



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

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HYMNS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

"The Ninety and Nine."

BY ELIZABETH C. CLAPHAM AND IRA D. SANKEY.

(While the authorship of this popular hymn has been generally attributed to Elizabeth C. Clapham, a contributor to the *Christian* of Boston, it has always been associated with the name of Ira D. Sankey, the singing companion of Dwight L. Moody. The poem was unknown until Mr. Sankey, looking for something that would touch the shepherds of Scotland, chanced on this in the corner of an obscure paper. He took it to the meeting and extemporized the melody to which he rendered it. The words and the air immediately sprang into great popularity and were called for at all the meetings. Along with a few other simple songs it started a wave of religious melody which swept around the world, so that, at that time, these hymns were being whistled and sung and played by rich and poor, on street, in church, and home, from the least to the greatest. It was the leader in the remarkable revival of congregational singing which still prevails in the churches. The series of song books in which this first appeared has gone into many millions of copies.)

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains cold and bare,
Away from the shepherd's tender care.
Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?
But the shepherd answered: "One of mine
Has wandered away from me,
And thy way he rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."
But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark the night which the Lord went through
To seek the sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry:
"Thou shepherd and helpless, and ready to die,
But all through the mountains, thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven;
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne:
"Rejoice! the Lord brings back his own!"

AN OLD-TIME "PIECE."

A Classic That Out-Dates Mary's Little Lamb and Twinkle Little Star.

The following is said to have been exhumed from "Columbian Orator," a school-book of 1797, and is referred to as "Lines Spoken at a School Exhibition by a Little Boy Seven Years Old."
You'd scarce expect one of my age,
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes of Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
Though I now am small and young;
Of judgment weak and feeble tongue;
Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learned their A, B, C.
But why may not Columbia's soil
Rear men as great as Britain's isle
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done
Or any land beneath the sun?
Mayn't Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister State?
Or, where's the town, so far or near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or where's the boy, but three feet high,
Who's made improvements more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind.
Great, not like Caesar, stain'd with blood,
But only great, as I am good.

Purpose of Platforms.

Senator Stewart, while traveling in Nevada, stood on the platform of the coach and was approached by a conductor.
"Senator," began the employee, touching his hat respectfully, "I dislike to remind you of rule 11, which requires passengers to ride inside the coaches."
"I own this road," replied the Senator gruffly. "But even if I didn't own it, I'm not a privileged passenger by reason of being a prominent politician."
"I believe that platforms are for politicians to get in on, but not to stand on," replied the conductor.
The Senator promptly stepped through the door.

Its Two Great Qualities.

Chicago Tribune.
"Is it possible," asked the passenger on the Mississippi river steamboat, looking at the turbid, boiling flood, "that people ever drink this water?"
"Sir," said the lanky passenger with the broad-brimmed slouch hat, "you take a glass of that water, let it settle, pour off the clear fluid at the top, and its the best drinking water in the world."
"But the sediment at the bottom—"
"You don't need to throw that away, either. By George, sir, it makes the best and richest soup you ever saw!"

It's Not Unlikely.

"Some marriages may be made in Heaven," observed the Polish philosopher, as he kicked the grocery cart off the cracker box, "but ez I glance around the ranks of sassiety it occurs to me that the devil manufacturers quite a few."

IS EVERYBODY CRAZY?

IT REALLY SEEMS THAT ALL ARE QUITE LOP-SIDED.

Chicago, in the Attempt to Escape Responsibility, Lits the Lid From Her Exemplar. New York, and Her Rival Boston—All Days Are Now "Fool's" Days—There is a Screw Loose in Everybody's Mental Machinery. Washington Post.

Some weeks ago the *Post* printed figures showing the relative proportion of crazy people in Chicago, New York and Boston. The deduction drawn from these figures was that Chicago was the craziest town in the United States, with New York and Boston justling for second place. No details were at hand to indicate the reason for this interesting state of affairs, but a little thought on the reader's part no doubt furnished him with sufficient reasons.

The Chicago *Chronicle*, in an ingenious effort to show that Chicago is no more crazy than any other town, makes the attractive and thought-provoking suggestion that "there is a screw loose in the heads of a large proportion of people." It does not go so far as to assert that all the people are crazy, but it hints at such a state of affairs. "Sometimes it is a religious screw," says the alienist of the *Chronicle*; "sometimes it is a political screw, sometimes it is the screw that holds the moral obligations in place." The *Chronicle* then takes the case of the prominent New York lawyer and clubman who has been exposed as an anonymous letter writer, and argues that he is palpably a lunatic.

We are bound to confess that the theory of universal lunacy is alluring. It has a plausibility that is extremely difficult to explain away. If it is accepted, most of the problems that confront the American people are made intelligible, if they are not solved. The strikes, the speed madness, the headlong rush for wealth, the worship of the rich, the craze for athletics, the tipping evil, the irresistible desire to make a noise, the political plot—these are all illuminated by the theory that everybody concerned in them is crazy. The mysteries of vacation season are solved, too, by this theory. Men and women leave cool, comfortable homes and go gadding about in a frenzy, seeking crowds, noise, heat and excitement, and paying hard-earned money for the experience. Why not admit, once for all, that they are unanimously and hopelessly insane? That settles the whole question.

It is not a new theory that a large proportion of the human race suffers from insanity to an unsuspected degree. Folklore is full of allusions to the suspicion. The language is crowded with words describing various phases of mental derangement. "Tis a mad world, my masters!" The first thought that arises when a genius or a crank flashes a new idea upon the world is "He's crazy!" In the rich vocabulary of slang there is opportunity for drawing fine distinctions between the varying degrees of suspected unsoundness of mind, and these distinctions are promptly drawn whenever a man strays from the worn path of conventionality.

In the opinion of Charles Lamb, every man were a piece of the moley, at least on All Fool's Day. At any rate, he was "touched" to such an extent as to understand that he was not exempt from the universal madness once a year. But the world has progressed since Lamb's quiet day. It has gained much in speed, and is now spinning down the grooves of change at a breathless pace. If all men were crazy on one day in Lamb's time, the chances are that they are crazy now all of the time. The very fact that All Fool's Day is no longer prominent on the calendar bears out this contention. All days are fool's days now.

On the whole, we are strongly inclined to adopt the theory that there is a screw loose with everybody. It will render unnecessary a lot of puzzling over inexplicable phenomena. Then, when somebody does or says something that is so widely at odds with the rest of the world as to command attention we may be able to explain his act not on the theory that he is crazy—which does not explain anything any more—but on the theory that he has a streak of sanity in his make-up.

THE COUNTRY RACE TRACK.

BY L. E. F. VERNON.

I had never seen a horse-race in my life before, although mind, I have seen a race-horse, for Tom Blake, a friend of mine, operates a hack in a small town in Eastern Oregon—and who by the way, hardly makes a living at that—has one he picked up cheap, and from the looks of it you would think he got it for a song. I mean perhaps for nothing, if he softly whistled after 10 p. m. "I've a feelin' for you!"

In fact when it is at the hack stand there is always somebody rushing to help Tom lit it to its feet. I believe the horse likes to play the game for little boys and girls, called "King William was King James' son," and so on, for he is always willing to "kneel down." Poor fellow! I sometimes say to myself when gazing at him, that I would rather see a race between two burros, at Hot Springs, Arkansas. But never mind, I was persuaded to join a very select party bound for the race-track, recently.

I should not have went had I not known that George Lewis has been a member of the Prohibition party for some time. He is such a patronizer of the "booze bazaar," when he is putting away the liquid that at last "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," that I wouldn't trust him any farther than I could throw him, and that is not far. "Men Only," was our motto, as the sign at some shows read.

How I got permission from my wife to let me go, would tax the resources of a Florence Marvin, to the utmost. But diplomacy did it. I promised to take her to Lechi Park, when we went to Seattle, so she could see the seals fed.

Among the select party was George Lewis, whom I have mentioned before; Mr. Pete Brady, who of course, is an ornament to any society, as the papers say; Jack Jamieson, who plays the banjo; Eddie Penny, who brought his snare drum instead of his bass drum, for which I was very thankful; and a fellow by name of Harry Saunders, whom I didn't know, but he blows a trumpet. I think, one of those that you push in and out. He told me that he was at one time a member of the Carrot Cabbage Band in Hackima, Missouri. After hearing him blow the thing, I have no reason whatever to doubt his statement.

This was the crowd I was with, and we started away to the race-track in a turnout which presented a gay and festive appearance, as the papers say.

As we started away Saunders struck up on his trombone the "Anchor's Weighed." Of course, this was an old tune, but so was his trombone, so it didn't damage the instrument as badly perhaps, as it would have done a brand-new one. Still the tune sounded to me more like a dead march. I said he struck up. He also struck out, right in the middle of Tom Blake's back. I think the piece starts with the tears falling gently from a pretty girl's dreamy eyes. Well, Harry started it by making all sorts of swear words come fast and furious from Tom's mouth. The tune ended in what some band-masters, I think, term a "broken melody."

the green grass, and the green people, and the howling bookmakers and the bits of strings and things, nearly turned my head.

"I'll back the field, I'll back the field, the field, the field." "Let the field alone," I said to one fellow, who was made up as an awful guy, and shouting with a voice worse than some electric cars hauling dirt from an excavation. "Let the field alone; back horses for a change." And he turned so red that I imagined his balloon of a face was going to burst, so I moved on.

"I'll take two to one, I'll take two to one," shouted another seedy-looking fellow with a face like the other.

"You would take more than that if you could lay your hands on it," yelled Blake, at the same time dodging around an innocent chap that got a blow on the nose from the book-maker's fist. Through the crowd we went, thoroughly enjoying ourselves. And then the horses lined up for the big running race, coupled with the \$1,500 purse. And they were a sight to behold.

I cannot describe the beauty of them. They shined as if they had been rubbed with piano cream-polish and fed on eggs, and they danced, waltzed and two-stepped about like the bridegroom at the wedding, when he is sixty and the bride sweet sixteen. And the little imps on their backs looked just like monkeys. They rode and sat so well on the steeds that they would have thought they were glued on, and they were sure containing all the colors of the rainbow, and a few more, I think. Just like the pictures of Jockies you see in the barber shop.

THAT FOUNT OF WISDOM.

Another Chicago Professor Tells "All He Knows" About Nature.

Dr. Jesse T. Hall of Chicago, in order "to lead to a greater and higher life for all humanity," has become the author of "The Tree of Worlds," which begins at the creation and ends with a view of a glorious future for humanity. Dr. Hall hopes that the scientific and thinking world will take up his investigations and study them, thereby assisting the world out of darkness.

In order to set forth clearly his line of reasoning, Dr. Hall first creates Heaven and Earth. In the beginning, we are informed, there was a black speck that was ever so black and still. This black speck began to move—God and godhead, life and motion, female and male. These two elements of the several names legat cold and heat, which in turn assisted in the formation of other things, until we find two of their offspring named oxygen and nitrogen.

Dr. Hall changes Earth from gas to liquid, from liquid to solid and then plants it to grass. Vegetable life is created through the law of fermentation. Animal life is created through the law of decomposition. Anyone who has heretofore worried about monkey ancestors will find consolation in Dr. Hall's explanation that the human being sprang from decomposed vegetable matter, possibly cabbages—without the necessity of evolution through lower forms of animal life.

OUR COAST TIMBER.

PACIFIC LUMBER MANUFACTURERS WILL ADVERTISE.

They Will Finish Rooms at Kansas City in Woods From the Pacific Coast for Exhibition—There Will Be a Permanent Place of Resort for Lumber Buyers.

At a recent meeting of the Pacific Coast Lumber Manufacturers' Association the sum of \$2,000 was subscribed as a starter to advertise the merits of Coast woods in the East. It is expected that the committee appointed will endeavor to make the fund at least \$10,000 before many weeks have elapsed. The intention was to finish four rooms in fir, spruce, hemlock and cedar, at the Portland exposition, but on account of the fact that the exposition is now open it is quite probable that the committee will devote its attention to placing permanent exhibits at Minneapolis, Kansas City, Chicago and other eastern lumber centers.

It is only within the last few years that the merits of slash grain fir, spruce, hemlock and cedar have been exploited on the Pacific Coast, and the capabilities in stain effect have opened the eyes of architects and builders to the fact that it isn't necessary any longer to send to the East for hardwoods for interior finish. Selected slash grain fir lumber is peculiarly handsome for interior finish, and will take the different stains nicely. In California, Oregon and Washington the leading clubs have adopted it for interior finish, and it is attracting the attention of the thousands of tourists who come to the coast every year. When finished in imitation of weathered Dutch oak it takes an expert to tell the difference. Curly grained fir for doors and panels cannot be excelled anywhere. Hemlock makes a satiny finish with an effect peculiarly its own, and natural spruce and cedar finish is not to be sneezed at.

The growing scarcity and high prices for hardwoods. The Southern Lumber Manufacturers' Association opened the eyes of the builders to stain effects in its exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition, and a replication of this exhibit is now being shown in the different cities of the East, with beneficial results. Fir, well selected, makes a handsome appearance than the southern yellow pine, but it has not been so well advertised. It is the purpose of the committee appointed by the Pacific Coast Lumber Manufacturers' Association to see to it that its merits become known to the public, and the *Journal* is positive that the results of this committee's work will be an eye-opener and lead to the introduction of coast woods in quarters where it is now unknown. It is therefore gratifying to know that something besides big timbers will be advertised.

It is only within the last two years that the beauty of slash grained fir as a finishing lumber. Now a number of the best finished homes, are finished in fir, and the pleasing effect is a surprise to all.

Not only is this true of fir for house finishing, but it is also true so far as doors are concerned. It makes a stronger door than does either cedar or pine, and is capable of taking on a high finish.

For office furniture, finished in native color, there cannot be anything better than Washington spruce, which finishes like East India satinwood, and will also maintain a high and permanent polish. Many of the local offices are using furniture made of this wood and are well satisfied with the results.

A stenographer for Armour company, according to *Collier's Weekly*, testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission that it was his particular duty to "handle correspondence, order icing for cars and make rebate statements." He interpreted some items in the code-book employed in these transactions. The vocabulary of illegal rate making was given as follows: "Launch," better arrange rebate there; "launched," burning the stock at both ends; "launching," can make rebate; "Laura," handle rebate matters very carefully; "lava," pay rebates from cash on hand; "lavallee," rebate must be confidential; "Kinsley" shade rebates a little rather than lose business; "junk," if necessary to secure shipments you can make rates to; "kaland," meet rate by voucher; "kalatina," meet any rate offered; "kashgar," if this rate will not secure advice that is necessary.

RICH MEN OF THE WORLD.

Over one-half of the millionaires in the world live in the United States. John D. Rockefeller, whose wealth is estimated at \$600,000,000, is regarded as being not only the richest man in the world, but without question the richest man who ever lived.

In addition to Rockefeller there are a number of other men and one woman in America that are now rated at or above the \$100,000,000 mark. Here they are, with an estimate of their wealth appended:

Andrew Carnegie, \$300,000,000; William Rockefeller, \$200,000,000; J. Pierpont Morgan, \$125,000,000; Marshall Field, \$110,000,000; Mrs. Hetty Green, \$100,000,000; Henry M. Flagler, James J. Hill, Russell Sage, Thomas Dolan of Philadelphia; Senator Clark of Montana, each \$100,000,000.

Statistics indicate that the total number of millionaires in the United States is 5,027. Canada has but 14; Mexico, 3; Brazil, 7; Argentina, 6; Ecuador, 3; Peru, 3; Chili, 2; Uruguay, 1.

And as to the old world, England leads us with 2,500; Germany has 804; France, 688; Russia, 49; Austria, 27; Belgium, 8; Spain, 6; Portugal, 3; Italy, 2; Norway, 2; Sweden, 1; Turkey, 1.

India is credited with 900 millionaires; China, 11; Persia, 3; Japan, 1; Siam, 1; Australia, 5; South Africa, 15; Abyssinia, 1; Morocco, 1.

"Rich as Croesus!" This is an expression that one often hears. The wealth of Croesus was the boast for centuries of ancient Rome. Yet modern historians tell us that the vaulted wealth of Croesus only totalled a petty \$8,000,000. Bah! If the once mighty Croesus lived in America to-day his wealth would scarcely give him more than a local reputation. In fact, he might live in New York without his money attracting any attention whatever.

WHAT TO SERVE WITH MEATS

Sauces, Salads and Dressings That Lend zest to Appetite.

Celery sauce, with quail.
Mint sauce, with roast lamb.
Apple sauce, with roast pork.
French dressing with sardines.
Currant jelly, with roast goose.
Orange salad, with roast chicken.
Cream sauce with sweetbreads.
Sauce piquante, with baked shad.
Apple sauce, with pork croquettes.
Sauce tartare, with boiled lobster.
Tomato catsup, with corned beef.
Melted butter sauce, with mackerel.
Tart grape jelly, with canvasback duck.
Sauce tartare, with chicken croquettes.
Maitre d'hotel sauce, with steamed oysters.
Celery and onion dressing, with roast duck.
Olives stuffed with peppers, with fish-balls.
Horseradish and fried onions, with liver.
Olives stuffed with cheese, with cold tongue.
Parmesan cheese, with beef and veal sausage.
Oyster and chestnut dressing, with roast turkey.

FROM HEAD TO FOOT

You feel the good that does by Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cleanses, regulates and invigorates Stomach, Liver and Bowels and so purifies the blood. And through the blood, it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the whole system. In recovering from "grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, or other exhausting diseases, nothing can equal it as an appetizing, restorative tonic to build up needed flesh and strength. It rouses every organ into natural action, promotes all the bodily functions, and restores health and vigor.

For every disease that comes from foul or Weak Stomach, a torpid Liver or impure Blood, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, and the most stubborn Skin, Scalp, or Scrofulous affections, the "Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Don't be hypnotized, wheedled, or over-persuaded into accepting a substitute only that some selfish medicine seller may make a greater profit on the inferior article. The "Discovery" has a great record of nearly forty years with thousands of cures behind it.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets Cure Constipation. To your wants in all that should be in a Drug Store, is our business, and the aim is that our attention 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 DRUGGISTS' 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
Realizing our responsibility in this respect, we are scrupulously particular, in every detail, to furnish the best and purest drugs and chemicals with guaranteed accuracy. No matter what a 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 MULTINOMAH
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. Ar. Tacoma, 12:00 p. m.
Ar. Olympia, 12:30 p. m. Ar. Olympia, 3:00 p. m.
Returning—
Lv. Olympia, 1:00 p. m. Lv. Olympia, 4:30 p. m.
Ar. Tacoma, 2:45 p. m. Ar. Tacoma, 5:00 p. m.
Lv. Tacoma, 4:00 p. m. Ar. Tacoma, 7:30 p. m.
Ar. Olympia, 7:30 p. m. Ar. Seattle, 9:30 p. m.
(Daily including Sun.)
Steamer Greyhound makes direct connection with Interurban Traction, leaving Tacoma at 10:30 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. and trains leaving Seattle at 10:30 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. Tickets sold through, including two transfers for \$1.00.

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