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EAGLE FRESHWATER, Editor
JOHN MILLER MURPHY, Associate Editor
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"O LITTLE TOWN—"
Invariably, whether we be crass unbelievers, or indifferent, jaded business men or non-churchgoers or whatnot, the minds of men turn back at this season to that little town in the Holy Land toward which the thoughts of men and women and boys and girls have turned for nearly 2,000 years and to the thought at least if not the worship of the Child who came to us then.

We may never go inside of a church, may never read the New Testament, may jibe at Christianity or be wholly indifferent to it, but there is none of us but thinks of Bethlehem at this time and of the Christ child whose influence has been greater than that of any other individual this world has ever known. Ingrained in all of us is a tincture at least of that love "which passeth all understanding"—we may hide it, we may fight it, we may laugh at it, but when we think to ourselves in those silent intervals such a day invokes, a still, small voice always leads our thoughts to Him.

There is some good in all of us. The measure of our enjoyment of Christmas and the happy Yuletide and of our participation in its many phases, is the measure of that good. Not by the extent, the number or the value of the gifts we give, not by the outward manifestations of the season just for the manifestations themselves but for the meaning hidden within and behind them, is that measure taken. If we give grudgingly though lavishly, the good does not exist; if we give gladly though sparingly, if we heap ourselves into our gifts and not our pocketbooks alone, to us the Christmas-tide will always be the season of "peace on earth, good will to men."

And so it comes about that the Christmas-tide, more than any other season of the year, is that time which brings us out of ourselves, which brings out of us that well of good will and love and charity for others each of us, no matter how crabbed or hated we may be, wants the world to grant him. It is the time we reveal to others the stuff of which we were made.

Each of us who sees the light that never dies rise from a child's eyes as he grasps the gift that Santa Claus brought him knows that every minute spent in the preparation for the Christmas Day has been a golden minute, a minute more than worth while. In that child's heart is the faith we may have lost, the love, the good will, the dreams that come to us all. They are our rewards.

Merry Christmas! In home and church, hotel and boardinghouse, hill and vale this whole world over those two words will re-echo next Wednesday morning. That we wish you now, the fullest, freest, merriest of Merry Christmases you and yours can enjoy.

\$50,000 A YEAR.
Money talks. People who want it are presumed to listen. Certainly the merchants of Olympia should consider thoughtfully the assertion made at the "trade-at-home" luncheon Tuesday by Postmaster Cavanaugh, that the big mail order houses take at least \$50,000 out of Olympia and its immediate territory a year.

Your business is to determine why. It is your business, also, to determine how much of that \$50,000 is your share and then how to get that share. It behooves you to study it in the light of the new parcels post law, not merely on the defensive side, as to how much added injury the mail order house may do you, but on the aggressive, as to how you yourselves may develop the parcels post to your own interest.

Naturally we all say it is a condition that should not exist. We go around and say that people ought to trade at home, but we do not tell them why, nor do we offer any particular inducements for them to do so. Above all, we cannot preach unless we practice and some of us could well improve our practice.

If we are to get anywhere with this "trade-at-home" campaign, we must leave sentiment out of it entirely—we must present in a straightforward, frank, businesslike way and not in appeals for sympathy or help, our reasons why people should buy of us rather than somebody else. We must

show them where they have been making their mistake and we must find out why they have been making it before we can show them.

If this campaign produces nothing else, it will have been well worth while for the awakening of our merchants to the realization that they are losing \$50,000 a year that rightfully belong to them and which they can get if they pursue the right methods. Personally, we believe the campaign will have many more good results, are glad to see it inaugurated and will do all we can to promote it.

WHITELEW REID.
It is not so much what he did as the way he did it that won for the late Whitelaw Reid the admiration of the English people as well as his own. For seven years he held the most difficult diplomatic post in the American government, and for seven years not a murmur of protest or of criticism was made against him.

It is only in such times as these when one who has served us so well can serve us no longer, that we hurried American people stop to realize the measure of that servant. Whitelaw Reid was a great diplomat, our ablest representative; to him we owe it to see that the man who fills his place is equal to the standard he set.

The Tacoma Tribune is presumed to be a newspaper. On this presumption, it is also presumed to respect the rudimentary principles of newspaper ethics. This week it published verbatim an article that appeared in THE WASHINGTON STANDARD last week. It failed to credit the story. Even the country weeklies are gentlemanly enough to do that.

Most people like a clever crook. Nobody has any use for a crude one. Olympians are no different in this respect than all humans. Neither are we.

An Eastern scholastic vouchsafes the assertion that Roosevelt and Bryan should be eliminated. It's mighty hard on Bryan, but if we've got to sacrifice him to get rid of Roosevelt, let's get rid of Roosevelt.

The "pipe" artist of the newspaper variety at present inhabiting Vancouver deserves a prize for his latest stunt. Here it is: "John Hayden, age 11, killed a crane with a 22-caliber rifle. Dragging the bird into the presence of his mother he declared: 'Hully gee, ma, they ain't gonna be no more babies. I killed the stork.'"
"Honest, kid, can you beat it?"

Newspaper enterprise expresses itself in various ways, more often in special editions. Many offenses are committed in the name of special editions, but the people of Concrete and the Upper Skagit Valley should be more than proud of the booklet issued by the Concrete Enterprise last week. It is a capital little volume, artistically printed, neatly done on book paper and in convenient book form and should prove an excellent advertisement for the valley.

That Los Angeles assessor who butted in where angels fear to tread now faces the problem of taking the chorus girls' only means of sustenance—silk tights—or ignominiously retiring into the background. We never could understand why it was pronounced "lounge-e-ray," anyhow.

WILSON TO BE PRESIDENT
Under the headline "More Shivers" the New York World prints the following editorial:

"Governor Wilson has said the fateful words himself. He is going to consult William J. Bryan as to his appointments and politics. It is a fearsome prospect, and we already hear in anticipation the shrieks of heroes and patriots certain to protest.

"Mr. Bryan is only a Democrat who, in spite of his well-known failings, has three times polled more than 6,000,000 votes as a candidate for the presidency. He is only a Democrat who, regardless of his notorious faults, was able in the Baltimore convention last summer to defeat as clever a scheme as ever was devised to put the Democratic party once more on the familiar road to defeat. Undoubtedly he is a dangerous man from the Ryan-Belmont-Murphy standpoint, but we regard Woodrow Wilson so highly that we are willing to trust him for a season even in such suspicious company.

"It is true that the president-elect might have placed himself in touch with the best minds in the Democratic party. He might have made a date with Ryan himself, or Belmont or Murphy or Taggart or Roger Sullivan or Jim Smith. He might easily have saved himself all this obloquy, but he is headstrong and perverse, and that is why he is to be president."

About \$200 damage, covered by Insurance, was caused by the fire which burnt a portion of the house of John Scott on Franklin street between Seventh and Eighth streets at 1:30 Wednesday afternoon. The blaze started from a defective flue.

With the Editors

New Timber Tax.
(Elma Chronicle.)
In order to temporarily aid the small timber holder and to make reforestation possible this state would do well to remit the yearly tax on timber, and to collect a heavy tax when the timber is logged. This tax should be a good percentage of the sale price of the logs, and it shall be graduated with the years. In that way the state would probably get more revenue from timber than at present, and the small holder would be amply able to hold his timber land.

We Have the Recall Now.
(Colfax Commoner.)
The constitutional amendment providing for the recall of officers in Washington carried by a big majority. The new amendment will be in full force after the first of the year. The Republicans who are urging a contest of the election of Ernest Lister as governor should bear this in mind.

Should the Republicans steal this office, which rightfully belongs to Lister, and retain Governor Hay it would be for but a short time. The people of the state would rise up in their righteous indignation and demand a recall election. Lister would be the opposing candidate. Can any sane man doubt the outcome of such an election? With the combined vote of Lister and Hodge centered on Lister the outcome of the election can be foretold this long in advance. Hay would get the worst defeat ever given an official. Thousands of those who voted for him in November would be so deeply disgusted with his attempt to steal the office after being defeated that they would vote against him. Hay would be a ruined man. He would be discredited for all time and would stand in the same unenviable position that Hiram Gill, the recalled mayor of Seattle, now stands.

Now Was She Fishing?
(Bingen Observer.)

White Salmon Enterprise items:—One of the lady operators of the local exchange, was up the river fishing some time ago. One of her friends was passing just as she had a bite, and said "Hello!" when she replied, "Line's busy."

One Rabbit's Foot Not Enough.
(Toit Enterprise)

The coming session of the legislature will be the thirteenth session in the history of the state and it will convene on January the thirteenth, in the year nineteen hundred and thirteen. If any of our lawmakers are superstitious they had better take their rabbit's foot to Olympia with them.

Pointdexter
(Chehalis Bee-Nugget.)

Pointdexter is still battling for the Lord, but he is getting mighty lonesome. His latest stunt in the senate on a test vote showed but two companions in misery. Pointdexter now says that President Taft should be impeached. Pointdexter has about reached the end of his string, and his obnoxious presence as a misrepresentative of his constituents, and his great and monumental propensities for getting on all sides of all questions at one and the same time—if there is a chance for seeking popularity by so doing—have about reached the point where they are somewhat nauseous.

Commends Dill's Selection.
(Spokane Democrat.)

In selecting Mr. C. C. Dill to be his private secretary Governor-elect Lister is to be commended. Not a man could be found more perfectly fitted for that very important post,—a position which demands peculiar adaptability and upon which so much of the success of an administration depends.

Allen Senate President?
(Davenport Tribune.)

It is reported by some of the press that Senator Pliny Allen, Seattle, has made his election as president of the state senate possible. And as we look back, reviewing said Pliny's record as a member of that body in previous sessions, we find ourselves asking the question, what has he done to entitle him to such a mark of distinction at the hands of the members of the state senate? Of course we do not deny the fact that he was Governor Hay's manager in the late campaign, but even that should not be construed as a qualification for the position.

Referring to "Mike."
(Everett Morning Tribune.)

Governor-elect Lister promises to do all he can toward bringing about the abolition of the state tax commission. He says one of the commissioners was in Olympia but four days in four months to attend to official business, having put in the remainder of the time campaigning for Governor Hay at the state's expense. If this is

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