Features of Life and Business in the Metropolis of Puget Sound

BUSINESS STREET IN SEATTLE.

NEW UNION DEPOT ERECTED BY GREAT NORTHERN AT SEATTLE

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SEATTLE, Wash., June 21.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I came into Seattle late Saturday night, and, before going to my hotel, took a carriage drive up and down Second avenue. This is one of the biggest little cities of the United States. Its population is only 160,000, but it is doing a business equal to almost any of our towns of twice that size. There are more people here on the sidewalks after dark than you will see in Cleveland, Buffalo or Cincinnati; and the crowd is cosmopolitan, broad-minded and western. Saturday night it seemed to me as though the whole town was out of doors. Second avenue was crowded, and the electric lights were so many that it made me think of a world's fair. I asked what was going on and was told with a deprecating air that the city was quieter than usual. As I went on through the streets it appeared that everything was wide open. It was only a short time until Sunday, but the saloons showed no signs of closing, and the 10-cent theaters and 25-cent operas were still running. Seattle has more cheap concerts than any town of its size in the union, and one can have any amusement he wants and at almost any cost for the paying. I understand that the saloons are restricted by ordinance to the main business sections, and that this keeps the residence quarters free from such places and thereby adds greatly to the welfare of the people. At the same time there are plenty of churches—Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopalian and a healthy Young Men's Christian association. There are twenty-seven Methodist churches and the Catholics are strong.

A Town of Young Men.

I like the Seattle crowds. They are made up of all classes and conditions of men. There are miners from the Klondike who have made their piles and come down here to spend it; there are farmers from the wheat lands in the Big Bend country; log rollers from the forests of the Cascade; fishermen from Puget Sound, and business men from every state and every part of the world.

Seattle is a town of young men. There are few gray hairs or gray beards. The crowd is smooth shaven and the wear-and-tear of fortune making has painted wrinkles on some who would be considered boys in the east. The country here has not yet been swallowed up by the corporations. There is a chance for the individual and everyone is measured by what he can do and how he does it. Among the newcomers are the sons of many prominent men. They bring letters of introduction and are gladly welcomed. They are well treated at the start, but if they have no business ability, push or energy they soon fall by the wayside. This is an excellent place for any man, young or old, but he must be a man who can stand on his own feet. There is no room for the youth with the rubber backbone, and none for him who expects to ride to fame and fortune in an automobile, softened with tires filled with the gas of his father's reputation. The first will be doubled up and crushed by the crowd, and the machine of the latter will be punctured by the tacks of his betters before he has gone many blocks. At the same time the middle aged and the old must not look for respect to gray hairs. Everything here is on a plain business basis and the only criterion is that of success. The east is fast becoming a land run by the sons of their fathers. The big trusts are crowding the brains, muscle and young blood to the west, where there is still some chance for individual efforts. It is always the cream of a country which emigrates; and Seattle is now getting a large part of the cream of the states east of the Rockies.

How Seattle Grows.

The people realize that they have a big thing, and their faith is strong in that Seattle will be the biggest city on the Pacific slope. They claim greater advantages than Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles, and as to Tacoma, Spokane and other Washington towns, they have long since given up in despair in attempting to compete with Seattle.

Indeed, the growth has been wonderful here since the discovery of gold in the Klondike. The town was begun a half century ago and there were only 30,000 names in its city directory about six years ago. It has, as I have said, now a population of 160,000, and, with its suburbs at Ballard and elsewhere, perhaps 20,000 more. It is growing in business faster than in population. It has big stores, which carry extraordinary stocks for a town of its size.

The rents are enormous and property is everywhere high. On Second avenue some of the lots are worth from $1,000 to $2,000 a front foot. I heard of one lot which changed hands about a year ago for about $100, for which the owner has since been offered more than $100,000. As to rents, they are on the steady ascent. Not long ago the Great Northern railway rented a corner room on Second avenue at $400 per month, paying a bonus of a month's rent to get the lease. The agent here was criticised by the officials at St. Paul for paying the bonus, whereupon he wrote them that he had an offer of $13,000 for his contract, and that if the company were not satisfied he would throw up the lease and look somewhere else. So far no change has been made.

Speaking of the Great Northern, it has just completed a tunnel under Seattle to its new depot on the water front. The tunnel runs for a mile under the chief business section, and it will land passengers right in the heart of the city at one of the finest stations of the northwest. This is located some distance from the wharves where Jim Hill's big steamers, which ply between Seattle and Asia, land, but passenger trains will carry steamer travelers right to the docks. Indeed, one can now get on the Great Northern boats at Buffalo, and without stepping off of property owned by Jim Hill and his combination can travel all the way through the Great Lakes across our continent and on to Hongkong or Manila without paying a cent to anyone outside that great combination.

Rich Men of Seattle.

There are plenty of rich men in this city in addition to the hundreds who think themselves on the way to fortune. Some of the largest properties are those which have grown up by the increase in the value of the lands right in the city. Seattle was founded away back in the '50s by Oregon parties, five men from that state building cabins here. They took out homesteads in the woods on the edge of the Sound and began to cut down the trees where the city now stands. Some of that property is still owned by their descendants and is worth millions. One of the men was named Yesler and his estate is valued, I am told, at over $2,000,000. Two of the other first settlers were named Denny, and the Denny families are now said to have something like $20,000,000 worth of real estate.

While I was in Seattle, about thirteen years ago, Arthur Denny, one of the original founders, had his home in the center of a big lot right in the heart of Seattle. This lot is now covered with business buildings, but at that time it was devoted to his residence, and he allowed his blooded Jersey cow to feed upon the lawn. Upon being urged to sell the place for business purposes he replied:

"I can't do it, for if I sell where can I pasture my cow?"

That cow pasture of thirteen years ago was worth $750,000. What its value is today I do not pretend to say, but it runs high into the millions.

Henry Yesler, one of the builders of Seattle, established a saw mill here years ago, and in connection with it bought lands which were eventually worth millions.

In addition to these there are here now mining kings from the Klondike, the timber kings of our northwest, men who have made money in grain exporting, some who have grown rich in real estate trading, and others who have made fortunes in merchandising of various kinds. Seattle is fast putting on the clothes of a big city. It recently built a sky-scraper called the Alaska building, which would not be out of place in the heart of Chicago. It is a steel structure covered with Milwaukee brick. It has fourteen stories, it cost $4,000,000 and is said to pay a fair interest on the investment.

Ups and Downs of Seattle.

Seattle is a city of ups and downs. It has more hills than Rome, and its best houses stand on a number of long ridges which rise above Pudget sound to three-fifths of the height of the Washington monument. The hills give a diversity of city architecture and also, I am told, an enormous leg development on the part of the citizens. I have not inquired as to the average size of garter worn, but I venture it surpasses that of any city of the union. The Chicago girls are noted for their large feet, and the Seattle girls—well, the climate here gives them cheeks like roses and they will compare favorably in beauty and form with their sisters of any part of the country. I am told the men measure more around the calf and chest than any outside the Swiss mountains. The perpetual climbing develops the muscles and at the same time fills the lungs with the pure ozone from the Pacific.

City Improvements.

Twenty years ago these hills were covered with forests. They now have something like 200 miles of graded and improved streets, and altogether there are enough streets and avenues here to reach from New York almost to Chicago if they were stretched out end to end. Seventy miles of improved pavements have been added within the last four years, and within that time the city has put down twenty-five miles of asphalt roadway and more than 130 miles of concrete sidewalks.

Seattle owns its own water system and it has one of the best in the country. Its water comes from the Cedar river, which is fed by the Cascade mountains, and its purity is protected by the ownership of vast areas of land comprised within the watershed. The water comes about forty miles from the head works to the city and is carried more than twenty-eight miles through wooden and steel pipes. The capacity at present is about 25,000,000 gallons daily, which is little more than twice the consumption. The river system is large enough to give a water supply for a city twenty times as great as Seattle is now. It could accommodate Chicago and leave plenty to spare. I understand that the water plant is operated at a profit, notwithstanding the consumers are supplied at a low price and the interest and operating expenses paid.

Some Western Water Power.

In connection with this water system Seattle has an enormous power plant, which is furnishing electrical energy for light and other purposes. This is fed by the falls of the Cedar river, near the head works of the water system, and it has just been completed at a cost of $650,000. In addition to this there are private electrical plants which are furnishing light and power here. The Seattle-Tacoma Power company has large turbines at Snoqualmie falls, twenty-five miles away, and the power is carried over wires to the city. The falls there are 268 feet high, and there is enough water to generate 30,000-horse power. About two-thirds of this is now being used.

The Puget Sound Power company has a power plant on the Puyallup river, about forty miles from Seattle, which was put in complete operation about two years ago. This plant can supply 20,000-horse power, and the "juice" is carried forty miles to Seattle. It operates the street railway systems of Seattle and Tacoma, and also a line between the two cities.

Indeed, the water powers of this whole country are being rapidly developed. Men are going about through the mountains prospecting for them as they formerly prospected for gold mines and coal mines, and the probability is that they will eventually make more out of the water than out of the coal. One of the shrewdest examples of power utilization I have seen is that of a big lumber and planing mill in one of the Washington towns. This mill had a large amount of power, which it used during the daytime, but not at night. An enterprising fellow made a contract for the use of the power at night, and then sent in bids to the city to furnish its electric lights. His offer was accepted, and he is now making, so I am told, a small fortune in lighting the town with the mill power.

Puget Sound Lumber Industry.

Seattle is doing a great deal of manufacturing. It has over 1,400 industrial establishments, making products of $56,000,000 a year. A large number of these have been established since 1900 and they are all growing in size. There are now big rolling mills, cordage works, shipbuilding plants and a large number of sawmills. Other sawmills are scattered at different places along Puget sound, and there are in the state something like 900 which are making lumber and shingles. The lumber industry is more important than any other. It is now giving employment to more than 30,000 men and it pays out wages annually amounting to $20,000,000. The quantity of timber used approximates 2,000,000,000 feet per annum, and a vast amount of finished lumber, as well as logs, are sent out by rail and steamer. More than 1,300,000,000 feet were shipped in 1904, the amount being almost equally divided by steamer and car. The state of Washington is now sending out by rail between 40,000 and 50,000 carloads of lumber and something like 36,000 carloads of shingles every twelve months.

Washington Shingles.

Indeed, these Puget sound shingles are now used all over the country. The first carload was sent east in 1887. Since then the rails have been kept hot with them and they are now furnishing one-third of all the shingled roofs of the United States. These shingles are of cedar; they are far superior to pine and will last for a generation or more. I have seen cedar logs clasped in the roots of great trees which have grown up over them, notwithstanding which the log was still undecayed.

The lumber and shingle mills of this part of the world have the most modern machinery. Man presses the buttons and water, steam and electricity do the rest. The logs, some single ones of which are large enough to load a car, are brought to the shores of Puget sound and thrown into the water. They are pushed along to the mills and from that time on are so twisted and turned by machinery that they come out in shingles, flooring, sash, doors and other kinds of finished lumber, with the minimum amount of human work.

I doubt whether there is an industry in the United States that is more economically managed than the lumber industry of the great northwest.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Some Tersely Told Tales Both Grim and Gay

A Vital Point.

COLONEL "PETE" HEPBURN tells of a lawyer prominent in Iowa who was much given to spinning metaphysical distinctions in his arguments before a jury. On one occasion, says Mr. Hepburn, the learned lawyer appearing as counsel for plaintiff offered such an abstruse explanation of the difficulty giving rise to the suit under trial that the jury was soon hopelessly befuddled.

At this juncture counsel for the defendant took a hand, telling a story to the jurors that resulted in the discomfiture of his opponent.

"The learned counsel for the plaintiff," began the opposing lawyer, "who is so successful, as a rule, in getting away with his fine-spun distinctions, reminds me of another eminent lawyer of this state who was once retained in the defense of a man who shot a neighbor's dog. The proof was clear that defendant had said he would shoot the dog; that he brought out his gun in broad daylight and loaded it; that he took deliberate aim at the dog, and that at the crack of the rifle the dog fell dead with a bullet-hole through him.

"But the eminent lawyer contended that this was an instance of merely circumstantial evidence and that in such cases it was a settled principle that if a single link were wanting in the chain the whole evidence was worthless. Although there was proof of the threat, the loading of the gun, the firing and the death of the dog, 'yet,' concluded the eminent lawyer, 'what witness has testified that he saw the bullet hit the dog?'"

The jury was so impressed by this tale, concludes Mr. Hepburn, that they soon returned a verdict against the "fine-spun" lawyer.—Harper's Weekly.

An Echo Alarm Clock.

President Murphy of the Chicago National league club told at a base ball dinner a remarkable echo story. "There was a man," he began, "who had a country house in the Catskills. He was showing a visitor over his grounds one day and, coming to a hilly place, said:

"'There's a remarkable echo here. If you stand under that rock and shout, the echo answers four distinct times, with an interval of several minutes between answers.'

"But the visitor was not at all impressed. He said, with a loud laugh:

"'You ought to hear the echo at my place in Sunapee. Before going to bed at night I stick my head out of the window and shout, "Time to get up, William!" and the echo wakes me at 7 o'clock sharp the next morning.'"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

He Ran for Lawyer.

A man from Pennsylvania went to Vineland on a business errand. The town was strange to him and he was unacquainted with the man (a lawyer) he had gone to see. The directions he received were so indefinite that he found himself on the edge of the town without having come to the house he sought. Then he met an old negro and asked the way of him, and learned that the house lay about a quarter of a mile farther down the road.

"The man I want to see is a lawyer," he said to the old man. "Is this Mr. Dash down the road a lawyer?"

"He ain't no lawyer that I ever heard tell of," answered the negro.

"You're sure?"

The old negro scratched his head in deep thought. Then a gleam of remembrance lighted his eye.

"Now I think of it, boss," he said, "'pears like I do recollect he ran for lawyer one time."—New York Times.

Defines the Court's Duty.

A. G. Jewett, lawyer, politician and man of sarcastic wit, was once trying a case in the supreme court at Belfast, Me., his home city. The judge presiding, before being called to the bench, had tried many cases against Jewett, who did not entertain a very high opinion of his ability.

In his closing argument Jewett, in defiance of the rules of the court, started in to read some law to the jury. The court pounded on the bench and said: "Mr. Jewett, you must not read law to the jury in your closing argument." Jewett kept on reading, without so much as a glance at the court. The court, in thunderous tones, ordered him to stop.

Jewett, who had by this time read all he intended to read, turned calmly to the judge and said: "Did your honor address me?"

"I said," roared the judge, "you must not read the law to the jury in your closing argument. I will give the law to the jury. What do you suppose the court is here for?"

"What is the court here for?" responded Jewett, in high falsetto. "I suppose you know, sir, to keep order, with the aid of the sheriff, sir, with all due respect to the sheriff, sir."—Boston Herald.

The Smallest She Had.

A conductor on the O'Fallon park division of the St. Louis & Suburban railway had such a good run of business Sunday afternoon that he had difficulty in keeping himself supplied with small change. Many persons who patronized his car handed him dollars and bills of larger denominations in payment of their fares.

The conductor, however, managed to get along fairly well until a woman, carrying a tiny infant, boarded his car. When he approached the woman for her fare she handed him a $5 bill.

"Is that the smallest you have, madam?" queried the conductor, fearing another stringency in change.

The woman looked at the conductor and then at her baby, and made this surprising reply:

"Yes; I have been married only twelve months."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It Was His Job.

One day last winter Representative Cushman of the state of Washington was entertaining a constituent at luncheon. A man passed whom Mr. Cushman seized by the arm and presented to his friend:

"This is the man," said Cushman, confidentially, "who has written more stupidities than any other living person."

The man from Washington was so taken back by the remark, which appeared to him to be the height of impoliteness, that he sat in open-mouthed silence. The man introduced, however, took the observation good-naturedly, smiling broadly.

"Perhaps I should add," continued Cushman, "that this gentleman is one of the official stenographers of the house."—Harper's Weekly.

At Long Distance.

An old farmer was skeptical as to whether people who were miles apart could really talk to each other over a telephone wire.

One day his wife went to make a visit to a distant friend who had a telephone in her house. During the afternoon the farmer visited a near neighbor, who also boasted a house telephone, and who persuaded the farmer to call up his wife as a little surprise.

Following instructions he put the receiver to his ear and, after the usual preliminaries, he shouted:

"Hello, Jane!"

Just then a flash of lightning caused by the heat of the summer day struck the wire and he fell sprawling to the floor. The neighbor was chagrined that the old man should meet with such an accident on his first trial of a telephone, and assured him that such a thing would not happen except in case of storms. But the farmer was convinced of the possibilities of communication, however, and would not try again. He rose to his feet and, shaking his head knowingly, said:

"It's wonderful! That was Jane, all right."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Talking on the Quiet.

A newspaper editor in a certain western town was expressing his pleasure over the latest exposure.

"Oh, it's fine the way newspapers are showing up all the dark places—fine—fine!" he exclaimed to a friend at lunch.

"I sincerely hope that when they've finished with secret rebates, Beef trust, insurance and Standard Oil," replied the latter, "that they'll finish the job by exposing the newspaper business."

"So do I," assented the editor, instantly. "So do I. Why, here's our rival, the Citizen, right in this town. Its building stands on school land, for which it pays one-fourth the rent anybody else pays, because it's the Citizen. It gets its fire insurance cheaper than anybody else, and gas and water. Why? Simply because it's the Citizen."

"Have you facts?"

"Facts that would convict in court."

"Well, why don't you go ahead with an exposure on your own account? It ought to be right in your line."

"Oh, fudge—we're on the school land, too."—Saturday Evening Post.

Conundrums.

What game do the waves play? Pitch and toss.

What soup would cannibals prefer? A broth of a boy.

What sort of men, are always above board? Chessmen.

What is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.

When is a clock on the stair dangerous? When it runs down and strikes one.

Why are troublesome visitors like trees in winter? Because it is a long time before they leave.

In what color should our friendship be kept? In violet (inviolate).

Why is India ink like a cunning hottentot? Because it is a deep black.

There is a well known word in the English language the first two letters of which signify a male, the first three a female, the first four a great man and the whole a great woman. He, her, hero, heroine.

What is the hardest key to turn? A donkey.

Birth and Development of Drake University, an Iowa Institution

DES MOINES, June 16.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—On September 20, 1881, Drake university opened its doors to the world. Before the first term was over eighty students had enrolled and before the first year was at an end this number had been increased to 270. This last week Drake has celebrated its silver anniversary, one of the leading universities in the middle west, its attendance the last year reaching 1,634, its graduating class numbering 250. During its twenty-five years of life Drake has had 12,000 students enrolled and has graduated 2,500.

It was in July, 1880, that Daniel R. Lucas, then pastor of the Central Christian church of this city, and Dr. George T. Carpenter, then president of Oskaloosa college, held a conference regarding the future of Oskaloosa college, which resulted in Dr. Lucas suggesting that only a removal to some new location and a new start could save the struggling college. His suggestions were thought over by both for several months, with the result that one day Dr. Lucas sat down and wrote to General Francis M. Drake, later to be governor of Iowa, and asked if he could assist any in establishing a new university, to be located in Des Moines. General Drake could not wait for the mails, but telegraphed back immediately, "I can and will do it. I will give $20,000. Go ahead." Drake university was born and christened that day.

Oskaloosa Gives Up Long Fight.

Oskaloosa college had been struggling along for eighteen years, having opened its preparatory school in September, 1861, with five pupils, and its regular college department a year later. It had hard times and luck, but Oskaloosa fought to retain it. Slowly but surely the movement to start all over again gained ground. Dr. Lucas reported his success at the next Iowa ministerial institute meeting and then, resigning his pastorate, spent two years upbuilding the young university. Today he is pastor of the largest Christian church in Indianapolis, returning to Des Moines to be one of the principal figures at the silver anniversary of the university.

In September, 1881, Oskaloosa College was removed to Des Moines and began its existence, with never-flagging success. Of the faculty who came up twenty-five years ago but one remains today—Prof. Bruce E. Shepperd, who has been a prominent figure during the week's exercises. Miss Mary Adelaide Carpenter, dean of the women of the university, is a daughter of the late Dr. George T. Carpenter, who was the last president of Oskaloosa college and the first chancellor of Drake university.

Following Dr. Carpenter's death, in 1888, Dr. Barton O. Aylesworth became head of the university, remaining until 1897, when he resigned to accept the presidency of the Colorado Agricultural college, a position he still retains. Dr. William Bayard Craig was chosen his successor and remained until 1902, when he resigned to accept the pastorate of the largest Christian church in Denver. Both Dr. Aylesworth and Dr. Craig returned to participate in the anniversary exercises. Since 1902 Dr. Hill M. Bell has been at the head of Drake, he having been chosen by General Drake himself as the ideal man to lead this rapidly growing institution. The office of chancellor has been abolished and Dr. Bell is now president of the university.

From small beginnings Drake has grown to great things. In 1881 there was but one building, a three-story frame, known as Students' Hall, in which were not only all the class and recitation rooms and a public dining room, but the sleeping rooms of most of the students. Today there are more than a dozen magnificent brick buildings on the campus, the latest addition being the $30,000 Memorial hall, to be used by the Bible college, which was dedicated Tuesday, the address being delivered by Dr. W. F. Richardson of Kansas City.

Buildings in Commission.

New buildings have been added every year or two. In 1883 the main building, the oldest of the university buildings, was completed. In 1890 Science hall was constructed. Nineteen hundred brought the most beautiful auditorium enjoyed by any school in the state. This was the gift of the generous F. M. Drake, as was also the splendidly equipped conservatory of music, formally dedicated in October, [illegible]. The medical building, located near the hospitals in the city, was erected in [illegible], and the home of the College of Law in 1904. To both these General Drake largely contributed. The latest structure crowning the group of buildings is the home of the Bible college, memorial hall, to which General Drake only a few days before his death made his last pledge in a long list of subscriptions given by him during his splendid life. In addition to the colleges and departments already named, dental, pharmacy and other schools have been maintained for a number of years. The present medical school, organized as a stock company in [illegible], became the university medical department in [illegible].

Attendance Has Steadily Advanced.

The attendance enrollment has advanced steadily. In [illegible] it was [illegible]; in [illegible] it was [illegible]; in [illegible] it was [illegible]; in [illegible] it was 1,[illegible]; in [illegible] it was 1,[illegible], and in 1906 it was 1,[illegible]. There is every reason to believe that it will pass the 2,000 mark for the first time next year.

Drake university has ceased to be a sectarian school run in the interests of and attended only by members of the Christian church. It now appeals to all classes and creeds, the fact that one-fourth of its graduating class this year coming from outside of Iowa and almost one-half from Iowa, outside of Des Moines, showing how widespread is its appeal and popularity.

THE LATE GENERAL FRANCIS MARION DRAKE, FOR WHOM THE UNIVERSITY IS NAMED.

DANIEL R. LUCAS, WHO SECURED THE FIRST CONTRIBUTION FOR DRAKE.

THE LATE GEORGE T. CARPENTER, FIRST CHANCELLOR OF DRAKE.

HILL M'CLELLAND BELL, A. M., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF DRAKE.

DR. CHARLES S. MEDBURY, WHO PREACHED THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.