



Holtz



A Message From the President

Yesterday—at 10 A. M. the writer took his place as a merchant in Portland—in his own store—conducted under his own name.

It is not necessary to rehearse here the trials, the obstacles, the difficulties encountered in founding the business we have established on the busiest corner on Portland's busiest street.

"Holtz' Corner" nearly everybody is already calling it.

The greetings and good wishes of an army of friends are ample compensation for all that we have had to go through before opening the store doors to the people.

We hope to deserve success.

Success will not come unless we deserve it.

We shall strive very hard to please you.

There will be errors and mistakes in the first few weeks. We shall use every effort to diminish them to the vanishing point.

Remember this store is larger and employs more people than any store in Portland at the time of its organization.

All large Portland stores grew from small shops to great establishments.

We did not have time to grow.

We had to leap the gap of years and begin big.

And it is no small problem to drill and organize a small army of helpers so that the business machine shall start and run smoothly.

We have a splendid organization of competent, intelligent, earnest people whom we believe you will quickly learn to like and in whose representations you may have confidence.

They have not been bound down by a long list of rules and regulations, which few of them understand and none remember.

There will be very few rules.

The people will rule—our store will be as nearly self-governing as possible.

One request is made of every man and woman who comes with us.

Be courteous—

Courteous to the public—to your fellow workers.

Always be courteous.

Much, yes, nearly everything else is of small consequence where there is courtesy—a smile, a respectful attitude to everyone.

This store is organized to serve all the people.

That means that we are equally ready to greet the shopper who comes in automobile and carriage and

the customer who steps from one of Mr. Josselyn's cars at Holtz' Corner.

There can and must be no class distinction here.

Mercantile equality before all the people—rich and non-rich—with perhaps a little more human sympathy for those who must be more careful of their pennies than others need to be of their dollars and a corresponding regard for needs and necessities of the plain people.

Our guarantee to buy back anything but a very limited number of things at the price we sold it for, is only fair dealing—nothing more.

In our grocery department a pound will be 16 ounces.

A helper who deviates from our rule of honest service cannot, of course, continue to serve you on our account.

This is not, and will not be the largest store in Portland.

When the magnificent structure of our friends and neighbors, Lipman, Wolfe Co., is completed and occupied, we will rank only fourth in size.

And as to our capital, we have not as much money as some of our friends, not nearly as much, but we have sufficient for our business—that is enough.

Our building is as nearly fireproof as a store building can be built—it is the safest store in Portland—more elevators per square foot of area—more easy exits—more inclosed fireproof inner stairs. It is the easiest store in Portland to get into and out of.

Our merchandise is as nearly competition proof as good merchandise can be, for we have some unique facilities and merchandising connections for securing good goods cheap, which are possessed by no other store in town.

We are not exclusive agents for anything—this is not an exclusive store.

We will not mention items today—the goods in the windows and in the store with price tickets attached are very attractive—the details are too good to put into type. Most of the values we will give, must be first seen and compared to be appreciated.

Newspaper advertising is expensive and like all other expenses, must be added to the cost of the goods—and this is emphatically an Economy Store.

Yes—for us, newspaper advertising is too expensive to be used for lying—we will, therefore, pay \$5 cash reward to anyone who produces an advertisement of the Holtz Store which contains a mis-statement of quality or value on any fair basis of comparison.

We may sometimes advertise an article which will sell so quickly that we will not have enough to sat-

isfy all who call. This will be regrettable, but cannot be prevented. We mention this because if you are attracted with an advertisement of an article, come as quickly as possible. If we sell out an advertised article too quickly, we will fall back on our regular stock and reduce the price so that you may go away satisfied. We cannot afford to have a customer go away disappointed.

We will not advertise as heavily in the newspapers as you might imagine.

You should come to the store to find out the real bargains. Then there can be no deception or exaggeration—both are easy in type. We can give better values if we do not have to spend so much money to persuade you to notice them.

With a little voluntary attention on your part (it is easy to come in—Holtz' Corner is the Hub of Portland), we can do wonders.

Now we have told our story—a rather plain matter of fact tale. This is probably the most we will have to say about ourselves for many a day.

Our hat is in the ring—now for action.

This humanized business store is ready, barring a few spots—Remember, the building was not completed until May 2—We have been going some.

We will sincerely appreciate the opportunity for meeting any merchandise or service test to which you might subject us.

If what you want is not in stock we will try to get it. If we have it, you may buy it safely—under our guarantee.

We sell everything sold in a Modern Department Store.

Including—Holtz' Inn—a unique lunching place in the basement—and the Woman's Lunch Club—Third floor—a quiet, restful place for a noon-day lunch—for women exclusively.

This is a Real Store.

Many thanks for your attention.

Aaron Holtz, President.

HOLTZ, INC.

P. S.—Like a woman's letter, the most important part of this advertisement is in the postscript.

On Monday morning there will be **SOME BARGAINS**—The greatest bargains in good goods that Portland people have ever seen.

You may believe us.

For many years the writer was closer to the "bargain" proposition in Portland's largest stores than any other one individual, and he knows.

This is a Real Store

POLICE TO WATCH WORK

I. W. W. Will Not Be Permitted to Hamper Railway Construction.

Street railway construction work will start at several places Monday morning, and Chief Snyder has been asked to detail men to the scene of work to prevent a repetition of interference on the part of striking workmen, calling themselves Industrial Workers of the World.

At least two men will be sent to each of these points. The places where work will start are at East Seventeenth and East Ankeny streets, Gratton's Grove, the Oaks gravel pit, Gladstone and East Thirty-fifth streets, Second and Burnside streets, and Twentieth and East Morrison streets, and Twenty-fourth and Raleigh streets.

ELKS PLAN SUNDAY PICNIC

Fraternity Members, With Outside Affiliations, Will Have Good Time.

Elks living in Portland, but holding membership in lodges outside the city, have chartered the Bailey Gatzert for Sunday, June 2, and will conduct a basket picnic to Bonneville, which has

been greatly remodeled and improved by the O. W. R. & N. Company.

W. C. Lynch, who has charge of the trip, says that the letters, E. P. O. E., mean "best picnic on earth," and that he will prove it. Only Elks and members of their families and friends will be accommodated on the boat. No general ticket sale will be made. Various kinds of athletic contests will be conducted at the picnic grounds, for which liberal prizes have been offered.

FIRE? YES, IN THE STOVE

"Chimney Won't Draw, That's All," Says Veteran as Firemen Come.

Battling with dense clouds of smoke till overcome and driven out, Patrolman Snyder tried to force his way into what he thought was a burning

dwelling at 555 Commercial street, Friday night, hopeful to rescue any who might be caught in the pit of flame. Almost suffocated, he gave up the battle and rushed out to fill his lungs with air. Before going in he had turned in an alarm, when notified by the neighbors that the place was afire. As Snyder expelled the smoke from his chest and rubbed his eyes to clear his vision, he saw an old man walk calmly out of the smoking house,

coughing a little but not perturbed. "Where's the fire?" said Snyder. "In the stove," replied the old man. "Ah, don't get gay; where is it?" "In the stove, I tell you; I just started a fire for supper and the chimney won't draw—that's all." Then Snyder ran to a telephone and tried to recall the fire apparatus, but it was speeding on its way. The chimney had got into working order when they arrived.