Washingtonians are proud of the fact that Carnation Cream was the one which stood the test and came out on top, having met all of the requirements of the proposed standard, owing to the fact that Carnation Cream is a home product.

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She Boycotts the Breeches.

Of all the charges aired in the divorce court, as reason why man and wife should cease to possess one home and one heart, Mrs. J. Lawrence Dye has capped the climax. Mrs. Dye sought to and obtained permission to resume her maiden name of Elda Strickland because Mr. Dye insisted that she wear men's apparel. He cut her hair quite short and brought forward some of his clothing for her to don, but at the sight of his trousers she snatched down the telephone receiver and besought her mother to bring her some clothing, so that she could attire herself in the apparel worn by the sex with which she has identified herself from birth. Mr. Dye's excuse for making such an unnatural request is that he could support his wife easier if she wore his clothes. Looking at it from one point of view, Mr. Dye is little short of a "really wonder." It is understood that the average woman wishes to wear breeches, and thereby hangs many a tale. Now, when a man comes boldly to the front and tries to put the breeches on his wife by main force, what manner of woman can she be who would refuse to wear them?

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Bishop Lee Was Here.

The pulpit of the A. M. E. church on Fourteenth avenue, was filled last Sunday morning by Bishop Lee, of that connection, who is on the Coast to hold the Puget Sound A. M. E. conference, which is in session at Portland today. It was in 1893 when Bishop Lee was last here, and then it was that he made the hit of any Negro bishop ever in the Northwest with the "dominant race." At the same time Bishop Goodsell, of the M. E. connection, was holding the Western Washington conference of his church in Seattle, and a joint session was arranged for the occasion. Both of the bishops spoke at the "good will session," but the effort of Bishop Lee so far overshadowed that of Bishop Goodsell that the members of the First M. E. church went wild over Bishop Lee, for he was subsequently twice invited to preach at the First church, and each time the great edifice was packed to its very entrance steps with Seattle's "best," anxious to drink in what he had to say, and, be it said to his credit, he was as smooth as oil and his second and third appearances before the First M. E. congregation left just as favorable impression as his first. It is rather remarkable that, he had hardly a church full at the Fourteenth avenue church last Sunday to listen to him, and the only way to account for it was his coming had not been advertised, which is to be regretted.

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Colored Folk Was Late.

Talking about Bishop Lee and the white brethren in Seattle calls to mind a rather amusing incident which happened while he was here in 1893. The bishop, as has already been stated, preached at the First M. E. church on Saturday and announced that he would preach at the A. M. E. church on Fourteenth avenue Sunday evening. His talk at the First M. E. church had made such a favorable impression that, a great many of the members of the First church determined to hear him Sunday evening, even if they had to go to the colored church to do so. By half past seven o'clock Sunday evening the **colored church** was literally crowded to its very steps with white folk, and when the colored folk, who pretty nearly always manage to get to church late, appeared on the scene, there was not a vacant seat to be had, as all of the seats had been occupied by the whites, who had come early, and it's the early bird that gets the worm. It was amusing beyond description to observe in a colored church the pews all occupied by the white folk and the colored folk lined up around the wall like so many blackbirds. The incident should, however, have taught the colored folk two very significant lessons: First, Always be prompt and on time; Second, The man, whether white or black, that has something to say and can say it, will always get the crowd, and the white man, even in the United States, will go to hear him just as willingly as the black man, even though the man that is going to do the saying be black enough to spit ink for the government. In other words, the educated, common sense man is the man of the hour, and that, too, regardless of his color, complexion or his nationality.

THE FACTS ABOUT SEATTLE.

Seattle is a great city. There is no doubt about that. But isn't quite so great as Seattle folk would have the rest of the world believe.

There has been great development, great enterprises have ben established ther, great loads of gold have been landed and much of it has gone into permanent investment.

But the greatest achievement of that community is the Seattle spirit, which so permeates the population that every project of public concern carries the weight of unanimity.

And this unanimity is not only evident in development enterprises, but in everyday affairs. It is vigilantly jealous of the city's reputation, and consequently the stranger in the city or the neighbor who frequently visits the metropolis sees no farther into the city's affairs than this loyal spirit considers desirable.

For instance, it has been the common thing for the mildly disgruntled Everett citizen to return from Seattle with a report of the rushing business that is being done there. Everything, he says, is lively and everybody is making money, and he regrets that he did not locate there instead of pinning his faith to the benevolent plans of Mr. Hill.—Everett Tribune.

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SEATTLE'S CHEAP LIGHT.

The schedule of light rates fixed by the council at which city light will be furnished to all consumers who will become patrons of the city lighting department is in all probability the lowest for similar service on the Coast.

This fact emphasizes the statement, frequently made by the Post-Intelligencer, that Seattle may, and by rights should, become the best lighted city on the Coast. It is a possible distinction; and, moreover, is one that is well worth while. No better advertisement could go out than to say that Seattle is the best lighted city in the country, because it has an unlimited supply of cheap power with which to generate the light.

Few cities, in any part of the world, are so fortunately located for light and power advantages. Even the private lighting corporations have been able to sell light and power here cheaper than private corporations can produce and sell them elsewhere. The City of Seattle, owning an abundance of water power through ownership of a city water system, can turn a waste into a valuable product at a minimum cost.

In fact, the city is doing this right now, and the result is that Seattle people can have all the light they want, in their residences, their places of business or on their streets, at the very lowest cost, "cheaper than anywhere else on earth."—Post-Intelligencer.

The Post-Intelligencer has posed in the past as being bitterly opposed to municipal ownership of public utilities, and yet what stronger argument is needed in favor of municipal ownership than the above editorial? What brought about cheap lights in Seattle if it was not municipal ownership? Suppose the city had never put in a lighting plant, the citizens of Seattle would be today paying ten times the amount for light that they are now doing, and another year will see the present rate cut in two. Will the P.-I. deny the charge that, it is all due to the move made by Seattle along the municipal ownership line? If the city would take up the street car business a similar reduction in fares would be the result. Strange as it may sound, the Post-Intelligencer is either heartily in favor of municipal ownership and does not know it, or in its heart of hearts it is for municipal ownership, but is not in a position to advocate it because it has a string to it. Which is it?

Spokane proposes to entertain the Washington Press Club early in September, which fully explains why Spokane business men are endeavoring to get cheaper freight rates before that time, that a sufficient amount of food and raiment can be brought in at reasonable rates before the hungry editors put in their appearance.

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Barnum, the great circus prince, was in (?) Seattle this week and drew his usual big crowds. Barnum has been dead a good many years, but a little thing like that does not count for anything when some enterprising Yankee desires to skin the public out of a few thousand dollars.

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Jim Ham Lewis, he of pink whisker fame, is said to have refused a $100,000 offer from the gamblers of Chicago for a permit for them to run the town wide open. Was the money in sight? Was the money in sight? Well———

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The immortal William Jennings Bryan is not giving satisfaction in the administration of the estate of the late Philo S. Bennett, and the heirs have appealed from his decisions in the settlement. Bryan, it will be remembered, failed to land a $50,000 benefit, which he claims Mr. Bennett left him, and now it seems that he is endeavoring to get "his" in the shape of fees and perquisites.