

# SEATTLE BUILDERS' EDITION

## THE SEATTLE SPIRIT.

With an Indian as her patron saint, whose name she bears, no wonder the early history of Seattle, the Queen City of the Northwest, if not of the Pacific Coast, reads like a romance in mythology. Briefly stated, Seattle, the wilderness of yesterday, the homesteads of hardy frontiersmen of today, and the commercial center of the Northwest of tomorrow, demonstrated that every day with her was moving day. Settlements that grow into gigantic cities while you wait, comparatively speaking, always undergo such rapid kaleidoscopic changes that, when those who witnessed the transformation, relate it to those, who come to the scenes later on, it requires quite a bit of patience for the newcomer to get worked up to the point of believing half he hears of such wonderful growth, and it is perfectly natural for the early history of such communities to be considered more as a chapter snatched from some mythological archive than the actual facts of eye witnesses. Point out, if you will, R. H. Denny, a man yet in the prime of life, and one of the foremost business men of Seattle, and say to the stranger, "That man was the first white child born in Seattle," and he will either think you a fit subject for some sanitarium or that you think he is but another of the proverbial tender feet of the East at large. "That man, not yet in his sixties, and the first white child born in the vicinity, where now stands the metropolis of the Northwest and the second seaport city of the Pacific Coast, with her teeming thousands of inhabitants! You are simply trying to impose upon my good nature," he concludes.

But when convinced of the truthfulness of the statement he exclaims, "then surely a divinity has directed her destinies." Miraculous as it may seem to look upon the first white child born in Seattle, yet it is even more so to look upon the mother of that child as she enjoys a ride about the city apparently trying to settle in her mind, if, after all, it is possible for the wilderness of fifty years ago to be the Seattle of today, and is her supposed experience here only a dream? But it is a fact that Mrs. Mary Ann Denny was the wife of Arthur A. Denny, the father of Seattle, and one of the first white women that set foot on the grounds on which Greater Seattle now stands, and the man, woman or child of Seattle's entire population that does not take his hat off to her as she passes, is lacking in due reverence to those who risked their lives that he might live.

Regardless of the fact that Seattle has grown like a green bay tree, yet she has had her ups and downs, her trials and tribulations and her hardships the same as other cities and towns. She was saved in her infancy by the Indian chief whose name she bears. Whether the Indian in question loved the Indians less or the white man more; whether he was truant to his own kith and kin will for all ages remain an open question. Was the act of that Indian an act of God or the act of a Benedict Arnold? On this question

the Indian and the white man will always entertain different versions.

Seattle in her swaddling clothes was the best trading post on Puget Sound, which of course attracted the largest ocean going steamers to her ports, where their cargoes were unloaded. It was then she decided to become a village; she had no sooner decided to become a village than she decided to become a town; she had no sooner decided to become a town than she decided to become a city; she had no sooner decided to become a city than she decided to become the Queen City of the Northwest; she had no sooner decided to become the Queen City of the Northwest than she decided to become the New York of the Pacific Coast; she had no sooner decided to become the New York of the Pacific Coast than she decided to become the Gateway to the Orient; and thus has she come on and gone on with leaps and bounds, successfully accomplishing her every undertaking.

May, perhaps, those whose lives were saved by the faithful or unfaithful Indian, made a covenant to the God of the Universe to concentrate all their efforts and the efforts of their progeny to build a great city here as an everlasting monument to the memory of the Indian, who sacrificed himself with his own people that the white man might live. If they did this they not only kept their covenants, but they seem to have likewise planted the seeds, from whence sprung the Seattle Spirit that promises life eternal.

Seattle is a synonym of Success and you can not speak of the former without associating with it the latter. She was founded by eight men conferring together; she was saved from Indian annihilation by her male inhabitants fighting together, she built railroad outlets to protect her commercial interest by her men, women and children working together; she has become a great commercial and industrial city by her business men pulling together. Thus it seems that the spirits of the departed founders have watched over her and lead her gently on and on to the goal of Success.

Single handed and alone Seattle has outstripped her once powerful rival, Tacoma, aided and abetted by the manipulators of a transcontinental railroad, by a three to one shot, that is to say, Seattle has three times as many inhabitants today as has Tacoma. If she had nothing else to support her claim of municipal superiority that should be amply convincing for a decision in her favor.

Seattle has completely outdistanced the metropolis of Oregon in spite of her oft repeated boast of being the home of more millionaires than any other city in the United States. With Portland drawing from both Oregon and Washington she has held a decided commercial advantage over Seattle, who has been compelled to share the trade of the Puget Sound country with Tacoma, but in spite of her drawbacks the last census gives Seattle a 30,000 lead over Portland in population.