins, then the "trouble" experts are in demand. Pretty figured lawns, percales, dimities, and other wash goods have a habit of "running" and fading when submitted to the careless laundress. But if care is taken, such materials may be washed the season through without having them ruined. There is a "fine art" in laundering, as well as in other work in the home and many things must be learned by practical experience. Keep a bottle each of ammonia, turpentine and alcohol, and also one of purified oxgall, in the house. Try to have soft water for such washing, and if it can not be had, soften the water with a little borax, or with a few drops of ammonia. Alcohol is excellent for removing grass stains, if they are first rubbed with lard; molasses, also is said to be effective. Turpentine will remove paint stains, and will set most colors in wash fabrics. The ox-gall is used for setting the different shades of pink, lilac, purple and light reds. For paint stains, equal parts of turpentine and ammonia should be used, but the axle-tar must first be well rubbed with lard, rubbing the lard into the spot to soften the tar, then it can be washed out with warm suds.

To settle muddy water, such as river or hydrant water, use one tablespoonful of salt mixed thoroughly with the yolk of one egg, and stir well into the tub or barrel of water. Alum will also settle it. Gingham, lawn and percales should not go into the wash with other clothes, but should be washed separately and as quickly as possible in warm suds made of soft water and white soap. Most washing powders will fade delicate colors. Colored goods must not lie in the water any longer than necessary to get them clean, and should be well rinsed and dried in the shade. White goods are improved by soaking in suds, but must be thoroughly rinsed and lightly blued, then starched and ironed when nearly dry, or when well damped by sprinkling.

AND now it is nip and tuck between the aeroplane and automobile as to which gathers in the most victims. Every day we hear of smash-ups or fall-downs, in which lives are lost, and still the wonder grows that humanity will risk so much with the record kept so plainly in view.

THE average walking pace of a healthy man or woman is said to be seventy-five steps a minute.

When Eve put on the fig-leaf That didn't fit at all; It was no summer garment, But made to suit the fall.

SHELLAC will be more pliable, and will spread more easily, if a small amount of gum camphor is added to it.



Your fortune is that you will be happy if you purchase your drugs and sundries here. The clairvoyant endeavors to prognosticate the future. By patronizing this store you are simply making genuine satisfaction a certainty.

WE LEAD BUT NEVER FOLLOW.

HUGH ROSS

The Druggist. Phone 81

THE

G. & W. Barber Shop

HAS MOVED TO

"PAUL'S OFFICE"

Four doors west of their old location.

For Good Workmanship, Cleanliness and Fair Treatment give us a trial.

A. L. Armstrong Bert Miller

P. J. O'BRIEN & CO.

HORSE SHOEING

General Blacksmithing.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Sole agents for Olympia and Thurston county for the celebrated

STUDEBAKER

Wagons and Carriages

Corner Third and Columbia Streets, Olympia, Wash.