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The Best Town in the World

THE visitors are coming, in their tens of thousands. How shall we greet them? How entertain them? What impressions will they carry away with them when they return to their homes?

We are entering upon the greatest convention period in Seattle history. Delegates representing more than 30 influential organizations, state and national, are coming to Seattle this summer and fall.

Chief of these conventions will be the gatherings of the Shriners in July, the Knights of Columbus in August, and the American Bankers' association in September.

The visitor of today is the potential resident of tomorrow.

How, then, shall we welcome these visitors who are coming to us, curious-minded, receptive, eager?

Every man can do his part. Every woman can do hers. When you meet a delegate, give him the right hand of fellowship. Tell him the naked truth about Seattle—that it is the best town on earth, bar none.

Climate? We KNOW that nowhere else is there a climate to compare with ours.

Is the visitor a father? Healthiest place in the world for babies? Statistics prove it.

Is the visitor a sportsman? Tell him about the trout, the salmon, the bass, the pheasants.

Is he a farmer? Tell him about our hinterland. **A lumberman?** Tell him about the pine, spruce and fir.

Is he interested in navigation? You can wax eloquent there.

A manufacturer, perhaps? Dilate on sites, the cheapness of raw materials, the growing market. Discourse on Alaska, of which we hold the gateway, on the government railroad, on the Panama canal, on the Orient.

Authorities agree that the economic pendulum is swinging back in America. We have about seen the last of lean times. What measure of prosperity we of Seattle are to enjoy is largely up to us.

The convention period, then, is opportune, psychological. The best way to take advantage of it is to convince every visitor that we are telling but the naked truth when we say that Seattle, viewed from any angle, is the best town on earth.

Peanut Politics in Council

COUNCILMEN have hesitated to support the McBride milk ordinance because it is an "administration measure."

That, in brief, explains the opposition.

Because Mayor Gill, and Health Commissioner McBride, and Milk Inspector Henderson saw the need of this ordinance, for the protection of Seattle babies from the ravages of tuberculosis, and asked the council to pass it, some councilmen saw in the situation nothing save a political side. It meant credit for Gill and McBride, and no especial credit for them. That's where it hurt.

In spite of statements of Councilman Bolton to the contrary, medical men are unanimous in their approval of the tuberculin test, as provided for in the McBride bill.

There is nothing to explain the opposition to the bill except the fact that Mayor Gill and Dr. McBride proposed it.

Don't you think, gentlemen of the council, you would more worthily and efficiently represent the 300,000 people of Seattle if you would lay aside these narrow prejudices?

It Doesn't Stagger Us!

WE ARE told the American merchant marine has been dealt "a staggering blow" by the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., which will change its registry from American to British, with Vancouver or Victoria, B. C., as headquarters, instead of San Francisco.

The reason for the change is Uncle Sam's new seamen's legislation. By becoming British, this company avoids "safety first" requirements, can get chief navigators at \$150 per month, instead of the Americans at \$275, and put in crews of Chinese and Lascars.

We don't know how much this will stagger the American merchant marine. We don't have to risk our life with ocean navigators at canal boat wages, backed by a noble crew of Chinese or scummy Lascars, but if the American merchant marine has got to stagger or have these things, we say let her stagger.

Get the Habit

A SONG that is sailing toward the high seas of popularity starts off with some words like these:

"Nab it, grab it, get the dollar habit!"

Wrong! That's not the habit to get, or to grab or to nab.

This isn't the time of the year to acquire a "dollar habit"—if, indeed, there ever is any time of the year in which the "dollar habit" is a good one.

But, there are other habits that are good and useful during the coming summer days.

If you want to nab or grab or get a habit that is really worth while, why not—

Nab the "outdoor habit!"
Grab the "take the family to the picnic habit."
Get the "fresh air habit."

Let the "dollar habit" take care of itself. You must have money in order to take a day off once in a while. The dollar is necessary so that you can have beefsteak and shoes. But at best, it's grubbing to get it and it's not to be mentioned in the same breath with the good, enjoyable things of life.

GENERAL COUNCIL of women's clubs, at Portland, squelched a proposition that each member deny herself one pair of silk stockings to establish a fund for aesthetic work. That's consistent. There isn't anything more aesthetic than a silk stocking, we've been told.

DURING THE Spanish-American war, Germany maintained the right to sell munitions of war to Spain, and Uncle Sam admitted that it was her right. But that's another story.

BIRTHS IN Paris have fallen off nearly one-third. After the war France is going to be a good place in which not to start a eugenic crusade.

CONLEY, THE negro janitor, after serving one year for helping Frank murder Mary Phagan, is free and, first thing, announces that he perjured himself at Frank's trial. There are some grounds for public demand for hanging the Frank jury.

BOYS WILL be boys. Seattle wife complains her 70-year-old husband stays out late at nights. But maybe he'll learn better when he grows up.

Diana Dillpickles in Movie Land - - The Outbursts of Everett True



GETTING THERE

Seattle men who are getting there or who have really arrived. They tell of themselves and their methods.

This is another article in the series being written by Fred L. Bant on Seattle men who are GETTING THERE, in which they tell something about themselves, and what they have done, and how they have done it.

George H. Bartell tried for years to "get there" in the drug business, and failed.

Then he went hunting gold in Alaska; and it was while he was hunting gold in Alaska that he discovered—gold? No; he discovered why he had failed to "get there" in the drug business in Seattle.

Having made the discovery, he forthwith returned to Seattle, and straightway "got there"—with a chain of drug stores.

He had a store long ago—a little, one-horse store. He thought, if he tended to business, and made friends, he could make the store pay. But he couldn't. He didn't know why. So he quit in disgust, and went to Dawson.

That was the time of the rush. Bartell could wield a pestle in a mortar as well as any druggist, but a pick and shovel were strange tools.

For three months he prospected, without success.

"I didn't know gold when I saw it," he confesses.

At the end of that time he had spent all the money he had brought with him—more than \$1,600—and owed all his friends. So he went to work for wages.

"I had a tough time getting the first job," says Bartell, "because most of the men who were working claims were from Seattle and knew me. That's Bartell, who used to run a drug store in Seattle," they said of me. 'He couldn't do the work.'

"Finally I got work with strangers. I lied to them. I told them I was a coal miner. That was, I think, the happiest time of my life. Busted and penniless, I proved to myself that at manual labor at least, I could hold my own with any man."

If Bartell had made a lucky strike, he might have done as other miners did—toss his gold away, gamble it away, give it away and go back and get more, in the delirious spirit of the time.

And if he had done that, he would not have built a chain of drug stores in Seattle.

But Bartell was working for wages—\$12, \$15, \$20 a day—and he was paying his debts. So he had no time or money to spend on nighttime jollity in a mining town.



George H. Bartell

"When others were celebrating," says Bartell, "I spent my evenings wondering why I had failed to make good in Seattle. Little by little a plan formed in my brain—I worked out the details of it during the night hours, when I was too tired to do much of anything but lie still and think. Then I came home and put that plan into execution."

Bartell doesn't know just what first suggested the plan. Perhaps it was when he was whipping a stream—he is an ardent fisherman—for trout.

You fish a pool. Below and above you are other pools. The wise fisherman does not whip one pool all day, if the fish refuse to bite. There are fish—a few in some, many in others—in all the pools.

It was borne in upon Bartell that, when he had the drug store on Jackson st., he was fishing a single pool—and there weren't enough fish in it to feed a druggist.

When the plan had crystallized, he returned to Seattle. He brought back less money than he took up, but enough to start the first store of the chain.

"Most drug store purchases are small ones," says Bartell in explaining his plan. "A drug store is a place where you 'drop in.' You will go blocks out of your way if you are buying a piano. But if you are buying a bottle of medicine, a cake of soap or a cigar, you 'drop in' at the nearest drug store.

"That was the mistake I made. I counted on a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. I don't blame them. It was my fault because I didn't have drug stores handy for them to 'drop into.'"

He started his chain at Yesler way and Second; opened another a block north on Second; then a third at First and Pike; one at Ballard; a fifth at Union and Second, and the last one at Westlake and Pine.

Now he has 29 druggists working for him, all registered.

"The drug business is a business of infinite detail," he says, "and the price of success is infinite pains."

35c Wood-Handle Coping Saw 22c
Every boy should have one to make bric-a-brac out of cigar boxes, etc. One blade with each saw.

10c Dozen Coping Saw Blades 5c
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Men's 50c Golf Shirts, light colors 25c
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| The Ladies' Shoes
Ladies' White Canvas Pumps, leather and rubber sole; some of the shoe stores sell the same at \$1.50; others at \$2.00; 95c | Misses' and Children's White Canvas Shoes, regular values \$1.25 and \$1.50, all at 75c |

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