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THE BUSY PRESS AGENTS

What marvelously industrious press agents the public service corporations must maintain abroad. At any hour of the day or night they are ready with a contribution showing the absolute failure of municipal ownership.

Despite all this the muncipalization of public utilities continues to spread and grow in satisfaction in Europe. Strange, isn't it? But the only explanation is that the people over there do not read the American newspapers. The plan of proving that municipal ownership is unsuccessful is as simple as it has become monotonous.

They take the report of any utility operated by a municipality; deduct enough to show a deficit, and say: "This should be charged off for depreciation." These amounts have been shown to vary from 5 to 15 per cent.

A comparison recently made from actual figures to refute these fallacies shows that in 12 private companies in England the average allowance for depreciation was 1 1-8 per cent, while in 24 municipal plants the average amount set aside for depreciation was 2 5-8 per cent.

The recent report of the Leeds Tramways, owned by the municipality, shows that after paying all expenses, including interest and sinking funds, there was turned over for the reduction of the general tax rate, $286,000. The rates of fare were 2 and 4 cents, the wages of employes were increased, and a bonus given every three months to the motormen who had had no accidents.

Press agents of the private ownership corporations do not mention these features.

WHY NOT FORGET IT?

If the Civic Union really wishes to do the taxpayers of the county a service it might set its lawyers at work on an injunction suit against Prosecuting Attorney Scott and the county commissioners for the purpose of preventing them from fooling more money away in their grandstand prosecution of the Whittlesey case.

Any lawyer fit to appear in police court will tell the union, if it desires legal advice, that the appeal Mr. Scott proposes to wage will be worse than useless, inasmuch as it will merely result in piling up additional costs against the county.

Mr. Scott may believe that he has a chance to reverse Judge Tucker, but if he does he is the only lawyer outside of his own office who has that delusion. It looks far more probable that his object is merely to string the taxpayers along until the end of his term of office.

If he had really intended to "do something" in the case the opportunity was offered him weeks ago and was allowed to pass.

STAR DUST

"Why didn't you go up to the gallery and sit for a picture?"

"Oh, I couldn't stand for it."

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE.

It's pretty hard t' teach a man anything if he knows it all er if he don't know anything.

Anyway, the Russians can point with pride to the fact that none of their ships have struck uncharted rocks.

"Perkins' daughter is an accomplished girl. She's a finished pianist."

"She ought to be," observed the man who lived in the flat above the Perkins family.

"We ought to have some kind of a blow-out for the kid," said the Russian minster of the interior.

"Sh, don't use that word 'blow-out,'" said the minister of agriculture. "The naval officers might hear you and they would be mortally offended."

It's claimed now that the prices of meat have not been advanced on account of the strike. On account of what, then?

NO MOSQUITOES?

The town cow should be subdued. Likewise other beasts that now and anon roam the streets. Dogs are getting pretty thick, too. Dog fights at the butcher shops, the postoffice and on Dogwood street are about all the excitement we get these days—except scratching out cut worms around the garden sass, or settin' of a hen.—Monticello, Fla., News.

INCENTIVES.

Pike City needs a dog fight or monkey show to raise our ambition a degree higher.—Pike City, Ark., Cannon Ball.

EITHER BRAVE OR STINGY.

S. B. Turnmire was actually seen passing W. C. McCoy's store the other day with his best girl. You may guess who.—Mountain Valley correspondence Sneedville, Tenn., Times.

CARVING OUT A CAREER.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE BAND.

The South Cumberland band fair is now in full blast. The public is cordially invited to attend and help the band out.—Cumberland, Md., Times.

Geo. W. Vanderbilt refuses to sell the old ancestral farm on Staten Island.—Exchange.

Has some nominee been trying to get it for an old homestead?

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

The first feller that brings us a bushel of good meal will receive the Weekly Journal and Tribune, Farm Life and Hancock Times all one year—which means 85 cents.—Sneedville, Tenn., Times.

"WEN I GRO UP"—

Wen I gro up I want two be a flyerman—
I want two be a flyerman.
And ware a shurt awl red and helmet blew,
And du what flyermen du,
And climb weigh up on rufes with my big acks,
And giv the shingels wacks,
And pul the long blac hoes thru mudd and durt,
And skwirt and skwirt and skwirt.

"I can't say that I like him. He's a most designing man.'

"Why not? Isn't he an architect?"

"The court must be divorced from anything like that," said the judge.

But as it was in South Dakota nobody thought the remark was out of the ordinary.

We don't sell photo coupons—25 per cent discount. Eggan & Ericson, 1516 First. •••

The steamer Mercer excursion around Mercer island daily, leaving Leschi park 11 a. m. and 3:15 p. m. •

Best Dinner in Seattle

Four course, 50c; 6 course, 75c, and 12 course, $1.00 with Sauteines or Burgundy. Every evening at the Maison Barberis, Second and James •••

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These prices are the same:

Wood Alcohol, ½ gallon	50c
Bay Rum, big bottle	25c
Liquozone, $1.00 size	83c
Liquozone, 50c size	43c

White Pine and Spruce, the best cough medicine made—

$1.00 size	50c
50c size	25c

It relieves the cough quickly.

Have you looked over our new line of Hand Bags. They are beauties and they are not high.

Bring us your prescription. We give you what your physician calls for and the prices are reasonable. Call us up by phone.

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Reliable Family and Prescription Druggists,
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BOTH PHONES—MAIN 933.

Others Save Money—Why Not You?

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Some having been used a little—

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1 Favorite Range	$17.50
1 Great Western Range	$25.00
1 Star Estate Range	$35.00
1 Born Range	$35.00
1 Standard Range	$25.00

We also have several hundred cook stoves and heating stoves. Give us a call. Remember the name and place.

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On terms of $25 down and $10 per month. Party can make $2,000 a year on this property in berries and chickens. Fine view of Seattle and mountains. Over 1,400 acres of this beautiful land has been sold in the last 60 days in C. D. Hillman's Lake Washington Garden of Eden addition.

Millions of big brook trout nearly a foot long are now running up May creek, on this addition. Buy yourself a spear and come over on the free excursion from Taylor's sawmill, on the Washington street car line, on the free boats. Inquire at our office on the grounds. Anybody can spear 100 fish in two hours. Come over at once and have a good time at our expense.

CITY OFFICE ROOMS 1, 2, 3 TIMES BLOCK.

WHIST WITH KITTY

BY SEWELL FORD.

(Copyright, 1901, by the Frank Leslie Publishing House.)

"You!" said Kitty, as I came in.

"Why not?" said I. "Didn't we promise the old folks a rubber tonight?"

"But——"

"Oh, this will be our last game," I hurried to add. For it was all over between us. Jealousy is a thing I could never forgive. What if Madge and I did eat an ice together behind a palm? Was that any cause for Kitty behaving so outrageously with young Mintley?

Of course, I was hardly in the mood for whist, but I had not seen Kitty since that night. I wondered how she was taking it.

Just as though nothing had happened we took our places around the green-topped table. But now, instead of Kitty smiling across the table, she chose Uncle Jeff for a partner and sat in frozen dignity at my left. Clubs were cut.

Kitty began sorting her cards with the critical confidence of an expert. I smiled. Kitty can never remember the high card of a suit after the second round. I was sorry for Uncle Jeff. He takes his whist seriously, as did Sarah Batte.

Uncle Jeff led off with a spade. I finessed the queen. Kitty plumped down the king with an aggravating air of victory. Reproof was needed.

"The king of spades," I remarked, "always reminds me of Freddie Mintley—same intellectual expression, you know."

Said Kitty, leading the ace of trumps: "And I suppose the queen of hearts suggests Madge Hossings—for the same reason."

We had discovered that Uncle Jeff did not notice undertone remarks, if made during the play. Aunt Helen, dear soul, is somewhat deaf.

"Yes," said I, as Kitty led the king of clubs and drew my jack," she does; 'but for quite another reason."

"Indeed?" Here she led the trump queen, and I discarded exultantly. She was taking two for one! As it happened, however, Kitty held the rest of the clubs herself; but she opened her best suit at the wrong end, flinging back at me: "She must be very fascinating."

"Some think so," said I, taking the trick with a ten and leading back through her strength. Kitty was not to be caught napping. She risked her jack second hand. It won!

"I guessed as much the other night," she said. "What excellent taste!"

The king I had unguarded fell. Uncle Jeff chuckled and beamed through his glasses. He went glum enough, though, when he saw Kitty lead up to my suit instead of his.

"It's nice of you to speak so kindly of Madge," I said, taking the trick low and leading the best card, "considering all things."

"Oh, I can't help feeling kindly toward her now.' Here Kitty put on a trump and made the right lead.

'I might say the same thing about Mintley, but I'll not."

"What consideration!" Kitty was discarding judiciously.

"Because," I added, "it wouldn't be true. He's a——"

"Trump,' said Kitty, taking the last trick.

They had scored three.

Kitty's Uncle Jeff was shuffling the cards deliberately, and making the usual anlysis of the hand just played. Before our—that is, before Kitty had acted so foolishly about Madge—it had been our custom, while Uncle Jeff went over the play, to tell each other by looks the silly things we could not speak.

But all that was a thing of the past. Kitty had said so. Well, so let it be. Still, I knew I should miss these evenings with Kitty. And she would probably throw herself away on that infernal young sap-head! At least she should not suspect that I cared, and she should know at once how matters stood between Madge and I.

The jack of spades, which I cut for Uncle Jeff, sneered derisively up at me from the table. Disagreeable, cynical rascal that knave of spades. But for him spades would be my favorite suit. As it is, I never feel secure until he is out of the way.

"Spade, eh!" said Kitty's Uncle Jeff, as he lifted the turn-up card. He always expresses surprise when he picks up the trump, although he invariably turns it over directly after the cut. "Well, dig away."

The words gave me an idea. It was Grant, wasn't it, or was it some other great general, who refused to move his army until the spades came up? He knew the value of defense, whoever he was.

"I saw Madge yesterday," said I leading an innocent heart jack from king and three others.

"Not since yesterday!" Kitty can never resist putting the queen on jack second hand. Aunt Helen played the ace and led trumps.

"We met at the jeweler's," I ventured.

"How interesting!"

"We were looking at rings. I had left one for an inscription to be engraved." The spades were coming out nicely.

"It's to be announced soon, then?" Kitty pretended to hide a slight yawn behind her cards. How quickly these half sleeves became popular among girls with good arms.

"Oh, a few know it already," said I. My suit was well established, and there was a king for re-entry.

"Congratulations, I suppose?" Could that be real indifference or was it just good acting? I shall never know Kitty well enough to say.

"Yes, I was——"

"Our odd," said Kitty's Aunt Helen, who, of course, couldn't know that she was interrupting; and then Uncle Jeff began to show Kitty where she might have forced my last trump before losing control.

"But I didn't want the control. I didn't care for it at all, you know." Kitty said this with much more emphasis than was really necessary. The heresy of it moved Uncle Jeff to despairing silence.

It was my deal. As I shuffled the cards I wondered if Kitty and I would ever sit at a table again. Dealing gave me a chance to look at Kitty. She appeared quite cheerful. Now was that entirely just? What are you to do when a girl behaves so? I would see what the trump was; it was the ace of diamonds. Then I knew the thing to do.

"I was about to say," I said, as Kitty opened with a small club, "that I was the first to congratulate Madge."

"You!"

"Jack Emery is really a fine chap, you know. Madge was having the setting of his ring changed when I met her." Here Kitty signaled for trumps without in the least meaning it. "She asked me," I continued, "why I was getting a solitaire, and I told her"—here I noticed that I should have played low instead of high—"that I was always doing foolish things. Would you like to see the ring?"

Kitty wanted to say "No," but curiosity nodded her head. Between the plays I fished the box out of my pocket and passed it to her under the table.

"Oh, Bob!" She was holding it behind her cards, and had read the inscription, "From Bob to Kitty."

"I suppose I shall have to exchange it for a cigaret case," said I.

"Would you, really?" asked Kitty.

"If I must take it back. Must I?"

"Well, that depends. Are you very sorry you acted so foolishly about Freddie?"

"Awfully," said I.

"But you should be punished, just the same—so I'll keep the ring."

"There, my dear, you revoked," broke in Uncle Jeff.

"Did I? How odd!" said Kitty, dropping her last card and slipping the ring on her third finger.

When Kitty passed me the cards for the cut I split them at the queen of hearts. Our eyes met. Had someone turned on all the lights, and was that a band playing?

"Does it fit?" I asked.

"Perfectly," said Kitty.

Perhaps it was not exactly good whist we played, and it was certainly considerate of Uncle Jeff to end the game; but he need not have called it bumble puppy.

"Why, Jefferson, where are you going?" asked Aunt Helen.

"To the library for a smoke and a game of solitaire," growled Uncle Jeff.

"I think I'll go, too" said Aunt Helen. Bless her!

Now, Aunt Helen, you know, was supposed to be deaf. Yet, if she was, why should she kiss Kitty so sweetly, and then pat me so fondly on the back as she left? Could she have understood?

With charming judgment Kitty selected for a seat a wide, high-backed davenport, and drew her skirt aside as if to make room for someone.

As I said before, hearts were trumps.

"I THINK I'LL GO TOO," SAID AUNT HELEN.

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NOTICE OF SPECIAL ELECTION.

Notice is hereby given by the Council of the City of West Seattle, King County, Washington, that a special election will be held within said City of West Seattle and in the territory included within the hereinafter described boundary line and not within the present corporate limits of said City of West Seattle, on Wednesday, September the 28th, A. D. 1904, at which said special election the electors residing within the said territory within said proposed boundary line and not within the present corporate limits of said City of West Seattle and the electors residing within the limits of said city will vote and are hereby invited to vote upon the question whether said proposed territory shall be annexed to and be included within the corporate limits of said City of West Seattle by placing upon their ballots the words "For Annexation" or the words "Against Annexation" or words equivalent thereto. Said territory proposed to be annexed to said city is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain territory situated in Township 24 North, of Range 3 East of the Willamette Meridian, in King County, State of Washington, included within the following described boundary line and not included within the present corporate limits of the City of West Seattle, to-wit:

Beginning at the north-westerly corner of Block Number 465, of Seattle Tide Lands, as the same are laid out and platted upon the official plat thereof on file and of record in the office of the Auditor of said King County; thence in a south-easterly direction along the south-westerly boundary line of Lot 5, of Block 465, of said Seattle Tide Lands, to the most southerly corner of said Lot; thence continuing along said last mentioned line, produced, in the same direction to a point where said line cuts the meander line of Puget Sound; thence along said meander line in a south-westerly direction to a point due north of the most westerly corner of Block Number 16, of Hughes Addition to West Seattle, according to the plat thereof filed and recorded in the office of the Auditor of said King County; thence south to the most westerly corner of said Block 16, of Hughes Addition; thence along the south-westerly boundary line of said Hughes Addition, in a south-easterly direction, to the north-west corner of Five Acre Tract Number 62, West Seattle Five Acre Tracts. According to the plat of said Tracts on file and of record in the office of the Auditor of said King County; thence west to the north-west corner of Tract Number 64, of said West Seattle Five Acre Tracts; thence south to the south-west corner of Tract Number 54, of Spring Hill Villa Tracts, according to the plat thereof filed and recorded in the office of the Auditor of said King County; thence east to the north-west corner of Tract Number 52 of the said Spring Hill Villa Tracts; thence south to the south-west corner of said Tract Number 52, Spring Hill Villa Tracts; thence East to a point where the east boundary line of Tract Number 55 of the said Spring Hill Villa Tracts, produced north, intersects the Section line running between Sections 14 and 23, Township 24 North, of Range 3 East of W. M.; thence south to the south-east corner of Tract Number 66 of said Spring Hill Villa Tracts; thence west to the north-east corner of Tract Number 30 of the said Spring Hill Villa Tracts; thence south to the south-east corner of Tract Number 41 of the said Spring Hill Villa Tracts; thence west along the south boundary line of said Tract Number 41, and continuing west along said line produced, to the center line of Puget Sound, or Admiralty Inlet; thence southerly along said center line of said Puget Sound to a point where said center line intersects the south line of Section 35, of Township 24 North, of Range 3 East, produced west; thence east, along said south line of said Section 35, produced, and along said south line of said Section 35 and the south line of Section 36, same Township and Range, to the south-east corner of said Section 36; thence north to the north-east corner of the south-east quarter of the south-east quarter (S.E. ¼ of S.E. ¼) of Section 13, same Township and Range; thence west to the north-west corner of the south-west quarter of the south-west quarter (S.W. ¼ of S.W. ¼) of said Section 13; thence north to the north-west corner of said Section 13; thence east, along the north line of said Section 13, and continuing east along said line produced, to the intersection of said line with the north-westerly boundary line of Lot 1, of Block 427, of the said Seattle Tide Lands; thence north-easterly, along said last mentioned line to the west boundary line of the West Waterway as indicated upon said plat of said Seattle Tide Lands; thence north along said west boundary line of said West Waterway, and said line produced north, to the Outer Harbor Line as shown upon said plat of said Seattle Tide Lands; thence north 42° 20' west to a point where such line intersects the center section line of Section 2, same Township and Range, produced north, which point is due north of Dwamish Head; thence south 42 west to a point where such line intersects the south-westerly boundary line of Block 465, of said Seattle Tide Lands, produced north-westerly; thence south-easterly, along said south-westerly boundary line of said Block 465, Seattle Tide Lands, produced, to the place of beginning.

That the polls will be open upon said September 28th, 1904, the day set for said special election, between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M.

That the following places at which the polls will be open upon said day shall be as follows:

For all those portions of Riverside, Spring Hill and Mountain View precincts included within said territory so proposed to be annexed to said city, at the residence of Peter Hanson, in said Riverside precinct, said residence being located in Block No. 4, of Banner Tract to West Seattle;

For all that portion of West Seattle precinct in said territory so proposed to be annexed to said city, and not included within the present corporate limits of said City of West Seattle, at Schlotter's Hall, situated on Olympic Avenue, in said city;

For the City of West Seattle, at Schlotter's Hall, on Olympic Avenue, in said city.

That there are hereby appointed and designated as the officers of said election:

For the precincts of Riverside, Spring Hill and Mountain View, Peter Hanson, Inspector, and F. F. Lemonds and Charles Davis, Judges;

For that portion of West Seattle Precinct not included within the corporate limits of said city, C. P. King, Inspector, and U. R. Niess and John Schlotter, Judges;

For the said City of West Seattle, C. P. King, Inspector, and U. R. Niess and John Schlotter, Judges.

COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF WEST SEATTLE, King County, Washington.

G. B. NICOLL, Mayor.

Attest: W. G. DICKINSON, City Clerk.

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Your belt has cured me of weakness. HENRY J. VOLLBRECHT. Northport, Wash.

If it were not for the prejudice due to the great number of fakes in the land, I would not be able to handle the business that would come to me. The "Free Belt" fraud and the "Free Drug" scheme, which are not free at all, have made everyone skeptical, but I know that I have a good thing, and I'll hammer away until you know it.

One thing every man ought to know is this: Your body is a machine. It is run by the steam in your blood and nerves. When you begin to break down in any way you are out of steam. That's just what I want to give you back.

My lost manhood has been restored by your belt. CHAS. CARLSON. Murphy, Idaho.

I have a cure in every town. Tell me where you live and I will give you the name of the man I've cured.

Tell me your trouble and I will tell you honestly whether I can cure you or not. If I can't cure you I don't want your money. I have been in this business 22 years, and am the biggest man in it today by long odds, and I am growing yet, because I give every man what he pays for.

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